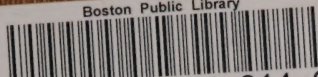
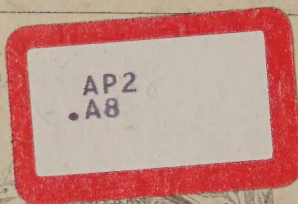


Boston Public Library



3 9999 10524 914 6



AP2
.A8

v. 24
1869



THE MOST POPULAR JUVENILE MAGAZINE IN THE U.S.

Free !

Free !!

Free

All new subscribers for THE LITTLE CORPORAL for the new year, sent to the Publishers before the close of November, will receive the November and December Numbers for 1869 FREE!

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Terms, \$1.00 a Year. Single Copy, Twelve Cents.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL has a larger circulation than any other Juvenile Magazine in the world, and is better worth the price than any other magazine ever published.

Because of its immense circulation, we are enabled to furnish it at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR; six copies, one year, \$5; single number, 12 cents; or free to any one who will try to raise a club. Beautiful premiums for clubs.

Subscribe NOW. New volumes begin January and July; back numbers can always be sent. Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers,
OFFICE OF THE LITTLE CORPORAL, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Little Corporal in Club with other Periodicals.

We also offer THE LITTLE CORPORAL in club with other magazines, etc., for one year, at the following prices for both.

Harper's Magazine . . .	\$4.25	Galaxy	\$4.00	The Advance	\$3.00
Harper's Weekly	4.25	Hearth and Home	4.25	Nasby's Toledo Blade	2.25
Harper's Bazar	4.25	Lippincott's Magazine	4.25	Children's Hour	2.25
Atlantic Monthly	4.25	Peterson's Magazine	2.50	Nursery	2.20
Putnam's Monthly	4.25	New York Weekly Tribune	2.50	The Art Journal	4.00
Hours at Home	3.25	Western Rural	2.50	American Agriculturist	2.15
Phrenological Journal	3.25	Prairie Farmer	2.50	National Sunday School Teacher	1.85
Riverside Magazine	2.75	Rural New-Yorker	3.50	School Festival	1.25

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to **ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers of The Little Corporal, Chicago, Ill.**

P. S.—WE ALSO PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING:—

“The School Festival,”

An Original Quarterly Magazine, devoted exclusively to SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS, EXHIBITIONS, TABLEUX, etc. Price, 50 cents. Sample copies, 15 cents.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S NEW DRAWING BOOK,

“REED'S DRAWING LESSONS,”

the best thing of the kind ever issued. Price, \$1.50, for cloth binding; School Edition, 80 cents. Sold by booksellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

MRS. MILLER'S NEW BOOK,

“THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE,”

delightful and instructive story for boys. Price, \$1.50. Sold by booksellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

numerous other books. Write for Descriptive Circulars.

ADDRESS, AS ABOVE,

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

OWN a Novelty



PRINTING

Job Printing Press.

simplicity, durability, ease of working, and general excellence, far surpasses any other Press ever invented. The very finest printing may be done with it by perfect novices by business men and others, of a press low in price, simple in construction, and durable, that would do good printing. That it most admirably answers the purpose is evidenced by its great popularity, and by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietor, a few of which are appended.

Many of the wealthiest business and manufacturing firms in the country, and several colleges and academies, are using them with profit, and no greater convenience can be added to any business than one of these presses and a

in the art, at a great saving of expense, with a degree of pleasure that few other employments are capable of affording.

It was invented to meet the want long felt, that would do good printing, and by hundreds of testimonials

The following correspondence is self-explanatory: —

BENJ. O. WOODS, Esq.: Sir, — Please send by express, "Collect on delivery," one of your Novelty Printing Presses, price \$15. The press is for the son of the President. Please address it "The President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C."

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3, 1869.

Truly yours,
O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

BENJ. O. WOODS, Esq.: Sir, — The President requests me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst. and also the receipt of the press and material by express. The President wishes me to thank you for the kindness in supplying so much material for his son. Master Jesse is much pleased with it all.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1869.

I am, Sir, your ob't serv't,
O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

"The Novelty Press, wherever used, has given great satisfaction; doing excellent work and being a marvel of simplicity. Merchants, druggists, and business men generally, can make a great saving of time and expenses by its use." — Boston Journal, June 26.

JOHN O. RAUM, Grand Sec. I. O. O. F., Trenton, N. J., says: "The press will more than pay for itself the first year. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it just the thing I wanted, and believe it will save me very many dollars I have been paying printers for work."

S. O. DANIELS, Apothecary, Natick, Mass., says: "The press gives entire satisfaction."

Publishers Demorest's Magazine, New York City, say: "The press will be found most useful by dealers and tradesmen all over the country who have circulars, bill-heads, or any small job-work to print. It is very cheap, and very easy to use, and would make a capital gift to any enterprising boy who is ambitious to be a printer."

JAMES MUNROE, Dry Goods Merchant, Thorold, Ontario, says: "The press and type received from you have given great satisfaction. I can do as good work with them as is done at any of the common printing offices."

Price of Presses, \$15, \$30, \$32, \$50. Send to BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor, No. 351 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS., for descriptive circular containing testimonials from all parts of the country, with specimens of work done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Cuts, Borders, &c.

JUST PUBLISHED.

FIRST NUMBER OF HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

MADAME MALIBRAN. Portrait and Biography.
LEONARDO DA VINCI. Portrait and Biography.
MARRIAGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.
ART NOTES. CHEAP PUBLICATIONS. Editorial.
DRAMATIC NOTES.
MUSICAL NOTES.
POETRY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC.

THE STARRY FLAG. For voice and piano.
MY SOUL TO GOD, MY HEART TO THEE. For voice and piano.

KISS WALTZ. Piano.
KIT FLANAGAN'S FAIRY. Voice and piano.

Specimen copies mailed free, on receipt of price, 25 cents each. Sold by booksellers and dealers. Address

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,
Publisher, 24 Beekman St., New York.

Agents wanted everywhere. Write for terms.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By J. W. WATSON.

The Sensation Volume of the Season.

Price, \$1.25, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by TURNER BROS. & CO., PUBLISHERS, 803 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. For sale by all Booksellers. Send for our Catalogue of New Books.

LAW AND BANKING OFFICE,

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DeWitt, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. All charges paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years.

Parties having money to invest, please notice.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The Great NATIONAL SONG entitled THE STARRY FLAG

Written by H. MILLARD, Esq., the Author of "Waiting," "Viva L'America," &c., &c.

This beautiful gem is arranged for the Piano, and every lover of his country should have a copy. Printed heavy music paper. Price, 10c. It is also contained in the October No. of HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE (now ready), price 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,
Publisher, 24 Beekman St., New York.

THE GATES A.J.

By MISS E. STUART PHEAR.

Forty-fifth Thousand. \$1.50

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS
BY
LITTLE, BROWN, & COMPANY
No. 110 Washington Street, Boston.

Juventus Mundi: The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age. By the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Discovery of the Great West. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, Author of "The Jesuits in North America," "Pioneers of France in the New World," etc., etc.

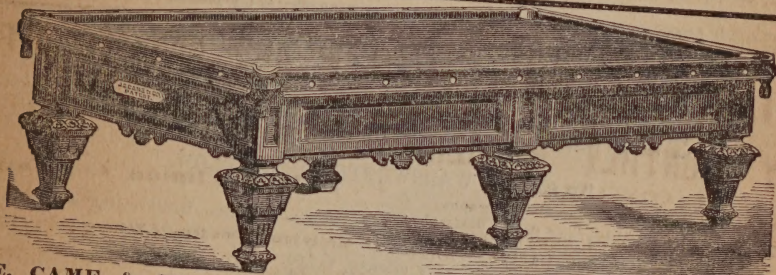
This volume embodies the exploits and adventures of the first European explorers of the Valley of the Mississippi; the efforts of the French to secure the whole interior of the Continent; the attempt of La Salle to find a westward passage to India, his colony on the Illinois, his scheme of invading Mexico, his contest with the Jesuits, and his assassination by his own followers. The narrative is founded entirely on contemporary documents, including many unpublished letters and journals of the chief explorers, which, for the first time, place in a clear light one of the most interesting and striking portions of American History.

A Dictionary of English Synonymes, and Synonymous or Parallel Expressions. By RICHARD SOULE.

Familiar Latin Quotations. With Translations and Parallel Passages.

Memoir of the Life of Rufus Choate. By PROFESSOR S. G. BROWN. 12mo.

Plutarch's Morals. Six vols. 8vo. Translated by various hands. Edited by PROFESSOR W. W. GOODWIN, of Harvard University.



E. CAME & CO. Manufacturers of BILLIARD TABLES, with Phelan's Standard American Cushions, 114 Sudbury Street, Boston.
Sellers and Manufacturers of the new Time and Price Registers for Billiard Rooms and mechanical purposes; dated Nov. 17, 1863. New England Agents for the Hyatt Manuf. Co.'s Combination Billiard Balls.

TENTS WANTED! \$2000 a Year and Expenses

Popular Young Folks' Magazine, worth a year, and A Magnificent Steel Engraving worth \$2.50, will be sent FREE TO ANY Y who will become an Agent. For full particulars, send Ten Cents to HADAY & BECKER, Publishers of OUR SCHOOL-BOOKS, 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

To agents, to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* First machine on trial. For further particulars address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

Gems of the Lyric Drama.
EDITED BY GEORGE W. TRYON, JR.

Monthly Periodical containing the Music and Librettos of the Popular Operas, **FAUST, CROWN DIAMONDS, MARTHA, NORMA, FRA DIAVOLO, MASANIELLO,** included, in the two volumes for the year 1870, with steel Portraits of prominent Singers, wood engravings of the operas, richly illuminated title-pages, and 384 PAGES OF ENGRAVED MUSIC, including all the principal Airs. Send Stamp for Circular. Dollars per annum, payable on receipt of first number. Separately, Three Dollars each opera. Copies can be forwarded to any Music or Book dealer, or to American Opera Publishing Co., 106 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

FOR

THE GIFT SEASON OF 1869.

BALLADS OF NEW ENGLAND.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1 vol. 8vo. With 60 Illustrations. Bevelled and gilt, and richly bound in cloth, \$5.00. Uniform with the Illustrated "Snow-Bound." Turkey morocco, \$9.00.

This will be one of the most exquisite holiday volumes ever issued in this country. The landscape illustrations, both principal and accessory, have been drawn chiefly from sketches made by Mr. Harry Fenn, who visited for the purpose the scenes of the various poems. The figure pieces and other designs are from the pencil of S. Eytinge, Jr., Winslow Homer, Alfred Fredericks, Granville Perkins, F. O. C. Darley, Samuel Colman, W. J. Hennessy, and J. W. Ehninger. The engraving is by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, under whose supervision the book has been prepared. In offering to the public an edition of these well-known ballads, upon the illustration of which the greatest care has been bestowed, the publishers have much pleasure in presenting the following note from the author:—

"I have examined the sheets of the Ballads, and I find that in truthfulness of illustration, and in beauty and delicacy of execution, the pictures are all that could be desired. In the illustrations to COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION, THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH, MY PLAYMATE, and THE COUNTESS, especially, I recognize the scenery familiar from boyhood, and which I have endeavored to associate in the mind of the reader of my Ballads with the characters and incidents of local traditions.

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

With 20 pictures by Hennessy and Gifford, engraved by Anthony and Linton. Small quarto, uniform with "Sir Launfal," with red-line border. Cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$3.00; Turkey morocco, \$5.50.

THE GATES AJAR.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Illustrated Edition. With 12 full-page drawings, by Jessie Curtis and S. Eytinge, Jr., engraved by L. The text newly set in handsome type with red-line border. 1 vol. 4to. Cloth, \$3.50; Turkey morocco, \$7.00.

Great care has been bestowed on THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP and THE GATES AJAR, and the publishers point with confidence to both these works as being equal in artistic and mechanical excellence to any illustrated books ever produced in America.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York.
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publishers.

THE

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

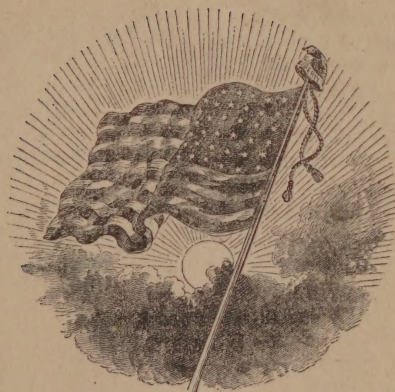
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF

DORCHESTER.

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOLUME XXIV.



* 5314.1
8.20
Per. Rm.

9068
/9

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

1869.

U

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
subt 5324.1
9/6/12
156,030
HITLOR 11.3.14

Dor. 85.1

X 340
v. 24

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Lone Woman's Trip to Omaha and Beyond	327
American Industry in the Census <i>F. A. Walker</i>	689
Among the Isles of Shoals. I. <i>Mrs. Celia Thaxter</i>	177
Birch Browsers <i>John Burroughs</i>	14
Brick Moon, The. I., II., III.	451, 603, 679
City of Brass, The <i>J. W. De Forrest</i>	389
Confucius and the Chinese ; or, the Prose of Asia <i>James Freeman Clarke</i>	336
Crawford, Thomas <i>George S. Hillard</i>	40
Dead Level, The <i>F. Sheldon</i>	661
Drummer Ghost, The <i>J. W. De Forrest</i>	1
Dredging Excursion in the Gulf Stream, A. I., II. <i>Mrs. E. C. Agassiz</i>	507, 571
Earthquakes of the Old World, Great <i>N. S. Shaler</i>	140
Earthquakes of the American Continents <i>N. S. Shaler</i>	461
Earthquakes of the Western United States <i>N. S. Shaler</i>	549
Egotist in Life, The <i>Henry Giles</i>	399
Fechter's Acting, On Mr. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	242
Foe in the Household, The. V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X. <i>Miss Caroline Cheesbro'</i>	26, 168, 282, 420, 534, 722
French and English Art-Writers <i>Eugene Benson</i>	119
From the Orient Direct <i>Albert S. Evans</i>	542
Gabrielle de Bergerac. I., II., III. <i>Henry James, Jr.</i>	55, 231, 352
Genius of Doré <i>J. Jackson Farves</i>	379
German Songs, and a few other Matters <i>Walter Mitchell</i>	442
Greek Goddesses, The <i>T. W. Higginson</i>	97
Hamlets of the Stage. II. <i>Miss Abby Sage</i>	97
Hunting in the British Islands <i>Charles Dawson Shanly</i>	431
Increase of Human Life, The. I., II., III. <i>Edward Jarvis</i>	495, 581, 711
Inebriates Harbored and Helped, Our	109
Jacob Flint's Journey <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	313
John <i>A. D. Richardson</i>	740
Jubilee Days <i>W. D. Howells</i>	7
Life-Saving as a Business Duty <i>F. G. Shanks</i>	11
Log-Rolling at Washington <i>James Parton</i>	361
Marrying a Pickpocket <i>George B. Woods</i>	87
Mohammed, and his Place in Universal History <i>James Freeman Clarke</i>	611
Mormon Prophet's Tragedy, The <i>John Hay</i>	669
Mr. Bruce <i>A. C. Eliot</i>	701
Old Bankers of Florence, The <i>H. T. Tuckerman</i>	629
Our Phil <i>Mrs. Olive A. Wallsworth</i>	560
Parlor Singing	410
Pedestrian Tour, A. <i>W. D. Howells</i>	591
Pennsylvania Dutch <i>Mrs. Phebe Earle Gibbons</i>	473
Poetical Lot, A	382
Recent Travels	254

Small Sins of Congress, The	<i>James Parton</i>	
Story of Lady Byron's Life, The True	<i>Mrs. H. B. Stowe</i>	
"Strikers" of the Washington Lobby, The	<i>James Parton</i>	
Taillefer Bell-Rings, The	<i>J. W. De Forrest</i>	129
Three Years as a Negro Minstrel	<i>Ralph Keeler</i>	71
Uncle Gabriel's Account of his Campaigns		207
Uncle Sam's Treatment of his Servants	<i>James Parton</i>	645
Under the Midnight Sun	<i>I. I. Hayes</i>	752
Was Reichenbach Right?	<i>Mary L. Bissell</i>	269
Wettstein	<i>George W. Waring</i>	488
Why Henry Jones did not go to Canada	<i>Walter Mitchell</i>	261
Zoroaster and the Zend-Avesta	<i>James Freeman Clarke</i>	150

POETRY.

Agatha	<i>George Eliot</i>	199
August Pastoral	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	470
A Statue	<i>Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt</i>	25
At Rydal		506
Before the Gate	<i>W. D. Howells</i>	176
Bonaparte, Aug. 15, 1769 — Humboldt, Sept. 14, 1769	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	637
First Cricket, The	<i>W. D. Howells</i>	351
Garibaldi	<i>J. G. Whittier</i>	431
In Memoriam		578
In my Vineyard	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	719
My Comrade and I	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	326
Restored Picture, The	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	86

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Clark's Sketch of his Campaign in the Illinois in 1778-9		641
Dixon's Her Majesty's Tower		764
Gobright's Recollection of Men and Things at Washington		125
Hale's Ingham Papers		128
Higginson's Army Life in a Black Regiment		643
History and Philosophy of Marriage		640
James's Secret of Swedenborg		762
Lecky's History of European Morals		639
Mark Twain's The Innocents Abroad		764
Scudder's Stories from my Attic		766
Whittier's New England Ballads		767

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

JULY, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
The Drummer Ghost	1	The Restored Picture	86
Birch Browsings	14	Marrying a Pickpocket	87
Statue	25	The Greek Goddesses	97
The Foe in the Household. V.	26	Our Inebriates, Harbored and Helped	109
Thomas Crawford : a Eulogy	40	French and English Art-Writers	119
Abrielle de Bergerac. I.	55	Reviews and Literary Notices	125
Three Years as a Negro Minstrel	71	Gobright's Recollections of Men and Things at Washington. — Hale's Ingham Papers.	

BOSTON:

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$4.00.

CLUBS : Two Copies, \$7.00 ; Five Copies, \$16.00 ; Ten Copies, \$30.00,
and each additional Copy, \$3.00.For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished *gratis*.

Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" should have the name of the STATE as well as the name from which it comes.
 In ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the *old* and the *new* address in FULL. No change to be made after the 5th of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

MALBONE: AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

During its recent course of publication in the Atlantic Monthly, this Romance has elicited great commendation, as a more elaborate study of character than most American fictions. It is one of the few novels whose scene is laid among cultivated Americans, — many of our fictions depicting rustic or frontier life. *A critic distinguished for his wise discrimination says that Philip Malbone is a character as original as Eugene Wrayburn, in "Our Mutual Friend."* The scenes of the story are laid in Newport, and the Romance is full of exquisite descriptions of the well-known scenery of that celebrated watering-place.

"... It [Malbone] has for the past six months deservedly held the place of honor in the Atlantic, and in the present number closes with a tragedy which the opening chapters would not have led us to suspect, but which in the development of the story has gradually become inevitable. There is in this romance a naturalness and vividness in the characterization which gives color to the intimation that many *habitués* of Newport would not have much difficulty in identifying the originals of Mr. Higginson's sketches." — *Notice of June Atlantic*.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & CO.'s Publications.

"THE LITERARY EVENT OF THE YEAR."

Sixth Edition.

OLDTOWN FOLKS.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

12mo. 616 pages. \$2.00.

The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" writes this book; and she deals with the present subject, New England life, with the same marvellous skill and power, the same humor and pathos, and that strong good sense and deep tenderness, which gave her first novel a world-wide popularity.

"The story is of New England life in ante-railroad times; and Mrs. Stowe has given us, in her inimitable style, and with her magical power, the traits of the veritable Yankees, their customs, modes of thought, and peculiar expressions. The publication of the book is the literary event of this year at least." — *New Bedford Mercury*.

"Mrs. Stowe's new book is, then, as we have said, to be regarded only as a gallery of cabinet pictures of New England country life in the days of the youth of the American nation. As such they cannot be praised too highly, and their value as historical paintings cannot be over-estimated. In none of her previous works has Mrs. Stowe been more successful in the creation of strongly individualized, lifelike pictures; in none has she given us more of genuine humor and pathos and beauty.

"This is the only work from the pen of Mrs. Stowe, since the publication of "Dred," which has not made its first appearance in the form of a serial. The descendants of the Puritans will prize it for years to come as the perfect picture of their ancestors, and the admirers of Mrs. Stowe will point to it as the work most worthy to sustain her fame." — *New York Citizen*.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD— OPEN;

OR,

HOW TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE.

BY SAMUEL BOWLES.

1 vol. 18mo. 122 pages.

The graphic descriptions of railroad and frontier life and scenery which Mr. Bowles has contributed to the Atlantic last few months are here reproduced, in a neat and portable volume, after a thorough revision, and with the addition of an appendix containing tables and statistics which will make this little volume very valuable to all intending to take their way westward, or desiring late and complete information about the New Wonder of the World, — The Pacific Railroad.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. A BIOGRAPHY.

With Portrait and Illustrations.

BY JOHN FORSTER.

Crown 8vo. Nearly 700 pages.

Mr. Forster, the author of the well-known biography of Goldsmith, has had the most ample material for the composition of this work placed at his disposal, and has produced a narrative of rare literary interest and importance. As a poet and a prose writer, Landor's great merits have not been fully appreciated either in this country or in England, though his influence on the literary mind of his time has been marked. Yet the range of contemporary English poetry does not embrace anything finer than many of his lyrics and meditative poems. His prose is more widely known, especially the "Imaginary Conversations."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Forster's biography will be instrumental in making American readers more familiar with the numerous productions of Landor, of whom De Quincey has said: "He is a man of great genius, and as such he ought to interest the public. More than enough appears of his strong, eccentric nature, through every page of his now extensive writings, to win, amongst those who have read him, a corresponding interest in all that concerns him personally; in his social relations, in his biography, in his manners, in his appearance."

The life of Landor includes the history of three generations of striking literary activity, — the period which gave to English letters Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, etc., etc.

*** For sale by all booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD;

OR,

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE.

BY

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

One volume. 542 pages. Printed from new, large-sized, clear type, containing several full-page Maps, showing steamship lines and routes of travel, and profusely illustrated with more than 100 engravings, reproduced from photographs and original sketches.

Crown octavo. Morocco Cloth, \$3.00. Half Calf, \$5.50.

The author of this volume is the well-known correspondent "CARLETON" of the *Boston Journal*, who left the United States in July, 1866, and has recently returned, having made the tour of the world.

His letters during the war were greatly admired for their clear and concise narrative, and for their remarkable truthfulness. The letters written during his recent tour have been equally valuable and interesting. Indeed, it is believed that no letters have ever been given to the American public which have been so universally accepted and praised as those written by Mr. Coffin during the last eight years.

The present volume is one of unusual importance, embodying an account of Mr. Coffin's recent travels round the globe. It is also exceedingly timely, in view of the completion of the Pacific Railroad, which makes Canton and Shanghai our near neighbors. It possesses peculiar attractions, not only to the general reader, but to every one interested in the development of the commerce of the country, inasmuch as it gives in detail just the kind of information which the people of the United States require in relation to China, Japan, and India. It is full of information upon the manners and customs of the people of those countries, their present condition, their future prospects, and their social life; also upon the great changes now taking place in those vast empires, embracing half the population of the globe. Steamships, railroads, telegraphs, printing presses, commercial, political, educational, and religious influences, will all combine to change entirely every aspect of these hitherto far-distant countries. Mr. Coffin visited schools and missionary stations, and his abundant information on these specialties is particularly valuable. To the traveller, "Our New Way round the World" is an indispensable guide-book, showing him what route to take in his journey, what steamships and railway connections are to be made, what points are worthy of his attention, and furnishing him with numerous useful hints touching the expenses by the way.

CONTENTS.

The following titles of some chapters of the book will suggest the great range of observation enjoyed by Mr. Coffin, and the varied interest of the volume:—

- CHAP. I. NEW YORK TO MARSEILLES.
- II. ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.
- III. MODERN EGYPT.
- IV. CAIRO.
- V. DELTA OF THE NILE.
- VI. SUEZ CANAL.
- VII. FROM EGYPT TO INDIA.
- VIII. BOMBAY.
- IX. BRITISH INDIA.
- X. RAILWAYS OF INDIA.
- XI. HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, AND RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS.
- XII. THROUGH THE DECCAN.
- XIII. RIDING IN A DAK.
- XIV. IN THE HEART OF INDIA.
- XV. SCENES IN ALLAHABAD.
- XVI. NATIVE SCHOOLS.
- XVII. ALLAHABAD TO BENARES.
- XVIII. CITY OF BENARES.
- XIX. DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE GANGES.
- XX. OUR FIRST NIGHT IN CALCUTTA.
- XXI. THE BABOOS.
- XXII. MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.
- XXIII. LIFE IN INDIA.
- XXIV. ACROSS THE BAY OF BENGAL.
- XXV. THE SPICE ISLANDS.
- XXVI. PENANG.
- XXVII. SINGAPORE.
- XXVIII. LIFE IN MALACCA.
- XXIX. FROM SINGAPORE TO HONG KONG.
- XXX. GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF CHINA.
- XXXI. HONG KONG.

- XXXII. OPIUM
XXXIII. FROM HONG KONG TO CANTON.
XXXIV. THE INFLUENCE OF CONFUCIUS.
XXXV. SOUTHERN CHINA.
XXXVI. A RAMBLE IN CANTON.

Other chapters relate to places and scenes of interest in China, Japan, and California, and the route across the Continent. Full information is given concerning the Pacific Railroad and its connection with Asiatic trade and travel.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The volume is illustrated with more than One Hundred Engravings reproduced from photographs and original sketches. The following titles will give an idea of the scope and variety of the illustrations.

WATER-CARRIER IN EGYPT.
EGYPTIAN LETTER-WRITER.
MOTHER AND CHILD.
ISMAIL PASHA.

IRRIGATION IN EGYPT.
A TRIFLE OF BAGGAGE.

KEEPING EASTER.
PILGRIMS TO MECCA.

BOATMEN OF ADEN.

WARM WEATHER.

THE JOLLY MARINERS.

A BOMBAY TEAM.

A MORNING BATH.

HINDOO MOTHER AND CHILD.

INDIAN HOUSES.

A NAGPORE COACH.

THE MASTER RACE.

DAKING IN INDIA.

1st. GETTING UNDER WAY.

2d. A STEADY TEAM.

3d. DEAD SET.

STIRRING UP A HINDOO.

OUR ROOM AT JUBBULFARE.

SHOOTING A MAN-EATER.

COOLING THE GOD.

MOTHERS OF INDIA.

RAISING THE WIND.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS.

SACRED THIEVES.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

MIDNIGHT WORSHIP.

MALACCA HOUSE.

FAN-PALM.

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

A CHINESE DAMSEL.

FRIENDS IN DISTRESS.

OPIUM-SMOKING.

PROCESSION OF DEVILS.

GOING TO MARKET.

CHINESE ORCHESTRA.

FLOWER BOAT.

DUCK BOAT.

TEA CULTURE.

1st. THE YOUNG PLANT.

2d. TRANSPLANTING.

3d. FIRING THE LEAF.

4th. PACKING.

A FIGHT FOR BAGGAGE.

CHIN CHIN.

FUNG SHUEY.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

REMEMBERING FRIENDS.

"THE OLD HAIRY."

TRANSMIGRATION.

HOW WE TRAVEL.

A TEMPLE.

COAST SCENERY.

SCENES IN YOSEMITE.

1st. EL CAPITAN.

2d. SOUTH DOME.

3d. YOSEMITE FALLS.

TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE.

AND MANY OTHERS.

LIST OF MAPS.

DELTA OF THE NILE.

SUEZ CANAL.

OVERLAND ROUTE EAST.

INDIA.

CALCUTTA TO HONG KONG.

SOUTHERN CHINA.

NORTHERN CHINA.

CANTON.

SHANGHAE.

JAPAN.

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ROUTES ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

✱ The special timeliness of this volume, the remarkable opportunities for observation enjoyed and faithfully improved by the author; the clear and reliable character of his statements and descriptions, and the numerous excellent Maps and Illustrations,—all combine to make "OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD," a book of unusual interest and value.

✱* For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,

124 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION.

Uniform, Compact, Handsome and Cheap.

CHARLES READE is generally acknowledged to be one of the greatest living masters of fiction; he is one of the very few whose genius wins universal recognition, like that accorded to SCOTT, THACKERAY, and DICKENS.

This *Household Edition* comprises his complete Novels in eight volumes, as follows:—

FOUL PLAY. 1 volume.
HARD CASH. 1 volume.
WHITE LIES. 1 volume.
GRIFFITH GAUNT. 1 volume.
LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. 1 volume.
NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. 1 volume.
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. 1 volume.
PEG WOFFINGTON, CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, and OTHER STORIES. 1 vol.

Price, ONE DOLLAR a volume.

Set, in neat box, \$8; Half-calf, \$18.

"Admirably printed books, and altogether neat and pleasant to see and read. The publishers have done their part well, and as for Mr. Reade, we have only to say that there are no more interesting novels than his."—*Philadelphia Post*.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,

124 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, N.Y.

Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

MISS E. S. PHELPS's Men, Women, and Ghosts. \$1.50.

HALE's Ingham Papers. \$1.50.

SIEDMAN's Blameless Prince. \$1.50.

MURRAY's Adirondack Adventures. \$1.50.

BUMSTEAD's On the Wing. \$2.50.

GEORGE ELIOT's How Lisa Loved the King. 50 cents.

HIGGINSON's Malbone. \$1.50.

TYLER's Brawnville Papers. \$1.50.

BROWNING's The Ring and the Book. 2 vols. \$4.00.

PARTON's Life of Horace Greeley. New Edition. \$3.

MISS PHELPS's The Gates Ajar. \$1.50.

LUCY LARCOM's Poems. \$1.50.

LOWELL's Under the Willows. \$2.00.

HALE's If, Yes, and Perhaps. \$1.50.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,

124 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, N.Y.

Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION.

Uniform, Compact, Legible, Handsome, Cheap.

There has long been a demand for an American edition of Thackeray's Novels which should present these masterpieces of fiction in a style suited to their merits, yet at a price that should bring them within the reach of all. In response to this demand MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co. have issued a *Household Edition* of Thackeray, in the same style as the *Household Edition* of CHARLES READE's Novels, which has been so generally admired for its combination of elegance, compactness, legibility and cheapness.

For fuller description see page 7 of the Advertising Sheet in this number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Two Years before the Mast.

BY

RICHARD H. DANA, Jr.

New and Enlarged Edition. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

This is a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Dana's "Two years before the Mast," which has for nearly thirty years been one of the most popular books in the English language. This edition contains additional matter, the chief of which is a description of a second visit by the author to the scenes of the narrative after the lapse of twenty-five years. In its new and handsome form the book appeals to the thousands who have been attracted by its fascinating pages, as well as to a fresh generation of readers which has grown up since its first publication.

TO CUBA AND BACK.

To Cuba and Back; a Vacation Voyage.

By RICHARD H. DANA, JR., Author of "Two years before the Mast," &c. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

"There will be an Exodus to the Paradise of *Ave Marias*, if Mr. Dana's enthusiasm spreads. His book is so bright and luscious, so pictorial and cheerful, so essentially pleasant and refreshing."—*London Athenaeum*.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,

124 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, N.Y.

Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

"American,"

THE LARGEST

FIRST CLASS HOTEL

IN NEW ENGLAND.

CONTAINING THE

Finest Passenger Elevator
IN THE COUNTRY,

ALSO

NUMEROUS SUITES,

AND

SINGLE APARTMENTS,

WITH

BATHING AND WATER-CONVENIENCES,

ADJOINING

Billiard Halls, Telegraph
Office, and Cafe.

LEWIS RICE & SON,

BOSTON, U. S. A.

STEAM

FIRE-PROOF

SAFES

The best in the World!

ALSO,

Bank Vaults,

AND

BURGLAR-PROOF WORK,

Of every description, made of the celebrated "Welded Steel and Iron." Safe Makers for the Treasury Department of the U. S. Government.

The Steam Safe Company's Safes, always good, are much improved, and now are made in the very best manner; are finished in the most approved style; are furnished with the best dial locks; are secure in the hottest fire; are free from dampness; are not liable to injury; are inviting in appearance; are every way convenient in use; have never been robbed of a dollar; are adopted by leading capitalists; give the greatest satisfaction; are without an equal in the world; are rapidly coming into general use. Hundreds of the Safes made by this Company are now in use by leading Capitalists and Business Men, and give entire satisfaction.

AM. STEAM FIRE-PROOF SAFE CO.

BOSTON, - - - 60 & 64 Sudbury Street.
NEW YORK, - - - 300 Broadway.
BALTIMORE, - - - 23 South Street.

HEWINS & HOLLIS,
209 WASHINGTON,

Cor. of Bromfield St., Boston.

Importers and Retailers of

Men's Furnishing Goods.

Novelties in Neck Scarfs,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

Received monthly from our

AGENT IN PARIS.

Fine Shirts made to-order.

ATTRACTIVE BOOKS

FOR

Summer Reading.

Arne. By Björnson, 12mo. Paper, 60 cts., cloth, \$1.00. "So nearly perfect and so purely delightful." THE NATION.

Frankenstein. By Mrs. Shelley, 12mo. Paper, 60 cts., cloth, \$1.00. "A Tale of horrible fascination which curdles the reader's blood and makes him dread to look round."

Memoir of Jared Sparks, L.L.D. By Rev. Dr. Ellis, with steel portrait. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.00.

The Golden Treasury of the best English Songs. HANDY EDITION. 18mo. Cloth, \$1.00.

A Book of Golden Deeds. By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." HANDY EDITION. 18mo. Cloth, \$1.00.

De Tocqueville's Democracy in America. THE ELEGANT CAMBRIDGE EDITION. 2 vols. 8vo. \$6.00.

Vanity Fair. By Thackeray. Illustrated. The most elegant edition published. 3 vols. 8vo. \$7.50.

IN PREPARATION. **The Happy Boy.** By Björnson, with Portrait.

Sent by Mail on receipt of price by the Publishers,

SEVER, FRANCIS & CO.

21 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Dorchester Branch.

THE

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

5178

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIV. — JULY, 1869. — NO. CXLI.

THE DRUMMER GHOST.

A BIT of village, — we can hardly call it a street; at best, the mere fag-end of a street; six houses and a church spire in sight, — one of the houses, brick.

This is by no means the whole of Johnsonville, for the greater number of its dwellings lie in a neighboring hollow, clustered industriously beside the mill-dam over the Wampoosue, or loafing, as it were, at the two ends of the wooden bridge, or straggling, like picnickers, down the course of the black streamlet. But as these are all hidden from us by trees, and are, moreover, of not the least consequence to our story, we will not invade their sequestered insignificance. A young man, and also, of course, a young woman, demand our instant attention.

"Your uncle's appearance quite interests me," says Mr. Adrian Underhill. "Is n't there something, — I don't quite know how to express myself, — something rather remarkable about him?"

"I don't perceive that there is, except his appetite for wives; he is just finishing his third."

Mr

To think of a girl of nineteen, and a blond, blue-eyed girl at that, making such a speech! But in Miss Marian Turner's auburn there was a slightly disquieting dash of red, and about the corners of her rosy mouth there was a flexible twist which reminded one of the snapper of a whip-lash. Furthermore, she carried herself upright, in a knightly manner, always ready for joust; she had a quick, positive step, as if she knew to the ends of her little bootees what she wanted; and there was a look in her eyes which declared, "I always mean more than I say." Clearly, if she had not seen life, she had guessed more than enough of it.

"Is that speaking light-mindedly of uncles?" she added. "I don't remember that it is anywhere commanded to be reverential towards them. Well, I must n't perplex you. Don't mention my queeriness to any one."

"Of course not," answered Mr. Underhill, meanwhile studying her with profound attention.

Just graduated from Winslow University, and from the quiet, bookish sociables of New Boston, he had fan-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

cied himself well read up in young ladies, and was almost awed at meeting one whom he could not understand. She said and did the most original things; that is, he considered them most original; and to him what was the difference? Moreover, she had a way of ordering him which was quite new in his experience, for he had been a bit of a Grandison among the female circles of New Boston, and at home he was an only son, the natural governor of his mother and sisters. What was still more curious, and what was even alarming, he had begun to perceive that he liked to be thus ordered.

"There he is," she resumed, nodding towards a tall, thin, haggard man of fifty-five, who just then appeared in the veranda of the brick house; "he looks as if he wanted to see one of us. It can't be me. You had better come in."

Underhill hesitated. Parents in New Boston had put it to him about his "intentions," and perhaps Mr. Joshua Turner was waiting to ask him what he meant to do for Marian. He was aware that he had paid the girl some undeniable courtship, and still he was perplexedly conscious that he did not as yet hanker for marriage. But he drifted along, as is the manner of his unwise sex, and so presently found himself in the veranda of the brick house.

While Marian walked haughtily into the dwelling, without speaking to or looking at her uncle, the latter arrested Underhill with a grim, skeleton-like shake of the hand. Although a land-going citizen from his youth, Mr. Joshua Turner was as long and lean and brown as the Ancient Mariner, and had moreover somewhat of his ghostly expression of enchantment. A shock of towzled, iron-gray hair; a high, narrow, wrinkled, tawny forehead; hollow black eyes, surrounded with circle on circle of brown and yellow; a lofty Roman nose, looking across a wide, thin-lipped mouth at a projecting chin; cheeks so sunken and pitted that they put you in mind of the epithets weather-beaten and worm-eaten; the whole face dis-

colored by bile, indigestions, and lack of exercise, and corroded by care; the expression eager, anxious, and troubled, to the verge of lunacy;—such was the awful head of Joshua Turner.

"Mr. Underhill, come into the parlor," he said, in a deep, tremulous voice. "I have something private, strictly private, to tell you."

Leading the way into a sombre, curtained room, rendered additionally funereal by that musty smell which country parlors are apt to have, he turned the key in the door, and, without inviting his guest to sit, commenced striding from corner to corner.

"Mr. Underhill, I am almost crazy," he said. "I don't know but I am quite crazy: If I am, it is the drummer—the invisible, ghostly, fiendish, infernal drummer—who has made me so. Who would n't be crazy with that unearthly, horrible rubadub-dub?"

Here he began to beat upon his left hip, in the manner of one drumming, meanwhile repeating rapidly, "Rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub."

Underhill looked on in amazement and some slight alarm, suspecting that the man was really insane. He mustered up what anecdotes he had heard of lunatics, glanced at the door and windows, in order to settle upon his best method of escape, and finally took a chair by the fireplace, so as to have the poker within easy reach.

"Yes, that is his devilish tune," resumed Turner. "He began it only three days ago, and it has already driven me nearly mad. You are a college man; perhaps you can explain it all. I will tell you the whole story. I was sitting there, in that very chair where you are sitting now, when I first heard him. I was reading a paper,—reading about one of Sherman's battles,—when he came drumming down the street. I thought it was a pack of boys, or a company of furloughed soldiers. But it stopped, or he stopped, or she stopped, whatever it may be, and drummed so long and loud that I let down my candle and went to the window. I looked out; I could see the

whole street by the bright moonlight; but there was no one there."

After two or three long sighs of profound depression, he resumed: "I thought that the boys or the soldiers had passed, and I went back to the fire. Then it began in the hall, — softly, very softly, — rubadub-dub. Thinking that some joker was playing pranks upon me, I rushed to the door and opened it. Nothing was there. I went through the hall; I ran upstairs and downstairs; I looked into every room; — nobody! But when I came back to the parlor, something quiet and cold, like a breath of winter wind, followed me. I slammed the door behind me, and I hoped that I had shut the thing out. Then I took up my paper and tried to read. But I was scarcely seated before I heard it again."

Here he stopped his march from corner to corner, and commenced circling a chair which stood in the centre of the room, his hands meanwhile beating gently on his breast.

"It started at the door," he continued, "and drummed straight up to me, rubadub-dub; then it drummed all around me, twice, in a circle, rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub; then it stood between me and the hearth, chilling me through, such a, dub-dub, rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub. It had begun softly, but as it went on it beat louder and louder and louder, until at last it almost deafened me with its cursed uproar."

Once more he drummed violently on his hips, repeating in a hurried stammer, "Rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub."

Underhill, as may be supposed, was thinking fast without coming to any conclusion. He made a hasty muddle of the Stratford Mysteries, Rochester Knockings, Cock Lane Ghost, and Salem Witchcraft, and did not perceive that any light was thereby shed upon the case now brought under his consideration. Meanwhile he stared at Mr. Turner, and kept within arm's-length of the poker.

"Since then he has never left me

for a day," resumed the "afflicted." "I have struck at him, and kicked at him, and thrown books at him, without touching anything, or hearing anything escape. But he has drummed; O, how he has drummed! Nothing will stop his drumming. He will drum me out of my senses; he will drum me out of my life. That is my story, Mr. Underhill. Can you make anything of it?"

It is not judicious to tell a man that he is a maniac, especially when there is a likelihood that he is one. Instead of venturing on this slightly perilous discourtesy, our young friend meekly replied, "No, Mr. Turner, I can't at once make anything of it. My college education does n't seem to come in play here," he added. "This sort of thing was n't lectured upon by the professors. If I had only been a medical student! It does strike me, Mr. Turner, that this is a matter of nerves. Have you consulted your doctor? Why not call him in?"

"My doctor is an 'old fool,'" exploded the haunted man. "He would give me a blue-pill or some morphine. What good would that do me? Do you suppose the drummer would care if I should take all the blue-pills in the universe? I won't have any medicine. I am a well man and a sane man, whatever you think to the contrary," he asseverated, loudly, his eyes glowing like fires within their deep, discolored hollows.

Although his expression was not reassuring, Underhill nodded assent to his declaration of sanity, being much guided at the moment by worldly wisdom.

"Come here to-night at ten o'clock, and you shall hear him for yourself," continued Turner. "Then judge whether drugs will stop him."

The *séance* was agreed upon, and the young man departed. As he went out, he gave the house a keener glance of investigation than he had hitherto bestowed upon it. The plan was obvious at first sight: a broad hall running from front to rear, with two rooms on

each side; the second story an almost precise counterpart of the first; above, the usual pointed attics. The flooring was of considerable extent, while the stories were not more than eight feet in height, giving to the edifice a flattened, squat appearance.

The material was brick, originally soft, and now very old, so that the exterior had become strangely haggard and pitted, as if from a complex attack of architectural consumption and small-pox. It seemed as if the building were not only infirm with age, but infected, disfigured, and unwholesome with disease. A coat of glaring red paint, put on within the last three or four years, reminded one of rouge on the wrinkled visage of a dowager. In spite of the fresh coloring without, and the new papering within, the building had a mouldering look and a musty odor. Underhill could not help conceding that the nineteenth century, as it exists in the United States of America, rarely offers a more suitable haunting-place to a ghost.

At a quarter to ten in the evening, he returned to the house, and was received by Turner in the parlor.

"Excuse my wife for not seeing you," said the haunted man. "She has gone to bed. Her health is very feeble, and this mystery has nearly prostrated her. As for my niece, she has her own ways; I don't pretend to govern her. By the way, you may think it odd, Mr. Underhill, that I should make my niece earn her own living, in part, at least, as a school-teacher. I do it from principle, sir. Young people should learn how hard it is to get money; then they will know how to keep it. I understand that people talk about it; but what business is it of theirs? My conscience tells me that my course is the right one."

Underhill nodded; he rather thought that the young lady might make a better wife for a poor man because of this system of education; and he, just beginning the world, was a poor man, the very one that he was thinking of for her. Not finding it easy, however,

to converse concerning Miss Marian, he asked: "Any more light as to the nature of your — your ghost?"

"Judge for yourself," replied Turner, with an anxious glance at the clock.

"Is he regular? Does he come at certain hours?"

"Not always. Morning and evening. He has been thrice at ten o'clock. There!"

Rubadub-dub! There was no doubt about it; a drum of some sort was being beaten upon by something; rubadub-dub, down the street, through the door-yard, and into the veranda; there it rattled furiously for a moment, and then stopped. Underhill was so startled by the sound, — it so surprised and convinced, or deluded, his hitherto incredulous soul, — that he felt his skin writhe and the roots of his hair shudder. Perhaps he would not have been so moved had he not seen all the yellowish and brownish patches of Turner's complexion bleach to an ash-color at the first sound of the ghostly tattoo. For a full minute the two sat motionless, staring at each other with an air of sentenced criminals. When the young man recovered himself, he sprang up, and stepped softly toward the door, his idea being to steal into the veranda, and surprise some practical joker. His companion arrested him with a wave of the hand, and a hoarse whisper, "It is coming in."

Did it come in? Underhill was not quite satisfied as to that point. The rattle of a drum entered, no doubt; it rolled through the parlor in a distressingly audible manner; but did the mysterious agency which produced it likewise find ingress? Turner evidently believed that the drummer, whoever or whatever it might be, was in the parlor; his ghastly glare said thus much, and he vehemently asserted it afterwards; but the younger man, healthy in body and soul, was even yet only half convinced.

Underhill's first impulse, however, was towards faith; he believed what he saw that his companion believed. For a minute it seemed to him that the drum-

mer entered with a soft rat-tat-ta, the mere trembling of the sticks on the sheepskin ; that within a few seconds thereafter he commenced beating a march at the door and continued it straight up to Turner ; then came a circling around the haunted man, followed by a furious long roll between him and the fire. This was Underhill's first impression, and while it lasted it was a terrible one.

He had supposed that he was a radical unbeliever in spiritual manifestations ; that, if phenomena purporting to be of that nature were presented to his attention, he would receive them with perfect coolness ; that he would laugh the mystery to scorn and proceed to unravel it. But on the present occasion his soul did not work in this satisfactory fashion. He was almost paralyzed intellectually ; he glared about the room wherever Turner glared ; he was little less than thoroughly frightened.

Presently his mind swung back towards its normal rationality, and caught once more at the suspicion that the creator of the noise was in the hall. Rising softly and gliding to the door, he cautiously opened it. No one ! nothing but the rolling of the drum ; nothing but a clamor without a cause. Another remarkable fact was that the drumming did not seem quite so clear without as within. Unchecked by this observation, to which in fact he then hardly gave a thought, he walked to the lower end of the passage, severely shook a venerable overcoat which hung there upon a nail, returned as far as the foot of the stairway, and mounted to the upper hall.

It seemed to him now as if he were nearing the mystery ; and finding another stairway, he pushed on to the garret, but there the uproar grew dull again. He had in his hand a candle which he had taken from the lower passage, and which answered in the Turner house the purpose of an entry lamp. By its light he glanced over the trunks, broken furniture, dismissed demijohns and bottles, fragments of carpets and other indescribable rubbish, which or-

dinarily encumber a garret, without discovering the smallest fraction of a band of music. Moreover the noise had ceased ; it had died away as he set foot on the creaking garret floor ; the house was as silent as a decrepit and sickly old mansion could be.

Now back to the second floor ; and here he made a discovery. Marian Turner, dressed in her every-day guise and holding a lighted candle in her hand, met him with a mournful and stern countenance which put him in mind of Lady Macbeth.

"Tell my uncle," she whispered, "that my brother must be dead."

"Your brother ?" he inquired ; "I did n't know that you had a brother."

"I have none now," she answered, her voice shaking with unmistakable emotion. "You will learn yet that he is dead." After a brief hesitation she continued more firmly : "My uncle put him to a trade, and he hated it. Last year he ran away and joined the army as a drummer-boy. He would have been sixteen to-day, if he had lived."

Here her self-possession quite broke down, and she burst into a loud sobbing. Underhill tried to offer encouragement ; he took her hand, and then he drew her towards him : indeed we have reason to suspect that she cried for a while upon his shoulder. At last she raised her head, and whispering, "Tell my uncle," slipped away to her own room.

Returning to the parlor, Underhill found Turner, his face buried in his hands, shivering in front of the fire. At the entry of the young man, the elder, without removing his bony fingers from his sunken eyes, inquired in a shuddering voice, "Did you find anything ?"

"No. But perhaps I might, if you had gone with me. I did n't know the house and could n't get about it fast enough."

"No use. I have been about it at full speed, like a madman. No use."

"Have you seen nothing ?" inquired Underhill, wondering why Turner covered his eyes.

"No," answered the haunted man, dropping his hands, "I tell you there is nothing to be seen." After a moment he added, "I was afraid I might see something."

"O, I met your niece upstairs," said Underhill. "She told me to tell you—well, it is very unaccountable and painful; but she has a strong impression that her brother—a drummer-boy, she called him—that he is dead."

"Ah!" exclaimed Turner, springing to his feet and staring at the young man with an expression of intense horror. "What did you tell me that for? O my God! what did you say it for? Do you want to drive me into the grave? Don't you see that I can't bear such things?"

After walking about the room for a moment, he partially recovered his self-possession, and broke out peevishly: "What does the fool mean by such nonsense! I won't have it in my house,—I won't have people under my roof talking such nonsense."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Turner. I was in fault for telling you. Don't lay blame upon her. I assure you that she was quite beside herself with emotion."

As the only response to this was a groan, Underhill concluded that he could do little good by prolonging his stay, and, after a few words of useless sympathy, he took his departure.

During the next day, he learned something new about the Turners. It is time now to explain that he was a lawyer, and that he had set up his virgin shingle in Johnsonville, with the intention of removing to New Boston at the first flattering opportunity. Into his office strolled an elderly male gossip, one of those men who do the "heavy standing round" in villages, and who have discovered whispering galleries at certain sunny corners, where they can overhear all the marvels of the neighborhood.

"Curious goings-on at Josh Turner's, I understand," said this useful personage, dropping into one of Underhill's arm-chairs. "Sat up with 'em last

night, I understand. Say he's troubled with a ghost. Pshaw! No ghosts nowadays; ain't legal tender; don't circulate. It's a bad conscience, that's what it is. Tell you, Josh Turner's got an awful sink-hole in one corner of his conscience. Ha'n't treated those children right,—brother's children, too,—only brother. Sam Turner came home, seven years ago, with fifty thousand dollars and two motherless children. Sam died,—left Josh executor,—garden of the boy and girl. Where'd the money go to? Josh Turner can't tell. Sam's estate settled up for nothing, an' Josh Turner turned out rich. Never made enough before to lay up anything, and here he is rich, retired from business, investing in railroads, painting his house. Looks kind o' ugly, don't it? Then he made the girl teach school, and 'prenticed the boy to a trade, and let him run off to the army. Can't say I'd take Josh Turner's conscience for all his money. Well, I must be going. Don't mention this, Mr. Underhill. A lawyer ought to know how to keep secrets. Good morning."

From other sources our young barrister learned further particulars. The four children who had been born to Joshua Turner by his first two wives were now all away from home, the two girls prosperously married, the boys in successful business. By his living wife he had another boy, at present five years old. In this youngster the whole affection of both father and mother seemed to have centred. They cared little for the other children; they cared nothing for the nephew and niece. It was currently reported in Johnsonville that little Jimmy Turner would inherit the whole, or nearly the whole, of the Josh Turner property.

"The old woman will bring that around certain," said Phineas Munson, the gossip above mentioned, during a second call on Underhill; "she won't let the old man catch his last breath till he makes out a will in favor of her Jimmy. Dunno why I call her old, though; ain't more'n forty. S'pose I call her so because she's such a poor,

sickly, faded creetur. She's in a decline, and coughs to kill. But, sick as she is, she's got a temper like a wild-cat, and she governs Josh Turner at the first yelp. By the way, heard any more about the ghost? Say it's a drummer, and drums like sixty. Wonder if Freddy Turner's dead? However, I don't believe in ghosts. All fiddle-faddle. Haw, haw, haw," he laughed just here. "I said, all fiddle-faddle. No drumming, don't ye see? *Fiddle-faddle*. Did n't mean to joke, though. Good morning."

While Underhill was thus studying the shadows of the Turner past, the village was going mad about the ghost. The Johnsonville drummings ought long since to have taken their place, in the history of "spiritual manifestations," by the side of the Stratford Mysteries and the Rochester Knockings. The house was invaded by so many people, and they were there at times in such incommodious crowds, that the Turners were nearly as much troubled by the living as by their spiritual visitant. What added to the excitement was the publication of a list of the casualties in one of Sherman's minor battles, wherein the name of Frederic Turner figured among the dead. Nothing could be more obvious than that the drummer was the ghost of Joshua Turner's ill-used nephew.

Of course, efforts were made to trace the disturbance to a human, or at least a physical origin. The village materialists, that is to say, the doctor, the apothecary, Phineas Munson, and two or three more, nosed about the house by day and watched it by night. One talked of a peculiar circulation in the chimney; another of a loose shingle on the roof which clattered in the wind; another suspected little Jimmy Turner, and wanted to tie him up. All these frantic hypotheses were laughed to scorn by the great majority of Johnsonvillians, who found it more rational to believe in a ghost, and far more amusing.

Curiously enough, Mrs. Turner was one of the most vehement of the unbe-

lievers. This determined woman, feeble and ghastly under the prolonged gripe of consumption, searched the dwelling from garret to cellar, by day and by night, to discover the trick which she declared was being played upon her household. In this investigation she displayed a feverish eagerness which was attributed partly to her native fervor of character and partly to the nervous excitability of invalidism. Small, meagre, and narrow-shouldered; her clothes hanging straight along her skeleton figure, her puny and pointed face of a uniform waxen yellow, her large, prominent, lustreless eyes wandering hurriedly from object to object, her shrunk, glassy, forefinger beckoning here and there in tremulous suspicion, she was woful and almost terrible to look upon. So anxious was she to dissipate the mystery, that, passionately as she loved her little boy, she threatened him and whipped him to make him avow that he did the drumming. Then, when convinced of his innocence, she cried and coughed over him until it seemed as if her flickering life would go out in the spasm.

Against the assumption that the noises were produced by Frederic Turner's ghost, she argued with praiseworthy energy though inexcusable logic. At first, she scouted the idea that the boy was dead, asserting that he would yet reappear to make trouble for his family. When further news demolished this supposition, she declared that the drummings had commenced a week after the decease, so that there could be no connection between the two facts. But popular credulity stepped in here to controvert her; people now remembered to have heard the mysterious uproar for some time back; one and another had been startled by it a week before Josh Turner complained of it; in short, the dates of the drumming and the death became identical. Even the cautious and intelligent were obliged to admit that the manifestations began several days before the news of the boy's decease reached the village, and to infer that this circumstance tended

to disprove all supposition of trickery. Why should a person, who did not know that Fred Turner was dead, set out to counterfeit Fred Turner's ghost?

For the ear of her husband, Mrs. Turner had another theory which she did not care to make public. "It's that girl," she said. "It's your own niece, Marian Turner, that does it."

"But you've searched her room and found nothing," groaned the husband, as sick in soul as his wife in body. "You've searched the whole house."

"Yes, but I *shall* find something. She's precious sly and deep, but I shall find her out yet. I have my eye on her, every day, while I am talking about other things."

"But when the — the noises commenced, Marian did n't know about Freddy."

"Yes, she did. You believe me, Joshua Turner, she did. She had a letter or something. Then she knew that the news would get to us later, and she begun her tantrums. O, she's precious deep, — precious deep! I wish she'd cleared out when her brother did."

"I wish he had n't gone," moaned the husband. "I wish I'd treated him better, and kept him by us."

"Joshua Turner, you have n't got the spirit of a man. If you had half my spunk, sick and dying as I am, you would n't whimper that way. Everything has gone right, except that you are a coward, — a poor, feeble, sick-headed creature, — afraid of your own shadow. If you only would pluck up a spirit and let this thing worry itself out, everything would be right."

"Pluck up a spirit? I tell you I can't. It's killing me."

"Well," she gasped, laying her hand on her breast as if to aid the action of her withered lungs, — "well, it's killing me, too. That is, you are killing me. But do I flinch? Just look at me and see how I bear it. I wish to Heavens," concluded this audacious woman, "that I could give you my courage."

"Sarah Turner, *you* have no conscience," he replied, in a tone which

was not so much reproachful as horror-stricken.

"How dare you say that to me, Josh Turner? And you know who I am suffering for and slaving for! It is n't for myself that I care," she continued, coughing and crying. "It's for Jimmy. I want Jimmy to be well off. And you want to rob him, — leave him a beggar!"

"O my God! my God!" groaned Turner, and walked from her without another word.

"See here," she called after him, suppressing her tears. "If I find that girl is doing it, will you turn her out of the house? Will you send her off?"

He hesitated, looking at her sternly, and at last sighed, "No; I have done harm enough to Sam's children."

She turned her back upon him and left him, with an ejaculation of anger and contempt.

Meanwhile the manifestations pursued their course, to the beatitude of the wonder-loving, and the perplexity of the philosophical. One noteworthy circumstance was that the drummer seemed to hate a crowd. He rarely vouchsafed his music to the swarms of curious who invaded the house, while he poured it forth without stint to enliven the solitude of the Turners. He drummed rarely on a Sunday, frequently on a Saturday, and almost always in the evening. His favorite place of recreation was the parlor, and the listener in whom he delighted was Joshua Turner. Nevertheless, he sometimes assailed little Jimmy with long rolls and tattoos which almost drove him out of his five-year-old senses. The poor child was hysterically afraid of the ghostly visitant, and, at the first murmur of spiritual sheepskin, would fly screaming to his mother.

"There! don't be scared at it," she was once heard to whisper, while looking in his face with the anxiety of ardent love. "If Jimmy won't mind it, he shall be very rich some day, and have all the pretty things he wants."

At last, Joshua Turner remarked,

apropos of a clamor which had driven the boy into spasms, "Sarah, it is killing our child."

"I know it," she burst out with a despairing cry. "O, I wish you and I were both dead. Then it would stop."

"If justice were done it might stop," replied the man, solemnly.

"Joshua Turner, don't you do it!" she gasped, tottering up to him and putting her tallowy face close to his. "Don't you do what you're thinking of! If you do, I'll haunt you. I will. I'll haunt you to the grave, and beyond it."

Not long after this interview, Mrs. Turner began to hint to the neighbors that her husband's mind was failing. The charge seemed natural enough; it was countenanced by his extravagance of speech and violence of manner; at times, especially when he talked of the drummer, his conversation was little less than maniacal. For instance, he once broke out in the following fashion upon gossip Phineas Munson, meantime walking frantically round the rocking-chair in which that gentleman was blandly oscillating.

"What do you come here for? Rubadub-dub" (beating on his hip); "is that it? Like drumming? I'll drum for you. Rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub. I'll be your ghost, Mr. Munson. I'll furnish you with the music of the spheres; send the whole band around to your house every evening; give you a diabolical drumming serenade; give you one now. Rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub, rubadub-dub. Had enough of it, Mr. Munson? Now go to every house in the village and report that you have seen the ghost. Do you want anybody to look more like a ghost than I do? I tell you I shall be one shortly; I am being killed by this thing and these people. Why can't they let me bear my torment alone? Why can't you go home, Mr. Munson? Yes, GO HOME!"

"Tell you I never was so insulted in my life," repeated Phineas to his fellow-citizens. "Begin to think the old woman's right. Turner must be

cracked. Would n't 'a' pitched into me so, if he had n't been. Ought to have a conservator and a keeper. If he ain't watched, there'll be more ghosts of *his* manufacture."

What was the attitude of Marian Turner during this grotesque and yet horrible drama? Underhill watched her narrowly, not so much in a spirit of philosophical investigation, as because he was on the verge of being in love with her. The theory which he had constructed for the girl was, that she knew that she had been plundered by her uncle, and that she was now engaged in terrifying the plunderer into a restitution. Looking at her from this point of view, he was astonished at the determination, the hardness of spirit, with which she persecuted this family. She was killing her uncle and his wife; she was driving her childish cousin into chronic hysteria; yet she did not flinch. Perhaps she excused herself on the ground that the two elders had been in a manner the slayers of her brother, and that it was not in reality she, but their own evil consciences, which put them to the torture. Nevertheless, he would have been glad to discover in her more of feminine gentleness and even feminine weakness. It must be admitted that man does not easily adore a self-helpful woman.

Meanwhile the girl fascinated him. In the first place, she was the belle of the village, and the belles of other places were too far away to counteract her attraction. In the second place, she was bright and strange; she had entertaining oddities of thought and utterance; she had what he considered dazzling flashes of sarcasm. On the whole, she was the most interesting and original girl that he had ever seen, even putting aside her supposed connection with the so-called spiritual manifestations.

"Talking of ghosts," she one day said to Underhill, "I only know of Mrs. Turner. Did you ever see another person in this world, who so evidently belonged in the next? Why don't she follow her two predecessors? How it

must provoke them to see her linger so, and the house new painted and papered!"

"You have very little pity for her," replied Underhill, gravely.

"I haven't a particle. Why should I pity a woman who would marry such an inveterate woman-killer as my uncle? He reminds me of the returned missionaries who used to come to South Hadley School to pick out second and third wives. Why is it that missionaries have such a matrimonial hunger? I suppose it is living among cannibals that demoralizes them."

"I really don't like to hear you joke in this manner," Underhill ventured to protest, though in an imploring tone.

"People joke the most when they are most unhappy," she answered, coldly. "That is, some people. Do you suppose I am gay?" she continued, with energy. "Here I am, earning my own living, liable to be homeless any day, and wearing black for my only brother. Think of it. How do you suppose I can be soft-hearted towards people who —"

Here she stopped, as if she were saying more than was prudent; in another moment she pressed her hands to her face and began to sob. It is not difficult to believe that this interview might have ended in a very common and yet very efficacious sort of comforting; but just as Underhill had taken the girl's hand, a servant appeared in the veranda of the haunted house, and beckoned to them wildly.

They were soon at the door of Mrs. Turner's room; there was silence within, broken only by gurgling gasps for breath; the consumptive was stretched, pallid and quivering, on the bed; the husband was leaning over her, his face almost as cadaverous as hers. Marian Turner walked to the side of the dying woman, and looked at her steadily without speaking. Underhill hesitated, and then advanced, slowly, on tiptoe.

"Shall I call a doctor?" he whispered, while thinking, "It is too late."

"They have gone for him," replied

Joshua Turner, without lifting his eyes from that incarnate spasm.

The invalid was struggling violently, not seemingly to live, but to speak. She rolled her glassy eyes frightfully; her dry, blue lips opened again and again, but only to gasp; her whole frame joined feebly in the wrestling for words. It was evident, from the dulness and the fixed direction of her eyes, that she did not see any one, and it is almost certain that she was not aware of the presence of Marian and Underhill. At last the utterance came; it was a kind of voiceless whispering; it merely breathed, "Don't do it, Joshua!"

"Here is Marian," replied the husband, doubtless fearing lest the ruling passion might avow too much. "Have you any word for her?"

A strange look crossed the dying face; it was an expression of many conflicting emotions; it hated, defied, implored, and wheedled. It said: "I detest you, — don't rob my child; I have been your enemy, — don't take advantage of my death."

But this look, and the emotion which writhed beneath it, exhausted her strength; she had not another word, or even another change of countenance, for any one on earth; the pleadings, pleadings, and fightings of her feverish life were over. There was an air and almost a movement of sinking, and as it were flattening, into the calmness of dissolution. Expression slid from her lips; the waxen yellow of her skin turned ashy; the tremulous hands stiffened into peace; — she was gone.

The husband, already accustomed to such scenes, was the only one of the three spectators who instantly recognized the great change. He laid his ear upon the body, listened awhile for breathing, slowly raised his neglected head, shook it solemnly rather than sadly, and exhaled a profound sigh. The expression in his face, like that in the face of his wife, was mainly "long disquiet merged in rest." It seemed as if he were glad that the struggle was over, as if he were soothingly conscious of relief from oppression, as if

he breathed freer because her breath had ceased.

Divining from his manner the presence of death, Marian Turner shuddered slightly and drew a pace backward. Then she stood like a statue, looking at the corpse askant and with slightly contracted eyes, as one sometimes watches an object of aversion while desiring to turn away from it. Her mien was that of distaste, and little less than disgust. Like her uncle, she did not utter a syllable.

Underhill was the only one who spoke; and his words were but a commonplace of announcement and surprise: "She is—she is dead—good heavens!" This was the only utterance of emotion over the body of one who had just gasped out a life of passionate hatred and love. The child for whom this mother had plotted and throbbed was not even in the village, having been sent the day before on a visit to one of his half-sisters. So far as concerned the presence of affection and mourning, she died alone.

Underhill retired from the scene with exceedingly painful impressions. What struck him most disagreeably was, not the fact of dissolution, but the coldness with which it had been regarded. Not that he wondered and groaned over the widower: it seemed natural that the decease of a third wife should be endured with equanimity; moreover, the departed had been a wretched invalid, and the survivor was a man; finally, what did Underhill care for Joshua Turner?

But that Marian should firmly carry her dislikes up to the verge of the grave was a circumstance which filled him with alarm and almost with horror. A woman, and not a relenting tear; almost a child, and not a start of pity! He called up, over and over again, the side-long gaze of aversion which she had bent upon the helpless corpse, itself at peace with all the world. "What sort of a wife will she make?" was the selfish but natural question of the young man as he strolled alone at midnight by the sluggish stream of the Wam-

poosue, as black, silent, and funereal as if it were a gigantic grave. He walked there at that hour because he could not sleep; and he groaned aloud over his doubt, without being able to solve it.

Death, however, brought one relieving change in this drama; from the time that he entered the household, the drummer left it. Not another ghostly reveille or tattoo or long roll gladdened the ears of the gossips and wonder-lovers who had hitherto delighted in such uproars. During the funeral, the dwelling was filled and surrounded by a dense crowd, attracted by the belief that extraordinary manifestations would mingle with the burial rites, and so regardless of decorum in its curiosity that not a room was left unvisited by stealthy feet and peering faces. Sometimes the whisper and buzz of discussion rose so loudly as to drown the voice of the clergyman. At other moments a suspense of expectation seemed to settle upon every one, producing a sudden, universal, profound silence which was inexpressibly sombre. But amid all the debate, and through all the agony of listening, not a note came from the mysterious visitant whose advent was so desired. Probably the prevailing feeling at the funeral of Mrs. Turner was extreme disappointment.

During the following week Underhill did not see any of the Turners. He was afraid to meet Marian, lest he should be fascinated by her presence, and should offer himself as her husband, only to repent of it for life. While he admitted that the girl had had great provocations, and was still suffering under grievous injustice, he could not clear her of a suspicion of cruelty. If she were really the author of the mysterious noises, she might be charged with having hastened the death of her aunt, and that with the full knowledge of what she was doing. No one could have watched the wild excitement of the consumptive during the last three weeks, without perceiving that it was lessening her hold on life. On the other hand, the drumming had ceased

with her death. That looked like compunction; in that there was some mercy of womanliness, and from it he drew a hope.

In the midst of his indecisions he received a message requesting him to call upon Mr. Turner. He found the widower much changed, — no longer wild in manner and language, as during the whole course of the “manifestations”; with something, indeed, of his native excitability in the tones of his voice, but, on the whole, languid, melancholy, and meek.

“Mr. Underhill,” he said, pointing to writing materials on the table, “I wish to make a new will. Can you do it here?”

The young man sat down, and prepared to write.

“Begin it thus,” said the widower, bending his shaggy head low, as if in humiliation: “The last will and testament of Joshua Turner, the chief of sinners.”

“Let us avoid expressions which may lead to doubts of sanity,” remarked the lawyer. “There have been singular circumstances of late in your life. If your will is to be anywise unusual —”

“Leave it out then,” interrupted Turner, with the abrupt pettishness of a sickly man. “So I must not even confess?”

After a moment, during which he bent his head almost to his lean knees, he resumed: “Here it is. Ten thousand dollars to my son, James Pettengill Turner. All the rest of my estate, real and personal, to my niece, Marian Turner, to her and to her heirs and assigns. That is all.”

It was written; two neighbors were called in as witnesses; the testator affixed his signature. As soon as he was once more alone with Underhill, he walked feebly to the door, and called in a hoarse voice for his niece. Presently the girl entered, bowed gravely to the lawyer, and seated herself at a distance from her uncle, not even looking at him.

“Marian,” said Turner, rising, and handing her the will, “read this through, and speak to me.”

She read it, gradually flushing with emotion, and when it was finished, she raised her eyes to his face, but still without uttering a word. Evidently she was oppressed by surprise, and hampered by the presence of Underhill.

“The whole estate is sixty thousand dollars. Are you willing that James should have ten thousand?” asked the uncle, with an affecting humility. “If not, I will cross him out.”

“I am willing,” she replied.

“If you wish it,” he continued, “I will give up the property at once, though I am dying.”

“I do not wish it.”

“And you can’t say more?” he implored. “You can’t forgive?”

Some hard barrier in the girl’s heart gave way at once, and she threw herself into her uncle’s arms, crying upon his neck. The outburst astonished the man who had called it forth; never before, probably, had any adult member of his family met him with tears and kisses; it was not thus that the Turners expressed themselves. His words were, “Marian, I thank you; Marian, you are a very strange girl”; and then he let her leave him. Underhill, differently educated in the language of emotion, was unspeakably delighted with the sight of this gush of tenderness, and stole away from the room with a haze of moisture across his eyelashes.

The very next day he heard that Joshua Turner was ill. He offered his services as a nurse, and for a fortnight was almost hourly in the house, watching the progress of an evidently hopeless malady. Through the clouds of a brain fever the invalid heard, and at times beheld, his old tormentor. He continually complained of the drummer; through the windows and down the chimney came the drummer; the street rang and the house trembled with the infernal music of the drummer; at the judgment-seat, ready to bear witness against him, stood the drummer.

The bemoanings and adjurations of the haunted man were horrible. “Has the demon come again?” he shouted, in a high, hard scream. “See him

there, stepping through the wall. My nephew? Have I devils for nephews? How is that? Ah! I belong to him; I must go to him. O, *hear* him! Can nobody stop his beating? Is there no mercy for me?"

During a lucid interval, Underhill said to him, "You have been a little out of your head."

"I have been out of my head for months, for years," he returned, in the husky whisper which was now his only voice. "I have done only one sane thing in five years. Restitution! Restitution!"

"Do you still believe in the manifestations?" the young man ventured to add.

"Thank God that I *did* believe in them! That madness led me back to sanity."

When Underhill returned to the house on the following morning, Marian said to him, in a trembling whisper, "My poor uncle is dead."

He hailed the tone of sorrow and tenderness with such joy that he forgot the solemnity of the moment, and kissed her hand.

We must pass over six months; during their flight the hand was kissed many times again. Underhill and Marian Turner were engaged. She was greatly changed from what she was when he first knew her. Either prosperity, or penitence for some evil done, had divested her of her old bitterness, and even made her exceptionally gentle. She had taken her little cousin James to her heart, and was doing by him the part of a mother. In deep mourning for her brother, uncle, and aunt, she

usually had a pensive gravity which befitted the garb, and she was handsomer than any one had ever before known her.

At last she was Mrs. Underhill. Among the many confessions which she doubtless made to her husband, did she admit a connection with the mystery of the drummings? No; not a word on that subject; not a response when it was mentioned. Nor did Underhill question her; he did not care to open old sorrows.

But one day he discovered, inside the lath and plaster casing of the parlor, a square tin pipe, four inches deep by seven or eight broad, the remnant of some ancient heating apparatus. The opening by which it had once communicated with the room was simply covered over with wall paper, while the upper extremity terminated in the closet of a chamber which, in the time of the manifestations, had been occupied by Marian Turner.

It struck him that a drum beaten in this closet might have sounded below as if in the parlor, and, beaten gently outside of a window, might have produced an illusion that it was coming down the street. A perturbed conscience, the imagination of a sickly man, and the epidemic power of popular credulity, might have completed the delusion. The mystery was as simple as a conundrum after you know it.

But he discovered no drum, and he put no queries concerning the drummer, so that we have a margin for charitable doubt as to Marian, and also a pleasing chance for faith in mysteries.

BIRCH BROWSINGS.

THE region of which I am about to speak lies in the southern part of the State of New York, and comprises parts of three counties, — Ulster, Sullivan, and Delaware. It is drained by tributaries of both the Hudson and Delaware, and, next to the Adirondack section, contains more wild land than any other tract in the State. The mountains which traverse it, and impart to it its severe northern climate, belong properly to the Catskill range. On some maps of the State they are called the Pine Mountains, though with obvious local impropriety, as pine, so far as I have observed, is nowhere found upon them. "Birch Mountains" would be a more characteristic name, as on their summits birch is the prevailing tree. They are the natural home of the black and yellow birch, which grow here to unusual size. On their sides beech and maple abound; while mantling their lower slopes, and darkening the valleys, hemlock formerly enticed the lumberman and tanner. Except in remote or inaccessible localities, the latter tree is now almost never found. In Shandaken and along the Esopus, it is about the only product the country yielded, or is likely to yield. Tanneries by the score have arisen and flourished upon the bark, and some of them still remain. Passing through that region the present season, I saw that the few patches of hemlock that still lingered high up on the sides of the mountains were being felled and peeled.

Among these mountains there are no sharp peaks, or abrupt declivities, as in a volcanic region, but long, uniform ranges, heavily timbered to their summits, and delighting the eye with vast, undulating horizon lines. Looking south from the heights about the head of the Delaware, one sees, twenty miles away, a continual succession of blue ranges, one behind the other. If a few large trees are missing on the

sky line, one can see the break a long distance off.

Approaching this region from the Hudson River side, you cross a rough, rolling stretch of country, skirting the base of the Catskills, which from a point near Saugerties sweep inland; after a drive of a few hours you are within the shadow of a high, bold mountain, which forms a sort of but-end to this part of the range, and which is simply called High Point. To the east and south-east it slopes down rapidly to the plain, and looks defiance toward the Hudson, twenty miles distant; in the rear of it, and radiating from it west and north-west, are numerous smaller ranges, backing up, as it were, this haughty chief.

From this point through to Pennsylvania, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, stretches the tract of which I speak. It is a belt of country from twenty to thirty miles wide, bleak and wild, and but sparsely settled. The traveller on the New York and Erie Railroad gets a glimpse of it.

Many cold, rapid, trout streams, which flow to all points of the compass, have their source in the small lakes and copious mountain springs of this region. The names of some of them are Mill Brook, Dry Brook, Willewemack, Beaver Kill, Elk Bush Kill, Panther Kill, Neversink, Big Injin, and Collickoon. Beaver Kill is the main outlet on the west. It joins the Delaware in the wilds of Hancock. The Neversink lays open the region to the south, and also joins the Delaware. To the east, various Kills unite with the Big Injin to form the Esopus, which flows into the Hudson. Dry Brook and Mill Brook, both famous trout streams from twelve to fifteen miles long, find their way into the Delaware.

The east or Pepacton branch of the Delaware itself takes its rise near here, in a deep pass between the mountains.

I have many times drunk at a copious spring by the roadside, where the infant river first sees the light. A few yards beyond the water flows the other way, directing its course through the Bear Kill and Schoharie Kill into the Mohawk.

Such game and wild animals as still linger in the State are found in this region. Bears occasionally make havoc among the sheep. The clearings at the head of a valley are oftenest the scene of their depredations.

Wild pigeons, in immense numbers, used to breed regularly in the valley of the Big Ingham and about the head of the Neversink. The tree-tops, for miles, were full of their nests, while the going and coming of the old birds kept up a constant din. But the gunners soon got wind of it, and from far and near were wont to pour in during the spring, and to slaughter both old and young. This practice soon had the effect of driving the pigeons all away, and now only a few pairs breed in these woods.

Deer are still met with, though they are becoming scarcer every year. Last winter near seventy head were killed on the Beaver Kill alone. I heard of one wretch, who, finding the deer snow-bound, walked up to them on his snowshoes, and one morning before breakfast slaughtered six, leaving their carcasses where they fell. There are traditions of persons having been smitten blind or senseless when about to commit some heinous offence, but the fact that this villain escaped without some such visitation throws discredit on all such stories.

The great attraction however of this region is the brook trout with which the streams and lakes abound. The water is of excessive coldness, the thermometer indicating 44° and 45° in the springs, and 47° or 48° in the smaller streams. The trout are generally small, but in the more remote branches their number is very great. In such localities the fish are quite black, but in the lakes they are of a lustre and brilliancy impossible to describe.

These waters have been much visited

of late years by fishing parties, and the name of Beaver Kill is now a potent word among New York sportsmen.

One lake, in the wilds of Collihook, abounds in a peculiar species of white sucker, which is of excellent quality. It is taken only in spring, during the spawning season, at the time "when the leaves are as big as a chipmunk's ears." The fish run up the small streams and inlets, beginning at nightfall, and continuing till the channel is literally packed with them, and every inch of space is occupied. The fishermen pounce upon them at such times and scoop them up by the bushel, usually wading right into the living mass and landing the fish with their hands. A small party will often secure in this manner a wagon-load of fish. Certain conditions of the weather, as a warm south or southwest wind, are considered most favorable for the fish to run.

Though familiar all my life with the outskirts of this region, I have only twice dipped into its wilder portions. Once in 1860, a friend and myself, traced the Beaver Kill to its source, and encamped by Balsam Lake. A cold and protracted rain-storm coming on, we were obliged to leave the woods before we were ready. Neither of us will soon forget that tramp by an unknown route over the mountains, encumbered as we were with a hundred and one superfluities which we had foolishly brought along to solace ourselves with in the woods; nor that halt on the summit, where we cooked and ate our fish in a drizzling rain; nor, again, that rude log-house, with its sweet hospitality, which we reached just at nightfall on Mill Brook.

In 1868, three brothers of us set out for a brief trouting excursion, to a body of water called Thomas's Lake, situated in the same chain of mountains. On this excursion, more particularly than on any other I have ever undertaken, I was taught how poor an Indian I should make, and what a ridiculous figure a party of men may cut in the woods when the way is uncertain and the mountains high.

We left our team at a farm-house near the head of the Mill Brook, one June afternoon, and with knapsacks on our shoulders struck into the woods at the base of the mountain, hoping to cross the range that intervened between us and the lake by sunset. We engaged a good-natured, but rather indolent young man, who happened to be stopping at the house, and who had carried a knapsack in the Union armies, to pilot us a couple of miles into the woods so as to guard against any mistakes at the outset. It seemed the easiest thing in the world to find the lake. The lay of the land was so simple, according to accounts, that I felt sure I could go to it in the dark. "Go up this little brook to its source on the side of the mountain," they said. "The valley that contains the lake heads directly on the other side." What could be easier! But on a little further inquiry, they said we should "bear well to the left" when we reached the top of the mountain. This opened the doors again; "bearing well to the left" was an uncertain performance in strange woods. We might bear so well to the left that it would bring us ill. But why bear to the left at all, if the lake was directly opposite? Well, not quite opposite; a little to the left. There were two or three other valleys that headed in near there. We could easily find the right one. But to make assurance double sure, we engaged a guide, as stated, to give us a good start, and go with us beyond the bearing-to-the-left point. He had been to the lake the winter before, and knew the way. Our course, the first half-hour, was along an obscure wood-road which had been used for drawing ash logs off the mountain in winter. There was some hemlock, but more maple and birch. The woods were dense and free from underbrush, the ascent gradual. Most of the way we kept the voice of the creek in our ear on the right. I approached it once, and found it swarming with trout. The water was as cold as one ever need wish. After a while the ascent grew steeper, the creek became a mere

rill that issued from beneath loose, moss-covered rocks and stones, and with much labor and puffing we drew ourselves up the rugged declivity. Every mountain has its steepest point, which is usually near the summit, in keeping, I suppose, with the providence that makes darkest the hour just before day. It is steep, steeper, steepest, till you emerge on the smooth, level or gently rounded space at the top, which the old ice-gods polished off long ago.

We found this mountain had a hollow in its back where the ground was soft and swampy. Some gigantic ferns, which we passed through, came nearly to our shoulders. We passed also several patches of swamp honeysuckles, red with blossoms.

Our guide at length paused on a big rock where the land began to dip down the other way, and concluded that he had gone far enough, and that we would now have no difficulty in finding the lake. "It must lie right down there," he said, pointing with his hand. But it was plain that he was not quite sure in his own mind. He had several times wavered in his course, and had shown considerable embarrassment when bearing to the left across the summit. Still we thought little of it. We were full of confidence, and, bidding him adieu, plunged down the mountain-side, following a spring run that we had no doubt led to the lake.

In these woods, which had a southeastern exposure, I first began to notice the wood-thrush. In coming up the other side I had not seen a feather of any kind, or heard a note. Now the golden *trillide-de* of the wood-thrush sounded through the silent woods. While looking for a fish-pole about half way down the mountain, I saw a thrush's nest in a little sapling about ten feet from the ground.

After continuing our descent till our only guide, the spring run, became quite a trout brook, and its tiny murmur a loud brawl, we began to peer anxiously through the trees for a glimpse of the lake, or for some conformation of the land that would indi-

cate its proximity. An object which we vaguely discerned in looking under the near trees and over the more distant ones, proved, on further inspection, to be a patch of ploughed ground. Presently we made out a burnt fallow near it. This was a wet blanket. No lake, no sport, no trout for supper that night. The rather indolent young man had either played us a trick, or, as seemed more likely, had missed the way. We were particularly anxious to be at the lake between sundown and dark, as at that time the trout jump most freely.

Pushing on, we soon emerged into a stumpy field, at the head of a little "clone," or "vly," which swept around toward the west. About two hundred rods below us was a rude log-house, with smoke issuing from the chimney. A boy came out and moved toward the spring with a pail in his hand. We shouted to him, when he turned and ran back into the house without pausing to reply. In a moment the whole family hastily rushed into the yard, and turned their faces toward us. If we had come down their chimney, they could not have seemed more astonished. Not making out what they said, I went down to the house, and learned to my chagrin that we were still on the Mill Brook side, having crossed only a spur of the mountain. We had not borne sufficiently to the left, so that the main range, which, at the point of crossing, suddenly breaks off to the southeast, still intervened between us and the lake. We were about five miles, as the water runs, from the point of starting, and over two from the lake. We must go directly back to the top of the range where the guide had left us, and then, by keeping well to the left, we would soon come to a line of marked trees, which would lead us to the lake. So turning upon our trail, we doggedly began the work of undoing what we had just done,—in all cases a disagreeable task, in this case a very laborious one also. It was after sunset when we turned back, and before we had got half-way up the mountain it began to be quite dark. We were often

obliged to rest our packs against trees and take breath, which made our progress slow. Finally a halt was called, beside an immense flat rock which had paused in its slide down the mountain, and we prepared to encamp for the night. A fire was built, the rock cleared off, a small ration of bread served out, our accoutrements hung up out of the way of the hedgehogs that were supposed to infest the locality, and then we disposed ourselves for sleep. If the owls or porcupines (and I think I heard one of the latter in the middle of the night) reconnoitred our camp, they saw a buffalo robe spread upon a rock, with three old felt hats arranged on one side, and three pairs of sorry-looking cowhide boots protruding from the other.

When we lay down, there was apparently not a mosquito in the woods; but the "no-see-ems," as Thoreau's Indian aptly named them, soon found us out, and after the fire had gone down annoyed us much. My hands and wrists suddenly began to smart and itch in a most unaccountable manner. My first thought was that they had been poisoned in some way. Then the smarting extended to my neck and face and to the very scalp, when I began to suspect what was the matter. So wrapping myself up more thoroughly, and stowing my hands away as best I could, I tried to sleep, being some time behind my companions who appeared not to mind the "no-see-ems." I was further annoyed by some little irregularity on my side of the couch. The chambermaid had not beaten it up well. One huge lump refused to be mollified, and each attempt to adapt it to some natural hollow in my own body brought only a moment's relief. But at last I got the better of this also and slept. Late in the night I woke up just in time to hear a golden-crowned thrush sing in a tree near by. It sang as loud and cheerily as at midday, and I thought myself after all quite in luck. Other birds occasionally sing at night, just as the cock crows. I have heard the hair-bird, and the note of the king-

bird; and the ruffed grouse frequently drums at night.

At the first, faint signs of day, a wood-thrush sang a few rods below us. Then after a little delay, as the gray light began to grow around, thrushes broke out in full song in all parts of the woods. I thought I had never before heard them sing so sweetly. Such a leisurely, golden chant!—it consoled us for all we had undergone. It was the first thing in order,—the worms were safe till after this morning chorus. I judged that the birds roosted but a few feet from the ground. In fact, a bird in all cases roosts where it builds, and the wood-thrush occupies, as it were, the first story of the woods.

There is something singular about the distribution of the wood-thrushes. At an earlier stage of my observations I should have been much surprised at finding it in these woods. Indeed, I had stated in print on two occasions, that the wood-thrush was not found in the higher lands of the Catskills, but that the hermit-thrush and the veery or Wilson's thrush were common. It turns out that this statement is only half true. The wood-thrush is found also, but is much more rare and secluded in its habits than either of the others, being seen only during the breeding season on remote mountains, and then only on their eastern and southern slopes. I have never yet in this region found the bird spending the season in the near and familiar woods, which is directly contrary to observations I have made in other parts of the State. So different are the habits of birds in different localities.

As soon as it was fairly light we were up and ready to resume our march. A small bit of bread-and-butter and a swallow or two of whiskey was all we had for breakfast that morning. Our supply of each was very limited, and we were anxious to save a little of both, to relieve the diet of trout to which we looked forward.

At an early hour we reached the rock where we had parted with the guide, and looked around us into the

dense, trackless woods with many misgivings. To strike out now on our own hook, where the way was so blind and after the experience we had just had, was a step not to be carelessly taken. The tops of these mountains are so broad, and a short distance in the woods seems so far, that one is by no means master of the situation after reaching the summit. And then there are so many spurs and offshoots and changes of direction, added to the impossibility of making any generalization by the aid of the eye, that before one is aware of it he is very wide of his mark.

I remembered now that a young farmer of my acquaintance had told me how he had made a long day's march through the heart of this region, without path or guide of any kind, and had hit his mark squarely. He had been bark-peeling in Collikoon,—a famous country for bark,—and, having got enough of it, he desired to reach his home on Dry Brook without making the usual circuitous journey between the two places. To do this necessitated a march of ten or twelve miles across several ranges of mountains and through an unbroken forest,—a hazardous undertaking in which no one would join him. Even the old hunters who were familiar with the ground dissuaded him and predicted the failure of his enterprise. But having made up his mind, he possessed himself thoroughly of the topography of the country from the aforesaid hunters, shouldered his axe, and set out, holding a straight course through the woods, and turning aside for neither swamps, streams, nor mountains. When he paused to rest he would mark some object ahead of him with his eye, in order that on getting up again he might not deviate from his course. His directors had told him of a hunter's cabin about midway on his route, which if he struck he might be sure he was right. About noon this cabin was reached, and at sunset he emerged at the head of Dry Brook.

After looking in vain for the line of

marked trees, we moved off to the left in a doubtful, hesitating manner, keeping on the highest ground and blazing the trees as we went. We were afraid to go down hill, lest we should descend too soon; our vantage-ground was high ground. A thick fog coming on, we were more bewildered than ever. Still we pressed forward, climbing up ledges and wading through ferns for about two hours, when we paused by a spring that issued from beneath an immense wall of rock that belted the highest part of the mountain. There was quite a broad plateau here, and the birch wood was very dense, and the trees of unusual size.

After resting and exchanging opinions, we all concluded that it was best not to continue our search encumbered as we were; but we were not willing to abandon it altogether, and I proposed to my companions to leave them beside the spring with our traps, while I made one thorough and final effort to find the lake. If I succeeded and desired them to come forward, I was to fire my gun three times; if I failed and wished to return, I would fire it twice, they, of course, responding.

So filling my canteen from the spring, I set out again, taking the spring run for my guide. Before I had followed it two hundred yards it sank into the ground at my feet. I had half a mind to be superstitious and to believe that we were under a spell, since our guides played us such tricks. However, I determined to put the matter to a further test, and struck out boldly to the left. This seemed to be the key-word, — to the left, to the left. The fog had now lifted, so that I could form a better idea of the lay of the land. Twice I looked down the steep sides of the mountain, sorely tempted to risk a plunge. Still I hesitated and kept along on the brink. As I stood on a rock deliberating, I heard a crackling of the brush, like the tread of some large game, on a plateau below me. Suspecting the fact, I moved stealthily down, and found a herd of young cattle leisurely browsing. We had several times

crossed their trail, and had seen that morning a level, grassy place on the top of the mountain, where they had passed the night. Instead of being frightened, as I had expected, they seemed greatly delighted, and gathered around me as if to inquire the tidings from the outer world, — perhaps the quotations of the cattle market. They came up to me, and eagerly licked my hands, clothes, and gun. Salt was what they were after, and they were ready to swallow anything that contained the smallest percentage of it. They were mostly yearlings and as sleek as moles. They had a very gamy look. We were afterwards told that, in the spring, the farmers round about turn into these woods their young cattle, which do not come out again till fall. They are then in good condition, — not fat, like grass-fed cattle, but trim and supple, like deer. Once a month the owner hunts them up and salts them. They have their beats, and seldom wander beyond well-defined limits. It was interesting to see them feed. They browsed on the low limbs and bushes, and on the various plants, munching at everything without any apparent discrimination.

They attempted to follow me, but I escaped them by clambering down some steep rocks. I now found myself gradually edging down the side of the mountain, keeping around it in a spiral manner, and scanning the woods and the shape of the ground for some encouraging hint or sign. Finally the woods became more open, and the descent less rapid. The trees were remarkably straight and uniform in size. Black birches, the first I had seen, were very numerous. I felt encouraged. Listening attentively, I caught, from a breeze just lifting the drooping leaves, a sound that I willingly believed was made by a bullfrog. On this hint, I tore down through the woods at my highest speed. Then I paused and listened again. This time there was no mistaking it; it was the sound of frogs. Much elated, I rushed on. By and by I could hear them as I ran. *Pihlung,*

plhrung, croaked the old ones; *pug*, *pug*, shrilly joined in the smaller fry.

Then I caught, through the lower trees, a gleam of blue, which I first thought was distant sky. A second look and I knew it to be water, and in a moment more I stepped from the woods and stood upon the shore of the lake. I exulted silently. There it was at last, sparkling in the morning sun, and as beautiful as a dream. It was so good to come upon such open space and such bright hues, after wandering in the dim, dense woods! The eye is as delighted as an escaped bird, and darts gleefully from point to point.

The lake was a long oval, scarcely more than a mile in circumference, with evenly wooded shores, which rose gradually on all sides. After contemplating the scene for a moment, I stepped back into the woods, and loading my gun as heavily as I dared, discharged it three times. The reports seemed to fill all the mountains with sound. The frogs quickly hushed, and I listened for the response. But no response came. Then I tried again, and again, but without evoking an answer. One of my companions, however, who had climbed to the top of the high rocks in the rear of the spring, thought he heard faintly one report. It seemed an immense distance below him, and far around under the mountain. I knew I had come a long way, and hardly expected to be able to communicate with my companions in the manner agreed upon. I therefore started back, choosing my course without any reference to the circuitous route by which I had come, and loading heavily and firing at intervals. I must have aroused many long-dormant echoes from a Rip van Winkle sleep. As my powder got low, I fired and hallooed alternately, till I came near splitting both my throat and gun. Finally, after I had begun to have a very ugly feeling of alarm and disappointment, and to cast about vaguely for some course to pursue in the emergency that seemed near at hand,—namely, the loss of my companions now I had found the lake,—a fa-

voring breeze brought me the last echo of a response. I rejoined with spirit, and hastened with all speed in the direction whence the sound had come, but after repeated trials, failed to elicit another answering sound. This filled me with apprehension again. I feared that my friends had been misled by the reverberations, and I pictured them to myself hastening in the opposite direction. Paying little attention to my course, but paying dearly for my carelessness afterward, I rushed forward to undeceive them. But they had not been deceived, and in a few moments an answering shout revealed them near at hand. I heard their tramp, the bushes parted, and we three met again.

In answer to their eager inquiries, I assured them that I had seen the lake, that it was at the foot of the mountain, and that we could not miss it if we kept straight down from where we then were.

My clothes were soaked with perspiration, but I shouldered my knapsack with alacrity, and we began the descent. I noticed that the woods were much thicker, and had quite a different look from those I had passed through, but thought nothing of it, as I expected to strike the lake near its head, whereas I had before come out at its foot. We had not gone far when we crossed a line of marked trees, which my companions were for following. It crossed our course nearly at right angles, and kept along and up the side of the mountain. My impression was that it led up from the lake, and that by keeping our own course we should reach the lake sooner than if we followed this line.

About half-way down the mountain, we could see through the interstices the opposite slope. I encouraged my comrades by telling them the lake was between us and that, and not more than half a mile distant. We soon reached the bottom, where we found a small stream and quite an extensive alder-swamp, evidently the ancient bed of a lake. I explained to my half-vexed and half-incredulous companions that we were probably above the lake, and

that this stream must lead to it. "Follow it," they said; "we will wait here till we hear from you."

So I went on, more than ever disposed to believe that we were under a spell, and that the lake had slipped from my grasp after all. Seeing no favorable sign as I went forward, I laid down my accoutrements, and climbed a decayed beech that leaned out over the swamp and promised a good view from the top. As I stretched myself up to look around from the highest attainable branch, there was suddenly a loud crack at the root. With a celerity that would at least have done credit to a bear, I regained the ground, having caught but a momentary glimpse of the country, but enough to convince me no lake was near. Leaving all encumbrances here but my gun, I still pressed on, loath to be thus baffled. After floundering through another alder-swamp for nearly half a mile, I flattered myself that I was close on to the lake. I caught sight of a low spur of the mountain sweeping around like a half-extended arm, and I fondly imagined that within its clasp was the object of my search. But I found only more alder-swamp. After this region was cleared, the creek began to descend the mountain very rapidly. Its banks became high and narrow, and it went whirling away with a sound that seemed to my ears very much like a burst of ironical laughter. I turned back with a feeling of mingled disgust, shame, and vexation. In fact I was almost sick, and when I reached my companions, after an absence of nearly two hours, hungry, fatigued, and disheartened, I would have sold my interest in Thomas's Lake at a very low figure. For the first time, I heartily wished myself well out of the woods. Thomas might keep his lake, and the enchanters guard his possession! I doubted if he had ever found it the second time, or if any one else ever had.

My companions, who were quite fresh, and who had not felt the strain of baffled purpose as I had, assumed a more encouraging tone. After I had

rested awhile, and partaken sparingly of the bread and whiskey, which in such an emergency is a great improvement on bread and water, I agreed to their proposition that we should make another attempt. As if to reassure us, a robin sounded his cheery call near by, and the winter wren, the first I had heard in these woods, set his music-box going, which fairly ran over with fine, gushing, lyrical sounds. There can be no doubt but this bird is one of our finest songsters. If it would only thrive and sing well when caged, like the canary, how far it would surpass that bird! It has all the vivacity and versatility of the canary, without any of its shrillness. Its song is indeed a little cascade of melody.

We again retraced our steps, rolling the stone, as it were, back up the mountain, and committed ourselves to the line of marked trees. These we finally reached, and, after exploring the country to the right, saw that bearing to the left was still the order. The trail led up over a gentle rise of ground, and in less than twenty minutes we were in the woods I had passed through when I found the lake. The error I had made was then plain; we had come off the mountain a few paces too far to the right, and so had passed down on the wrong side of the ridge, into what we afterwards learned was the valley of Alder Creek.

We now made good time, and before many minutes I again saw the mimic sky glance through the trees. As we approached the lake a solitary woodchuck, the first wild animal we had seen since entering the woods, sat crouched upon the root of a tree a few feet from the water, apparently completely nonplussed by the unexpected appearance of danger on the land side. All retreat was cut off, and he looked his fate in the face without flinching. I slaughtered him just as a savage would have done, and from the same motive; — I wanted his carcass to eat.

The mid-afternoon sun was now shining upon the lake, and a low, steady breeze drove the little waves

rocking to the shore. A herd of cattle were browsing on the other side, and the bell of the leader sounded across the water. In these solitudes its clang was wild and musical.

To try the trout was the first thing in order. On a rude raft of logs which we found moored at the shore, and which with two aboard shipped about a foot of water, we floated out, and wet our first fly in Thomas's Lake; but the trout refused to jump, and, to be frank, not more than a dozen and a half were caught during our stay. Only a week previous, a party of three had taken in a few hours all the fish they could carry out of the woods, and had nearly surfeited their neighbors with trout. But from some cause these now refused to rise, or to touch any kind of bait; so we fell to catching the sun-fish, which were small, but very abundant. Their nests were all along shore. A space about the size of a breakfast-plate was cleared of sediment and decayed vegetable matter, revealing the pebbly bottom, fresh and bright, with one or two fish suspended over the centre of it, keeping watch and ward. If an intruder approached, they would dart at him spitefully. These fish have the air of bantam cocks, and with their sharp, prickly fins and spines, and scaly sides, must be ugly customers in a hand-to-hand encounter with other finny warriors. To a hungry man they look about as unpromising as hemlock slivers, so thorny and thin are they; yet there is sweet meat in them, as we found that day.

Much refreshed, I set out with the sun low in the west to explore the outlet of the lake and try for trout there, while my companions made further trials in the lake itself. The outlet, as is usual in bodies of water of this kind, was very gentle and quiet. The stream, six or eight feet wide, flowed silently and evenly along for a distance of three or four rods; when it suddenly, as if conscious of its freedom, took a leap down some rocks. Thence, as far as I followed it, its descent was very rapid, through a continuous succession

of brief falls like so many steps down the mountain. Its appearance promised more trout than I found, though I returned to camp with a very respectable string.

Toward sunset I went round to explore the inlet, and found that as usual the stream wound leisurely through marshy ground. The water being much colder than in the outlet, the trout were more plentiful. As I was picking my way over the miry ground and through the rank growths, a ruffed grouse hopped up on a fallen branch a few paces before me, and, jerking his tail, threatened to take flight. But as I was at that moment gunless and remained stationary, he presently jumped down and walked away.

A seeker of birds, and ever on the alert for some new acquaintance, I was arrested, on first entering the swamp, by a bright, lively song, or warble, that issued from the branches overhead, and that was entirely new to me, though there was something in the tone of it that told me the bird was related to the wood-wagtail and to the water-wagtail or thrush. The strain was emphatic and quite loud, like the canary's, but very brief. The bird kept itself well secreted in the upper branches of the trees, and for a long time eluded my eye. I passed to and fro several times, and it seemed to break out afresh as I approached a certain little bend in the creek, and to cease after I had got beyond it; no doubt its nest was somewhere in the vicinity. After some delay the bird was sighted and brought down. It proved to be the small, or northern, water-thrush (*S. noveboracensis*)—a new bird to me. In size it was noticeably smaller than the large, or Louisiana, water-thrush, as described by Audubon, but in other respects its general appearance was the same. It was a great treat to me, and again I felt myself in luck.

This bird was unknown to the older ornithologists, and is but poorly described by the new. It builds a mossy nest on the ground or under the edge of a decayed log. A correspondent

writes me that he has found it breeding on the mountains in Pennsylvania. The large-billed water-thrush is much the superior songster, but the present species has a very bright and cheerful strain. The specimen I saw, contrary to the habits of the family, kept in the tree-tops like a warbler, and seemed to be engaged in catching insects.

The birds were unusually plentiful and noisy about the head of this lake; robins, blue-jays, and woodpeckers greeted me with their familiar notes. The blue-jays found an owl or some wild animal a short distance above me, and, as is their custom on such occasions, proclaimed it at the top of their voices, and kept on till the darkness began to gather in the woods.

I also heard here, as I had at two or three other points in the course of the day, the peculiar, resonant hammering of some species of woodpecker upon the hard, dry limbs. It was unlike any sound of the kind I had ever before heard, and, repeated at intervals through the silent woods, was a very marked and characteristic feature. Its peculiarity was the ordered succession of the raps, which gave it the character of a premeditated performance. There were first three strokes following each other rapidly, then two much louder ones with longer intervals between them. I heard the drumming here and the next day at sunset at Furlow Lake, the source of Dry Brook, and in no instance was the order varied. There was melody in it, such as a woodpecker knows how to evoke from a smooth, dry branch. It suggested something quite as pleasing as the liveliest bird-song, and was if anything more woodsy and wild. As the yellow-bellied woodpecker was the most abundant species in these woods I attributed it to him. It is the one sound that still links itself with those scenes in my mind.

At sunset the grouse began to drum in all parts of the woods about the lake. I could hear five at one time, *thump, thump, thump, thump, thr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r*. It was a homely, welcome sound. As I returned to camp at twi-

light, along the shore of the lake, the frogs also were in full chorus. The older ones ripped out their responses to each other with terrific force and volume. I know of no other animal capable of giving forth so much sound, in proportion to its size, as a frog. Some of these seemed to bellow as loud as a two-year-old bull. They were of immense size, and very abundant. No frog-eater had ever been there. Near the shore we felled a tree which reached far out in the lake. Upon the trunk and branches the frogs had soon collected in large numbers, and gambolled and splashed about the half-submerged top, like a parcel of schoolboys, making nearly as much noise.

After dark, as I was frying the fish, a panful of the largest trout was accidentally capsized in the fire. With rueful countenances we contemplated the irreparable loss our commissariat had sustained by this mishap; but remembering there was virtue in ashes, we poked the half-consumed fish from the bed of coals and ate them, and they were good.

We lodged that night on a brush-heap and slept soundly. The green, yielding beech-twigs, covered with a buffalo robe, were equal to a hair mattress. The heat and smoke from a large fire kindled in the afternoon had banished every "no-see-em" from the locality, and in the morning the sun was above the mountain before we awoke.

I immediately started again for the inlet, and went far up the stream toward its source. A fair string of trout for breakfast was my reward. The cattle with the bell were at the head of the valley, where they had passed the night. Most of them were two-year-old steers. They came up to me and begged for salt, and scared the fish by their importunities.

We finished our bread that morning, and ate every fish we could catch, and about ten o'clock prepared to leave the lake. The weather had been admirable, and the lake was a gem, and I would gladly have spent a week in the neigh-

borhood; but the question of supplies was a serious one, and would brook no delay.

When we reached, on our return, the point where we had crossed the line of marked trees the day before, the question arose whether we should still trust ourselves to this line, or follow our own trail back to the spring and the battlement of rocks on the top of the mountain, and thence to the rock where the guide had left us. We decided in favor of the former course. After a march of three quarters of an hour the blazed trees ceased, and we concluded we were near the point at which we had parted with the guide. So we built a fire, laid down our loads, and cast about on all sides for some clew as to our exact locality. Nearly an hour was consumed in this manner and without any result. I came upon a brood of young grouse, which diverted me for a moment. The old one blustered about at a furious rate, trying to draw all attention to herself, while the young ones, which were unable to fly, hid themselves. She whined like a dog in great distress, and dragged herself along apparently with the greatest difficulty. As I pursued her, she ran very nimbly, and presently flew a few yards. Then, as I went on, she flew farther and farther each time, till at last she got up, and went humming through the woods as if she had no interest in them. I went back and caught one of the young, which had simply squatted close to the leaves. I took it up and set it on the palm of my hand, without breaking the spell. It hugged as closely as if still upon the ground. I then put it in my coat-sleeve, when it ran and nestled in my armpit.

When we met at the sign of the smoke, opinions differed as to the most feasible course. There was no doubt but that we could get out of the woods; but we wished to get out speedily and as near as possible to the point where we had entered. Half ashamed of our timidity and indecision, we finally tramped away back to where we had

crossed the line of blazed trees, followed our old trail to the spring on the top of the range, and, after much searching and scouring to the right and left, found ourselves at the very place we had left two hours before. Another deliberation and a divided council. But something must be done. It was then mid-afternoon, and the prospect of spending another night on the mountains, without food or drink, was not pleasant. So we moved down the ridge. Here another line of marked trees was found, the course of which formed an obtuse angle with the one we had followed. It kept on the top of the ridge for perhaps a mile, when it entirely disappeared, and we were as much adrift as ever. Then one of the party swore an oath, and said he was going out of those woods, hit or miss, and, wheeling to the right, instantly plunged over the brink of the mountain. The rest followed, but would fain have paused and ciphered away at their own uncertainties, to see if a certainty could not be arrived at as to where we would come out. But our bold leader was solving the problem in the right way. Down and down and still down we went, as if we were to bring up in the bowels of the earth. It was by far the steepest descent we had made, and we felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that we could not retrace our steps this time, be the issue what it might. As we paused on the brink of a ledge of rocks, we chanced to see through the trees distant cleared land. A house or barn also was dimly descried. This was encouraging; but we could not make out whether it was on Beaver Kill or Mill Brook or Dry Brook, and did not long stop to consider where it was. We at last brought up at the bottom of a deep gorge, through which flowed a rapid creek that literally swarmed with trout. But we were in no mood to catch them, and pushed on along the channel of the stream, sometimes leaping from rock to rock, and sometimes splashing heedlessly through the water, and speculating the while as to where we would probably come out. On the

Beaver Kill, my companions thought; but, from the position of the sun, I said, on the Mill Brook, about six miles below our team; for I remembered having seen, in coming up this stream, a deep, wild valley that led up into the mountains, like this one. Soon the banks of the stream became lower, and we moved into the woods. Here we entered upon an obscure wood-road, which presently conducted us into the midst of a vast hemlock forest. The land had a gentle slope, and we wondered why the lumbermen and barkmen who prowl through these woods had left this fine tract untouched. Beyond this the forest was mostly birch and maple.

We were now close to the settlement. One rod more, and we were out of the woods. It took us a moment to comprehend the scene. Things looked very strange at first; but quickly they began to change and to put on familiar

features. Some magic scene-shifting seemed to take place before my eyes, till—there stood the farm-house at which we had stopped two days before, and at the same moment we heard the stamping of our team in the barn. We sat down and laughed heartily over our good luck. Our desperate venture had resulted better than we had dared to hope, and had shamed our wisest plans. At the house our arrival had been anticipated about this time, and dinner was being put upon the table.

It was then five o'clock, so that we had been in the woods just forty-eight hours; but if time is only phenomenal, as the philosophers say, and life only in feeling, as the poets aver, we were some months, if not years, older at that moment than we had been two days before. Yet younger too,—though this be a paradox,—for the birches had infused into us some of their own suppleness and strength.

A S T A T U E .

LEAVE what is white for whiter use;
 For such a purpose as your own
 Would be a dreary jest, a coarse abuse,
 A bitter wrong to snowy stone.

Let the pure marble's silence hold
 Its hidden gods, and do not break
 Those unseen images, divine and old,
 To-day, for one mean man's small sake!

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WEEK had passed since Dr. Detwiler had entered the preacher's house, and when he went again the aspect of the place had changed to his eyes.

He found the family together. Mr. Holcombe had returned from a circuit, and the doctor had made sure of that fact before he crossed the stream. Detwiler had been in the habit of saying that another house like this of Preacher Holcombe's was not to be found through the length and breadth of Swatara. Disorder, unrest, discord, falsehood he could bear the more patiently, because he knew of one house in which purity, truth, and love reigned. He could not overestimate the munitions of courage, strength, and hope he had drawn from this arsenal. But now as he came he felt more like retreating. He was afraid that he should make a discovery; for the suspicion which had flashed upon him a week ago, while he talked with Edna, though many a time rebuked, dismissed, put down, still existed, and it was to convince himself that it had no right to exist that he now came.

Mr. Holcombe, happy man! was home again after a fortnight of travel, preaching, praying, and exhortation, and now sat under his own vine, playing his flute, the girls on either side of him, — Rosa with her hymn-book, and Edna singing, but at the same time at work with her pencil, making a sketch of him; while opposite sat Delia with a week's mending before her, the picture of content. That box of paints had made Edna so happy that in her inmost heart Mrs. Holcombe was glad.

There was a commotion when the doctor came, — welcome of looks and words; and after a while the singing was resumed, because he said he had heard nothing but groans and complaints for a year at the very least.

He was sitting beside Rosa, opposite

to Edna; by degrees his eyes wandered from the book, and he closed them to listen; when he opened them again Edna had stopped her work for a moment, and was singing with all her soul. The turn of her head, the expression of her face, — why he had seen all that in Rolfe a hundred times. Perhaps his surprise, or some other emotion, became visible on his face; glancing towards Delia, he heard something, — it almost seemed to him a voice; it must have been a magnetic appeal, — asking, "What are you thinking of?"

"Something stranger than was ever thought of before," he answered, as distinctly.

Delia became absorbed in her sewing, and did not look up again.

How happy the young folks were, displaying to the doctor the work they had done, and asking his opinion, and singing their songs! They showed him how far they had gone in the geology which he had induced them to take up, telling them that the rocks and mountains about them would become as easy to read as any other book, if they would but master the language of the volume. And they showed him the specimens — the slate-stones covered with the impressions of beautiful ferns — they had collected from the materials thrown out of the old mine to which Mr. Boyd had turned his attention anew with such good results.

But at length all this was over, and the doctor walked out to the field back of the garden to bring a pitcher of water from the famous spring there.

It was quite dark, though starlight, and Delia followed him into the porch with a candle. It was a still evening, hardly a breath of air was stirring.

"Stand just there," he said, "the light falls on the path exactly"; but as if in accordance with a wish, the light of the candle was just then extinguished.

"No matter," he said, "I know the way; don't fear for the pitcher."

But Delia drew a match across the floor, lighted the lantern, and followed him through the garden.

He now waited, though he could not possibly have missed his way. He had walked it hundreds of times, by daylight, moonlight, starlight, and through positive darkness. But he waited because he felt that Delia wished him to do so. She held the lantern low, and he filled the pitcher; then they both stood still a moment. The doctor spoke first.

"How is our girl getting on, Delia?"

"Well now, since she has work to her mind. Mr. Elsdon was very kind to get that box for her."

"Yes," thought the doctor, "but there's something back of that. What induced him to do it? He always has his motive." "Has she sent her stock to market yet?" he asked.

"The berries? They are not ready yet. But she has told me that she did it for me. She would not let herself feel at home here. Think of that! She must pay her way!"

"I rather like that," said Detwiler; "it shows independence, and a consciousness of ability to make her way. I know nothing about her parentage; she has very little of any Gell that ever I saw in her. She is more like my friend Rolfe, in her character and make-up, and she grows like him. Don't you think so?"

"I do," said Delia. There she hesitated. Then a sense of the relief it would be to know that Friend Holcombe's dearest friend should understand all came upon her. "She is like him. He was her father," she said.

"I ought to have known it before! Why did n't you tell me?" exclaimed the doctor, half vexed, and, in spite of his suspicions, astonished beyond measure, at Delia's statement.

"How could I tell you?"

"Does Friend know it?"

"He does not. But I shall tell him yet. It grows more and more likely," said Delia, gloomily.

"Was the child born in wedlock? I am ashamed to ask it about Rolfe; but so much depends on that,—everything!"

"What everything? She was. They kept the marriage secret; they had reasons, his were bound up in hers. They did evil that good might come, but, Michael, only evil came!"

"But you know there was a fortune left that went begging for an heir!"

"I have counted every thread of this web. I have seen that it is I who must add poverty to that child's portion. Homeless and poor for me! How can I bear it, Michael! I shall die under this burden."

Detwiler stood dumb; he had heard, as it were, a cry for life, for rescue, and was motionless.

"When I remember what he was to me," said he, after a pause, which seemed long to both of them. He stopped suddenly and looked at Delia, and a strange sense of the loneliness and desolation which he seemed to see enveloping her made him shudder. He resumed with a heavy sigh, "I think I can see what he must have been to this woman, Delia."

"To me," she said.

"And I understand," he continued, with difficulty suppressing a sob,—"I understand, Delia, how this could have happened. Your father was alive; your church obligations bound you."

"Make no excuse for me! Do not say you understand it! My father *was* alive; my church obligations *did* bind me; and I cheated him; I lied to the people! Friend Holcombe and his child are accursed in me. Michael! what is left for me?"

"Silence, Delia; that is left,—that heroic virtue."

And there spoke the expediency of a good man.

"O, that it were the silence of the grave!"

"Delia, do not belie all your past by such words. You know that you could never meet more loving judges than you would find in your own house, if it could be shown that it were best they

should know. You have earned the love of all these."

"Earned it! What do you think it has been to live under that man's eyes, and see his holy life, and know that he trusts and loves me?"

"He loves you no more worthily than you love him. Remember how happy you have been able to make his life, how he leans on you, and how strong he feels for his work, because he has you by his side in it. I do not wonder that you chose as you did, when it came to disturbing the church or letting fortune go. The time to have spoken was —"

He was uttering his thoughts as they arose. But recalling that morning in the dairy, when he had ventured to plead Friend Holcombe's cause so boldly, and remembering how Delia had hesitated, he felt that it was not kind to remind her that she should have given him her confidence then. She understood his hesitation and said: "I was a coward, and false. There was no going back after I had taken that step, except by owning that I had taken it. I tried to serve where I could not be accepted. My punishment is to love Friend Holcombe and to see myself undeserving of the confidence he gives me, and to hear the man who shares this secret with me persecuting the church because he judges all the brethren by me!"

"Do you mean that Trost knows this? Did he marry you?" asked the doctor, quickly, almost hopefully.

"Yes."

"Then you have a witness!"

"No."

"You have a certificate, then?"

"I want none."

"You *do* want one, and must have one," said the doctor. "Get one of him, Delia. Make him write it. It may be of the greatest consequence to you. Don't fail to do this. Circumstances may arise —"

"I will ask him for it," said Delia quietly, interrupting him. "Let us go back to the house."

The doctor left Friend Holcombe's

garden with a pleasant jest, but as he rode towards Emerald he gave vent to an oath, which was evidence of anything but a happy state of mind. A shower of tears followed that lightning. "She has lived, poor dear, with a sword over her head all these years!" he thought.

And so the words which had trembled for years on Delia's lips were spoken at last! She felt a calm strength, unknown before even to her, when she could say to herself of her husband's friend, "He knows it." It was as if the honor of her family had now been intrusted to the doctor's hands.

And that feeling the doctor shared to the uttermost. The honor of that house was in his hands, to be jealously guarded. There was something to be done which seemed to give a new importance to his life. Delia Holcombe must be preserved from the evil that would arise from the discovery of those facts which she had revealed to him. The service to which he felt himself bound would never find him wavering.

But all these years, while she had been walking in a vain show, Delia had believed that her secret was not hid from Detwiler. When she discovered that no such intelligent gaze had been upon her, that she had walked without human sympathy along that dark waste which to other eyes appeared a smooth, sun-lighted path, she shuddered.

It was now evident to her that no soul could ever comprehend what the vanished years had given her. She had culled from them, and borne along with her on her bosom, deadly nightshade, and its poisonous fragrance was exhaled only for herself.

He could never know, — no man, no woman could ever understand the awe with which she had watched Friend Holcombe, or with what bitter self-reproach she had received the evidences of his confiding love.

When Duty had spoken to her in her widowhood through Detwiler's voice, she had listened at first with alarm, then with hope, then with indigna-

tion. Had she fallen so low that she could not see through this specious temptation? Was it thus that she would seek to retrieve herself? The righteous Lord had taken her husband away. She read that fact at least by the light she had. He had sorely visited her for the compromise she had made between filial love and her love for Edward Rolfe. He had indicated his will that she should not go out from among her father's people. And when in his mercy he had shown her the work he had for her to do in the church, as its pastor's wife, she had not been able to resist what she deemed to be his pleasure. That she should ever know a second love, that she should love Friend Holcombe, was not to be thought of. But behold! Love came, kneeling softly at the door of her poor heart. Long he knocked, and patiently he waited; when at last she opened the door, she dared not look upon the angel, but stood with downcast eyes. And he came blessing her! he bound up her wounds; he poured oil upon them, not knowing what he did. He gave her wine to drink, and bread to eat. Still she was afraid. Shame, to be bound heart and spirit to this guiltless life! Misery, to have inspired a confidence, a devotion, which was the finest flowering of his nature! False to the dead, she listened to this living voice, and found in it consolation and despair. And she asked herself, "Was there ever burden so heavy to bear as I have made of life?"

Two summers ago it had seemed to her that an avenue was opening through which she might pass from her prison of existence. It was when Miss Sawyer was under their roof for summer recreation. It was the first time that Friend Holcombe had come within the sphere of a lady of fashion. Miss Sawyer was a handsome woman, cultivated in mind and manner, and a good talker. She had seen the world and could give a good account of it. The group that gathered around her during her evenings at Swatara was a charmed, a fascinated one. The preacher was not

less fascinated than the children. Delia looked on. She compared this being with herself. She considered the manner of her speech, the substance thereof, the charm of her graceful acts, the grace of her slightest motion. Observing all, she felt a direful satisfaction. She could bear to know, she thought, that she had lost the heart which she never should have won. If Friend could think now with longing of a portion which was not for him, henceforth he and she stood upon one level. But how long could a satisfaction like that endure, after she clearly understood it? No! it was not possible that she should rejoice to see the light of heavenly love fading from his eyes, and another fire glowing in them. She began to pray, "Save him, good Lord!" from such equality as this.

One day the doctor came and found her praying thus. She was not in her closet on her knees, she was in her garden at work. He had seen as he came around by the north road to the house that the preacher was sitting on the front steps with Miss Sawyer, and that the lady was either reading or talking with him. And what he had seen was much more than what he heard, for Delia did not disclose her thought to him. He stayed, however, long enough to discover her mood, and before another day had ended he said to Mr. Holcombe: "Delia has a walking fever. Any other woman almost would be in her bed. An excited state of the brain, that's little short of insanity, keeps her out of it. Excuse me, but I think you had better banish Miss Sawyer."

"Well, yes," said Friend, "if you think Delia is really ill, we must not have her burdened by any unnecessary cares. Carson, or somebody around here, will be willing to take the young woman, if she cares to stay, no doubt."

"You are a good fellow," said the doctor, with genuine admiration. "I dare say you would never guess, if I didn't tell you, that Delia has been amusing herself by comparing her accomplishments with this young lady's,

and hasn't been satisfied with the result. And she thinks you are probably as little satisfied."

The preacher, on whose mind the doctor's meaning slowly dawned, did not even smile at this statement.

"I think you must be mistaken," he said; "but my dear wife must have fewer cares; if she is ill, we must persuade her to go to bed, and be nursed."

"You won't do that while she has half a dozen patients whom she must visit daily; but get rid of Miss Sawyer."

Mr. Holcombe did that very easily; and Delia would never forget the words of Friend, a few days after Miss Sawyer had left them, spoken as if he had read her inmost thought, and thereto responded.

"My wife, do you know what I am often thinking when I think of you? As the church is the bride of Christ, so are you my bride."

And thus he had replied to that dreariest satisfaction! The cursed equality did not exist between them. And she, on whose account Friend Holcombe would long regard himself with sorrowful condemnation, sat down as it were at his feet, and bathed them with her tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was in these days of Delia's troubled thought about Deacon Ent and Father Trost, that Bishop Heunsel died. He was an old man, — her father's successor, — and his death had long been expected.

It seemed as if there could hardly be a question as to who must fill the place made vacant by his death. Delia had no doubt on whom the lot would fall; for who, of all preaching Mennonites, met the requirements so well: "*A bishop must be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous; one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity:*

(for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?) Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Moreover he must have a good report of them which are without; lest he fall into reproach, and the snare of the devil."

Yet there were other preachers in the district whose names were brought forward, whose qualifications were urged. There were some who had long entertained a secret doubt concerning Friend Holcombe; they considered it very questionable service that he was rendering the church by keeping school in winter time, as had now for several years been his practice; world's wisdom was not the treasure which Mennonites desired for their children. And then, how did it happen that under his ministry such scandal was allowed as Trost was promulgating? It ought long ago to have been known what that old man meant in hurling his charges against their body as a set of hypocrites, whose doings would not bear a moment's investigation.

But when a meeting had been called, and the people came together, and the books were distributed to the persons considered qualified to perform the duties of a bishop, the lot fell on Mr. Holcombe. In the hymn-book which he held was found the slip of paper which decided that the lot had fallen on him. The Lord's pleasure thus made known, the people were unanimous in the expression of their satisfaction.

No man could have stood up in the congregation to give the pastoral blessing, with fewer misgivings than Mr. Holcombe. No man could have witnessed with gentler smittings of conscience the evidences of satisfaction, which appeared on every side of him, that he should be bishop. Humbly, as became him, and yet with manly dignity, he received the honor and the burden. The seal was set to his ministry; he was acknowledged a faithful servant.

Ahern and Eby, the two oldest men of the congregation, went home to dine

with the new bishop on that memorable day. The names of these venerable men were associated with the settlement of Swatara and with the planting of the church. The event of the morning had unsealed the fountain of memory, and a stream poured forth. They talked to the bishop's daughter, who was now the bishop's wife, of her father, and were well pleased that the honorable mantle of her godly mother had fallen on her.

The happy girls garnished the dinner-table with flowers and leaves, for their high festival, and dressed themselves in their Sunday gowns; and Edna put a rose in her hair, and tied a gray ribbon around the head of Rosa, and wished it was bright blue, yet told her that no mistake now she was Sawyerish.

After dinner, when Ahern and Eby stood in the porch preparing to depart, Ahern said to Mr. Holcombe, in the slow way which became his not undignified presence: "Bishop, you have some dealings, or I should say some acquaintance, with Mr. Trost, — Father Trost, as they call him."

"O yes, I know him," answered Mr. Holcombe. "He was a friend to Bishop Rose. Delia recollects him very well as he used to be in old times. You do, I suppose."

"Yes, yes. I was thinking how he did n't like Bishop Heunsel over well; but if he's of your acquaint, perhaps he'll treat us hereafter a little fairer."

"The way he goes on is outrageous, sir," said Mr. Eby, chewing his words and ejecting them with considerable force.

"He is a violent speaker by nature," said Ahern, and the increasing gentleness of his voice and manner seemed a rebuke of his more zealous brother. "But now I'm thinking he'll be minded of Miss Dely's feather, and just keep to his own side of the fence."

"We have certainly nothing to fear," said Mr. Holcombe, looking around in the lofty way of conscious integrity, and answering so for all his people. "We will just hope that he will soon

be able to see with more charitable eyes."

"O how grand he is," thought Delia, looking at him with wifely pride, "and to think what a word would do to him! That he should be shamed through me!"

"I don't know how you're going to stop him, sir," said Mr. Eby, speaking more mildly than before. "Bein' reviled we must not revile again; but it does 'pear as if somebody oughter just speak out and ask him what he means. Long as I've lived, Friend Hulcum, I've never knowed a preacher to charge such things agin us as he brings. Truce-breakers, deceivers of the very elec', — that's what he said agin us no longer back than last Sunday. He meant us. Everybody knowed it. Pretendin' to hold ourselves up for patterns, and doin' in secret what we would be hooted at for doin' if it was known agin us. I declare, Mr. Hulcum, I thought my old blood had got cooled off considerable before that, but it biled."

"Did you hear him say it, Mr. Eby? We must not trust too far to hearsay in such a matter." Mr. Holcombe glanced at his wife as he spoke. She would not fail to grieve at the jeopardy in which Deacon Ent had placed himself. Father Trost had no doubt discovered that August had a divided heart, and was taking this rough method to end his courtship, one way or the other.

Any good woman, he perceived, must have been as much affected as Delia was to hear a charge like this brought against the Zion she loved.

"I did not hear it myself, sir," Eby answered. "But it's the talk all about. Everybody knows it. Folks have got to runnin' after him, and the more they run the worse he talks. They're always expectin' to hear something worse I reckon. Bein' a friend, Bishop Hulcum, could n't you bring him to reason, and make him explain; for if there is any matter such as he declares afoot, we oughter know it."

"Just so. I will speak to Father Trost, brethren. I heard a rumor of

the kind before, but there was n't anything I could take hold of. I will speak to Father Trost."

"I must speak to him, I see plainly," he said afterwards to his wife. "I can get nothing from August. He keeps out of my way, and gives me no opportunity to say a word."

"But if this *is* August's business," said Delia, and there she stopped.

"I shall betray no man. But we must understand Mr. Trost. You said we should be ruined when I told you how the deacon was tempted. I do not fear that; but it is a tribulation to be held up to the scorn and the scoffing of the ungodly, as we are held up by him. I tried to think that the mischief was overstated; but Father Eby is right, and I will go directly to Trost, and discover, if I can, what he means."

And because it was so evident that he would attend to this business at once, Delia deferred the walk she had proposed to herself, and the request which she had told the doctor she would make. Certainly the present was not a favorable time to go to Father Trost for her certificate.

The fact was unquestionable that ever since the death of Mr. Guildersleeve the preaching of Trost had assumed a more marked denunciatory tone. There was a force in his voice and manner, and a rude strength in his argument, which was felt to be searching as a scorching wind by the undisciplined and the weak of his congregation. The return of Guildersleeve to the Mennonite body, and his reception by the brethren, had excited his surprise. He had looked with confidence for the day when he should himself proclaim that old man as a brand saved by his hands from the burning. Instead, at the last, Friend Holcombe had been sent for to show the reprobate his way out of the world!

When Mary heard her grandfather preach that sermon which was now being talked about everywhere, she listened with the feeling that every word of it was addressed to herself; and he

knew that she listened thus. But no manner or degree of emotion exhibited by her, or by any other, could have stopped him when once launched on that tide.

"Tempted all round," he had exclaimed on that occasion, "what shall we do to save ourselves?" and having asked the question, he paused till every soul waited for his answer. "Well!" he cried, "there's more than one ship stands with its door wide open and its cap'n ready to pick you up. But don't you believe there's more than one ark bound for the top of Ararat. They'll deceive you, brethren! they'll secure your shipwreck, sisters! I've knowed some," — again he paused, and leaned against the rude desk, and looked around him till the terror of his searching glance was felt, — "I've knowed some as fair to look on as any one of you, sisters, who've lived a lie for years an' years, and no prospect of a change, — O no, 'cause there's no chance of their being found out! They'll tell *you*, if anybody goes along with them, that they must live by the laws, or they'll have none of 'em. They don't stand by what they say. I tell you, they break their laws and mend 'em agin, and it's no business of ourn. O no! it's no business of ourn. But, brethren and sisters, we won't put our girls in such tight places that they'll be running from us on the sly, forard and back, keeping up a fair show afore the world when they've lost their membership with us, if there's any meaning in the regulations of the church. We won't have our young men decoying others into what I'll call flat ruin. For, if you get a character to shilly-shallying and calling white black, and round about that way to suit themselves, ain't it all over with that man or woman? Do you want to have dealings with the like of them? I don't call names, though 't would be dreadful easy; but I'll just say, the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed."

It was this passage of his sermon which was repeated from mouth to mouth with such comments as, "That

was a hard rap for the Mennonites," "He knows more than he tells," "It'll have to come out of him yet"; and so the people followed him, in increasing numbers, to hear what he would say next.

Mr. Holcombe saw Father Trost coming out of Mr. Elsden's office one afternoon, not long after he had come to his determination to speak with him.

He stopped his horse, for he was driving Sorrel, and invited the old man to ride.

Trost looked as if he doubted the propriety of accepting the invitation, and at last answered gruffly that he did his travelling on foot nowadays. "When you git to be as old as I am," he said, "you'll be keerful of such temptations to laziness."

"I think we shall have rain though, within half an hour," said Friend.

"Well then, let it come. I'm not as afeared of a drop of water as you whiskey-drinkers are." The old man laughed, and struck his strong staff on the ground with as much vehemence as he was wont to display in bringing down his fist to emphasize the gospel when he preached.

"It is a great thing to be built after your pattern, Father Trost. There is n't such a promise of vigor in the young plants," said Mr. Holcombe, perhaps not unconsciously approaching him at his weakest point.

"I've got the start of my rheumatiz at last I think, — left it behind me in Arkansas," returned the old man, well pleased that his iron frame should have this praise, though it did come from a Mennonite. "It was worth going out there to git red of."

Trost's voice had now such friendliness in it, that Mr. Holcombe felt that he might speak to him out of the fullness of his heart, directly; so he said: "Brother, I *wish* you would get into this wagon and let me take you the way you are going. From all I hear, the folks around actually believe that there's enmity between you and me.

I think we would be doing our Master good service if we spent the day in driving about the country just to show them how unjust to us and to our cause such a suspicion is."

"Now what do you mean?" asked Trost, answering the invitation to ride by leaning against the buggy seat. He was prepared for the bishop, and looked, in spite of his question, as if in no doubt as to his meaning.

"You and I have n't any difficulty that Christian men should not have, Father Trost?"

"What do you mean by that?" repeated the old man.

"I mean," said Friend Holcombe, still speaking patiently, though he now perceived the spirit with which Trost had replied to him, — "I mean that people are beginning to take up your preaching and interpret your sharp sayings against the ungodly, as if they were directed against *us*. They say you call our people covenant-breakers, — I don't know what, — for I have tried to forget it. I thought they had misunderstood you, and made a particular application which you did not intend."

"I generally try to make myself understood, Hulcum," said Trost, bringing his hand down heavily on the wagon seat, and closing his mouth after the words, as if he had uttered what would not be recalled, and, at the same time, looking at Mr. Holcombe as if he would have him understand that he could not deceive him, and it was best he should endeavor to do so no longer.

"If they did understand you then, and you have any charge to bring against us, am I not your brother in Christ? am I not at least trying to serve my Master? You know we are not without the means of righting any wrong wrought in our body. We do not hesitate to purge any iniquity."

"But when it comes to cutting off the right hand, or plucking out the right eye, Hulcum, — that comes hard, does n't it?"

The question was an insult as Trost proposed it, but Friend answered, quiet-

ly: "The right hand has been cut off, sir, before now, and the right eye plucked out. I trust the gracious Lord would not withhold the strength that would enable me to perform this service to him and to our church, as often as it might be required for the maintenance of our integrity as a Christian brotherhood."

"I am an old man," said Father Trost, speaking with great deliberation, and looking up towards the gray sky from which a fine, cold mist was now falling fast. "But I have n't lost my faculties. I don't talk without knowing what I am saying. I reckoned you'd know as well as I could tell you what I meant. I give you to understand if I can teach my young people better gospel than they'll git out of your people's living, I shall do it."

"But I tell you plainly that you are speaking in an unknown tongue to me," said Mr. Holcombe.

"So much the worse, then. I am not set to watch over your sheep, though. Good day, sir"; and with these words, Trost actually put an end to the conversation by walking back to Mr. Elsdén's office.

"Then I must see Ent. He is really bitter against us," said Mr. Holcombe; and through the chilling mist he drove up the mountain road. But he did not succeed in finding the deacon, who had gone away from home to exhibit his stock at a cattle show, and might not return for several days. There was nothing further to be done in that direction, then, at present. But no lack of work elsewhere. To this work Mr. Holcombe directed his attention, thinking, meanwhile, how much more clearly Delia had foreseen the results of the deacon's unfortunate attachment than he had done.

Going back into Mr. Elsdén's office, Father Trost said to the superintendent, "He's in a tight place."

"Holcombe? was it he you were talking with?"

"Yes. He thinks I've been a leetle severe on him."

"Surely, you have n't anything against so good a man as he is?" said Mr. Elsdén, looking a little amused, and somewhat surprised.

"No—no; nothing personal. But he don't like to have his folks showed up."

"His family? I thought there never was so perfect a woman as Mrs. Holcombe. And the girls,—surely you have n't any quarrel with such pretty young things!"

"I have n't any quarrel, sir, with any man living," said Trost, who no doubt regarded himself as entitled to all the blessings, including those promised to peacemakers.

"But what do you find against these harmless folks as a body, if that is what you mean?"

Mr. Elsdén, of course, understood perfectly well the preacher's meaning, and was merely curious to learn how well he could keep the secret of which he had himself become accidentally possessed.

"I find their laws are like a sieve to some of 'em. They run right through them."

"Is that an exceptional course of conduct? don't you find that most laws are as a sieve to the lawless, who yet have reasons for keeping up a show of obedience?" asked Mr. Elsdén.

"Not in high places. I shall speak my mind. He tried to git me to call names. I don't call names, understand. Them the coat fits may put it on. I jest want 'em to know how they look outside to other folks."

"But why not tell Holcombe outright,—seems to me that would be fair,—and let him look after his young folks, if they are likely to run wild?"

"His young folks! good gracious! He'd have to look nearer home than his young folks!" exclaimed Trost.

"You don't mean to say that he understands what you have been saying, and would like to have you think he did not!"

Mr. Trost drummed on the superintendent's desk, nodded his head, looked wise, and said nothing. He would like

to seem a great man in Mr. Elsdén's eyes.

"I should n't suppose there was a soul living could bring a charge against Mrs. Holcombe."

"Nobody has, sir, — nobody has. Nobody's going to," said Trost, a little startled, and yet enjoying Mr. Elsdén's unconscious proximity to the fact.

"But you — Surely, Mr. Trost, it is n't Mrs. Holcombe who has been playing fast and loose, as you say, with the church regulations! surely you don't mean that!"

"I call no names, sir, but I'm a preacher of the truth, and I'll not lie by giving the right hand of fellowship to a parcel of deceivers. They've been making Hulcum their bishop —"

"So I hear, and a right good selection it seemed to me."

"What would be gall to some, sir, if they was right-minded, is honey to others. Suppose, sir, there was things about this business of yours which you would n't have come to Mr. Boyd's knowledge no how; how would you feel to have him a heaping honors on you, — what you and he thought was honors, say, no matter how little other folks might vally 'em?"

As this was precisely the fact concerning the Elsdén and Boyd relationship, Mr. Elsdén was rather startled by the question; but he recovered himself so quickly that even the lynx-eyed old man who was interrogating him did not perceive his emotion.

"I should say, the less of such honors the better all round," said he.

"So would any decent, honest man. Very well; that's all. This bids fair to be a nasty drizzle, but I'll be going. If you hear that I've been preaching pretty severe, you'll know I had my text with plenty of references handy."

"Yes, and that you can keep a secret, Mr. Trost," said Mr. Elsdén, accompanying the old man to the door.

The remark pleased him so much that, as he was about to step out, he looked back and said: "P'raps you are such good friends with 'em down to

Hulcum's, you'll be thinking I've said too much about them."

"You have said nothing," answered Mr. Elsdén. "As to being such good friends, I know very little about them. One of my young men was showing me a little drawing done by the minister's oldest daughter, and I got a few paints and pencils for her which seemed to please them; I have been down once or twice since then; that is about the extent of my acquaintance with them."

"What d'ye think o' that girl? Is she like anybody you ever saw before?" asked Trost, leaning against the door, and looking at the superintendent, and speaking in a cautious voice.

"She looks like her mother," said Mr. Elsdén, with the utmost simplicity.

"Who is her mother?" asked Trost, with a vulgar, quizzical, mysterious smile, not lost on this most upright gentleman who had excited it.

"Why, Mrs. Holcombe, of course."

The old man laughed aloud.

"You had better not say that in these regions," said he. "No, sir! Edna is an adopted daughter. Living with 'em it's going on about three year now, I expect."

"Do you tell me so?" said Elsdén.

"Do you tell *me* that you have lived right here and never heerd of that afore?" Mr. Trost now had doubts of Mr. Elsdén, very decidedly. Mr. Elsdén dismissed the doubts for him speedily by saying: "I assure you I have known almost nothing of those people or their doings until within a few weeks, when, as I said before, one of my young men was speaking of this girl."

"You made a wonderful hit then if you think she favors Dely Hulcum; I think so myself. Well, good morning."

"Call again, Father Trost," said Mr. Elsdén; and he went back to his desk, saying to himself: "The old slanderer! he has evidently pledged himself to keep that secret, yet it is oozing out of him in a way to make trouble for those people. I shall serve them in a different way from that."

Taking from a pigeon-hole a roll of papers, he slipped off the red cord which held them together and spread them out before him. While he was thus engaged, John Edgar came in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN EDGAR'S visit was not expected at that hour, though, since his last visit, the superintendent would not have been surprised to see him at any time, night or day. Mr. Elsdén had, however, only just now made his rounds, and had seen him busy in the shop; and now he had his coat on, and looked as if he had stopped work. In fact, the terrible thirst which now and then took John to Emerald and hurled him into an excess out of which he came with remorse and self-loathing, was urging him to go down to the station and call on Mr. Max Boyd, — that young gentleman being now at work there, in the bank which his brother had established for his own accommodation in transacting business with his men and with the world beyond Swatara.

When Mr. Elsdén came into the shop, John convicted himself of having attempted self-deception. There was no reason why he should call on Mr. Max Boyd, none why he should go to Emerald. Afraid to remain by himself, he hastily donned his coat and cap, and taking with him the drill upon which he had been secretly expending so much thought and time of late, he hurried away to the superintendent's office. He would find out now what Mr. Elsdén had meant when he began to talk about Edna's parentage, and was interrupted.

"I was thinking of you," said Mr. Elsdén, understanding at a glance that John had his sufficient reason for seeking him, and glad that he had inspired him with confidence to come, if, indeed, his errand was other than a business one. "Look here," he continued, "I found these drawings among some old papers. Perhaps Miss Edna would find them of service. They were made by a gentleman whom you never saw —"

"Rolfé," said John, reading the name pencilled beneath the drawings. "I have heard of him; she lent me a book that belonged to him."

"Ah! Miss Edna knows about him? She will like these drawings all the more, then. There's a variety, you see, from engines up—or down. That pine-tree looks as if it had stood for its portrait. Take them along with you. Tell her I found them among some old office papers."

Mr. Elsdén tied them up again, and pushed the roll towards John. "Well, what have you there? Something for me?"

"That's it," answered John, putting the roll in his pocket, and exhibiting the drill.

"And you're going to bore through the earth with it, eh? Let me caution you, in the first place, though I believe I have said it before, keep your secret. It will be worth quite as much to you, if it's worth anything, if you say nothing about it, but just experiment for a while. Have you tried it?"

Edgar answered by producing a circular piece of rock, four inches in diameter, and five or six inches in length.

"You drilled that out with the engine to back you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is an innocent-looking instrument to do such a thing. And you really think that, with an adequate degree of force, we could get to the bottom of the Pit Hole mystery?"

"Yes, sir, and of Hook too. There's coal there, sir, by the ton."

"I have no doubt of it," answered Mr. Elsdén; "but, as I told Mr. Boyd, it will cost a fortune to mine it. We have no reason for regretting that we opened that Ridge gulf again."

"No," said John, "but it always seemed to me we went at Hook wrong-end first. There's more than one way of getting through a piece of woods." John said this as though he rather doubted how it would be received; indeed, he had reason to doubt.

But Mr. Elsdén was in the friendliest mood. "I had some of the best judges

here prospecting before we went to work," said he, desirous that John should understand. "We proceeded according to advice. That's all I know about it."

But though Mr. Elsdén spoke with perfect naturalness of voice and manner, it had cost him a great deal more than his year's salary was worth to transfer the mining operations from Hook to the Ridge. He had been obliged to direct and compel a somewhat obstinate public opinion.

"I felt that we were making a vault for Mr. Boyd's money," he said; "it would be safe there, to be sure, for nobody would ever be able to get at it again. Your drill will come into use in Hook, I believe. But take your time about that; for the Ridge, according to all appearance, will keep us busy for twenty years to come."

"Twenty years is a long time, sir. I shall be getting on towards forty. They say, if a man has n't made his fortune at that age, he may as well give it up."

"I am past forty," answered Mr. Elsdén. "A fortune is a very slippery thing indeed. You may have it before you are forty, but how are you going to make sure of keeping it, unless you are willing to make a Jew of yourself and live in a nutshell, as no gentleman and no generous man could consent to do. I have seen three fortunes of my own washed overboard while I was busy looking after the interests of other people."

"I hope the next time, sir, you will look out for yourself."

"It would seem as if I must have learned how to do that by this time." Mr. Elsdén's way of saying this emboldened John to make a remark which showed the superintendent how far he had succeeded in his endeavor to make the young man consider him a friend.

"It never seemed to me, sir, that this was exactly the place for you, — such a rough set of men as we are to live amongst." And much impressed was John by the answer he received: —

"My business is to pay my debts before I die. If Swatara will help me to do that, I shall be grateful to Swatara."

Thinking what it was for a fellow like him to have drawn an acknowledgment like that from a gentleman like Mr. Elsdén, John exclaimed that it was a cursed thing to be poor.

"Not at all," said the superintendent. "I have thought of you with a sort of envy since you have bestirred yourself and promised such good things."

John's eyes flashed. Then he suddenly recollected what his purpose had been an hour ago, — to go to Emerald and drink himself drunk! His face clouded with gloom, his eyes were cast down. "I am a poor stick," said he.

Mr. Elsdén assured him that nothing could be more becoming in youth, nothing more beautiful, than humility.

"I am honest, I know. I'll do what I can; but you do not know all I have to struggle against, sir," said John, almost crying. Mr. Elsdén liked pluck, courage, daring, but he was patient with this tearful, self-depreciating mood. It seemed to show him that Edgar would be a less difficult coadjutor than he had supposed.

He had a strong tonic for him, and now administered it.

"I have been thinking a good deal, John, about that young lady we take so much interest in," he said, very cheerfully. "I would not like to go out and say all I think about her to everybody I chanced to meet."

John looked pleased; he knew that Mr. Elsdén referred, for one thing, to the admiration Edna had excited even in him; but then, besides, there was that mystery which he had hinted at, that secret concealed from her to her hurt!

"You are quite willing, sir, to tell me now all that you have been thinking about her?" said he.

"Quite; those events which came so unexpectedly to my knowledge made me suspect at once, as I still suspect, that she is actually the heir to a large property."

"I was going to ask you about that, sir," said John.

"I admire your self-control, that you have not followed me about like my shadow in order to find an opportunity for asking it. I am sure you would have been justifiable."

More than he could express, it pleased John to be praised for self-control. He smiled.

"What was the name, if you please," said he.

Mr. Elsdén hesitated.

"I do not know that I am quite wise in telling you. Even dead men's names must not be handled too freely; but I have confidence in you, Edgar; the name was Rolfe."

"By thunder!" exclaimed John. "That is the name in those books and on those drawings."

"Exactly."

"They must know, then, about it at Holcombe's?"

"It would seem as if they must."

"Do you suppose, sir, they are a party to — to — keeping her out of her rights?"

"I hardly know what to suppose about it. Things have a queer look; but there's one thing, John, you must make up your mind to be cool about it, if you go into this investigation. It may be more difficult than either of us supposes. But I think you will see that without my suggestion. You certainly ought to be trusted to look after your own affairs." Mr. Elsdén was evidently apologizing for having offered his counsel.

"Miss Edna was brought up from Hollandsburgh to old Annie Gell," said John, reflecting. "She has told me about it. Her mother died at Ancaster, I believe."

"It is no very difficult thing to carry a child from one place to another," said Mr. Elsdén. "There may have been good reasons for her being born there even though it was not her mother's home. Rolfe, certainly, did not live down there."

John sat silently thinking. Mr. Elsdén broke in upon his meditation.

"If I were you," said he, "I should consider my fortune made."

"Suppose I go to Mr. Holcombe, and ask him outright for the truth!" exclaimed John, looking up, and waiting encouragement to take that step at once.

"I really suppose that you would gain nothing by it. I have reason to think he knows as little about this business as he seems to know. I think it not improbable, moreover, that Edna's mother may be living yet. She may have married again. If she belonged to the poor Mennonites, and was persuaded into a secret marriage, it would perhaps have seemed impossible to her to acknowledge the relation after Rolfe's sudden death. It is the most plausible theory I have been able to form from the facts under observation. But, as to your Edna's being related to that old woman who took care of her, I don't believe one word of it. I can say that without having seen her, and merely from observation of facts."

"What facts?" asked John, stupidly; but Mr. Elsdén expected him to ask.

"Merely those before us, — that Edna is made quite in the fashion of a lady, and the rest."

Then John was set upon a new consideration of that great fact, and the others were summarily dismissed, because of inferior importance, as "the rest."

What were they?

Merely that, on the death of Annie Gell, Edna, at the old woman's request, had been brought by the doctor to Mr. Holcombe's house, and there had been received as a daughter, and promised a home. Doctor Detwiler then might be able to throw some light on this business. John was thinking of the doctor, planning a talk with him, when Mr. Elsdén said, briskly, intending to put an end to the interview: "Well, sir, you have your hands full. If you manage rightly with that drill, and all the rest, anybody might venture on a prophecy in regard to your future."

"I thank you, sir."

"I did not understand that you was so nearly completed," continued the superintendent, in the same unmated tone. "I recommend the side of Pit Hole, just above the towards the east, to your observation. I was down there lately, and I saw indications of ore. Perhaps mistaken, but that is our business, — yours and mine, I mean. We do not start any extra talk about Pit Hole; it has made enough already."

"And a regular pit it was, was n't it, sir, for the party you bought it of?"

"I am afraid so. I took it off their hands, because there was n't another man who would give a bid for it. If there should be iron, why, that is what was never asked for of Pit Hole."

Mr. Elsdon had not promised that it was a thing that never should be asked for, when he came forward to the relief of the ruined company, and took the mine off their hands at a price which would have seemed to decide its worthlessness. They had proved, as he said, that no coal was there; and coal was the thing they wanted, or, at least, the thing they had looked for. If he had chosen to incur ridicule, and run the risk of finding *nothing*, that was his business. Five years had passed since he made his purchase. It was really a matter of indifference to him whether Edgar ever experimented with his drill among the rocks; but he thought he saw that the time was not far distant when it would be safe to discover iron there, and therefore he invited him to make the discovery.

"If you should find anything worth while," said he, "I would make you

the
th
alw
fide
He
usual
aims
up so
prophe
a stick.

"And
for the ma
admired w

"I will
rocks the
ing," said
way. If I
man I shall

"If then
you shall b
that," said

And when
anything lik
great deal
tendent had
he stood in
sistance.

When Jol
bered his
past with
had accepte
gestion, tha
intendent's
would search
and of herit
laid open, a
na's parenta

: A EULOGY.

North of Ireland, members of the
 of England, sprung of a good
 which was honorably commended
 in their lives and conversation. His
 father a man of active mind and genial
 spirit, fond of reading, hospitable, and
 open-hearted, died in 1838. His moth-
 er was a woman of rare excellence, firm
 in the discharge of duty, full of loving-
 kindness, thinking and speaking ill of
 none, abounding in acts of charity, of
 a cheerful temper, and with a vein of
 quiet humor, that, under all the bur-
 dens of life, kept her spirit light and
 her heart young to the last. She lived
 to see the full maturity of her son's ge-
 nius, his rare domestic happiness, his
 wide-spread and increasing fame; and,
 being called away two years before him,
 was mercifully spared the pang of part-
 ing with him on earth, and permitted
 to welcome him in Heaven.

Of a family of four children, two only
 lived to grow up,—Thomas, and an elder
 sister, who was a sister of the heart as
 well as of the blood, with whom through
 life his relations were most intimate
 and tender, and who exerted over his
 powerful nature that gentle feminine in-
 fluence which is at once softening and
 elevating. She was his friend, his coun-
 sellor, his confidant: so long as they
 were together every thought and aspira-
 tion were revealed to her as they rose;
 and when they were separated, his let-
 ters to her comprised not merely the
 journal of his life, but a record of the
 growth of his mind and the progress
 of his genius.

Crawford was born with the genius
 of an artist, but his early years were
 passed under influences not particularly
 calculated to develop it. At the time
 of his boyhood, the opportunities for
 cultivation in art in our country were
 by no means what they now are. But
 from the first, the native bent of his
 mind was manifested in that direction
 and made for itself a path of progress,

in spite of external difficulties and discouragements. While yet a child, much of his time was passed in copying engravings, — a taste and habit which led to his being sent to a drawing-school, a step amply justified by the rapid progress which he made. Though it was hoped and desired that, after the manner of American boys, he should engage in some department of business, no violence was done to his irrepressible inclinations. Crawford's father, like Milton's, did not require his son to devote himself to uncongenial pursuits, however gainful, but allowed him to cultivate his best powers, and permitted him to obey his highest aspirations.

By the force of a natural and unconscious attraction, his feet were led to those places in his native city — there were not many — where anything like artists' work was to be seen. A large workshop in which wood-carving was carried on became his favorite resort. He watched with keen delight the movements of the hand under which oak and mahogany were shaped into groups of flowers and wreaths of foliage, and finally determined to learn the art he had observed with so much interest. He applied himself diligently to the labors of his new employment; and in view of his future profession, it was by no means an unwise step thus to learn the use of the chisel.

While thus faithfully occupied in mastering the technical difficulties of his new pursuit, much of his leisure time was given to the study of architecture, though the assiduous practice of drawing and sketching was still kept up. He was also gradually gathering together a considerable collection of casts and bas-reliefs, and his quick and discerning eye enabled him to discover specimens that were valuable either for beauty or for rarity. His untiring and progressive energy soon gave him all the skill and faculty which he could gain from the limited art of wood-carving; and feeling the sting of a higher ambition, he abandoned this employment, and set his face more distinctly towards the ideal heights of art.

He had thus far been timidly groping his way in the dark, or at least in the twilight; but now gleams of the wished-for day began to appear, and he moved on with firmer and bolder steps. He commenced modelling in clay in his own room, — a spot over which the genius of art presided; for the walls were covered with sketches in chalks and charcoal, the floor was strewn with casts, the table heaped with clay, and the chairs filled with books, mostly biographies of artists, or treatises on some department of art.

This was the beginning of his career as an artist. He had reached the point the prolongation of which formed the line of his whole life. From this time he moved ever onward, sometimes slowly, sometimes painfully, often under discouragements, but always bravely, energetically, hopefully. Whether with sympathy or without it, in solitude or cheered by the love of kindred hearts, in the sunshine of patronage or the shadow of neglect, he was ever advancing. His was not one of those too sensitive and susceptible natures, on which the want of opportunity acts with paralyzing effect: he had the patient endurance which can long wait, and which makes the work it cannot find.

The next event in his life is his being employed in the studio of Frazee and Launitz, who were workers in marble, especially in monumental sculpture. Here he remained two years, and they were industrious and profitable years. In the modelling of the foliage and flowers which formed the decorative portions of the works executed in this studio, as well as in several original designs for monumental structures, he began to give proof of inventive genius and mechanical skill. During these two years he attended the drawing-school of the National Academy of Design; and so intent was he on making progress, that, after working all day for his employers in the studio, he would often labor in the school till a late hour in the night.

At the end of these two years, he is of full age and has put on the duties

and responsibilities of manhood. His career is fixed; he is troubled by no doubt or conflicts as to what he shall do or what he shall be. There is no struggle, no indecision, no weighing of arguments, no balancing of considerations. He is an artist, and can no more resist being an artist than the acorn can help turning into the oak. His training and preparation thus far have not been the best, but they have been good. Others have had better teaching and better opportunities, but of such as he could command he has made the best possible use. He has not been rocked and dandled into the stature and dimensions of an artist. His teaching has been imperfect, but his training has been excellent, at least for a genius so rich and a nature so powerful. It was such training as the frosty air and the strong wind give to the mountain pine, — sharp, but invigorating. It was the training of toil and sacrifice, of renunciation and patience. Life had fed him as Cheiron fed Achilles, upon lions' hearts. Pleasure had not corrupted, indolence had not enfeebled him. If there was in him any natural tendency to concentration and reserve, it had been counteracted by the influences of a happy home. There he had found love, and sympathy and comprehension; there he had breathed the air of peace, and in that benignant atmosphere the affections of his heart had been cultivated so as to keep pace with the growth of his mind and the development of his character.

That such a young man, with such aspirations and powers, who had exhausted all the resources for education in art which his own country afforded, should have his heart turned with longing desire towards Italy, was natural and inevitable. That land of hope and promise to him was his vision by day and his dream by night. Between his wish and its fulfilment there stood but one obstacle, and that was most honorable to him. He shrank from inflicting the pang of separation upon his parents, especially his mother to whom he was most tenderly attached, and

from whom he had never been parted longer than a week. How could he tell her that he must leave her for years, perhaps forever? But her love, and his father's, were self-sacrificing and unselfish. They took counsel of the strength, and not the weakness, of their hearts. Not without a struggle, not without sighs, not without many natural tears, the resolve was reached. With prayers and benedictions, they speeded their glorious boy upon the path which Providence seemed to have marked out for him. It was decided that he should go for two years and no more. All that the most thoughtful affection could suggest for every possible want during that period was provided for him. He sailed from New York in May, 1835, in a small brig bound for Leghorn. The passage to Gibraltar was long and stormy; slowly the little bark crept along the shores of the Mediterranean; at Leghorn, they were delayed by quarantine; and it was not until September that the great vision of Rome broke upon the sight and soul of the youthful pilgrim.

At present, when so many American artists and students of art are to be found in Rome, it is difficult to believe how different was the state of things in 1835. At that time an artist from America occasionally visited Italy, but more as a traveller than as a student; few remained there long, and fewer still made it their home. Greenough was in Florence, entering upon a career which was to be so honorable to his country and to himself, and like Crawford's own, so sadly and prematurely arrested by death. But no American sculptor had preceded Crawford in Rome, and he found no such circle of American artists and art students as is now there to give welcome, encouragement, criticism, and sympathy.

It may well be supposed that the first few days of his residence in Rome were passed in a tumultuous whirl of sensations and emotions, which prevented him from at once setting to work. He arrived there at a propitious

season of the year, when the fierce heats of summer are beginning to be mitigated, and the milder days of autumn to shed their benediction over the reviving earth. There is no month in the year in which the peculiar traits of Roman life, and the peculiar characteristics of the Roman people, are better seen than in October, — the vintage month, when the grapes have been gathered and the wine is pressed; the period which, in all wine-growing countries, throws a gleam of joy over the paths of common life, and lights up the brow of toil with a transient ray of festive mirth. At this season, too, Rome is almost wholly free from strangers, the foreign birds of passage having taken their flight after Holy Week, to reappear at Christmas. The touching ruins of Rome, its magnificent collections in art, the palaces and churches, the desolate beauty of the Campagna, made all the more impression upon him because he saw them alone, because his enthusiasm was not checked by swarms of idle tourists, over whose light natures the beauty of both nature and art passes like sunbeams and shadows over a landscape.

We can imagine the feelings with which a young man of his intense and concentrated nature — who, in the prosaic and practical atmosphere of New York had been hungering and thirsting for the vision of beauty, as the benighted dweller in the Arctic circle longs for the first ray of returning light — must have gazed upon the Vatican, the Capitol, St. Peter's, the Forum, the frescos of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the inestimable remains of Greek sculpture, the long lines of aqueduct that stretch across the Campagna, and all the numberless and indescribable objects which in Rome delight, arouse, elevate, and refine the susceptible mind.

But in time these wild raptures, these tumultuous delights, passed away, and Crawford set himself to work in good earnest. His friend Launitz had given him a letter of introduction to Thorwaldsen, who, in a vigorous old age and in the enjoyment of a world-wide

fame, was busily engaged in completing those great works, now in Copenhagen, which are esteemed the highest efforts of his genius. He occupied an extensive studio, filled with busy students and workmen, and with a silent assemblage of his own works in marble or plaster. The noble-hearted Dane received the unknown youth with a parental kindness which awakened in Crawford's heart a corresponding warmth of grateful and reverent affection. He invited him to work in his studio, — an invitation which, it is needless to say, was gladly accepted.

Crawford's whole life may be divided into three periods, — one reaching from his birth to his arrival in Rome, one from that moment to his marriage, and the third from his marriage to his death. The first may be called the years of preparation, the second the years of struggle, and the last the years of triumph. He went to Rome, it will be remembered, with the purpose of remaining there only two years; in fact it became his home for the remainder of his life, and he did not return to his native country, even for a visit, till nine years from the time of his leaving it. These were most fruitful and important years, — years of conscientious toil and manly patience, in which nothing was lost by indolence, and nothing surrendered to frivolous and enfeebling pleasures; years rich in artistic progress and moral growth, leaving few facts for biography, but much for eulogy. His life flows on in a uniform course. A portion of the day is given to a careful and detailed study of the great works of art to be found in Rome, with copious record of his observations; and the rest is devoted to steady professional toil, often continued late into the night. He watches carefully the manifold processes going on in the studio of Thorwaldsen, and profits by all that he sees. The great master himself stops before a figure which his pupil is modelling, contemplates it for a few moments in a way that shows he sees signs of promise in it, and then gives a few hints which fall like good

seed upon fertile soil. He is often discouraged, but never cast down, for the strength of his will is equal to the vigor of his genius. He draws diligently from life-models in the French Academy; he sets up figures in clay, and breaks them to begin anew. He lives with the most vigorous economy, and keeps clear of the burden and bondage of debt. This economy was in part self-imposed, for a considerable part of his earnings, as well as of the means contributed by his kindred at home, was expended in the purchase of casts, engravings, and books upon art, of which he accumulated in time an ample collection, justly regarding them as the tools of his trade, and looking upon them as invested capital, which would sooner or later yield him sure returns.

To have a due sense of Crawford's force of character and progressive genius, we must judge him, not by the final results which he reached, but by the chances which were against him at the start.

Here is a young man of twenty-two, taken from the watchful care and purifying affections of a happy home and exposed to the dangers of an uncontrolled independence in a foreign land. At this period he disappears from sight, and for years is hidden from our view. How will it be with him when he emerges from the gloom and is again seen? Will he have kept his moral purity unsullied, and escape the temptations to which the sensitive organization of the artist peculiarly exposes him? How will it be with the growth of his genius and the development of his powers? Will he have the patience to wait till he can grasp opportunity by the forelock, or will long-deferred hope make the heart sick and the hand slack? How will the multitude of works of art in Rome affect him? Will they act as a spur or a clog? Will they quicken and inspire him, or will they paralyze his energies by the disproportion between their vast aggregate and all that can be accomplished by the most vigorous powers and the longest

life of any one man? Will his life be wasted in vague dreams and airy hopes, in fancies that take no shape and aspirations that bear no fruit?

All these perils were avoided. He drew from the influences around him the elements of healthy and continuous growth. Under the discouragements incident to the commencement of the career of an artist, he preserved alike the purity of his soul and the activity of his mind. With a young man of such powers and such strength of character, success is simply a matter of time. It may come too late to be valued; it may be deferred till most of those whom the artist wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and failure have become empty sounds; death may follow hard upon it, and the laurel that was meant for the brow may be laid upon the coffin;—but it will surely come.

During the first few years of his residence in Rome, he was obliged to content himself with the humbler labors of his art,—executing portrait busts and making copies of antique statues,—work which gave no opportunity of displaying the higher qualities of his genius. As an illustration of his enthusiasm and energy, it may be stated that during ten weeks, in the year 1837, he modelled seventeen busts to be put into marble, and copied in marble the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican.

His impatient spirit, conscious of hidden power, undoubtedly chafed under this restraint; but looking back upon his life as a whole, and knowing what he accomplished, it was quite as well that he was so long occupied in those comparatively mechanical tasks which trained the hand and the eye so faithfully that they proved thoroughly trustworthy servants when he rose into a higher sphere of art. The fidelity with which he executed the commissions intrusted to him, his indefatigable industry, the almost ascetic simplicity of his life, at length attracted attention. He began to emerge from obscurity,—to lift his head above the level of those waters beneath which so

many hearts have sunk, leaving but a bubble on the surface to prove that they had once throbbed.

Strangers, English and American, inquired about the solitary and enthusiastic student of art, whose lamp was seen burning in his studio deep into the night, and who was so rarely found where loungers congregate to speed the lazy hours. Words of encouragement were addressed to him by competent judges, which confirmed his own sense of untried powers and lightened the burden of expectation.

During all those years of toil and self-denial, his letters were full of affection and of cheerfulness too. If despondency ever visited his heart, he did not allow its shadow to darken the hearts of those who loved him. In these letters his reserved and secluded nature poured forth the thoughts, the hopes, the aspirations which were not revealed to those around him. In such correspondence alone he found the companionship and society congenial to a character like his, in which the affections were deep, but not lightly moved.

He had been but two years in Rome when the scourge of the cholera fell upon the city. It is not easy to conceive the terror inspired by this visitation in a community ignorant and excitable, and dreading death in proportion to the keenness with which they enjoy life. It was indeed no idle fear; for when the pestilence was at its height, the deaths were more than four hundred a day, in a population of less than one hundred and fifty thousand. The usual duties of life were suspended, and its ordinary ties were broken. Most of those who could escaped from the city; servants fled from their masters; and the claims of kindred were not always strong enough to resist the dread of contagion.

Crawford remained at Rome the whole time, in the midst of the dead and the dying, daily witnessing sights that left impressions on his mind never to be effaced, though too painful to be lightly touched upon or often alluded to. Nor did he shrink from the duties which

humanity exacted in a crisis so terrible. For twenty hours he stood alone by the bedside of one of the victims of the fell disease, serving, aiding, sustaining as he best might, till life departed, and this too while fully believing the cholera to be contagious, and knowing that he might be called to pass through the same agonies as those he had witnessed.

In a letter written to his sister in May, 1839, we have the first intimation of a work which forms a marked event in Crawford's life, — the statue of Orpheus, now belonging to the Boston Athenæum. In this letter he says: "I have commenced modelling a statue large as life, the attitude of which throws at once in my way all the difficulties attending the representation of the human figure. When this is finished as I hope to do it, it will show that I am ambitious enough to strive with those who are moving in the highest range of sculpture. You will be anxious to know something of the subject I have chosen. You will find it in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where Orpheus is described as leaving the realms of light and upper air to seek his lost Eurydice in the infernal regions. You will find it also in the fourth *Georgic* of Virgil. I have selected the moment when Orpheus, having tamed the dog Cerberus, ceases playing upon the lyre and rushes triumphantly through the gate of hell. The subject is admirably adapted to the display of every manly beauty; into the face I shall endeavor to throw an expression of intense anxiety softened by the awe which would naturally be caused by such a sight as we may suppose the realms of Pluto to present. You will see by the pencil sketch which I enclose that the action is sudden and spirited; — with one hand he shades his eyes as I have often observed persons to do when entering any dark place, with the other he holds the lyre which is to charm Pluto and the Furies. At his feet is the three-headed dog Cerberus; this is important, for the attributes of lyre and wreath also be-

long to Apollo; but with Cerberus, any one having the slightest knowledge of mythology must know that the figure is Orpheus in search of Eurydice; thus the story is told at first sight. I am trying—for the statue is considerably advanced—to give an air of antique beauty to the whole composition by keeping clear of all extravagance in the movement, and working as nearly as possible in the spirit of the ancient Greek masters.” The modelling of the Orpheus occupied much of his time during the summer and early autumn; and in November he wrote home that it had been completed, cast in plaster, and submitted to the criticism of the Roman artists, who had warmly praised it, and that among those who had given it hearty admiration was the Marchese Melchiorre, the editor of a periodical devoted to art, who had requested that it might be engraved for his journal, promising to write the accompanying notice of it himself. The whole letter is in a strain of manly cheerfulness and confident hope, and thus closes: “In the mean time have no fear for me. I am in glorious health and hope to continue so. My circumstances are comparatively easy, and I want for nothing but large commissions and plenty of them. You see I cannot refrain from writing in high spirits, because there is a prophetic voice whispering that all will go well.”

During the year 1839 he was engaged upon some other ideal work besides the Orpheus, and, under the pressure of constant and impassioned labor, his mind and frame were alike overtasked. The natural reaction took place: soon after writing and despatching the letter from which I have just quoted, he was attacked with brain fever, which, with a relapse produced by resuming work too soon, brought him to the borders of the grave. It was not until the summer of 1840 that his health was fully restored. With his complete recovery from this illness, there broke around him the dawn of a brighter day. Mr. Charles Sumner, who had made his acquaintance

in Rome, in the summer of 1839, had been much impressed with the evidences of ability displayed in his works, and especially with the merit and promise of the Orpheus. Upon his return home in 1840, he procured, by subscription among his friends, the means of sending an order for a marble copy of this statue for the Boston Athenæum. This order reached him in the latter part of that year. The statue arrived in Boston in 1841, and excited great and general admiration, alike from the originality of the conception and the technical excellence of the details. Good judges felt that it was the production of an artist who was something more than a patient and skilful reproducer of existing forms, and that it was imbued with a creative genius which revealed a power of progress, and an element of growth, asking recognition and encouragement. The strong impression made by this statue produced its natural result: many commissions were sent to him, and some of them for works of an ideal character, such as gave him the sphere and opportunity he had long desired. The days of sharp struggle were over, and his patient expectation began to reap its reward. He had no longer occasion to struggle against depression and despondency; he had fought the fight and won the crown. Work, and congenial work too, came to him in reasonable measure, not enough to absorb and exhaust all his energies, but sufficient to give him uninterrupted occupation, and to make his future sure. He had a large studio fitted up in the Piazza Barberini, and his active industry soon filled it with a collection of expressive and original works.

This improvement in his prospects and position was followed not long after by a full measure of domestic happiness. Among the Americans who visited Rome in 1843 was our townsman, Dr. Howe, with his newly married wife and her sister, Miss Louisa Ward, of New York. Between this young lady and Crawford there grew up a mutual attraction, and when she re-

turned to New York, in the summer of 1844, they were pledged to each other. He came home during the same summer, and their marriage took place in the following November. They returned together to Rome in August, 1845.

During this visit to America, the circle of his acquaintance was much enlarged, and his frank and unpretending manners confirmed the favorable impression which his works had created. His deportment was grave, his words were few, and his countenance showed some marks of the struggles and sufferings he had passed through; but no one could fail to observe in him the indications of a simple and manly nature, as well as of a vigorous genius, conscious of its powers, but asking no more than was indisputably its due.

Of his domestic life it is enough to say that it was one of rare happiness, and that it acted most favorably, both upon the growth of his character and the development of his genius. A nature like his, concentrated and reserved, with no inclination for general society, might have become ascetic, if not morbid, without the softening influence of the domestic affections. From the day of his marriage to the day of his death, his spirit breathed the air of peace, and his heart reposed in the sunshine of happiness. His home and his studio made up his world; beyond them his thoughts and wishes rarely strayed; his genius and his heart were content to move within that range. The anxious cares, the lonely weariness, the heart-sickness of hope deferred, which had saddened his earlier years, were now remembered only as a painful dream is remembered in morning light.

His house soon became a favorite place of social resort to his countrymen and countrywomen during the winter season. No one who was so fortunate as to be welcomed to his Roman fireside will ever forget the cordial atmosphere of that happy home, where manly power and womanly gentleness were so well blended, the simple kindness and heart-born courtesy that put every one

at ease, and made the stranger forget that he was in a foreign land.

There are natures to which the sting of necessity seems requisite; which put forth all their energies only in conflict with adverse conditions, and languish and lose their spring when success has been attained and the path of progress lies plain and level before them. Crawford was not one of these. Hard work was the inevitable condition of his existence. He needed not the spur of want to overcome indolence, for in his whole body there was not one drop of indolent blood. He had toiled diligently and hopefully in his solitary studies, when there were few to praise and none to buy; and now, when his genius was recognized, when he had gained a firm position, competence, and happiness, he toiled none the less enthusiastically. His spirits rose and his energies increased, just in proportion as his reputation advanced and the claims upon his time were multiplied. He drew from happiness the elements of growth, and found in peace the impulse to the most strenuous exertion.

From his return to Rome, in 1845, till his visit to this country in 1849, there are few incidents to record. His days flowed on in an unbroken, uneventful current. He sought no other refreshment, after the toils of the studio, than the happiness he found in his home. In the heats of summer, he usually spent a few weeks with his family in some one of the beautiful mountain retreats near Rome, amusing himself, and, at the same time, cultivating his eye, by sketching from nature. Nowhere was there a busier or a happier man. Commissions came to him in reasonable measure, and of a kind which gave full scope to his genius in the region of the purely beautiful. But there was still deep in his heart the sense of an unsatisfied want, and a longing to soar into a sphere of art not yet opened to him.

His masculine genius felt competent to deal with grander conceptions and loftier themes than those which had

thus far occupied his time and hand. Stately forms, shapes of more than mortal port and stature, the majestic heroes of history, in garb and movement as they lived, yet touched with ideal light, floated before his mind's eye, and he passionately desired to arrest and embody them in enduring marble or bronze.

He was an ardent lover of his country, long residence abroad only kindling his patriotism to a purer and brighter flame, and he longed for the opportunity to illustrate its history by his art, and to twine his own name with the memories of its great men. He was nearer the goal of his wishes than he imagined.

In 1849 he came to the United States with his family, and remained for several months. While he was here the State of Virginia advertised for plans for a monument to Washington, for which a liberal appropriation had been made by the Legislature. Crawford determined to enter the lists as a competitor, though the period within which plans were to be received had nearly expired when he heard of the proposition.

With characteristic ardor he began the work and completed the model in a wonderfully short time. The committee charged with the duty of making the selection found the superiority of his design over all others so obvious that, without a moment's doubt or misgiving, the preference was awarded to it. His success gave him the greatest satisfaction, and he expressed it with the unaffected simplicity that was native to him. The design, combining an equestrian statue of Washington, with full-length statues of several eminent citizens of Virginia, gave him the noblest range within the power of his art. He could now fully show what manner of artist he was. Here was work of the high and dignified character he had long wished for, enough in quantity to occupy him for many years, and such as, when successfully executed, would give him the most enduring reputation. Hardly had the glow and exaltation of

this triumph passed away, when the emotion was renewed by a generous commission from the national government, for works in sculpture for the addition to the Capitol at Washington. When he returned to Rome, in 1850, it was with the feeling that he had nothing to regret in the past, and nothing to ask for in the future.

For the next six years Crawford's life was one of unexampled activity; the sum of his labors can hardly be paralleled in the whole history of art. Eight or ten spacious rooms, opening into each other and forming a noble studio adjoining his dwelling, were filled with workmen busily employed in transferring to marble the grand and lovely forms developed by his creative genius. Another apartment was added to the suite, expressly for the modelling of the equestrian statue of Washington, and the noble colossal figure of America, ordered for the dome of the Capitol. In addition to these great works, designs for the bronze doors of the Capitol and a bas-relief for its pediment, of almost colossal proportions, had been intrusted to him, while his other labors at this period were of such extent and variety as would alone have earned for him the praise of honorable industry.

The Beethoven, the James Otis, — at Mount Auburn, a figure of the highest merit, — and several other works, lovely embodiments of ideal and domestic subjects, were among the fruits of these crowded and brilliant years. Such was the activity of his temperament, and such was his pleasure in labor, that mere change of occupation gave him the relief which most men can find only in absolute rest. When exhausted by mental excitement and manual toil, he would leave his large designs, and relieve his wearied nerves and overtaken hand by some lighter labor, giving shape to some poetic fancy, or illustrating domestic affection by some figure or group.

When the cast of the equestrian statue of Washington was completed, the interest and admiration which it awakened both among the native and

foreign residents in Rome were so great, and the visitors who pressed to see it came in such continuous throngs, that it became necessary to limit the admissions to one day in the week. The highest and most discriminating praise was bestowed upon it by those whose judgment was most trustworthy. When it was cast in bronze at Munich, it won from the cultivated taste and knowledge of that city an equal meed of applause.

The statue of Beethoven was cast in Munich in the early part of 1855. Its high merits as a work of art were fully recognized there, and mingled with this feeling was a strong sense of national pride, that the genius of the illustrious German composer was so appreciated in the distant land of America. When the casting was completed, and the bright, consummate figure appeared perfect from the mould, the event was celebrated by a musical and literary festival, the king and queen being present. Some of Beethoven's productions were performed, and an original prologue in verse was recited. The statue, placed in the hall, crowned with flowers, and relieved against a background of dark green velvet, was the central point of interest.

Crawford came again to this country in 1856, mainly on business connected with his commissions from the United States and the State of Virginia. Never had he seemed more full of life and power and hope than during the brief period of this visit. His rich and energetic genius had been fully expanded by the sunshine of opportunity. Every look, every tone, every movement, were expressive of physical and intellectual vigor, of just self-reliance, and the calm consciousness of inward force. The shadow of an unsatisfied want had passed away from his face, he was no longer restless and abstracted under a sense of unemployed capacities. His growth in all good things was perceptible at a glance. With what pride we that loved him looked upon him, — we who had watched him from the beginning, and saw in him now only the realiza-

tion of our hopes and the fulfilment of our predictions!

In the autumn he returned to Rome, leaving his family, but accompanied by his sister. During the last few weeks that he was in America, his friends had observed an inflammation and slight protrusion of the left eye; but he made light of it and supposed it to be merely a temporary affection, which would pass away. But during the voyage and subsequent journey to Rome the trouble increased, the eye became painful and morbidly sensitive to light. Once more in his studio, he began to labor with his usual ardor and energy; but, though the spirit was determined and the hand obedient, the eye was obstinately disobedient. His strong will, his vehement ambition, his warm heart struggled long and manfully against the infirmity, but in vain; they were called to severer tasks, to unknown and fearful lessons. Who can measure the trial to such a spirit? He laid aside the chisel for a brief interval, visiting his studios once or twice a day, directing and watching labors he could not share. A surgical examination was made, with no satisfactory results. By the advice of physicians and friends, he went to Paris to seek the best surgical skill which the world could furnish. Here, in January, 1857, he was joined by his wife, who had been summoned to meet him. The surgeons of Paris pronounced the disease to be a cancerous tumor, the root of which was in the brain, — a fearful sentence! for what earthly power could arrest or reach such an enemy to life? The whole extent of their opinion was not revealed to him, and the light of hope still played about his future. After some weeks had passed without improvement, he was taken to London, to be put under the care of a surgeon who had made diseases of the kind under which he was suffering a subject of special study, whose skill and devotion, however, proved unavailing against the terrible disorder. Slowly his vigorous frame and powerful constitution yielded to the inexorable foe. Suffering, weakness, inaction, were to him new teachings. He whose

untiring hand had ever been so obedient to a creative imagination was now prostrate on a couch of pain, incapable of mental or bodily effort, racked through dreary days and dreary nights with sharp agony, each day adding something to the virulence of the disease, each day taking something from the power of resistance.

Yet under this new and bitter experience he was patient, uncomplaining, ever cheerful, watchful for others, and for their sakes concealing what was possible of his sufferings. His strong nature and hopeful spirit fought bravely and yielded only inch by inch. Life was dear to him, and with reason, for he had won all that makes life sweet to man. Fame, happiness, fortune, a noble past, a glorious future, — all were his. It was hard to be thus called away in the blaze of noon, long before the night had come, when the weary frame is ready to lay aside the burden of toil, and the grave is welcomed like the bed. Bitterly must he have thought of his unfinished works, of the dreams and visions that had not yet ripened into forms. But no murmur escaped his lips. Whatever anguish might have wrung his spirit, his words were hopeful, cheerful, consolatory. Serenely, calmly, resignedly, he trod the dark way. When it was told him that there was no longer any hope, he folded his hands, and bowed in meek submission to the will of God. On the 10th of October, 1857, after a long year of suffering, the merciful summons came which set the spirit free. They that looked upon that tranquil face, now no longer wrung and worn with pain, felt that within that darkened chamber, where so long the lapse of time had been marked only by throbs of anguish, his noblest work had been achieved, — that there he had won, not earthly laurels, but celestial palms.

Crawford was about five feet ten inches in height, of an erect and vigorous frame, and all his movements expressed energy and decision. His complexion was of that florid health more common in English than Ameri-

can faces. His hair was brown, his eyes were blue, large, and expressive. The general expression of his countenance was grave, but it was readily lighted up by an animated smile. His constitution was vigorous, and his physical strength equal to the largest requirements of his art. His health had always been good, and few men have ever had more perfect and unbroken possession of all their mental and physical energies than he, as indeed the immense amount of his labors abundantly proves.

His character was perfectly transparent. He was a man of truth, energy, and simplicity, who went directly to the point, and spoke his mind decidedly and unreservedly. All this was obvious to the most casual observer, upon the slightest acquaintance. But, combined with these qualities, there were in him a depth and tenderness of feeling not readily discerned, nor lightly revealed. His manners were not at all times and under all conditions the exact interpreters of his character. For the first thirty years of his life he passed through much privation and struggle, and lived much alone. For general society so called he had little taste, and never seemed entirely at ease if by chance he mingled in its larger gatherings. On such occasions, there might be noticed in him a gravity and an abstracted air, which showed that his thoughts were not with the present. His natural temperament was impatient; he struggled against it manfully and generally with success; but sometimes an abruptness of manner and a vehemence of expression showed how much there was to be resisted. His early friends could remark in him, as he grew older, a change like that which Southey has touched upon in his lines upon the Holly-Tree: —

“And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.”

No man was less vain than Crawford; but he had a perfect conscious-

ness of his powers, which, from his frankness, he took no pains to conceal. The fame he finally won was anticipated by him with a proud confidence. With so much genius, so much self-reliance, and so impatient a spirit, he naturally chafed and fretted inwardly at being obliged to wait so long for "the patronage of opportunity"; and this secret unrest and struggle revealed itself in an occasional coldness, almost sternness, of manner, by which strangers were sometimes repelled, and his friends sometimes puzzled.

But professional success and domestic happiness came with a benignant and soothing touch to the brave, true, deep-hearted man. As he grew older, his nature mellowed, and his manner grew softer and gentler. His spirits rose, his heart expanded, his sympathies became more comprehensive and more easily moved, his smiles more beaming and frequent, his manners more and more expressive of his warmth of heart and tenderness of feeling; "hope elevated and joy brightened" him. His moral nature was as pure as his genius was high. The temptations to which the sensitive organization of artists exposes them had no power over him. The beauty which he worshipped was not an earthly enchantress, but a heavenly vision. His genius had "angelic wings and fed on manna." The marble in which he wrought was not more insensible to the seductions of sense than was he. Nor was he the slave of those dainty and luxurious habits, into which artists are apt to fall, and which are but a refined and subtle form of selfishness, never so dangerous as when it invades us with taste as an ally. His manner of life was always simple, his wants were few and easily gratified. In the severe simplicity of his personal tastes, in his concentrated and reserved character, and in his devotion to his art, there was something that reminds one of Michael Angelo. As a husband and father, he was the most faithful of men.

He was free from another class of infirmities to which artists are prone,

not because they are more imperfect than other men, but because the lines of comparison between artists are more sharply drawn. He had no taint of envy, and nothing of that subtle form of vanity which seeks its own food by preying upon another's reputation. He did not often speak of other artists or their works, but when he did it was with a generous recognition of whatever was excellent in them. Of himself and his own productions he rarely spoke. He had, as we have seen, given himself to art from his boyhood, with an absorbing devotion, which left him little time or thought for any other object. His wise self-appreciation would have energetically disclaimed the title of a scholar; yet his range of reading had been much wider, and his attainments greater, than was generally supposed even by those who knew him well. In his boyhood and youth, he was an enthusiastic and indiscriminate reader. Homer, Shakespeare, Byron, and Shelley were his favorites, but translations of the best Greek and Latin authors, and a pretty wide range of English poetry, history, biography, and books of travels, were read with avidity and profit. After he went abroad, he acquired the French and Italian languages, — the latter perfectly, — and, during the long and lonely years of his early residence in Rome, reading was a constant resource to him. With the lives and works of artists he was entirely familiar. It was only occasionally and by accident, as it were, that these attainments and this cultivation were revealed.

Crawford never talked for effect, and utterly disdained the ephemeral triumphs of society. Though he was a man of strong affections, tenderly attached to his friends, and capable of making great sacrifices and efforts for them, he had not a very social nature. He did not depend for happiness upon the companionship or society of others.

In the winter of 1847-48, I passed three months in Rome, and saw him almost daily. I would sometimes call upon him, and tempt him away from

his studio for a long walk. He generally complied with my proposal, but I should not have continued to encroach upon his valuable time, had I not felt that it was a kindness to him to take him from his toil. It was only in these walks that I found out the resources of his mind, and the extent of his knowledge. The various objects that we passed in the city and its neighborhood suggested to him anecdotes and interesting traits, brought from the stores of a tenacious memory, and his criticisms upon architecture, sculpture, and painting were highly valuable.

As an artist, Crawford stands, beyond all question or controversy, in the first rank. That gift of invention, without which judgment is cold, taste feeble, and mechanical skill lifeless, — that divine inspiration which we recognize as a kindred element in productions of the highest class, whether in poetry, painting, or sculpture, — had been bestowed upon him in large measure. His works were the expressions and emanations of a creative power, and not merely the labors of a cunning and patient hand. In him, the processes of his art came from within; the grand and beautiful forms which he has left in marble or bronze existed first as ideas in the mind. By them he was inspired; they seized upon him with a sort of possession, and constrained the docile hand to do their bidding. In modelling he was remarkable for the fervid rapidity with which he wrought; the half-conscious clay grew beneath his hands, as if in obedience to a self-contained principle of life. He labored as if to free himself from a presence by which he was haunted, and not to embody a vision by which he was wooed.

This high inventive power was always under the control of sound judgment and good taste. His works are never exaggerated, never fantastic, never grotesque. He understands and respects the necessary limitations of sculpture, and keeps carefully within that range. He knew that, in attempting to produce strictly picturesque ef-

fects in sculpture, he could only forfeit the essential excellence of his art, without securing that to which he aspired. The fascinating faults of Bernini and his followers never seduced him into imitation. He is at once the most modern and the most Greek of sculptors, — modern, in his sympathy with the age in which he lived, and his power of embodying its ideas; Greek — in the purity of his forms, and the serene atmosphere of repose that hangs over even his most animated works. He is quite as remarkable for the wide range of his creative genius as for its absolute power. His variety and versatility, combined with such uniform excellence, constitute his highest claims to admiration. In most sculptors, even of the first class, it is easy to see that their genius has a peculiar and congenial sphere, and, when it wanders, betrays something of compulsive and laborious flight. Canova, for instance, is at home in the region of the graceful and the beautiful; Thorwaldsen, in that of the grand and heroic; neither can fully secure the success which spontaneously lights upon the other's work. But in Crawford we mark no such limitation. He is equally admirable in the embodiment of ideal loveliness, in the expression of domestic tenderness, in the interpretation of Christian struggle and aspiration, and in the reproduction of the spirit of history in the forms and faces of its representative men. We are equally awed by the sublimity of his colossal America, stirred by the breathing power and majesty of his Washington, Beethoven, and Otis, and moved by the pathos of his Adam and Eve, the touching tenderness of his Children in the Wood, and the exquisite beauty of his Peri. His male figures express all the dignity and power which art exacts; his female forms have the flowing outline and undulating grace which belong to the feminine type; and his children breathe all the frolic, joy, and spontaneous movement, which the unworn sense of life inspires.

Like those of all men of genius, his works are unequal. Patient mediocrity,

which copies but does not create, can easily attain the praise of uniformity, but the light of inspiration is subject to eclipse and wane. Every imaginative artist is conscious of moods more or less happy, feels sometimes the upward spring, and sometimes the depressing weight. Of the great number of works which Crawford designed or executed, there is not one which does not bear the stamp and impress of his peculiar power; but to say that they bear it in equal measure is a judgment against which he himself would have eagerly protested. It is no disparagement to the genius of Sir Walter Scott, to admit that the Black Dwarf or the Surgeon's Daughter is inferior to *Ivanhoe* or the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

In Crawford's works there are not always that minute finish and patient elaboration of details which an unripe taste in art is apt to overvalue. His inventive faculty was so strong, ideas darted into his mind with such rapidity, that he could not linger over the meshes of a net or the folds of a veil with the plodding assiduity of a Chinese carver in ivory. Before one ideal form was embodied, another rose before him, with a beauty of promise upon its brow like the light of Phosphorus in the morning sky. His inspiration was "as a burning fire shut up in his bones, and he could not stay."

In 1843 he wrote: "I regret that I have not a hundred hands, to keep pace with the workings of my mind." This was with him not a rhetorical flight, still less an effusion of vanity; it was the simple expression of a strong feeling. Whenever he was willing to lay constraint upon his fervid spirit, no one could finish more completely or carefully than he did. A marble bust of Mrs. Crawford, over which we may well suppose his chisel lingered lovingly with a reluctance to leave its work, is a proof of this. Nothing in ancient or modern art surpasses the exquisite elaboration of this work, and the patient skill with which the drapery and embellishments are represented.

All Crawford's works which I have

seen, whether historical or ideal, have the stamp of vital power. The figure seems to have been arrested at a point of transition between two continuous states of existence. We see many works in marble in which the proportions of nature are duly preserved, and the forms of life are accurately rendered, but the spirit of life is not there. They want movement and expression, and if changed into flesh, they would be dead bodies and not living forms. But the statues of Crawford remind us, by their life and animation, of the best productions of Grecian art. The breast seems to heave, the lips to move, the nostrils to dilate; the marble or bronze is not merely a correct transcript of the human form and face, but it is penetrated and informed with the soul of humanity.

To comprehend the full measure of Crawford's genius, and to learn the exact rank he is entitled to hold as an artist, we must bear in mind the comparatively early age at which he died, and the fact that his active professional life extended over little more than twenty years. This consideration is particularly important when applied to the art of sculpture, because of the nature of the materials in which it works. A painter may shut himself up in his studio, and with his brushes, paints, and canvas, all costing but a few dollars, produce a work which shall make him immortal; but a sculptor of equal merit must wait much longer for the opportunity to prove his power, because of the costliness of his materials. The marble or bronze in which a great conception is embodied is so expensive that untried and unknown hands cannot be trusted with it.

A sculptor must show his passport even to generous opportunity. He must creep before he can walk, he must walk before he can fly. By works of lower range and inferior scope, he must have given proof of the ability that is in him, before he can command the means of the highest success. Thus it has rarely happened that a sculptor receives a commission for a work of the highest class before the

age of thirty-five, and Crawford laid down the chisel to die at forty-three. All the sculptors of modern times with whom he would naturally be compared lived to an age much beyond his. Thorwaldsen died at seventy-three, Canova at sixty-five, Bartolini at seventy-two, Rauch at eighty, Dannecker at eighty-three, Flaxman at seventy-one, Chantrey at fifty-nine, Gibson at seventy-six, and David at seventy. There is not one of these eminent artists, who, at the age of forty-three, had done as much as Crawford did, taking the amount and the quality of the work together, — not one who, if he had been called from his earthly labors at that age, would have left so glorious a record behind. Reasoning from analogy, and in view of the fact that nearly all the greatest works in sculpture have been achieved after the artist had reached the age of forty, is it too much to say, that had Crawford lived to the appointed age of threescore and ten, and gone on as he had been going on, he would have left behind him no equal name in modern sculpture?

In his industry, in the amount of what he accomplished, few sculptors can be compared with him. During his twenty years of professional life, he finished upward of sixty works, — many of them colossal, — and left about fifty sketches in plaster, and designs of various kinds.

And the stream of this strong, deep, and vigorous life was arrested so early by the touch of death! If there were not beyond that vault of blue a world

where shapes of more perfect beauty are revealed to finer faculties, — where all the grandeur and loveliness of earth are reproduced, bathed in softer lights and touched with lovelier hues, — something of murmur, something of bitterness, might mingle with the tears with which we recall that lifeless hand, that silent chisel, those unfinished works. But even this emotion comes from the weakness of the natural heart. There is another voice, there is a higher teaching. These tell us that, in this our mortal state, shortness of duration is not of necessity imperfection, and that a life like that we are commemorating, dignified by such high aspirations, so rich in accomplishment, so noble in self-government, is a finished result, cut off when it may be. That life alone is fragmentary in which, through indolence, infirmity of will, or self-indulgent habits, the work is not done that might have been done.

He rests from his labors; death alone had the power to make him rest. His works follow him; his example follows him, too. Not after life's fitful fever, but after life's duties well discharged, its burdens nobly sustained, its temptations faithfully resisted, he sleeps well. In sadness and sorrow we leave him in his deep repose, — but not in sadness and sorrow alone. Some throbs of gratitude mingle with the grief that weighs upon the heart, — gratitude for what he was, as well as what he did; for the noble works he has left behind; for the teachings of his life; for the grandeur of his death.

GABRIELLE DE BERGERAC.

PART I.

MY good old friend, in his white flannel dressing-gown, with his wig "removed," as they say of the dinner-service, by a crimson nightcap, sat for some moments gazing into the fire. At last he looked up. I knew what was coming. "Apropos, that little debt of mine —"

Not that the debt was really very little. But M. de Bergerac was a man of honor, and I knew I should receive my dues. He told me frankly that he saw no way, either in the present or the future, to reimburse me in cash. His only treasures were his paintings; would I choose one of them? Now I had not spent an hour in M. de Bergerac's little parlor twice a week for three winters, without learning that the Baron's paintings were, with a single exception, of very indifferent merit. On the other hand, I had taken a great fancy to the picture thus excepted. Yet, as I knew it was a family portrait, I hesitated to claim it. I refused to make a choice. M. de Bergerac, however, insisted, and I finally laid my finger on the charming image of my friend's aunt. I of course insisted, on my side, that M. de Bergerac should retain it during the remainder of his life, and so it was only after his decease that I came into possession of it. It hangs above my table as I write, and I have only to glance up at the face of my heroine to feel how vain it is to attempt to describe it. The portrait represents, in dimensions several degrees below those of nature, the head and shoulders of a young girl of two-and-twenty. The execution of the work is not especially strong, but it is thoroughly respectable, and one may easily see that the painter deeply appreciated the character of the face. The countenance is interesting rather than beautiful, — the forehead broad and open, the eyes slightly prom-

inent, all the features full and firm and yet replete with gentleness. The head is slightly thrown back, as if in movement, and the lips are parted in a half-smile. And yet, in spite of this tender smile, I always fancy that the eyes are sad. The hair, dressed without powder, is rolled back over a high cushion (as I suppose), and adorned just above the left ear with a single white rose; while, on the other side, a heavy tress from behind hangs upon the neck with a sort of pastoral freedom. The neck is long and full, and the shoulders rather broad. The whole face has a look of mingled softness and decision, and seems to reveal a nature inclined to revery, affection, and repose, but capable of action and even of heroism. Mlle. de Bergerac died under the axe of the Terrorists. Now that I had acquired a certain property in this sole memento of her life, I felt a natural curiosity as to her character and history. Had M. de Bergerac known his aunt? Did he remember her? Would it be a tax on his good-nature to suggest that he should favor me with a few reminiscences? The old man fixed his eyes on the fire, and laid his hand on mine, as if his memory were fain to draw from both sources — from the ruddy glow and from my fresh young blood — a certain vital, quickening warmth. A mild, rich smile ran to his lips, and he pressed my hand. Somehow, — I hardly know why, — I felt touched almost to tears. Mlle. de Bergerac had been a familiar figure in her nephew's boyhood, and an important event in her life had formed a sort of episode in his younger days. It was a simple enough story; but such as it was, then and there, settling back into his chair, with the fingers of the clock wandering on to the small hours of the night, he told it with a tender, lingering garrulity. Such as it is, I repeat it. I shall give,

as far as possible, my friend's words, or the English of them; but the reader will have to do without his inimitable accents. For them there is no English.

My father's household at Bergerac (said the Baron) consisted, exclusive of the servants, of five persons, — himself, my mother, my aunt (Mlle. de Bergerac), M. Coquelin (my preceptor), and M. Coquelin's pupil, the heir of the house. Perhaps, indeed, I should have numbered M. Coquelin among the servants. It is certain that my mother did. Poor little woman! she was a great stickler for the rights of birth. Her own birth was all she had, for she was without health, beauty, or fortune. My father, on his side, had very little of the last; his property of Bergerac yielded only enough to keep us without discredit. We gave no entertainments, and passed the whole year in the country; and as my mother was resolved that her weak health should do her a kindness as well as an injury, it was put forward as an apology for everything. We led at best a simple, somnolent sort of life. There was a terrible amount of leisure for rural gentlefolks in those good old days. We slept a great deal; we slept, you will say, on a volcano. It was a very different world from this patent new world of yours, and I may say that I was born on a different planet. Yes, in 1789, there came a great convulsion; the earth cracked and opened and broke, and this poor old *pays de France* went whirling through space. When I look back at my childhood, I look over a gulf. Three years ago, I spent a week at a country house in the neighborhood of Bergerac, and my hostess drove me over to the site of the chateau. The house has disappeared, and there's a homœopathic — hydriopathic — what do you call it? — establishment erected in its place. But the little town is there, and the bridge on the river, and the church where I was christened, and the double row of lime-trees on the market-place, and the fountain in the middle. There's only one striking difference: the sky is changed. I was born under

the old sky. It was black enough, of course, if we had only had eyes to see it; but to me, I confess, it looked divinely blue. And in fact it was very bright, — the little patch under which I cast my juvenile shadow. An odd enough little shadow, you would have thought it. I was promiscuously cuddled and fondled. I was M. le Chevalier, and prospective master of Bergerac; and when I walked to church on Sunday, I had a dozen yards of lace on my coat and a little sword at my side. My poor mother did her best to make me good for nothing. She had her maid to curl my hair with the tongs, and she used with her own fingers to stick little black patches on my face. And yet I was a good deal neglected too, and I would go for days with black patches of another sort. I'm afraid I should have got very little education if a kind Providence had n't given me poor M. Coquelin. A kind Providence, that is, and my father; for with my mother my tutor was no favorite. She thought him — and, indeed, she called him — a bumpkin, a clown. There was a very pretty abbé among her friends, M. Tiblaud by name, whom she wished to install at the chateau as my intellectual, and her spiritual, adviser; but my father, who, without being anything of an *esprit fort*, had an incurable aversion to a priest out of church, very soon routed this pious scheme. My poor father was an odd figure of a man. He belonged to a type as completely obsolete as the biggest of those big-boned, pre-historic monsters discovered by M. Cuvier. He was not overburdened with opinions or principles. The only truth that was absolute to his perception was that the house of Bergerac was *de bonne noblesse*. His tastes were not delicate. He was fond of the open air, of long rides, of the smell of the game-stocked woods in autumn, of playing at bowls, of a drinking-cup, of a dirty pack of cards, and a free-spoken tavern Hebe. I have nothing of him but his name. I strike you as an old fossil, a relic, a mummy. Good heavens! you should have seen him, — his good, his

bad manners, his arrogance, his *bonhomie*, his stupidity and pluck.

My early years had promised ill for my health; I was listless and languid, and my father had been content to leave me to the women, who, on the whole, as I have said, left me a good deal to myself. But one morning he seemed suddenly to remember that he had a little son and heir running wild. It was I remember, in my ninth year, a morning early in June, after breakfast, at eleven o'clock. He took me by the hand and led me out on the terrace, and sat down and made me stand between his knees. I was engaged upon a great piece of bread and butter, which I had brought away from the table. He put his hand into my hair, and, for the first time that I could remember, looked me straight in the face. I had seen him take the forelock of a young colt in the same way, when he wished to look at its teeth. What did he want? Was he going to send me for sale? His eyes seemed prodigiously black and his eyebrows terribly thick. They were very much the eyebrows of that portrait. My father passed his other hand over the muscles of my arms and the sinews of my poor little legs.

"Chevalier," said he, "you're dreadfully puny. What's one to do with you?"

I dropped my eyes and said nothing. Heaven knows I felt puny.

"It's time you knew how to read and write. What are you blushing at?"

"I *do* know how to read," said I.

My father stared. "Pray, who taught you?"

"I learned in a book."

"What book?"

I looked up at my father before I answered. His eyes were bright, and there was a little flush in his face, — I hardly knew whether of pleasure or anger. I disengaged myself and went into the drawing-room, where I took from a cupboard in the wall an odd volume of Scarron's *Roman comique*. As I had to go through the house, I was absent some minutes. When I came back I found a stranger on the

terrace. A young man in poor clothes, with a walking-stick, had come up from the avenue, and stood before my father, with his hat in his hand. At the farther end of the terrace was my aunt. She was sitting on the parapet, playing with a great black crow, which we kept in a cage in the dining-room window. I betook myself to my father's side with my book, and stood staring at our visitor. He was a dark-eyed, sunburnt young man, of about twenty-eight, of middle height, broad in the shoulders and short in the neck, with a slight lameness in one of his legs. He looked travel-stained and weary and pale. I remember there was something prepossessing in his being pale. I did n't know that the paleness came simply from his being horribly hungry.

"In view of these facts," he said, as I came up, "I have ventured to presume upon the good-will of M. le Baron."

My father sat back in his chair, with his legs apart and a hand on each knee and his waistcoat unbuttoned, as was usual after a meal. "Upon my word," he said, "I don't know what I can do for you. There's no place for you in my own household."

The young man was silent a moment. "Has M. le Baron any children?" he asked, after a pause.

"I have my son whom you see here."

"May I inquire if M. le Chevalier is supplied with a preceptor?"

My father glanced down at me. "Indeed, he seems to be," he cried. "What have you got there?" And he took my book. "The little rascal has M. Scarron for a teacher. This is his preceptor!"

I blushed very hard, and the young man smiled. "Is that your only teacher?" he asked.

"My aunt taught me to read," I said, looking round at her.

"And did your aunt recommend this book?" asked my father.

"My aunt gave me M. Plutarque," I said.

My father burst out laughing, and

the young man put his hat up to his mouth. But I could see that above it his eyes had a very good-natured look. My aunt, seeing that her name had been mentioned, walked slowly over to where we stood, still holding her crow on her hand. You have her there before you; judge how she looked. I remember that she frequently dressed in blue, my poor aunt, and I know that she must have dressed simply. Fancy her in a light stuff gown, covered with big blue flowers, with a blue ribbon in her dark hair, and the points of her high-heeled blue slippers peeping out under her stiff white petticoat. Imagine her strolling along the terrace of the chateau with a villanous black crow perched on her wrist. You'll admit it's a picture.

"Is all this true, sister?" said my father. "Is the Chevalier such a scholar?"

"He's a clever boy," said my aunt, putting her hand on my head.

"It seems to me that at a pinch he could do without a preceptor," said my father. "He has such a learned aunt."

"I've taught him all I know. He had begun to ask me questions that I was quite unable to answer."

"I should think he might," cried my father, with a broad laugh, "when once he had got into M. Scarron!"

"Questions out of Plutarch," said Mlle. de Bergerac, "which you must know Latin to answer."

"Would you like to know Latin, M. le Chevalier?" said the young man, looking at me with a smile.

"Do you know Latin,—you?" I asked.

"Perfectly," said the young man, with the same smile.

"Do you want to learn Latin, Chevalier?" said my aunt.

"Every gentleman learns Latin," said the young man.

I looked at the poor fellow, his dusty shoes and his rusty clothes. "But you're not a gentleman," said I.

He blushed up to his eyes. "Ah, I only teach it," he said.

In this way it was that Pierre Coquelin came to be my governor. My father, who had a mortal dislike to all kinds of cogitation and inquiry, engaged him on the simple testimony of his face and of his own account of his talents. His history, as he told it, was in three words as follows: He was of our province, and neither more nor less than the son of a village tailor. He is my hero: *tirez-vous de là*. Showing a lively taste for books, instead of being promoted to the paternal bench, he had been put to study with the Jesuits. After a residence of some three years with these gentlemen, he had incurred their displeasure by a foolish breach of discipline, and had been turned out into the world. Here he had endeavored to make capital out of his excellent education, and had gone up to Paris with the hope of earning his bread as a scribbler. But in Paris he scribbled himself hungry and nothing more, and was in fact in a fair way to die of starvation. At last he encountered an agent of the Marquis de Rochambeau, who was collecting young men for the little army which the latter was prepared to conduct to the aid of the American insurgents. He had engaged himself among Rochambeau's troops, taken part in several battles, and finally received a wound in his leg of which the effect was still perceptible. At the end of three years he had returned to France, and repaired on foot, with what speed he might, to his native town; but only to find that in his absence his father had died, after a tedious illness, in which he had vainly lavished his small earnings upon the physicians, and that his mother had married again, very little to his taste. Poor Coquelin was friendless, penniless, and homeless. But once back on his native soil, he found himself possessed again by his old passion for letters, and, like all starving members of his craft, he had turned his face to Paris. He longed to make up for his three years in the wilderness. He trudged along, lonely, hungry, and weary, till he came to the gates of Ber-

gerac. Here, sitting down to rest on a stone, he saw us come out on the terrace to digest our breakfast in the sun. Poor Coquelin ! he had the stomach of a gentleman. He was filled with an irresistible longing to rest awhile from his struggle with destiny, and it seemed to him that for a mess of smoking potage he would gladly exchange his vague and dubious future. In obedience to this simple impulse,—an impulse touching in its humility, when you knew the man,—he made his way up the avenue. We looked affable enough,—an honest country gentleman, a young girl playing with a crow, and a little boy eating bread and butter; and it turned out, we were as kindly as we looked.

For me, I soon grew extremely fond of him, and I was glad to think in later days that he had found me a thoroughly docile child. In those days, you know, thanks to Jean Jacques Rousseau, there was a vast stir in men's notions of education, and a hundred theories afloat about the perfect teacher and the perfect pupil. Coquelin was a firm devotee of Jean Jacques, and very possibly applied some of his precepts to my own little person. But of his own nature Coquelin was incapable of anything that was not wise and gentle, and he had no need to learn humanity in books. He was, nevertheless, a great reader, and when he had not a volume in his hand he was sure to have two in his pockets. He had half a dozen little copies of the Greek and Latin poets, bound in yellow parchment, which, as he said, with a second shirt and a pair of white stockings, constituted his whole library. He had carried these books to America, and read them in the wilderness, and by the light of camp-fires, and in crowded, steaming barracks in winter-quarters. He had a passion for Virgil. M. Scarron was very soon dismissed to the cupboard, among the dice-boxes and the old packs of cards, and I was confined for the time to Virgil and Ovid and Plutarch, all of which, with the stimulus of Coquelin's own delight, I

found very good reading. But better than any of the stories I read were those stories of his wanderings, and his odd companions and encounters, and charming tales of pure fantasy, which, with the best grace in the world, he would recite by the hour. We took long walks, and he told me the names of the flowers and the various styles of the stars, and I remember that I often had no small trouble to keep them distinct. He wrote a very bad hand, but he made very pretty drawings of the subjects then in vogue,—nymphs and heroes and shepherds and pastoral scenes. I used to fancy that his knowledge and skill were inexhaustible, and I pestered him so for entertainment that I certainly proved that there were no limits to his patience.

When he first came to us he looked haggard and thin and weary; but before the month was out, he had acquired a comfortable rotundity of person, and something of the sleek and polished look which befits the governor of a gentleman's son. And yet he never lost a certain gravity and reserve of demeanor which was nearly akin to a mild melancholy. With me, half the time, he was of course intolerably bored, and he must have had hard work to keep from yawning in my face,—which, as he knew I knew, would have been an unwarrantable liberty. At table, with my parents, he seemed to be constantly observing himself and inwardly regulating his words and gestures. The simple truth, I take it, was that he had never sat at a gentleman's table, and although he must have known himself incapable of a real breach of civility,—essentially delicate as he was in his feelings,—he was too proud to run the risk of violating etiquette. My poor mother was a great stickler for ceremony, and she would have had her majordomo to lift the covers, even if she had had nothing to put into the dishes. I remember a cruel rebuke she bestowed upon Coquelin, shortly after his arrival. She could never be brought to forget that he had been picked up, as she said, on the roads.

At dinner one day, in the absence of Mlle. de Bergerac, who was indisposed, he inadvertently occupied her seat, taking me as a *vis-à-vis* instead of a neighbor. Shortly afterwards, coming to offer wine to my mother, he received for all response a stare so blank, cold, and insolent, as to leave no doubt of her estimate of his presumption. In my mother's simple philosophy, Mlle. de Bergerac's seat could be decently occupied only by herself, and in default of her presence should remain conspicuously and sacredly vacant. Dinner at Bergerac was at best, indeed, a cold and dismal ceremony. I see it now, — the great dining-room, with its high windows and their faded curtains, and the tiles upon the floor, and the immense wainscots, and the great white marble chimney-piece, reaching to the ceiling, — a triumph of delicate carving, — and the panels above the doors, with their *galant* mythological paintings. All this had been the work of my grandfather, during the Regency, who had undertaken to renovate and beautify the chateau; but his funds had suddenly given out, and we could boast but a desultory elegance. Such talk as passed at table was between my mother and the Baron, and consisted for the most part of a series of insidious attempts on my mother's part to extort information which the latter had no desire, or at least no faculty, to impart. My father was constitutionally taciturn and apathetic, and he invariably made an end of my mother's interrogation by proclaiming that he hated gossip. He liked to take his pleasure and have done with it, or at best, to ruminate his substantial joys within the conservative recesses of his capacious breast. The Baronne's inquisitive tongue was like a lambent flame, flickering over the sides of a rock. She had a passion for the world, and seclusion had only sharpened the edge of her curiosity. She lived on old memories — shabby, tarnished bits of intellectual finery — and vagrant rumors, anecdotes, and scandals.

Once in a while, however, her curiosity held high revel; for once a week

we had the Vicomte de Treuil to dine with us. This gentleman was, although several years my father's junior, his most intimate friend and the only constant visitor at Bergerac. He brought with him a sort of intoxicating perfume of the great world, which I myself was not too young to feel. He had a marvellous fluency of talk; he was polite and elegant; and he was constantly getting letters from Paris, books, newspapers, and prints, and copies of the new songs. When he dined at Bergerac, my mother used to rustle away from table, kissing her hand to him, and actually light-headed from her deep potations of gossip. His conversation was a constant popping of corks. My father and the Vicomte, as I have said, were firm friends, — the firmer for the great diversity of their characters. M. de Bergerac was dark, grave, and taciturn, with a deep, sonorous voice. He had in his nature a touch of melancholy, and, in default of piety, a broad vein of superstition. The foundations of his soul, moreover, I am satisfied, in spite of the somewhat ponderous superstructure, were laid in a soil of rich tenderness and pity. Gaston de Treuil was of a wholly different temper. He was short and slight, without any color, and with eyes as blue and lustrous as sapphires. He was so careless and gracious and mirthful, that to an unenlightened fancy he seemed the model of a joyous, reckless, gallant, impenitent *vendeur*. But it sometimes struck me that, as he revolved an idea in his mind, it produced a certain flinty ring, which suggested that his nature was built, as it were, on rock, and that the bottom of his heart was hard. Young as he was, besides, he had a tired, jaded, exhausted look, which told of his having played high at the game of life, and, very possibly, lost. In fact, it was notorious that M. de Treuil had run through his property, and that his actual business in our neighborhood was to repair the breach in his fortunes by constant attendance on a wealthy kinsman, who occupied an adjacent chateau, and who was dying of age and his infirmities.

But while I thus hint at the existence in his composition of these few base particles, I should be sorry to represent him as substantially less fair and clear and lustrous than he appeared to be. He possessed an irresistible charm, and that of itself is a virtue. I feel sure, moreover, that my father would never have reconciled himself to a real scantiness of masculine worth. The Vicomte enjoyed, I fancy, the generous energy of my father's good-fellowship, and the Baron's healthy senses were flattered by the exquisite perfume of the other's infallible *savoir-vivre*. I offer a hundred apologies, at any rate, to the Vicomte's luminous shade, that I should have ventured to cast a dingy slur upon his name. History has commemorated it. He perished on the scaffold, and showed that he knew how to die as well as to live. He was the last relic of the lily-handed youth of the *bon temps*; and as he looks at me out of the poignant sadness of the past, with a reproachful glitter in his cold blue eyes, and a scornful smile on his fine lips, I feel that, elegant and silent as he is, he has the last word in our dispute. I shall think of him henceforth as he appeared one night, or rather one morning, when he came home from a ball with my father, who had brought him to Bergerac to sleep. I had my bed in a closet out of my mother's room, where I lay in a most unwholesome fashion among her old gowns and hoops and cosmetics. My mother slept little; she passed the night in her dressing-gown, bolstered up in her bed, reading novels. The two gentlemen came in at four o'clock in the morning and made their way up to the Baronne's little sitting-room, next to her chamber. I suppose they were highly exhilarated, for they made a great noise of talking and laughing, and my father began to knock at the chamber door. He called out that he had M. de Treuil, and that they were cold and hungry. The Baronne said that she had a fire and they might come in. She was glad enough, poor lady, to get news of the ball, and to catch

their impressions before they had been dulled by sleep. So they came in and sat by the fire, and M. de Treuil looked for some wine and some little cakes where my mother told him. I was wide awake and heard it all. I heard my mother protesting and crying out, and the Vicomte laughing, when he looked into the wrong place; and I am afraid that in my mother's room there were a great many wrong places. Before long, in my little stuffy, dark closet, I began to feel hungry too; whereupon I got out of bed and ventured forth into the room. I remember the whole picture, as one remembers isolated scenes of childhood: my mother's bed, with its great curtains half drawn back at the side, and her little eager face and dark eyes peeping out of the recess; then the two men at the fire, — my father with his hat on, sitting and looking drowsily into the flames, and the Vicomte standing before the hearth, talking, laughing, and gesticulating, with the candlestick in one hand and a glass of wine in the other, — dropping the wax on one side and the wine on the other. He was dressed from head to foot in white velvet and white silk, with embroideries of silver, and an immense *jabot*. He was very pale, and he looked lighter and slighter and wittier and more elegant than ever. He had a weak voice, and when he laughed, after one feeble little spasm, it went off into nothing, and you only knew he was laughing by his nodding his head and lifting his eyebrows and showing his handsome teeth. My father was in crimson velvet, with tarnished gold facings. My mother bade me get back into bed, but my father took me on his knees and held out my bare feet to the fire. In a little while, from the influence of the heat, he fell asleep in his chair, and I sat in my place and watched M. de Treuil as he stood in the firelight drinking his wine and telling stories to my mother, until at last I too relapsed into the innocence of slumber. They were very good friends, the Vicomte and my mother. He admired the turn of her mind. I remember his

telling me several years later, at the time of her death, when I was old enough to understand him, that she was a very brave, keen little woman, and that in her musty solitude of Bergerac she said a great many more good things than the world ever heard of.

During the winter which preceded Coquelin's arrival, M. de Treuil used to show himself at Bergerac in a friendly manner; but about a month before this event, his visits became more frequent and assumed a special import and motive. In a word, my father and his friend between them had conceived it to be a fine thing that the latter should marry Mlle. de Bergerac. Neither from his own nor from his friend's point of view was Gaston de Treuil a marrying man or a desirable *parti*. He was too fond of pleasure to conciliate a rich wife, and too poor to support a penniless one. But I fancy that my father was of the opinion that if the Vicomte came into his kinsman's property, the best way to insure the preservation of it, and to attach him to his duties and responsibilities, would be to unite him to an amiable girl, who might remind him of the beauty of a domestic life and lend him courage to mend his ways. As far as the Vicomte was concerned, this was assuredly a benevolent scheme, but it seems to me that it made small account of the young girl's own happiness. M. de Treuil was supposed, in the matter of women, to have known everything that can be known, and to be as *blasé* with regard to their charms as he was proof against their influence. And, in fact, his manner of dealing with women, and of discussing them, indicated a profound disenchantment, — no bravado of contempt, no affectation of cynicism, but a cold, civil, absolute lassitude. A simply charming woman, therefore, would never have served the purpose of my father's theory. A very sound and liberal instinct led him to direct his thoughts to his sister. There were, of course, various auxiliary reasons for such disposal

of Mlle. de Bergerac's hand. She was now a woman grown, and she had as yet received no decent proposals. She had no marriage portion of her own, and my father had no means to endow her. Her beauty, moreover, could hardly be called a dowry. It was without those vulgar allurements which, for many a poor girl, replace the glitter of cash. If within a very few years more she had not succeeded in establishing herself creditably in the world, nothing would be left for her but to withdraw from it, and to pledge her virgin faith to the chilly sanctity of a cloister. I was destined in the course of time to assume the lordship and the slender revenues of Bergerac, and it was not to be expected that I should be burdened on the very threshold of life with the maintenance of a dowerless maiden aunt. A marriage with M. de Treuil would be in all senses a creditable match, and, in the event of his becoming his kinsman's legatee, a thoroughly comfortable one.

It was some time before the color of my father's intentions, and the milder hue of the Vicomte's acquiescence, began to show in our common daylight. It is not the custom, as you know, in our excellent France, to admit a lover on probation. He is expected to make up his mind on a view of the young lady's endowments, and to content himself before marriage with the bare cognition of her face. It is not thought decent (and there is certainly reason in it) that he should dally with his draught, and hold it to the light, and let the sun play through it, before carrying it to his lips. It was only on the ground of my father's warm good-will to Gaston de Treuil, and the latter's affectionate respect for the Baron, that the Vicomte was allowed to appear as a lover, before making his proposals in form. M. de Treuil, in fact, proceeded gradually, and made his approaches from a great distance. It was not for several weeks, therefore, that Mlle. de Bergerac became aware of them. And now, as this dear young girl steps into my story, where, I ask you, shall I find

words to describe the broad loveliness of her person, to hint at the perfect beauty of her mind, to suggest the sweet mystery of her first suspicion of being sought, from afar, in marriage? Not in my fancy, surely; for there I should disinter the flimsy elements and tarnished properties of a superannuated comic opera. My taste, my son, was formed once for all fifty years ago. But if I wish to call up Mlle. de Bergerac, I must turn to my earliest memories, and delve in the sweet-smelling virgin soil of my heart. For Mlle. de Bergerac is no misty sylphid nor romantic moonlit nymph. She rises before me now, glowing with life, with the sound of her voice just dying in the air,—the more living for the mark of her crimson death-stain.

There was every good reason why her dawning consciousness of M. de Treuil's attentions — although these were little more than projected as yet — should have produced a serious tremor in her heart. It was not that she was aught of a coquette; I honestly believe that there was no latent coquetry in her nature. At all events, whatever she might have become after knowing M. de Treuil, she was no coquette to speak of in her ignorance. Her ignorance of men, in truth, was great. For the Vicomte himself, she had as yet known him only distantly, formally, as a gentleman of rank and fashion; and for others of his quality, she had seen but a small number, and not seen them intimately. These few words suffice to indicate that my aunt led a life of unbroken monotony. Once a year she spent six weeks with certain ladies of the Visitation, in whose convent she had received her education, and of whom she continued to be very fond. Half a dozen times in the twelvemonth she went to a hall, under convoy of some haply ungrudging *châtelaine*. Two or three times a month, she received a visit at Bergerac. The rest of the time she paced, with the grace of an angel and the patience of a woman, the dreary corridors and unclipt garden walks of Bergerac. The discovery, then, that the

brilliant Vicomte de Treuil was likely to make a proposal for her hand was an event of no small importance. With precisely what feelings she awaited its coming, I am unable to tell; but I have no hesitation in saying that even at this moment (that is, in less than a month after my tutor's arrival) her feelings were strongly modified by her acquaintance with Pierre Coquelin.

The word "acquaintance" perhaps exaggerates Mlle. de Bergerac's relation to this excellent young man. Twice a day she sat facing him at table, and half a dozen times a week she met him on the staircase, in the saloon, or in the park. Coquelin had been accommodated with an apartment in a small untenanted pavilion, within the enclosure of our domain, and except at meals, and when his presence was especially requested at the chateau, he confined himself to his own precinct. It was there, morning and evening, that I took my lesson. It was impossible, therefore, that an intimacy should have arisen between these two young persons, equally separated as they were by material and conventional barriers. Nevertheless, as the sequel proved, Coquelin must, by his mere presence, have begun very soon to exert a subtle action on Mlle. de Bergerac's thoughts. As for the young girl's influence on Coquelin, it is my belief that he fell in love with her the very first moment he beheld her, — that morning when he trudged wearily up our avenue. I need certainly make no apology for the poor fellow's audacity. You tell me that you fell in love at first sight with my aunt's portrait; you will readily excuse the poor youth for having been smitten with the original. It is less logical perhaps, but it is certainly no less natural, that Mlle. de Bergerac should have ventured to think of my governor as a decidedly interesting fellow. She saw so few men that one the more or the less made a very great difference. Coquelin's importance, moreover, was increased rather than diminished by the fact that, as I may say, he was a son of the soil. Marked as he was, in

aspect and utterance, with the genuine plebeian stamp, he opened a way for the girl's fancy into a vague, unknown world. He stirred her imagination, I conceive, in very much the same way as such a man as Gaston de Treuil would have stirred — actually had stirred, of course — the grosser sensibilities of many a little *bourgeoise*. Mlle. de Bergerac was so thoroughly at peace with the consequences of her social position, so little inclined to derogate in act or in thought from the perfect dignity of her birth, that with the best conscience in the world, she entertained, as they came, the feelings provoked by Coquelin's manly virtues and graces. She had been educated in the faith that *noblesse oblige*, and she had seen none but gentlefolks and peasants. I think that she felt a vague, unavowed curiosity to see what sort of a figure you might make when you were under no obligations to nobleness. I think, finally, that unconsciously and in the interest simply of her unsubstantial dreams, (for in those long summer days at Bergerac, without finery, without visits, music, or books, or anything that a well-to-do grocer's daughter enjoys at the present day, she must, unless she was a far greater simpleton than I wish you to suppose, have spun a thousand airy, idle visions,) she contrasted Pierre Coquelin with the Vicomte de Treuil. I protest that I don't see how Coquelin bore the contrast. I frankly admit that, in her place, I would have given all my admiration to the Vicomte. At all events, the chief result of any such comparison must have been to show how, in spite of real trials and troubles, Coquelin had retained a certain masculine freshness and elasticity, and how, without any sorrows but those of his own wanton making, the Vicomte had utterly rubbed off this primal bloom of manhood. There was that about Gaston de Treuil that reminded you of an actor by daylight. His little row of foot-lights had burned itself out. But this is assuredly a more pedantic view of the case than any that Mlle. de Bergerac was capable

of taking. The Vicomte had but to learn his part and declaim it, and the illusion was complete.

Mlle. de Bergerac may really have been a great simpleton, and my theory of her feelings — vague and imperfect as it is — may be put together quite after the fact. But I see you protest; you glance at the picture; you frown. *C'est bon*; give me your hand. She received the Vicomte's gallantries, then, with a modest, conscious dignity, and courtesied to exactly the proper depth when he made her one of his inimitable bows.

One evening — it was, I think, about ten days after Coquelin's arrival — she was sitting reading to my mother, who was ill in bed. The Vicomte had been dining with us, and after dinner we had gone into the drawing-room. At the drawing-room door Coquelin had made his bow to my father, and carried me off to his own apartment. Mlle. de Bergerac and the two gentlemen had gone into the drawing-room together. At dusk I had come back to the chateau, and, going up to my mother, had found her in company with her sister-in-law. In a few moments my father came in, looking stern and black.

"Sister," he cried, "why did you leave us alone in the drawing-room? Did n't you see I wanted you to stay?"

Mlle. de Bergerac laid down her book and looked at her brother before answering. "I had to come to my sister," she said: "I could n't leave her alone."

My mother, I'm sorry to say, was not always just to my aunt. She used to lose patience with her sister's want of coquetry, of ambition, of desire to make much of herself. She divined wherein my aunt had offended. "You're very devoted to your sister, suddenly," she said. "There are duties and duties, mademoiselle. I'm very much obliged to you for reading to me. You can put down the book."

"The Vicomte swore very hard when you went out," my father went on.

Mlle. de Bergerac laid aside her book.

"Dear me!" she said, "if he was going to swear, it's very well I went."

"Are you afraid of the Vicomte?" said my mother. "You're twenty-two years old. You're not a little girl."

"Is she twenty-two?" cried my father. "I told him she was twenty-one."

"Frankly, brother," said Mlle. de Bergerac, "what does he want? Does he want to marry me?"

My father stared a moment. "*Pardieu!*" he cried.

"She looks as if she didn't believe it," said my mother. "Pray, did you ever ask him?"

"No, madam; did you? You are very kind." Mlle. de Bergerac was excited; her cheek flushed.

"In the course of time," said my father, gravely, "the Vicomte proposes to demand your hand."

"What is he waiting for?" asked Mlle. de Bergerac, simply.

"*Fi donc, mademoiselle!*" cried my mother.

"He is waiting for M. de Sorbières to die," said I, who had got this bit of news from my mother's waiting-woman.

My father stared at me, half angrily; and then, — "He expects to inherit," he said, boldly. "It's a very fine property."

"He would have done better, it seems to me," rejoined Mlle. de Bergerac, after a pause, "to wait till he had actually come into possession of it."

"M. de Sorbières," cried my father, "has given him his word a dozen times over. Besides, the Vicomte loves you."

Mlle. de Bergerac blushed, with a little smile, and as she did so her eyes fell on mine. I was standing gazing at her as a child gazes at a familiar friend who is presented to him in a new light. She put out her hand and drew me towards her. "The truth comes out of the mouths of children," she said. "Chevalier, does he love me?"

"Stuff!" cried the Baronne; "one does n't speak to children of such things. A young girl should believe what she's

told. I believed my mother when she told me that your brother loved me. He didn't, but I believed it, and as far as I know I'm none the worse for it."

For ten days after this I heard nothing more of Mlle. de Bergerac's marriage, and I suppose that, childlike, I ceased to think of what I had already heard. One evening, about midsummer, M. de Treuil came over to supper, and announced that he was about to set out in company with poor M. de Sorbières for some mineral springs in the South, by the use of which the latter hoped to prolong his life.

I remember that, while we sat at table, Coquelin was appealed to as an authority upon some topic broached by the Vicomte, on which he found himself at variance with my father. It was the first time, I fancy, that he had been so honored and that his opinions had been deemed worth hearing. The point under discussion must have related to the history of the American War, for Coquelin spoke with the firmness and fullness warranted by personal knowledge. I fancy that he was a little frightened by the sound of his own voice, but he acquitted himself with perfect good grace and success. We all sat attentive; my mother even staring a little, surprised to find in a beggarly pedagogue a perfect *beau diseur*. My father, as became so great a gentleman, knew by a certain rough instinct when a man had something amusing to say. He leaned back, with his hands in his pockets, listening and paying the poor fellow the tribute of a half-puzzled frown. The Vicomte, like a man of taste, was charmed. He told stories himself, he was a good judge.

After supper we went out on the terrace. It was a perfect summer night, neither too warm nor too cool. There was no moon, but the stars flung down their languid light, and the earth, with its great dark masses of vegetation and the gently swaying tree-tops, seemed to answer back in a thousand vague perfumes. Somewhere, close at hand, out of an enchanted tree, a night-

ingale raved and carolled in delirious music. We had the good taste to listen in silence. My mother sat down on a bench against the house, and put out her hand and made my father sit beside her. Mlle. de Bergerac strolled to the edge of the terrace, and leaned against the balustrade, whither M. de Treuil soon followed her. She stood motionless, with her head raised, intent upon the music. The Vicomte seated himself upon the parapet, with his face towards her and his arms folded. He may perhaps have been talking, under cover of the nightingale. Coquelin seated himself near the other end of the terrace, and drew me between his knees. At last the nightingale ceased. Coquelin got up, and bade good night to the company, and made his way across the park to his lodge. I went over to my aunt and the Vicomte.

"M. Coquelin is a clever man," said the Vicomte, as he disappeared down the avenue. "He spoke very well this evening."

"He never spoke so much before," said I. "He's very shy."

"I think," said my aunt, "he's a little proud."

"I don't understand," said the Vicomte, "how a man with any pride can put up with the place of a tutor. I had rather dig in the fields."

"The Chevalier is much obliged to you," said my aunt, laughing. "In fact, M. Coquelin has to dig a little, has n't he, Chevalier?"

"Not at all," said I. "But he keeps some plants in pots."

At this my aunt and the Vicomte began to laugh. "He keeps one precious plant," cried my aunt, tapping my face with her fan.

At this moment my mother called me away. "He makes them laugh," I heard her say to my father, as I went to her.

"She had better laugh about it than cry," said my father.

Before long, Mlle. de Bergerac and her companion came back toward the house.

"M. le Vicomte, brother," said my

aunt, "invites me to go down and walk in the park. May I accept?"

"By all means," said my father. "You may go with the Vicomte as you would go with me."

"Ah!" said the Vicomte.

"Come then, Chevalier," said my aunt. "In my turn, I invite you."

"My son," said the Baronne, "I forbid you."

"But my brother says," rejoined Mlle. de Bergerac, "that I may go with M. de Treuil as I would go with himself. He would not object to my taking my nephew." And she put out her hand.

"One would think," said my mother, "that you were setting out for Siberia."

"For Siberia!" cried the Vicomte, laughing; "O no!"

I paused, undecided. But my father gave me a push. "After all," he said, "it's better."

When I overtook my aunt and her lover, the latter, losing no time, appeared to have come quite to the point.

"Your brother tells me, mademoiselle," he had begun, "that he has spoken to you."

The young girl was silent.

"You may be indifferent," pursued the Vicomte, "but I can't believe you're ignorant."

"My brother has spoken to me," said Mlle. de Bergerac at last, with an apparent effort, — "my brother has spoken to me of his project."

"I'm very glad he seemed to you to have espoused my cause so warmly that you call it his own. I did my best to convince him that I possess what a person of your merit is entitled to exact of the man who asks her hand. In doing so, I almost convinced myself. The point is now to convince you."

"I listen."

"You admit, then, that your mind is not made up in advance against me."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried my aunt, with some emphasis, "a poor girl like me does n't make up her mind. You frighten me, Vicomte. This is a serious question. I have the misfortune

to have no mother. I can only pray God. But prayer helps me not to choose, but only to be resigned."

"Pray often, then, mademoiselle. I'm not an arrogant lover, and since I have known you a little better, I have lost all my vanity. I'm not a good man nor a wise one. I have no doubt you think me very light and foolish, but you can't begin to know how light and foolish I am. Marry me and you'll never know. If you don't marry me, I'm afraid you'll never marry."

"You're very frank, Vicomte. If you think I'm afraid of never marrying, you're mistaken. One can be very happy as an old maid. I spend six weeks every year with the ladies of the Visitation. Several of them are excellent women, charming women. They read, they educate young girls, they visit the poor—"

The Vicomte broke into a laugh. "They get up at five o'clock in the morning; they breakfast on boiled cabbage; they make flannel waistcoats, and very good sweetmeats! Why do you talk so, mademoiselle? Why do you say that you would like to lead such a life? One might almost believe it is coquetry. *Tenez*, I believe it's ignorance,—ignorance of your own feelings, your own nature, and your own needs." M. de Treuil paused a moment, and, although I had a very imperfect notion of the meaning of his words, I remember being struck with the vehement look of his pale face, which seemed fairly to glow in the darkness. Plainly, he was in love. "You are not made for solitude," he went on; "you are not made to be buried in a dingy old chateau, in the depths of a ridiculous province. You are made for the world, for the court, for pleasure, to be loved, admired, and envied. No, you don't know yourself, nor does Bergerac know you, nor his wife! I, at least, appreciate you. I know that you are supremely beautiful—"

"Vicomte," said Mlle. de Bergerac, "you forget—the child."

"Hang the child! Why did you bring him along? *You* are no child.

You can understand me. You are a woman, full of intelligence and goodness and beauty. They don't know you here, they think you a little demoiselle in pinafores. Before Heaven, mademoiselle, there is that about you,—I see it, I feel it here at your side, in this rustling darkness,—there is that about you that a man would gladly die for."

Mlle. de Bergerac interrupted him with energy. "You talk extravagantly. I don't understand you; you frighten me."

"I talk as I feel. I frighten you? So much the better. I wish to stir your heart and get some answer to the passion of my own."

Mlle. de Bergerac was silent a moment, as if collecting her thoughts. "If I talk with you on this subject, I must do it with my wits about me," she said at last. "I must know exactly what we each mean."

"It's plain then that I can't hope to inspire you with any degree of affection."

"One does n't promise to love, Vicomte; I can only answer for the present. My heart is so full of good wishes toward you that it costs me comparatively little to say I don't love you."

"And anything I may say of my own feelings will make no difference to you?"

"You have said you love me. Let it rest there."

"But you look as if you doubted my word."

"You can't see how I look; Vicomte, I believe you."

"Well then, there is one point gained. Let us pass to the others. I'm thirty years old. I have a very good name and a very bad reputation. I honestly believe that, though I've fallen below my birth, I've kept above my fame. I believe that I have no vices of temper; I'm neither brutal, nor jealous, nor miserly. As for my fortune, I'm obliged to admit that it consists chiefly in my expectations. My actual property is about equal to your brother's, and you know how your sister-in-law is obliged

to live. My expectations are thought particularly good. My great-uncle, M. de Sorbières, possesses, chiefly in landed estates, a fortune of some three millions of livres. I have no important competitors, either in blood or devotion. He is eighty-seven years old and paralytic, and within the past year I have been laying siege to his favor with such constancy that his surrender, like his extinction, is only a question of time. I received yesterday a summons to go with him to the Pyrenees, to drink certain medicinal waters. The least he can do, on my return, is to make me a handsome allowance, which with my own revenues will make — *en attendant* better things — a sufficient income for a reasonable couple."

There was a pause of some moments, during which we slowly walked along in the obstructed starlight, the silence broken only by the train of my aunt's dress brushing against the twigs and pebbles.

"What a pity," she said, at last, "that you are not able to speak of all this good fortune as in the present rather than in the future."

"There it is! Until I came to know you, I had no thoughts of marriage. What did I want of wealth? If five years ago I had foreseen this moment, I should stand here with something better than promises."

"Well, Vicomte," pursued the young girl, with singular composure, "you do me the honor to think very well of me: I hope you will not be vexed to find that prudence is one of my virtues. If I marry, I wish to marry well. It's not only the husband, but the marriage that counts. In accepting you as you stand, I should make neither a sentimental match nor a brilliant one."

"Excellent. I love you, prudence and all. Say, then, that I present myself here three months hence with the titles and tokens of property amounting to a million and a half of livres, will you consider that I am a *parti* sufficiently brilliant to make you forget that you don't love me?"

"I should never forget that."

"Well, nor I either. It makes a sort of sorrowful harmony! If three months hence, I repeat, I offer you a fortune instead of this poor empty hand, will you accept the one for the sake of the other?"

My aunt stopped short in the path. "I hope, Vicomte," she said, with much apparent simplicity, "that you are going to do nothing indelicate."

"God forbid, mademoiselle! It shall be a clean hand and a clean fortune."

"If you ask then a promise, a pledge —"

"You'll not give it. I ask then only for a little hope. Give it in what form you will."

We walked a few steps farther and came out from among the shadows, beneath the open sky. The voice of M. de Treuil, as he uttered these words, was low and deep and tender and full of entreaty. Mlle. de Bergerac cannot but have been deeply moved. I think she was somewhat awe-struck at having called up such a force of devotion in a nature deemed cold and inconstant. She put out her hand. "I wish success to any honorable efforts. In any case you will be happier for your wealth. In one case it will get you a wife, and in the other it will console you."

"Console me! I shall hate it, despise it, and throw it into the sea!"

Mlle. de Bergerac had no intention, of course, of leaving her companion under an illusion. "Ah, but understand, Vicomte," she said, "I make no promise. My brother claims the right to bestow my hand. If he wishes our marriage now, of course he will wish it three months hence. I have never gainsaid him."

"From now to three months a great deal may happen."

"To you perhaps, but not to me."

"Are you going to your friends of the Visitation?"

"No, indeed. I have no wish to spend the summer in a cloister. I prefer the green fields."

"Well, then, *va* for the green fields! They're the next best thing. I rec-

commend you to the Chevalier's protection."

We had made half the circuit of the park, and turned into an alley which stretched away towards the house, and about midway in its course separated into two paths, one leading to the main avenue, and the other to the little pavilion inhabited by Coquelin. At the point where the alley was divided stood an enormous oak of great circumference, with a circular bench surrounding its trunk. It occupied, I believe, the central point of the whole domain. As we reached the oak, I looked down along the footpath towards the pavilion, and saw Coquelin's light shining in one of the windows. I immediately proposed that we should pay him a visit. My aunt objected, on the ground that he was doubtless busy and would not thank us for interrupting him. And then, when I insisted, she said it was not proper.

"How not proper?"

"It's not proper for me. A lady does not visit young men in their own apartments."

At this the Vicomte cried out. He was partly amused, I think, at my aunt's attaching any compromising power to poor little Coquelin, and partly annoyed at her not considering his own company, in view of his pretensions, a sufficient guaranty.

"I should think," he said, "that with the Chevalier and me you might venture—"

"As you please, then," said my aunt. And I accordingly led the way to my governor's abode.

It was a small edifice of a single floor, standing prettily enough among the trees, and still habitable, although very much in disrepair. It had been built by that same ancestor to whom Bergerac was indebted, in the absence of several of the necessities of life, for many of its elegant superfluities, and had been designed, I suppose, as a scene of pleasure,—such pleasure as he preferred to celebrate elsewhere than beneath the roof of his domicile. Whether it had ever been used I know

not; but it certainly had very little of the look of a pleasure-house. Such furniture as it had once possessed had long since been transferred to the needy saloons of the chateau, and it now looked dark and bare and cold. In front, the shrubbery had been left to grow thick and wild and almost totally to exclude the light from the windows; but behind, outside of the two rooms which he occupied, and which had been provided from the chateau with the articles necessary for comfort, Coquelin had obtained my father's permission to effect a great clearance in the foliage, and he now enjoyed plenty of sunlight and a charming view of the neighboring country. It was in the larger of these two rooms, arranged as a sort of study, that we found him.

He seemed surprised and somewhat confused by our visit, but he very soon recovered himself sufficiently to do the honors of his little establishment.

"It was an idea of my nephew," said Mlle. de Bergerac. "We were walking in the park, and he saw your light. Now that we are here, Chevalier, what would you have us do?"

"M. Coquelin has some very pretty things to show you," said I.

Coquelin turned very red. "Pretty things, Chevalier? Pray, what do you mean? I have some of your nephew's copy-books," he said, turning to my aunt.

"Nay, you have some of your own," I cried. "He has books full of drawings, made by himself."

"Ah, you draw?" said the Vicomte.

"M. le Chevalier does me the honor to think so. My drawings are meant for no critics but children."

"In the way of criticism," said my aunt, gently, "we too are children. Her beautiful eyes, as she uttered these words, must have been quite as gentle as her voice. Coquelin looked at her, thinking very modestly of his little pictures, but loth to refuse the first request she had ever made him.

"Show them, at any rate," said the Vicomte, in a somewhat peremptory tone. In those days, you see, a man

occupying Coquelin's place was expected to hold all his faculties and talents at the disposal of his patron, and it was thought an unwarrantable piece of assumption that he should cultivate any of the arts for his own peculiar delectation. In withholding his drawings, therefore, it may have seemed to the Vicomte that Coquelin was unfaithful to the service to which he was held, — that, namely, of instructing, diverting, and edifying the household of Bergerac. Coquelin went to a little cupboard in the wall, and took out three small albums and a couple of portfolios. Mlle. de Bergerac sat down at the table, and Coquelin drew up the lamp and placed his drawings before her. He turned them over, and gave such explanations as seemed necessary. I have only my childish impressions of the character of these sketches, which, in my eyes, of course, seemed prodigiously clever. What the judgment of my companions was worth I know not; but they appeared very well pleased. The Vicomte probably knew a good sketch from a poor one, and he very good-naturedly pronounced my tutor an extremely knowing fellow. Coquelin had drawn anything and everything, — peasants and dumb brutes, landscapes and Parisian types and figures, taken indifferently from high and low life. But the best pieces in the collection were a series of illustrations and reminiscences of his adventures with the American army, and of the figures and episodes he had observed in the Colonies. They were for the most part rudely enough executed, owing to his want of time and materials, but they were full of *finesse* and character. M. de Treuil was very much amused at the rude equipments of your ancestors. There were sketches of the enemy too, whom Coquelin had apparently not been afraid to look in the face. While he was turning over these designs for Mlle. de Bergerac, the Vicomte took up one of his portfolios, and, after a short inspection, drew from it, with a cry of surprise, a large portrait in pen and ink.

"*Tiens !*" said I ; it's my aunt !"

Coquelin turned pale. Mlle. de Bergerac looked at him, and turned the least bit red. As for the Vicomte, he never changed color. There was no eluding the fact that it was a likeness, and Coquelin had to pay the penalty of his skill.

"I did n't know," he said, at random, "that it was in that portfolio. Do you recognize it, mademoiselle ?"

"Ah," said the Vicomte, dryly, "M. Coquelin meant to hide it."

"It's too pretty to hide," said my aunt ; "and yet it's too pretty to show. It's flattered."

"Why should I have flattered you, mademoiselle ?" asked Coquelin. "You were never to see it."

"That's what it is, mademoiselle," said the Vicomte, "to have such dazzling beauty. It penetrates the world. Who knows where you'll find it reflected next ?"

However pretty a compliment this may have been to Mlle. de Bergerac, it was decidedly a back-handed blow to Coquelin. The young girl perceived that he felt it.

She rose to her feet. "My beauty," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice, "would be a small thing without M. Coquelin's talent. We are much obliged to you. I hope that you'll bring your pictures to the chateau, so that we may look at the rest."

"Are you going to leave him this ?" asked M. de Treuil, holding up the portrait.

"If M. Coquelin will give it to me, I shall be very glad to have it."

"One does n't keep one's own portrait," said the Vicomte. "It ought to belong to me." In those days, before the invention of our sublime machinery for the reproduction of the human face, a young fellow was very glad to have his mistress's likeness in pen and ink.

But Coquelin had no idea of contributing to the Vicomte's gallery. "Excuse me," he said, gently, but looking the nobleman in the face. "The picture isn't good enough for Mlle. de Bergerac, but it's too good for any one else"; and he drew it out of the other's

hands, tore it across, and applied it to the flame of the lamp.

We went back to the chateau in silence. The drawing-room was empty; but as we went in, the Vicomte took a lighted candle from a table and raised it to the young girl's face. "*Parbleu!*" he exclaimed, "the vagabond had looked at you to good purpose!"

Mlle. de Bergerac gave a half-confused laugh. "At any rate," she said, "he did n't hold a candle to me as if I were my old smoke-stained grandame, yonder!" and she blew out the light. "I'll call my brother," she said, preparing to retire.

"A moment," said her lover; "I shall not see you for some weeks. I shall start to-morrow with my uncle. I shall think of you by day, and dream of you by night. And meanwhile I shall very much doubt whether you think of me."

Mlle. de Bergerac smiled. "Doubt, doubt. It will help you to pass the time. With faith alone it would hang very heavy."

"It seems hard," pursued M. de

Treuil, "that I should give you so many pledges, and that you should give me none."

"I give all I ask."

"Then, for Heaven's sake, ask for something!"

"Your kind words are all I want."

"Then give me some kind word yourself."

"What shall I say, Vicomte?"

"Say, — say that you'll wait for me."

They were standing in the centre of the great saloon, their figures reflected by the light of a couple of candles in the shining inlaid floor. Mlle. de Bergerac walked away a few steps with a look of agitation. Then turning about, "Vicomte," she asked, in a deep, full voice, "do you truly love me?"

"Ah, Gabrielle!" cried the young man.

I take it that no woman can hear her baptismal name uttered for the first time as that of Mlle. de Bergerac then came from her suitor's lips without being thrilled with joy and pride.

"Well, M. de Treuil," she said, "I will wait for you."

THREE YEARS AS A NEGRO MINSTREL.

NEGRO minstrels were, I think, more highly esteemed at the time of which I am about to write than they are now; at least, I thought more of them then, both as individuals and as ministers to public amusement, than I ever have since. The first troupe of the kind I saw was the old "Kunkels," and I can convey no idea of the pleasurable thrill I felt at the banjo solo and the plantation jig. I resolved on the spot to be a negro minstrel. Mr. Ford, in whose theatre President Lincoln was assassinated, was, I believe, the agent of this company. I made known my ambition to that gentleman and to Mr. Kunkel himself, and they promised, no doubt, as the best means

of getting rid of me, to take me with them the next year. Meantime I bought a banjo, and had pennies screwed on the heels of my boots, and practised "Jordan" on the former, and the "Juba" dance with the latter, till my boarding-house keeper gave me warning. I think there is scarcely a serious friend of mine acquainted with me at that period, who does not remember me with sorrow and vexation. The racket that I made at all hours and in all places can be accounted for only by the youthful zeal with which I "practised," and which I despair of describing in anything so cold as words.

I was then in my twelfth year, and my own master. At the mature age of

eleven, I had run away from Buffalo, N. Y., where I had been placed at school, and travelled during six months all over the Western lakes, with one suit of clothes, a solitary shirt, and a cash capital of five copper cents. I was impelled by the same romantic instincts, I suppose, which at twenty, prompted me to undertake the "barefooted" tour of Europe, on the sum of one hundred and eighty-one dollars in United States currency. In which of these two adventurous enterprises I came nearer starving to death it would be difficult now to say. I had no parents to grieve after me, and knew little and cared less about the broad prairie in Ohio which was my patrimony and place of nativity. It was my relatives from whom I fled and to whom I never returned.

Towards the close of my eleventh year, I found myself possessor of a considerable sum of money in bank, which I had made out of my five coppers, after carrying them through all the hunger and squalor of my six months' wandering. (I had these coppers, I remember, in one pocket—it was also the only pocket—of my ragged pantaloons, in the dusk of that summer evening when I escaped from the benevolent gentleman, at Detroit, who purposed taking me to the House of Vagrancy.) I had made my money by selling papers and books on the lake steamer Northern Indiana, commanded by the late Captain Pheatt. I mention this kindly old gentleman, because he suffered a great deal from my early penchant to perform the clog-dance on the thin deck above his state-room. It is unnecessary to repeat here the eager and emphatic remonstrances which the good captain would make, when I had inadvertently seized the occasion of his "watch below" to shuffle him out of a profound sleep. Just before the steamer was laid up for the winter, I had taken my leave of her at Toledo, Ohio, where I was boarding and going to school on my earnings when I met Messrs. Ford and Kunkel. About the same time my landlady gave me warning to take my-

self and banjo and obstreperous feet out of her house.

In the course of a month or two, I left school that I might have more time to devote to minstrelsy. I found another boarding-house, however, where the plastering of the apartment below mine was proof against the coppers on my heels and the complicated shuffles of "Juba," and organized a band of boys into a minstrel troupe, and appointed myself musical director, though I knew no more of music than of chemistry. I spent my money for instruments for the company, and for furniture to deck the room in which we met for rehearsal. The musical instruments, however, were the least of the expense, since these consisted, if I well recollect, of the banjo before mentioned, three sets of bones, a tambourine, a triangle, and an accordion. With these, nevertheless, we succeeded in making it very unpleasant for some quiet-loving Teutons, who were accustomed to dream over their beer at a *Wirthschaft* in the same wooden building, and indeed just under the apartment in which we rehearsed every evening. On certain occasions, when I executed my "Juba" dance, or in company with others performed the Virginia Walk-around, these honest Germans would leave their beer, and sometimes their hats and pipes, behind them in terror, and rush precipitately into the middle of the street. There they would stand and gaze in silent amazement up at the windows, or utter their surprise and wrath at the proceedings in the expressive, speech of fatherland. The host, a portly gentleman with a red nose, remonstrated with us about four times a week, to little purpose. The owner of the building also remonstrated, but we had rented the apartment and would not leave till our time was out. We were constrained, however, to forego our jig and Walk-around. Still our music and singing, to which we were now confined, came near breaking up the poor retail Gambrinus of the saloon beneath. His "stem-guests" fell off one by one and sought a quieter neighborhood for their

evening potations. It was only the bravest of them that could be prevailed upon to return for anything more than their hats and pipes, after having been driven into the street on any of our siege-nights.

The best praise I can give to the young gentleman who played the accordeon is, that he was worthy to be under such a musical director as myself. He could play only one tune from beginning to end, and that was the "Gum-Tree Canoe." Now it happened none of us could sing the song, which, as is well known, is of the slow, melancholy, sentimental order; so this single tune would have been of very little benefit to us, had we not, luckily, pressed it into the incongruous double service of opening overture and closing quickstep. The songs that we sang, or attempted to sing, were executed to the accompaniment of the three sets of bones, the tambourine, triangle, and banjo, with an uncertain ghostly second on the accordeon, which, being the same for all tunes and following no lead whatever, was of a sufficiently lugubrious and dismal nature, when it was not wholly drowned by the clangor of the other instruments. My company, it must be confessed, had zeal, but little talent. I spent what was left of my summer's earnings before I could get them up to a point that would, in my judgment, warrant a hope of success, should we give the public exhibition for which my minstrels were clamorously ambitious. After many long months of fruitless trial, the rent for our room becoming due, our furniture and instruments were seized; the landlord turned us out of doors; the German beer-seller crossed himself thankfully; and I was as completely ruined as many a manager before me.

It may as well be owned that I had no natural aptness for the banjo, and was always an indifferent player; but for dancing I had, I am confident, such a remarkable gift as few have ever had. Up to this day, I do not think I ever have seen a step done by man or woman that I could not do as soon as I

saw it, — not saying, of course, how gracefully. I am not, however, so vain or proud of this gift as I used to be, and should hardly have written the foregoing sentence at all, had it not seemed necessary to a proper understanding of subsequent passages in this narrative.

I was still so small of stature, and yet capable of producing so much noise with the coppers on my heels, that, by the wholesale clerks and young bloods about town, I was considered in the light of a prodigy, and made to shuffle my feet at almost all hours and in almost all localities. It was by this means, at some place of convivial resort, that I attracted the notice and admiration of a conductor on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad. He determined to have so much talent with him all the time, and prevailed upon me to be his train-boy. Here, as on the lake, I had the exclusive privilege of selling books and papers to the passengers. The great railways were not then farmed by a single person or firm as now. I was my own agent and the regulator of my own prices and profits. Both of these latter I found it convenient to make large, and was again the possessor of more money than I cared to spend. It was my business to carry water through the cars at stated intervals. On a day train, I could afford to perform my duty with promptness, when I had sufficiently worried the passengers with my merchandise. But on a night train — which came to my lot just as often as a day train — I took a more lucrative and, I fear, less reputable means of quenching the thirst of travellers. There were no sleeping-cars in those times, and, I believe, no water-tanks in the passenger-cars. My memory may fail me in this matter of the water-tanks, but I am certain that I never filled them, if there were any on our road. I don't know whether more people travelled then than now, but I remember the trains were exceeding long ones in those hot summer nights, and the people became terribly thirsty. And this is the way I

comforted them. Taking a barrel of water, a pailful of brown sugar, and a proper amount of a well-known acid, I concocted lemonade which I sold through the train for five cents a glass. When thirsty lips asked piteously for water, I would tell the sufferer, with perfect truth, that there was not a drop of pure water left on the train. I blush to write that I sometimes sold fifteen dollars' worth of this vile compound in a night. I was taught how to prepare it by a man who travelled with a circus, and who assured me that all his ice-cold lemonade was concocted in the same way; and that, far from having killed anybody, it gave perfect satisfaction to the gentlemen and ladies from the country, who were his principal customers. The only excuse I have to offer for myself now, is that I was not conscious then how great a villain I really was.

Towards the middle of the summer, the cholera became so prevalent in the Western cities that I thought it prudent to retire from the active life of a train-boy, and live quietly on my earnings. I settled myself, therefore, at a fashionable boarding-house in Toledo. Here the landlady, fearful of the dust and anxious for the integrity of her carpet, made a remarkable compromise with me to the glory of aesthetics. Whenever there was a pressing request from the boarders for me to exercise my feet, she would bustle in with a large roll of oil-cloth, and spread it uncomplainingly on the parlor floor, near the piano to the music of which I danced. This was, I think, the first introduction of clogs as a drawing-room entertainment. I soon came to be invited out as a sort of cub-lion; and thus it happened that the rumor and dust of my accomplishments spread gradually throughout the city.

One evening I strolled into what is now the St. Nicholas, and stepping to the bar which came just up to my juvenile shoulders, I demanded authoritatively of the bar-tender if he had any good pale brandy. He said that he had. I told him in the same imperative tone to give me a ten-cent drink, "and none of his instant-death kind

either." This made somewhat of a sensation among the frequenters of that fashionable resort. They evidently mistook this brandy-bibbing as a swaggering habit of mine; whereas, I was honestly prescribing for myself what had been recommended to me as the best preventive of cholera. Having swallowed and paid for the brandy, I was preparing to withdraw, when I heard this dialogue going on behind me:—

"Who for pity's sake is that?"

"That? why, that's just the boy you want. But can't he dance though!"

Turning, I saw a couple of well-dressed men seated together at the end of the room. I had barely time to observe that one was a stranger to me, when the other called me to him and introduced me to Johnny Booker. Now I had heard the songs, then popular, "Meet Johnny Booker in the Bowling Green," and "Johnny Booker help dis nigger"; and when I was aware that I was standing before the person to whose glory these lyrics had been written, I was very much abashed. I looked upon a great negro minstrel as unquestionably the greatest man on earth, and it was some time before I could answer his questions intelligibly. In the course of a few minutes, however, I was conducted into a private room, where I was made to dance "Juba" to the time which the comedian himself gave me by means of his two hands and one foot, and which is technically called "patting." My performance, it seems, was satisfactory, for I was engaged on the spot. Mr. Booker was then waiting for the rest of his company to join him; and when they arrived, I was instituted jig-dancer to the troupe, with a weekly salary of five dollars and all my travelling expenses.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the gratified ambition with which I prepared for my first appearance on the stage. The great Napoleon, in the coronation robes which can be seen any day in the Tuileries, was not prouder or happier than I when I made my initial bow before the foot-lights, in my small Canton flannel knee-pants, cheap

lace, gold tinsel, corked face, and woolly wig. I do not remember any embarrassment, for I was only doing in public what I had already done for the majority of the audience in private. If I had acquitted myself much worse than I really did, my debut would still, I am convinced, have been considered a success. So great, indeed, was the local pride of the good Toledans in their infant phenomenon, that after the company had exhibited a week, my name — or rather the *nom de guerre* which I had assumed — was put up for a benefit. On that day, I had the satisfaction of seeing hung across the street, on a large canvas, a water-color representation of myself, with one arm and one leg elevated, in the act of performing "Juba" over the heads and carts and carriages of the passers-by. At night the house was crowded, and I was called out three times; but what afterwards struck me as unaccountably odd was, that I received not one cent from the proceeds of this benefit. When my salary was paid me, at the end of the next week, I was assured that "this benefit business" was a mere trick of the trade, and I was forced to content myself with the fact that I had learned something in my new profession.

We now started on our travels, staying from one night to a week in a city, according to its size, stopping always at the best hotels, and leading the merriest of lives generally. I had the additional glory of being stared at as the youthful prodigy by day, and of having more than my share of applause, accompanied sometimes with quarter-dollars, bestowed on me at night. There was in our troupe a remarkable character by the name of Frank Lynch, who played the tambourine and banjo. He and the celebrated Diamond had been in their youth among the first and greatest of dancers. Too portly now to endure sustained effort with his feet, he was yet an excellent instructor; and I was constantly under his training.

Lynch and I were together in another troupe afterwards. I never knew him, in all the time of our association,

to talk ten minutes without telling some story, and that always about something which had happened to him personally in the show business. In the long nights, when we had to wait for cars or steamboats, he would sit down, and, taking up one theme, would string all his stories on that, and that alone, for hours. His manner would make the merest commonplace amusing. We had been together a year or more, I think, when Barnum's Autobiography came out. I shall never forget my comrade's indignation when he read that passage of the book which runs something in this way: "Here I picked up one Francis Lynch, an orphan vagabond," &c., &c. It was really dangerous after that for a man to own, in his presence, to having read the life of the great showman. Henceforth, Lynch omitted all his stories about the time when he and P. T. Barnum used to black their faces together.

Lynch professed to live in Boston, though he had not been there in fifteen years. During all this time, he had been earnestly trying to get back to his home. He would often spend money enough in a night to take him to Boston from almost any place in the broad Union, and back again, and then lament his folly for the next week. Once he left our company at Cleveland, Ohio, for the express purpose of going back to Boston. Unfortunately a night intervened, and, in the middle of it, the whole Weddell House was aroused from its slumbers by poor Lynch in the last stage of intoxication, vociferating at the top of his lungs that he had been robbed of the money with which he was going back to Boston. By some means, he had got hold of a lighted candle without a candlestick, and with this he purposed to search the house. The clerks and porters were called out of bed, and, led by Lynch with his flickering taper, came in melancholy procession up the long stairs to the rooms occupied by our troupe. Lynch insisted that we should all be searched, — a whim in which, under the circumstances, we thought it

best to humor him. This having been done, without finding his lost treasure, he bolted the doors, and proceeded to examine the surprised clerks and porters. Meeting with the same ill success, he finally threw himself in despair upon his bed, and wailed himself to sleep. The next morning he found all the money which he had not spent in the side pocket of his overcoat, where he had carelessly thrust it himself. And his joy was so great at this, and his sorrow so lively when told that he had searched us all, that he insisted on spending what money was left to celebrate his good luck and the triumph of our honesty.

Lynch never got back to Boston. He died several years ago, somewhere out in the far West. Since then it has transpired that Barnum was wrong in calling him an orphan, at least; for his father sought him a long time, before hearing of his death, to bestow upon the poor fellow a considerable fortune that had been left him by some relative.

Johnny Booker was the stage manager of the company with which I left Toledo. Our first business manager and proprietor was a noble-hearted fellow, who has since distinguished himself as a colonel in the late war; but the managership changed hands after a while, and we finally arrived at Pittsburg. Here we played a week to poor houses, and, one morning, awoke to find that our manager had decamped without paying our hotel bills. When this became known, through the papers or in some other way, the landlord got out an attachment on our baggage. The troupe was disbanded, of course. When, therefore, I desired to take my trunk and go home, the hotel-keeper told me that I could do so as soon as I paid the bills of the whole company. This was appalling. After a great deal of wrangling, the landlord was convinced at last that he could hold us responsible only for our individual indebtedness. Accordingly Mr. Booker, Mr. Kneeland, a violinist, and myself were allowed to pay our bills and de-

part with our baggage. I never learned exactly how the greater part of the company escaped, but it certainly could not have been by discharging their accounts; for they were generally of that reckless disposition which scorns to have any cash on hand, or to remember where it has been deposited. The sentimental ballad-singer, — the one who was the most careful of his scarfs, the set of his attire, and the combing and curling of his hair; and who used to volunteer to stand at the door in the early part of the evening, and pass programmes to the ladies as they came into the hall, — this languishing fellow, I am sorry to say, was obliged to leave his trunks and the greater part of his wardrobe behind him in the hands of the inexorable landlord. Frank Lynch had led this nomadic life so long that he never carried any trunk with him. He had already sacrificed too much, he averred, to the rapaciousness of hotel-keepers and the villany of fly-by-night managers. He contented himself, therefore, with two champagne-baskets, one of which, containing his stage-wardrobe, always went directly to the hall where we were to play, while the other, containing his linen, went to the hotel, where, in company with the baggage of the whole troupe, it excited no suspicion. Whether or not Lynch left one of his champagne-baskets with the Pittsburg landlord, I cannot say. When I next heard of him, he was at Cincinnati in search of an engagement. The two gentlemen with whom I left Pittsburg accompanied me to Toledo, where Mr. Booker set to work to get up another company. Lynch was accordingly sent for. Mr. Edwin Deaves, also a member of the former troupe, — and now, by the way, a veteran scenic artist at San Francisco, — was brought from some other place; and the "Booker Troupe" set out on its travels.

This company prided itself on its sobriety and gentlemanly conduct. It was the business of the four other members to keep poor Lynch straight, and if, in the endeavor, some of them occasionally fell themselves, it was put

down to the reckless good-fellowship of the merry veteran, and hushed up as expeditiously as possible. There were so few of us, that we could afford to go to smaller towns than the other troupe had ever visited. It was deemed a good advertisement, as well as in some meta-physical way conducive to the *morale* of the company, to dress as nearly alike as we could, when off the stage. This had the effect, as will be readily understood, of pointing me out more prominently than ever as the juvenile prodigy, whose portrait and assumed name were plastered about over the walls of the towns and cities through which we took our triumphal march. The first part of our performances we gave with white faces, and I had so improved my opportunities that I was now able to appear as the Scotch girl in plaid petticoats, who executes the inevitable Highland fling in such exhibitions. By practising in my room through many tedious days, I learned to knock and spin and toss about the tambourine on the end of my forefinger; and, having rehearsed a budget of stale jokes, I was promoted to be one of the "end-men" in the first part of the negro performances. Lynch, who could do anything, from a solo on the penny trumpet to an obligato on the double-bass, was at the same time advanced to play the second violin, as this made more music and helped fill up the stage. In addition to my jig, I now appeared in all sorts of *pas de deux*, took the principal lady part in negro ballets, and danced "Lucy Long." I am told that I looked the wench admirably.

The "Booker Troupe" wandered all over the Western country, travelling at all hours of night and day and in all manner of conveyances, from the best to the worst. The life was so exciting, and I was so young, that I was probably as happy as an itinerant mortal can be in this world of belated railway trains, steamboat explosions and collisions, and runaway stage-horses. We were on our way east from Chicago, exhibiting at the towns along the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, when

Ephraim came to us. Ephraim was one of the most comical specimens of the negro species. We were playing at Marshall, Michigan, when he introduced himself to our notice by bringing water into the dressing-room, blacking our boots, and in other ways making himself useful. He had the blackest face, largest mouth, and whitest teeth imaginable. He said there was nothing in the world which he would like so well as to travel with a show. What could he do? Why, he could fetch water, black our boots, and take care of our baggage. We assured him that we could not afford to have a servant travel with us. Ephraim rejoined that he did not want any pay; he just wanted to go with the show. We told him it was simply impossible; and Ephraim went away, as we thought discouraged.

The next morning, as we were getting into the railway car, whom should we discover there before us but Ephraim, with his baggage under his arm, — a glazed travelling-bag of so attenuated an appearance that it could not possibly have had anything in it but its lining. To the question as to whether he was bound, he replied, "Why, bless you, I's goin' wid de show." Again he was told that it could not be, and made to get out of the car. This occurrence gave Mr. Lynch the theme for a long series of stories about people he had met, who were what he called "show-struck"; and with these narratives our time was beguiled till we reached the town at which we were to perform that night. As we walked out towards the baggage-car, what was our surprise to see Ephraim there, picking out and piling up our trunks, and bestowing sundry loud and expressive epithets upon the baggage-master, who had let a property-box fall upon the platform. I think we laughed louder now than we had at any of Mr. Lynch's stories. Ephraim deigned not to notice us or our mirth, but, having picked out the baggage that went to the hall where we were to exhibit, he called a dray and rode away with it. He made himself of great use during our stay in that

place, in return for which his slight hotel expenses were paid; but he was told positively that he could go no farther. We knew that he had no money, yet did not dare to give him any, lest he should be enabled to follow us to the next town. So, when we came to go away, we expressed our regrets to the ingenuous darky, and once more bade him good-by. He disappeared in the crowd, and the train moved off. When we arrived at the next town, however, there again was Ephraim, at the baggage-car, giving his stentorian commands about our trunks and properties, and taking not the least notice of the surprise depicted on our faces.

The discharge and mysterious reappearance of Ephraim occurred in about the same manner at every town along the road, until we reached Detroit. We never could find out how he got from place to place on the cars; but where our baggage was, there was Ephraim also. We had to succumb. His persistency and faithfulness and perfect good-nature carried the point; and he became a regular *attaché* of the "Booker Troupe." The story of the fights and beatings that poor Ephraim sustained in his jealous care of our luggage would alone make a long chapter. He was always at fisticuffs with the Irish porters of the hotels. On one occasion, when remonstrated with for his excessive pugnacity, Ephraim explained himself in this way: "For one slam of a trunk I gen'lly speaks to a man; for two slams I calls him a thief; and when it comes to three slams, den deres gwine to be somebody knocked down. Now you heered me!"

On our arrival at the hotel in Detroit, we observed that the porter was an Irishman, and were really surprised that he and Ephraim did not quarrel in handling the baggage, — an anomaly which was satisfactorily explained to us afterwards, by the fact that the porter had lately come to this country, and was, moreover, only about half-witted. Now Ephraim was in the habit of taking his meals in the kitchens, and of sleeping in whatever attic was

assigned him. On our first night in Detroit he had been sent into the servants' chamber, somewhere in the topmost part of the hotel. Ephraim ascended, disrobed himself, and, with his usual recklessness, got into the first of the many beds he saw in the large room. At twelve o'clock, when his watch was over, the Irish porter also proceeded to the same apartment, with the purpose of retiring. Opening the door, he discovered by the dim gas-light something dark on the pillow of his own bed. This brought all his Old World superstition into play in a moment. Going as much nearer as he dared, he saw that it was a black head, and believing firmly that the Devil was black, he was sure that the Devil was in his bed. The affrighted porter gave an unearthly yelp, at which Ephraim started up in terror. Whereupon the Irishman seized one of the negro's boots from the floor by the foot of the bed, and fell to beating the supposed Devil over the head with all his might. The attack was so sudden that Ephraim never thought of defence, but, springing to his feet, fled precipitately down the six flights of stairs, out into the middle of the street, crying, "Watch, watch!" at the top of his voice. Here a policeman came along, and took poor Ephraim off to the station-house just as he was, and in spite of all his protestations of innocence. The next morning Mr. Booker carried his clothes to the unfortunate negro, and brought him back to the hotel.

In the course of time the "Booker Troupe" was disbanded, and Ephraim, as well as ourselves, was, in green-room parlance, out of an engagement. I never saw him or Lynch afterwards. I found myself, after some minor adventures, at Cincinnati, where the once notorious Mike Mitchell left the Campbell's Minstrels, and took me with him into a company which he organized in that city, under the title of "The Mitchells." We played for some time at the largest hall in Cincinnati, and travelled afterwards through a few of the neighboring States. This troupe, too, hav-

ing gone to pieces, I was one of the volunteers at the grand complimentary benefit given to Mitchell at Cincinnati, with the proceeds of which he was sent out to California to join his friends Birch and Backus.

Mitchell, poor fellow, like Lynch and Sliter and so many of my old associates in the cork-opera, has passed away, let us hope, to a quieter stage, beyond the double-dealing of managers and the contumely of publicans. An old showman is, in truth, a being *sui generis*. You rarely meet one who will not tell you he has been twenty-two years in the show business. He always talks in hyperbole, uses adjectives for adverbs, and arranges all the minor incidents of his life, as well as his conversation, in the most dramatic forms. He is often a better friend to others than to himself; he is not naturally worse than the majority of men, but has more temptation. A good negro minstrel would, in any other profession, be an Admirable Crichton in respect to morals. While acknowledging with pride that I met in this calling some who deserved even such praise, it is due to the truth to state also that I have known many and many a poor fellow who was, in the language of Addison,

"Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric."

The day after the farewell benefit of Mitchell, I was engaged by Dr. Spaulding, the veteran manager, whose old quarrel with Dan Rice has made him famous to the lovers of the circus. He was then fitting out "The Floating Palace" for its voyage on the Western and Southern rivers. "The Floating Palace" was a great boat built expressly for show purposes. It was towed from place to place by a steamer called the James Raymond. The Palace contained a museum with all the usual concomitants of "Invisible Ladies," stuffed giraffes, puppet-dancing, &c., &c. The Raymond contained, besides the dining-hall and state-rooms of the employees, a concert-saloon fitted up with great elegance and convenience,

and called "The Ridotto." In this latter I was engaged, in conjunction with "a full band of minstrels," to do my jig and wench dances. The two boats left Cincinnati with nearly a hundred souls on board, that being the necessary complement of the vast establishment. We were bound for Pittsburg, where we were to give our first exhibition; purposing to stop afterwards, on our way down, at all the towns and landings along the Ohio. Everything went well on our way up the river till we came within about twenty miles of Wheeling, Va., when the Raymond stuck fast on a sand-bar. It was thought best for the people to be transferred to the Palace so as to lighten the steamer, and let her work off. When, accordingly, we had all huddled into the museum, our lines were cast off and our anchor let go; but we were carried half a mile down stream before the anchor caught. Here, all day, from the decks of the Palace, we could watch the futile efforts of the Raymond to get off the bar. The only provision for the inner man, on board of our craft, was a drinking-saloon, which was of very little comfort to the numerous ladies of the party, to say the least. Towards night we became exceedingly hungry, but no relief was sent us from the steamer. One Riese, an obese bass singer, who was a terrible gourmand, and who had been for the last five hours raving about the decks in a pitiable manner, rushed suddenly out upon the guard, about eight o'clock, declaring that he saw a boat-load of provisions coming from the Raymond. A shout of joy now went up from the famished people, that shook the stuffed giraffes and wax-works in their glass cases. It was a boat, indeed; but it contained simply the captain, mate, and pilot, who had come all that way after their evening bitters at the drinking-saloon. They expressed themselves very sorry for us, and were confident that they could now get the steamer off the bar. This liquid stimulus was all that had been needed from the first. With this mild assurance for a founda-

tion to our hopes of relief, they took their departure, and we waited on and on through the long night. Riese, the bass singer, never slept a wink, or allowed many others to sleep, his hungry voice, like a loon's on some solitary lake, breaking in upon the stillness where and when it was least expected. Wrapped in the veritable cloak of the great Pacha Mohammed Ali, I drowsed through the latter part of the night, crouched down between the glass apartments of the waxen Tam O'Shanter and the Twelve Apostles. In the morning there were several more steamers on ground in the neighborhood, but no better prospect of the Raymond's getting off. We were finally taken off to her in small boats, and allowed to break our long fast. Instead of rising, the river fell, and we were left almost a week on dry land. Our provisions giving out, it was thought best for the performers to be taken up to Wheeling by a little stern-wheeler that happened to come along. At that city we gave several exhibitions at Washington Hall. Proceeding thence down the river, on the stern-wheeler, to play at the towns along till we should be overtaken by the Palace and the Raymond, we passed those unfortunate boats, still laboring to free themselves, and were greeted with hearty cheers by the people on board. One night the river rose suddenly, and, in a day or so, we were overtaken by the whole establishment, at Marietta, Ohio. The purposed trip to Pittsburg was abandoned. We commenced our voyage down the river, exhibiting in the afternoon and evening, and sometimes in the morning, at two, and often three, towns or landings in a day.

It needed not this excess of its labors to tire me with the showman's life. Several months before I had begun to doubt whether a great negro minstrel was a more enviable man than a great senator or author. As these doubts grew on me, I purchased some school-books, and betook myself to study every day, devouring, in the intervals of arithmetic and grammar, the con-

tents of every work of biography and poetry that I could lay hands on. The novelty and excitement of this odd life, indeed, were wearing away. All audiences at last looked alike to me, as all lecture-goers do to Dr. Holmes. They laughed at the same places at the performance, applauded at the same place, and looked inane or interested at the same place, day after day, week after week, and month after month. I became gradually indifferent to their applause, or only noticed when it failed at the usual step or pantomime. Then succeeded a sort of contempt for audiences, and, at last, a positive hatred of them and myself. I noticed, or thought I noticed, that their faces wore the same vacant expression whether their eyes were staring at me or the stuffed giraffes or the dancing puppets of the museum.

I obtained my first view of the great Mississippi and of the practical working of Lynch law at the same time. The night of our advent at Cairo was lit up by the fires of an execution. A negro, it seems, was the owner or lessee of an old wharf-boat, which had been moored to the levee of that town, and which he had turned to the uses of a gambling-saloon. People who had been enticed into it had never been seen or heard of afterwards. The vigilance committee, then governing Cairo, had frequently endeavored to lay hold of the negro and bring him to trial; but he had secret passages from one part of the wharf-boat to the other, by which he always eluded his pursuers. Having no doubt that he was guilty of several murders, the *vigilantes*, on the night of our arrival, had come down to the levee, two or three hundred strong, armed, equipped, and determined to make the wretch surrender. In answer to their summons, they received nothing but insults from the negro, still out of sight and secure in one of his hiding-places. At a given signal, the wharf-boat was set afire and cut adrift, and, as it floated out into the current, the *vigilantes* surrounded it in small boats, with their rifles ready and point-

ed to prevent the escape of their victim. When the wharf-boat was well into the stream, the negro appeared boldly at the place which, in the middle of all river-craft of that kind, is left open for the reception and discharge of freight. And now a scene occurred, so sensationally dramatic, so easily adaptable to the stage of these latter days, that I would not dare to relate it for truth, if I had not witnessed it with my own eyes. The negro was not discovered till he had rolled a large keg of powder into the middle of the open space just mentioned. As he stood in the light of his burning craft, it could be seen by the people in the small boats in the river, that he had a cocked musket with the muzzle plunged into the keg of powder. Then the negro dared them to come on and take him, pouring upon them at the same time such horrible oaths and curses as have rarely come from the lips of man. The small boats kept a proper distance now, their occupants caring only to prevent his escape into the water. As the flames grew thicker around him, there the negro stood, floating down into the darkness that enveloped the majestic river, with his cocked musket still in the keg of powder, and cursing and defying his executioners. He was game to the last. We heard the explosion down the stream, and saw the wharf-boat sink. The next day, I spoke with the leader of the band in the small boats, — a short, wiry little man, with a piercing eye. He said that he had not the heart to shoot the "nigger," because he showed such pluck. He even confessed that, for the same reason, he felt almost sorry for the victim, after the explosion had blown him into eternity.

We saw, indeed, a great deal of wild life in the country we visited, for we steamed thousands of miles on the Western and Southern rivers. We went, for instance, the entire navigable lengths of the Cumberland and Tennessee. Our advertising agent had a little boat of his own, in which he preceded us. The Palace and Raymond would sometimes run their noses upon the banks

of some of these rivers where there was not a habitation in view, and by the hour of the exhibition the boats and shore would be thronged with people. In some places on the Mississippi, especially in Arkansas, men would come in with pistols sticking out of their coat-pockets, or with long bowie-knives protruding from the legs of their boots. The manager had provided for these savage people; for every member of the company was armed, and, at a given signal, stood on the defensive. We had a giant for a door-keeper, who was known in one evening to kick down stairs as many as five of these bushwhackers, with drawn knives in their hands. There were two other persons, employed ostensibly as ushers, but really to fight the wild men of the rivers. These two gentlemen were members of the New York prize ring, one of whom, I believe, went to England with Heenan at the time of the international "mill," and whose name I saw in a New York paper, the other day, as the trainer of a pugilistic celebrity of the present time. The honest fellows scorned to use anything but their fists in preserving order; and it is strange, considering the number of deadly weapons drawn on them, that they never received anything worse than a few scratches. Nor did they, indeed, ever leave their antagonists with anything worse than a broken head; except in a solitary case, which befell at a backwoods landing on the Upper Mississippi, where a person who had made an unprovoked attack on the boats was left for dead on the bank, as we pushed out into the stream. We never heard whether he lived or died.

Besides these pugilists, we had in our company other celebrities; for instance, the amiable and gentlemanly David Reed, whose character-song of "Sally come up" made such a *furor*, not long ago, in New York and, I believe, throughout the country. His picture is to be seen at all the music stores. One other of our company has since had his name and exploits telegraphed to the remotest ends of the

earth; I remember to have read of him myself, in a little German newspaper, on the banks of the Danube. This was Professor Lowe, the balloonist, late of the Army of the Potomac. I doubt very much whether the Professor had dipped very deeply into aeronautics at that time. He was an ingenious, odd sort of Yankee, with his long hair braided and hanging in two tails down his back. His wife, formerly a Paris *danseuse*, was my instructor in the Terpsichorean art. By the aid of a little whip, which she insisted was essential to success, she taught me to go through all the posturings and pirouettes of the operatic ballet girls. I was forced often to remonstrate against the ardor with which she applied her whip to a toe or finger of mine which would get perversely out of the line of beauty. Professor Lowe and Madame, his wife, conducted the performances of the "Invisible Lady," a contrivance that may not be familiar to all my readers. A hollow brass ball with four trumpets protruding from it is suspended inside of a hollow railing. Questions put by the by-standers are answered through a tube by a person in the apartment beneath. The imaginations of the spectators make the sounds seem to issue from the brass ball. It used to be amusing to stand by and listen to the answers of the "Invisible Lady," *alias* Madame Lowe, whose English was drolly mixed up with her own vernacular. But if the responses were sometimes unintelligible, this only added to the mystery and success of the brazen oracle. The Professor was passionately fond of game. He was struck with the abundance of turkeys in one of the Southern States where we chanced to be, and, throwing his gun across his shoulder, sallied forth to bring some of them down. He returned shortly, with two large black birds, which he exhibited about the decks, amid the grins and suppressed laughter of the crew. It was not till the Professor took his game into the kitchen to have it dressed for dinner, that he was in-

formed not only that his birds were not turkeys at all, but that he had been breaking one of the statutes of the State, which prohibits, under a pecuniary penalty, the killing of turkey-buzzards.

In his social relations a performer, like many another great man or woman, is liable to mistakes of head and heart. The ladies of the profession are sometimes given to gossip and backbiting in as great a degree at least as are the gentlemen. Jealousy may be as rife on a Mississippi show-boat as in the antechamber of any court in Europe. I have known a *danseuse* to furnish boys with clandestine bouquets to throw on the stage when she appeared; not that she cared at all for the praise or blame of the audience, but that she *did* care to crush a cleverer rival. I have known men, whose names have made some noise in the world, to measure with straws the comparative sizes of the letters in which they were announced on a poster. In our company on board the Palace and the Raymond, we had strange contrasts in human nature. It would happen, for instance, that the man who could not sleep without snoring would be placed in the same state-room with the man who could not sleep within hearing of the most distant snore. The man who could not eat pork was seated at table just opposite the man who doted on it. We had one gentleman—the fleshy bass singer already mentioned—who spent all his leisure in catching mocking-birds; and another, who passed his spare hours in contriving new and undiscoverable ways of letting these birds escape from the cages. There were on board ladies who had seen more prosperous days, when they were the chief attractions at the theatres of London, Paris, and New York,—according to their own stories; other ladies who had never associated with such vulgar people before; other ladies who hoped they would die, if they did not leave the company at the very next landing, but never left; and yet other ladies, I am rejoiced to add,

who were lovely in nature and deed, — kind mothers and faithful wives, whose strength of character and ready cheerfulness tended as far as possible to restore the social equilibrium.

In the course of the long association grotesque friendships sprang up. The man who played the bass-drum was the bosom companion of the man who had charge of the machine for making the gas which supplied the two boats. The pretty man of the establishment, he who played the chimes on the top of the museum and the piano in the concert-room, — at present a popular composer at St. Louis, — this young gentleman, who broke all the hearts of the country girls that came into the show, was the inseparable friend of the pilot, — a great, gruff, warm-hearted fellow, who steered the Raymond from the corners of his eyes and swore terribly at snags. The man who dusted down Tam O'Shanter and the Twelve Apostles in wax, and had especial care of the stuffed birds, giraffes, and alligators, was on most intimate terms with the cook. The youngest of the ladies who hoped to die if they didn't go ashore at the next landing and never went, — or died either, for that matter, — well, she was, or pretended to be, desperately in love with the treasurer of the company, a thin, irascible old fellow, with a bald head. On the arrival of another *dansense* in the company, the two dancers, who were before deadly enemies, became sworn friends and confidants, united in their jealousy and hatred of the new-comer. The lady who was loudest in proclaiming that she had never before associated with such low people as the performers on board of these boats seemed to enjoy herself most, and indeed spent most of her time, in the society of Bridget, the Irish laundry-woman of the establishment, who on one occasion, after excessive stimulus, came very near hanging herself overboard to dry, instead of a calico dress.

As a general thing, however, the ladies, performers, and crew of our boats were not so quarrelsome as I have seen ~~the~~ set of cabin passengers

on a sea voyage between America and Europe, or especially on the three weeks' passage to or from California. When I consider that there were so many of us together in this narrow compass for nearly a year, it seems to me strange indeed that there was not more bad blood excited.

Madame Olinza was, I believe, the name of the Polish lady who walked on a tight-rope from the floor of one end of the museum up to the roof of the farthest gallery. This kind of perilous ascension and suspension was something new in the country then. It was before the time of Blondin, and Madame used to produce a great sensation. Now it may be interesting to the general reader to learn that this tight-rope walker was one of the most exemplary, domestic little bodies imaginable. She and her husband had a large state-room on the upper deck of the Raymond, and she was always there with her child when released from her public duties. One afternoon the nurse happened to bring the child into the museum when Madame Olinza was on the rope; and out of the vast audience that little face was recognized by the fond mother, and her attention so distracted that she lost her balance, dropped her pole, and fell. Catching the rope with her hands, however, in time to break her fall, she escaped fortunately without the least injury; but, ever after that, her child was kept out of the audience while she was on the rope.

Going up the Mississippi from Cairo, we passed, one Sunday, the old French town of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and its Roman Catholic college on the river bank. The boys were out on the lawn under the trees, and I became as envious of their lot as I ever had been before of a man who worked on a steamboat or who danced "in the minstrels." I suddenly resolved that I would go to that college. We did not stop at Cape Girardeau till our return down the river, some weeks afterwards. Then I went boldly up, and sought an interview with the president of the

institution. I found him to be a kindly mannered priest, who encouraged me in my ambition. He told me it would be well to save up more money than I then had, and that he would do all he could for me. I returned to the Palace, and immediately gave warning that I purposed to leave as soon as some one could be got to fill my place. It struck me as somewhat odd that it was six months from that date before I could get away. It has been explained to me since. The fact is, I received what, as a boy, I thought a good salary, but nothing like what I earned. It took two men afterwards to fill my place. I have been told since, that more than a year before that time, and prior to this last engagement, the late E. P. Christy had written for me from New York, but that the letter had been intercepted by those whose interest it then was that I should not know my own value in the "profession." I used to see that my name was larger than almost any other on the bills, but was led to believe that it was because I was a boy, and not likely to excite the jealousy of the other members of the company. It may not be very soothing to my vanity, but dwelling upon these things dispassionately, I have my honest doubts now whether I was not always a greater success as an advertisement than as a performer.

I was promised at New Orleans, that if I would go over to Galveston, Texas, with the minstrel troupe, I should certainly be allowed to retire from public life. So we left the Palace and the Raymond at the levee of the former city, and took passage in the regular steamship, crossing the Gulf to Galveston. We performed there two or three weeks with great success. Few minstrels then had wandered that way, and thus it happened that my farewell appearance as a dancer was greeted with a crowded house. Except as a poor lecturer, I have never been on the stage since I left Galveston.

Still resolved to go to college at

Cape Girardeau, I returned to New Orleans, and took passage to Cairo on the steamer L. M. Kennett. Barney Williams and his wife were on board during the tedious voyage; but I suppose they have long since forgotten all about the urchin who surprised and bored them with his minute knowledge of the early history of the country through which we passed. The river above Cairo, very much to my sorrow, was frozen over, for it was midwinter. There was no alternative for me but to proceed to Cape Girardeau by land,—a long, difficult, and expensive journey in those times. After a great deal of trouble and some danger, I arrived at the gates of the college, and proceeded directly to the room of the president. The kindly face that I remembered so well again beamed upon me, as I stood before him and said that I had come to stay a year, at least, at his school. At his good-natured question as to how much money I had, I emptied my pocket of just thirty-five dollars in gold. That was the sum to which the unforeseen expenses of my long journey had reduced me. The president, being aware that the river was frozen,—so that I could not get away even if I had had money enough to go with,—and having much greater discretionary power than the presidents of our Protestant colleges, told me that I might stay. At the end of my year the river was again frozen, and the good president was again prevailed upon to keep me till the close of that college term, which would be in the middle of the ensuing summer. So I was for sixteen months in all a student in Saint Vincent's College. Most of the students were the sons of French planters of Louisiana, and the institution was more French than English. Things were ordered very much as they are in the religious houses of Europe. We slept in large dormitories, and ate in a refectory, some one reading aloud the while from an English or French book. The college had its own tailors and shoemakers; and by the favor of the president, who seemed to take a great liking to me,

my credit was made good for anything I wanted, and I was provided for as well as the richest of them. The instructors were all priests, and generally good men. I was never required to change my religion, or to conform more than externally to their worship. The president, Father S. V. Ryan, has since met the recognition which his piety and abilities so justly deserved. Within the past year, if I have read the papers aright, he has been made Roman Catholic Bishop of Buffalo. I applied myself so zealously to study, that, at the expiration of my sixteen months, I was nearly prepared to enter Kenyon College, in which I spent the next four years.

When I came to leave Saint Vincent's, I drew out a deposit which I had in a bank in Toledo, and gave it into the hands of the college treasurer, reserving for myself only what I thought would be enough to take me back to Ohio. As good luck would have it, the little steamer Banjo, a show-boat belonging to Dr. Spaulding, the manager of the Floating Palace, was advertised to be at Cape Girardeau the week in which I purposed to leave there. Seeing the names of some of my old comrades on the bills, I waited to meet them. They generously made me bring my trunk on board, and have a free ride to St. Louis, or, if I chose, to Alton, where I was to take the cars for Chicago. The remembrance of this trip up the river with these jovial, reckless souls has made it my duty

always to defend my old associates, when I hear the censure heaped on them by inconsiderate ignorance or blind prejudice. And I can take my final leave of the show business and of show people in no better way, I think, than in relating an incident which occurred on this little steamer. On the afternoon before our arrival at Alton, as I was sitting on the deck by the side of one of the performers, Mr. Edwin Davis, who had been a member of our company on the Floating Palace, he asked me to let him see my money, adding that I might have had imposed upon me some of the "wild-cat" bills then afloat. Taking out all I had, I placed it in his hands. He counted it and scrutinized it thoroughly, and, folding it up carefully, returned it to me with the remark that my bills were all good. I had no occasion to use my money till I came to pay my railway fare at Alton, when I discovered that my wealth had increased by nearly half. He had, indeed, been a better judge than myself of my necessities; for, with his generous addition, I had barely enough to take me to my destination.

I met Mr. Davis in New York, years afterwards, and offered him the sum he had added to mine, but could not prevail upon him to take it. And this is the way he stated his reason: "No; it does not belong to me. Keep it you, till you see some poor fellow as much in need of it as you were then on the Mississippi, and give it to him."

THE RESTORED PICTURE.

IN later years, veiling its unblest face
 In a most loathsome place,
 The cheap adornment of a house of shame,
 It hung, till, gnawed away
 By tooth of slow decay,
 It fell, and parted from its mouldering frame.

The rotted canvas, faintly smiling still,
 From worldly puff and frill,
 Its ghastly smile of coquetry and pride,
 Crumpling its faded charms
 And yellow jewelled arms,
 Mere rubbish now, was rudely cast aside.

The shadow of a Genius crossed the gate :
 He, skilled to re-create
 In old and ruined paintings their lost soul
 And beauty, — one who knew
 The Master's touch by true,
 Swift instinct, as the needle knows the pole, —

Looked on it, and straightway his searching eyes
 Saw through its coarse disguise
 Of vulgar paint and grime and varnish stain
 The Art that slept beneath, —
 A chrysalis in its sheath,
 That waited to be waked to life again.

Upon enduring canvas to renew
 Each wondrous trait and hue, —
 This is the miracle, his chosen task !
 He bears it to his house,
 And there from lips and brows
 With loving touch removes their alien mask.

For so on its perfection time had laid
 An early mellowing shade ;
 Then hands unskilled, each seeking to impart
 Fresh tints to form a face,
 With some more modern grace,
 Had buried quite the mighty Master's Art.

First, razed from the divine original,
 Brow, cheek, and lid, went all
 That outer shape of worldliness ; when, lo !
 Beneath the varnished crust
 Of long imbedded dust
 A fairer face appears, emerging slow, —

The features of a simple shepherdess !
 Pure eyes, and golden tress,
 And, lastly, crook in hand. But deeper still
 The Master's work lies hid ;
 And still through lip and lid
 Works the Restorer with unsparing skill.

Behold at length, in tender light revealed,
 The soul so long concealed !
 All heavenly faint at first, then softly bright,
 As smiles the young-eyed Dawn
 When darkness is withdrawn,
 A shining angel breaks upon the sight !

Restored, perfected, after the divine
 Imperishable design,
 Lo now ! that once despised and outcast thing
 Holds its true place among
 The fairest pictures hung
 In the high palace of our Lord the King !

MARRYING A PICKPOCKET.

RALPH will persist — most mischievously, as I say — in telling the children all sorts of nonsensical stories about it ; never the simple truth, but always some absurd fable or other, full of extravagance, which only stimulates their curiosity. No sooner is he out of the house than Edgar or Belle, or both together, will march up to me with the gravest of little faces, and the solemn inquiry, “ Did you really pick somebody's pocket, mamma ? ” or, “ Did papa really find you in the old ugly Black Maria wagon ? ” and of course they are not old enough to understand the actual story, or to remember it rightly if I were to tell them a dozen times over. So I think, as I have thought many times before, that I will write it all down just as it happened, “ nothing extenuate,” as Mr. Booth says at the theatre ; and then the dear boy and girl will never get a wrong fancy in their heads ; for I might lose, in time, the vivid remembrance of every incident of it which I have now ; and as to

Ralph, I think he has made so many fanciful additions from time to time, all in fun, that he might almost begin to believe some of them were true.

We read almost every day in the newspapers of worthy old ladies and gentlemen, who, at threescore and ten, take their first ride by railroad, after living all their lives within hearing of the locomotive whistle ; or who die without ever having tried the experiment, or even seeing a train of cars. So I suppose it is not altogether incredible, and perhaps not so very discreditable, that I, Mary Gilman, had grown to be a woman at the foot of a mountain from whose summit the dome of Boston State House can be seen in a clear day, and yet had never taken a nearer view of it, nor, indeed, set foot in any city whatever. I had no business to take me from home ; journeys for pleasure were rare with the hard-working residents of our neighborhood, busy as they were through the summer, and snow-bound in winter ; and my mother had

always said, "Another time, child," when I had teased to be allowed to go with Uncle John on his quarterly trips to replenish the stock of his little store. Now I was alone in the world; my mourning-clothes were almost worn out; the school term was over, and the money for teaching ten weeks — thirty dollars — was in my pocket; and I had answered an advertisement in the *Journal*, and secured a position as an assistant, at a much better salary, in a high-school in a large manufacturing town in Maine. To get there I must pass through Boston; and I had studied myself into a headache over a railroad guide, and had ascertained that, by taking an early morning train, I could reach that city in time to leave it at noon on an Eastward train, and be at my destination before dark.

So I had all my worldly goods in my trunk twenty-four hours in advance; spent the last day in bidding good-by to old family friends, as well as to the little people to whose education I had devoted my last year, and the pleasant households with which I had boarded in rapid succession during the last term; and in the gray winter morning I took my seat in the "jumper," which replaced the lumbering stage-coach of summer, and was driven across the creaking snow to the station. I was not sorry that there was not a person I knew waiting there for the same train; for I was old-fashioned enough in those days to like to enjoy first sensations alone, and I felt quite in the mood of a daring discoverer at the thought of making my way to Boston and through it on my own responsibility.

"I suppose I have plenty of time to take the 12.20 train from the Maine station," said I, when the urbane conductor vouchsafed me ten seconds or so of his precious time, to take the ticket I held in readiness for him.

"12.20 train taken off, ma'am," said he; "change of time last week."

I almost felt my courage taking wing at this first obstacle to the easy programme I had marked out; but I retained enough of it to snatch at this

hurried official the next time he passed me, with the query when the next train would start for Portland.

"2.45, ma'am," said he, as placidly as before.

After a brisk resort to the mental arithmetic which had lately filled so large a share in my daily life, I felt reassured. Two hours and a half lost would still carry me to my destination in season to find the committee-man who had secured my boarding place for me, before he would be likely to be inaccessible. Two hours and a half in Boston would give scope for an amount of agreeable exploration and adventure I had not dared to hope for. I had read in some philosophical newspaper paragraph that the first requisite of a good traveller is coolness; so I rose above the condition of worrying, and amused myself with a study of the faces and manners of my fellow-passengers.

In the seat before me was a happy young mother with her baby, which, notwithstanding the early hour at which it must have been taken from its cradle, never once intruded its voice upon the attention of its elders, but slept and smiled with wonderful amiability. Behind me were a couple on easy flirtation terms, who took no pains to keep their conversation from my ears, and varied the tedium of the trip by the excitement of a bet of a pair of gloves as to whether the baby in front of them was a boy or a girl. Across the aisle was an old lady who, I was pleased to perceive, asked the reticent conductor more questions than I did, and always had an inquiry ready to intercept his every transit through the car. And so the complement was made up of all the inevitable characters — so new to me in those days — whom my subsequent travelling experiences have taught me to look for in every railway journey.

At half an hour before noon we arrived at the Boston station, and my heart had thrilled at the recognition of the plain shaft on Bunker Hill as we passed over the water to reach the city. I suffered myself to be captured by a

hackman, and taken across the town to Haymarket Square, for the sake of getting my trunk there; and I can remember to this day how strange looked the high brick walls, the brilliant shop-windows, the hurrying crowds that have since become such familiar objects, as I peered, half sick with loneliness but excited by the novelty of the scene, from the windows of the carriage. I think it all appeared more wonderful to me then, fresh from the country as I was, than a glimpse of Jeddo or Pekin would now. Even the people seemed like foreigners, as they rushed along with inexplicable haste close beside me; and the signs furnished reading as interesting as a novel.

This taste of the sights of the city, I suppose, made the quiet of the Maine station particularly tedious to me. I could not check my trunk until half an hour before the train would leave; but I could leave it with entire safety in the baggage-room, my hackman told me, and I myself saw him deposit it there and noted the spot. I ate my lunch — a sandwich and a slice of sponge-cake — in the waiting-room; and as I read the inscription, "Beware of Pickpockets," which hung by the ticket-office window, I remember mentally congratulating myself that I had put all my store of money, except enough for the needs of the journey, safely in my trunk. Ralph has told me since that that was the beginning of my follies, and the fruitful source of all my woes; but I thought at the time it was a remarkable piece of womanly prudence. At least it relieved me of my anxiety as I resolved to spend the two hours at my command in rambling about the city; and I set forth with a stout heart and eager anticipations of pleasure.

I paused, however, at the threshold and looked upon the noisy tumult of the square, thinking whether I had any special point to aim at. I knew but one person in the city, a Mr. Churchill, who had paid a hunting and fishing visit to our village in the summer, had extended his stay far beyond his original purpose, had visited my little school, and

had left his photograph in my keeping when he came, in a merry mood, to say good-by. Decidedly, I should like to see Mr. Churchill; but, decidedly, I would not go to his office to call upon him. Perhaps I might meet him. I had noted the windows of Washington Street, as I rode through, as offering the most positive attractions; so I determined to go there for my walk, and, if I saw Court Street by the way, to look up and down the walls for the strip of board which, Mr. Churchill had told me, indicated his office there.

A burly policeman gave me the right direction, with a courtesy and clearness which made me set down a mental credit-mark very near the maximum standard of a hundred, as I used to grade my pupils at school, for the whole class to which he belonged. By dint of long waiting at the crossings till a wide gap should appear in the endless processions of teams, and frequent questions when I found myself getting astray in the confusing labyrinths of a part of the city in which now, as a resident, I often get puzzled, I made my way to Washington Street, and speedily plunged into the delights of book-store windows and millinery windows, with an enjoyment only interrupted by inspections of my watch about once in ten minutes, in my nervous fear lest I should overstay my limit. I walked around the Old State House, and fixed, by a combined effort of memory and imagination, upon the very spot which must have been stained by the blood of the Boston massacre, so familiar to my mind from frequent listening to parrot-like recitations of its history as coldly told in the school-books. I stopped a full minute to look at Mr. Whipple's revolving sun, — now only a memory of the past, — until people trod on my skirts, and the expressmen stopped to smile at my curiosity, as they trundled their bundles and boxes in and out of the office close by. Every little incident of that hour is photographed upon my mind, as the trifles often are that go before a great calamity or a serious fright; but it is not worth while to recall them all here.

I saw Mr. Churchill's gilt sign under a window on Court Street; but I did not see his bright face under any one of the countless black hats which swept by me as I strolled up the street. At last it was one o'clock, and I thought at the next corner I would turn back, and so have plenty of time to reach the station.

The window at which I had paused as I made this resolution was the most florid and the most persistent in its appeals to the public that I had seen. Its contents clamored for attention, with great placards in staring letters, "A Few More Left—only Seventy-five Cents," and equally alluring inscriptions, attached to yellow chains and lockets which, in my innocence, I should have fancied to be of the finest gold, had they not thus proclaimed their own baseness. Vases that looked like porcelain, statuettes that looked like bronze, chessmen that looked like ivory, trumpeted forth their inferior material by similar ostentatious announcements of cheapness. Strings of beads and toy tea-sets, cases of soap and packs of playing-cards, babies' rattles and old folks' spectacles, mingled in the heterogeneous assortment; and little boys on the sidewalk thrust handbills into my fingers, to assure me that the entire stock was to be sold off at an alarming sacrifice on account of removal. But it was none of these temptations which led me on to my fate, and made me enter the shop. It was a paper doll that hung in the window, with her wardrobe beside her, all in a single sheet, ready for the cutting out,—just what would fill with unbounded delight the soul of little Susy Whiting, the one member of my deserted flock who had actually been moved to tears at the news of my going away. My heart seemed to be turned anew towards Susy by the chilly, unsympathizing rush of the throng which swept past me; and when I thought how easily this addition to her scanty family of rag babies could be sent to her in a letter, I hurried in to secure it.

The shop was so crowded—with women almost exclusively—that I made my way to the counter with difficulty;

and I clutched my pocket-book tightly as the sight of a policeman at the door reminded me of the caution posted at the railroad station. The young women behind the counter were busy as bees, and I waited patiently fully five minutes for my turn.

A sudden scream startled me; and the lady standing next me turned round, all flushed and half frantic, with the exclamation:—

"My money! O, my money is gone!"

The attendant behind the counter, and all the customers in that part of the shop, crowded around with eager inquiries; and the policeman was there in an instant, putting quick, curt questions. There seemed no prospect of my getting immediate attention for the little purchase I contemplated; and thinking at the moment only of the lapse of time and the distance through strange streets to the station, I turned to go without Susy's paper-doll,—committing thereby, my acute husband informs me, blunder number two.

"Please wait a minute, miss," said the blue-coated officer. "The lady has only missed her money a minute; it may not have got out of the store. Just keep that door shut, will you,"—this to another man who had joined him.

"I assure you, sir," said I, committing I know not how serious an error in my amazement and consternation, "I am on my way to a train."

"Going to a train, eh?" rejoined the policeman, with a perceptible diminution in the tone of respect he had used at first; "seems to me I have heard just such a story before. Do you think you can tell who took it, ma'am?"

The lady who had lost the money—rather an elderly person, with sharp, unattractive features—seemed greatly flustered by the incident.

"O dear, O dear, no such thing ever happened to me before," said she, talking at telegraph speed, and at intervals thrusting her hand again and again into the depths of her pocket, as if the thief might have left a glove there, or as if she expected her purse to reappear by magic. "I had it but a moment ago.

It must have been this woman who stood next me."

Full of wrath and bewilderment as I was at this abominable accusation, the tears did not come to my eyes as they usually do at moments of excitement. I seemed rather dazed and stunned by the interruption to my sight-seeing, and perhaps I looked calm outwardly to the group who were scrutinizing my features as if I were already on exhibition in some rogues' gallery.

"You will have to be examined, ma'am," said the policeman. "If you will step to the rear of the store, it will only take a second. You will please come also,"—to the lady whose loss had occasioned my misfortune,— "I may want to take your name and address."

"I am entirely willing," said I, quite rejoiced at a suggestion which promised my immediate exculpation; "only pray do not detain me longer than is necessary."

But as I moved to follow in the direction indicated, something fell to the floor. It was a morocco pocket-book. Half a dozen hands hastened to pick it up.

"You see you have merely dropped your money," said I to my feminine accuser, already beginning to assume the haughtiness of vindicated innocence.

"Not a bit of it," said Officer Knox. (I was destined to learn his name soon after.) "There is not a cent of money in this wallet. How much is there missing, Mrs. —?"

"Mrs. James Proctor is my name, and I live in Ames Place. There was sixty dollars in the wallet, and some small silver, and a gold eagle."

"I shall feel it necessary to take you to the station," said the policeman, addressing me again. "There is no call to search you here. You see, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Proctor again, "it is not probable she has the money on her. They work in pairs, generally, and when this one took your money she passed it directly to her pal, who would make off with it at once. I saw a woman pass out rather hastily, just before you sung out."

"This is too much," I exclaimed, gathering courage for one desperate effort. "I never saw the woman who went out, but I presume she was the thief. She must have dropped the wallet into my skirts. My name is Mary Gilman; I am a school-teacher from the country, and a stranger here. Your mistake will make me lose my train."

The officer's face showed no more sign of attention to my remonstrance than did the bright buttons on his coat.

"Will you be so good as to come to the station in half an hour," said he to Mrs. Proctor. "You will merely have to state the case to the captain of the district."

"You see it is your duty to the community, ma'am," put in another of the group of ladies who clustered around us; "if you have no chance of getting your money back, you should feel obliged to bring the thief to justice for the security of the rest of us."

Mrs. Proctor wavered. Abstract justice seemed a very trivial thing to her by the side of her sixty dollars.

"It is by no means certain that the money is gone beyond recovery yet," said Officer Knox, reassuring her. "When this woman is fairly frightened by seeing she is going to be dealt with, she will be very likely to offer terms, and put you in the way of getting it all back again. It is more often done so than to bring the case into court."

So to the habit of bargaining with crime, which was rife even then, but which the newspapers have only lately begun to talk about, I owed the persistence of my accuser.

"I will come there directly," she said to the policeman; "and if the money is got back," in a whisper, "the gold eagle, shall be yours for your energy in assisting me."

In the midst of the tumult of thoughts and emotions suggested by my dreadful predicament, I remember thinking that the real pickpocket they took me for was not a whit worse morally than these honest people conspiring for their common advantage. But Mr. Knox, in his imposing uniform, probably cared

little for my good or ill opinion. He offered me his arm, with the same politeness which I had seen his comrades of the force showing to the ladies they escorted across the snowy street. "Not that, at least," said I; "let me walk before you or behind you; you need not fear my running away." For I had made up my mind that Officer Knox was too stupid to be reasoned with to advantage. "Surely," thought I, "the captain he speaks of will have penetration enough to see that his captive is not a thief. A word of explanation in an unprejudiced ear will at once release me from this ridiculous dilemma. It must be that after twenty-odd years of staid New England life, I have enough of manifest respectability about me to satisfy a captain of police." So I walked rapidly through the streets, in the direction which my captor indicated, he following close behind me, with an apparent unconsciousness of my presence for which I was deeply thankful. He was sufficiently near, at the corner of every intersecting street, to show me that there was no hope of escape by sudden flight, if I had contemplated such a wild manœuvre; and in the midst of all my crowded thoughts as to the methods to be taken to make my honesty clear, there hummed over and over again in my mind, like the burden of some old song the words, "Driven like a lamb to the slaughter,—driven like a lamb to the slaughter."

"Here we are," in the gruff voice of my guide, interrupted my musings, and scattered my half-formed plans and carefully elaborated sentences of explanation into chaos again. We ascended a short flight of steps, and entered a room wainscoted to the ceiling, in which a row of staves, caps, and blue coats, hung against the wall, suggested to my distempered fancy the night policemen here suspended to take their rest in seemly erectness and uniformity. Behind a wooden railing sat a tall, burly man with a prodigious length of preternaturally black beard, which he caressed and smoothed, with a

fat, white, ringed hand, unceasingly during my whole acquaintance with him.

"Ah, Knox, what now?" said this personage, looking through me at the wall behind, with entire ease and overwhelming dignity.

"Big thing, Cap.," said my policeman, entirely forestalling my purpose of stating my own case before an unprejudiced mind. "Party caught picking a pocket in a store on my beat. Pal, dressed in black like this one, made off with the plunder before I could lay hands on her. Empty wallet thrown away by this one when I proposed to search her. Lady coming here presently to identify her. Sixty dollars in bills gone, and some small silver."

"O most discreet schemer," thought I, with all my horror at this succinct statement, "to avoid all mention of your promised eagle!"

"If you please, sir," I began, when the curtain of beard and mustache parted, ever so slightly, with the question, "Seen her before, Knox?"

"Had my eye on her for several days, Cap. Always keeps her veil down, but know her by her general rig and build. Think she is lately from New York."

(Ralph says it is a part of the professional police etiquette to have known everybody before. But I thought at the time it was a deliberate lie.)

"Will you hear me a moment, sir?" said I, with a forced calmness that was anything but real, and I presume deceived nobody. "This is all a most silly mistake. I am a school-teacher, never in the city till to-day in my life, and going to Maine this afternoon. I know no more of this robbery than you do."

"We always take down these things in order, ma'am," said the serene official, opening a huge ledger, and substituting his left hand for his right in the task of stroking his flowing whiskers, while he picked up a stumpy pen. "What is your name?"

"Mary Gilman."

"Age?"

I told him.

"Where born?"

"Massachusetts."

"Not a person of color, I see," murmured the captain, as he jotted down something in each of the ruled-off columns. "Charge, picking a pocket, you say. Officer, Knox. Complainant?"

"Mrs. Proctor, of Ames Place," said Mr. Knox, promptly.

"Now, ma'am, probably it would be pleasanter for you to empty your own pockets," said the superior officer, passing both hands alternately down his superb cascade of whisker, and gazing lovingly at the scintillations of a diamond thus set off to advantage. "You can pass the things right over to this desk; and if there is anything more you want to say, I'll hear it."

I began to detest this man, imperturbable, glassy, self-satisfied as he was, more than I did his blundering, impulsive subordinate. But there was nothing to do but to obey him. I took from my pocket my wallet, my handkerchief, the key to my trunk with its long blue ribbon, my little bottle of ammonia.

"There is very little more to say than I have already told you. I left my home, fifty miles from here, this morning, on my way to Maine, where I have a school engaged. I left my trunk at the station, and was merely taking an hour's walk before the train should leave, when this man pounced upon me. The pocket-book must have been dropped in a fold of my skirt by the thief as she left the store."

"Have you any friends in Boston?"

I hesitated. I need not set down all the reasons why I did not desire, in my present plight, to send a policeman to Mr. Churchill. Had I liked him less, or known him better, I might have done it earlier. But I could not yet believe my condition so desperate as to require this remedy.

"There is nobody whom I wish to disturb about this matter."

"You will see, Mr. Knox, more and more the longer you remain in the force," proceeded the captain, most deliberately, — the white hand sailing down the black ripples more luxuriously than ever, — "you will see how inca-

pable these people are of making up a tolerable story. Let them be ever so smart in their regular line of business, their lies are always clumsy." I clutched the railing involuntarily, but the men regarded me no more than they did their spectral comrades on the pegs in the wall. "Now this party has done very well, very well indeed. But just look at it. She is on her way to Maine to stay several months, and she has only six dollars in her pocket-book, — barely enough for a ticket. She has left her trunk at the depot, but she has not provided herself with a baggage check. She is out for a walk only, and you catch her a mile from the depot in a crowded store. She hangs fire when I ask for her Boston acquaintance. It seems as if any one ought to have done better, Knox; but they are all the same. You can put her in number nine, Knox. Your property will be quite safe, Mary Gilman, in this drawer." The captain unfolded a copy of the *Herald*, which a boy had just brought, and put his polished boots on the railing.

I am afraid I exhibit myself in the eyes of my children as having been a girl of very little spirit. I did not audibly resent the police captain's very logical and professional analysis of my folly and falsehood. If I thought anything at all in the bewilderment of the hour, it was that dignity on my part would impress my persecutors more than any display of wrath. But my dignity was thrown away. Officer Knox took down a key from a row of them that hung just inside the railing, and, in obedience to his gesture, I followed him from the room to the door of the cell designated for me. One glance at its gratings, its chilly floor, its neat, narrow bunk, dispelled all my fastidiousness as to means of rescue.

"Will you go for me," said I, "to Mr. R. H. Churchill's office, in Court Street, and ask him to come to me for a moment?"

"Now you begin to talk," replied my custodian. "I am glad you have had the sense to give up that school-teacher story at last. But Churchill has got

mostly beyond this branch of business. I have n't seen him in our court for a year or more."

"If you will speak to him as I ask you, I think he will come to see me."

"Well, perhaps, if it is an old client, he will make an exception in your favor and defend the case. Shall I tell him the same name you gave here?"

I hesitated again. I saw the honest officer chuckle at my pause for reflection, as a new proof of his own sagacity. But should I present myself to Mr. Churchill in such distorted character as this officer might give me? It seemed better to tell him the whole story myself. "You need not give him my name at all," said I; "simply say that a lady whom he knows wishes to see him at the station on very pressing business, — not as a lawyer, but as a friend."

"Just as you please," said Officer Knox; and then the door swung into its place, the great key was turned, and I was left alone. There was no window, but a sort of twilight came into the cell through the door. I threw off my bonnet, pressed my hands to my brows, and sat on the edge of the little berth to think. If I had a volume at my disposal, I could fill it all in telling what I thought in the few moments I spent in this way. I remembered shutting little Freddy Lee in the wood-closet of the school-room a week before, because I could not find it in my heart to give the slender boy a severer punishment, and how pale he looked when I released him. I tried to remember what sentence was given to pickpockets, and where was the prison to which they were sent. I wondered whether judges and juries looked at innocent people through such spectacles as blinded the eyes of the policemen. I wondered where the guilty woman was with Mrs. Proctor's money. And as memory and conjecture were thus busy confusing each other in their eagerness, the door opened again, and the hideously familiar face and buttons of the patrol gleamed before my eyes in the passage-way.

"Sorry to say Mr. Churchill is not in

his office. May not be back to-day; and his boy says he is going for a visit to the country to-morrow, to be gone a week."

This news seemed hardly more than a fresh drop in the full bucket of my despair. I felt relief rather than additional woe when Officer Knox continued: "Mrs. Proctor is here. She is going away to-morrow, too, and if she is to appear in court it must be this afternoon. So as the court happens to be in session, I will take you right over, and have this thing disposed of at once. It can't make any difference to you anyway, as I see."

"By all means, let us have it over as soon as possible," said I, tying on my bonnet again with trembling fingers.

"Nothing you want to say to me before you go in, I suppose," said the officer, looking at me through eyes half closed.

"Nothing but to thank you for doing my errand."

"O, very well, I like your pluck," he replied. "You know you won't have another chance to make an advantageous arrangement for getting the money back."

I said nothing in reply to this further hint; and the agent of the law stalked below me into the outer room again. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Proctor leaving it for the court-house. The captain had lighted a cigar; but the task of watching its fumes left his hands and beard still free for their endearments. He did not once look at me as I stood waiting before him, while Mr. Knox gathered up my possessions from the drawer and thrust them into his own capacious pocket. Then we left the captain, and I never saw him more.

I could not have told whether my guide and I had walked a mile or two rods when our destination was reached. All was a blur before my eyes. Streets and alleys, stairs and passage-ways, were all alike to my dulled consciousness, until I found myself in a sort of pit, so walled and railed about that I could see nothing but the ceiling overhead; while I knew from the murmurs

which reached my ears that there was a room full of people just outside the barrier, before whom I was destined to appear by ascending a short flight of steps. At the head of these steps stood a man all rags and tatters, volubly explaining to listeners outside some charge against himself, but speaking in a brogue so rich that I thought at first he used a foreign tongue. Officer Knox had disappeared, but presently I saw his face over the railing above, and he seemed to whisper to me, "You come next." Then the oration of my ragged comrade in misfortune came to a pause, as I thought for want of breath; but a period was put to it by the announcement in a clear voice, I could not see from whom, "Four months, House of Industry"; and the fellow, his face grinning as if rather pleased than otherwise at his fate, turned and descended the steps to a seat by my side.

The summons to myself, which I had braced myself to answer bravely, did not follow. There seemed, as well as I could judge from the murmur that reached me, to be some unusual interruption in the proceedings of the court. One or two people came and peeped at me curiously over the walls of my den, and disappeared again. Presently, I thought I heard my own name, and in a voice that sent a great thrill of delight to my heart. The shrinking horror at the idea of being seen which had before beset me departed; conquered by my own curiosity, I crept cautiously up the steps until I could just see over the wooden barrier at the top. There, talking eagerly with a gray-haired man who occupied the most elevated seat in the room, was indeed Mr. Churchill. In his hand was my pocket-book, and the little photograph of himself that he had given me, and which had lain hitherto undisturbed in one of the compartments of the wallet. Close by stood Officer Knox, perplexity and chagrin chasing each other over his countenance. Manifestly my champion had arisen, and was fighting my battle in his own way, without having notified me of his interference. As I looked, Mr. Knox stepped

gingerly across the room and consulted gloomily with Mrs. Proctor, who sat opposite me. The judge made a gesture of approval, and fell back into his cushioned chair. Mr. Churchill turned towards me, discovered my eyes watching him over the railing, and in a moment had snapped back the bolt of the little door, descended the steps, and grasped my hands.

I had no eloquent speech ready for him, like the rescued heroines of the novels. I only said, "O Mr. Churchill!"

"Not a word, Mary Gilman, till we are out of this hole."

He opened the door by which I had been ushered in, and while the stentorian voice of some clerk above us declared the court adjourned, he hurried me out, and putting my arm in his, led me at breathless speed through the building and the street, in at another door and upstairs again, seating me at last in an easy-chair in his office.

"Tommy," he said, to an urchin disturbed from a luxurious nap by this movement. "Go to the post-office, and wait until the mail is assorted."

Tommy was off at the word; and then Mr. Churchill, pacing up and down the room as he spoke, relieved his mind in his fashion.

"Upon my word, Miss Gilman, this is a charming scrape I find you in. Don't speak a word. You must be half frightened to death by your adventure. Let me tell you how I discovered you, while you cool down, and then you can tell me what I do not already know of your story. Most accidental thing in the world that I happened into that court-room. Have n't been inside the door before for a year. I sauntered in, casually took up some prisoner's property on the desk, and was amazed by the discovery of your name in the pocket-book, and this most flattering portrait to assure me it was no other Mary Gilman but yourself that owned it. Of course my first thought was that your pocket had been picked. But when I went with my inquiries to the policeman, I found that, by some in-

credibly stupid blunder, he had arrested yourself in the place of some cunning thief. I thought it not worth while to disturb you until I had relieved you of all embarrassment; and by giving my personal assurance of your entire superiority to any such suspicion, I obtained a reprimand for Mr. Policeman, and your immediate release on his withdrawal of the charge against you."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Officer Knox appeared. His haughty aspect had vanished, and he seemed like the convicted thief in the presence of his judge.

"Beg pardon, sir," he began, "I merely brought Miss Gilman's key and things, that were left on the court-room table. I hope, Miss, that you will not bear malice against me for this unlucky mistake. We have to be very suspicious in our line, and to doubt appearances; and that old woman was so sure it was you. She says now she remembers her pocket was on the other side, and that it was the woman who went out before she spoke that stood next her on the right."

"Well, well, sir," said Mr. Churchill, almost fiercely, "bother us no more about it."

The forgiveness I was about to offer to the contrite officer was prevented by his abrupt departure upon this admonition.

"If it were not for the loss of my train, I do not think I should regret the whole affair very deeply," said I; "it will be something to laugh about for a lifetime, when I have got over the shock of fright and annoyance."

"What train have you lost, pray, and where are you bound?" inquired Mr. Churchill.

I told him as succinctly as I could of my destination, and the plan and purpose of my journey.

"By Jupiter, Miss Gilman, you have time enough for the train yet. It is only twenty minutes of four, and we can get to the station in four minutes. Will you try it?"

Of course I was ready, though unable at first to believe that events which had

seemed to me so long had really passed so quickly. We went through the streets at a pace I had never ventured upon in the country, but not much faster than the city habit. Mr. Churchill found and checked my trunk, while I secured a seat on the train. I noticed that he did not accept my words of inadequate gratitude and good-by as final; but I did not suspect that he was to accompany me, till he took the seat by my side as the cars left the station.

"You are too kind, Mr. Churchill," said I: "you must not undertake this journey on my account, especially if, as I heard from your office when I sent to you, you are going to-morrow into the country."

"I have given up that trip," replied the gentleman, very placidly; "since I decided to make it the rural districts have lost their charm for me."

I am not going to set down all the conversation of that railway ride for my children to read, and perhaps I may as well stop here as anywhere. Mr. Churchill escorted me to my journey's end, and returned to Boston by the night train. The story I proposed to tell is told; and the children know just how much and how little their father means when he tells them jocosely about marrying a pickpocket. They are both too sensible to allow it to prejudice them against the sagacity of policemen in general; for they both remember how when Edgar tumbled into the Frog Pond last summer, and Belle could do nothing but scream, Officer Knox, now a veteran and most efficient member of the force, popped up most opportunely to the rescue; and they have not forgotten what a whistle of delight he gave when the dripping boy — whom he had wrapped in his own coat — told him he was to be carried to his father's, Mr. Ralph Churchill's, on the other side of the Public Garden. Mr. Knox took that occasion to renew his apologies, interrupted ten years before, for a blunder made when he was new to his work; and I learned from him then that Mrs. Proctor never recovered her money.

THE GREEK GODDESSES.

"That heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no names
But patterns only, such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus."

CAREW.

THE Greek goddesses, like all other mythologic figures, have been very fully discussed, in all their less interesting aspects. Their genealogies have been ransacked, as if they had lived in Boston or Philadelphia. Their symbolic relations to the elements and to the zodiac and to all the physical phenomena have been explored, as if there were to be an almanac made by their means. You will find in Max Müller the latest versions of the ethical, the allegorical, and the historic interpretations. But all these unhappily omit the one element that gives to these fabled beings their human interest, since the personality is left out. It may be that the mythologists think the view beneath them; but it is hard to find an essay in any language which lays all these abstruser things aside, and treats these deities in their simplest aspect, as so many Ideals of Womanhood.

But we must charitably remember that the Greek goddesses are rather new acquaintances, in their own proper personalities. Till within thirty years their very names had been merged for us in the Latin names, as effectually as if each had married into a Roman family. It is only since the publication of Thirlwall's *Greece*, in 1835, that they have generally appeared in English books under their own titles. With the Latin names came a host of later traditions, mostly foreign to the Greek mind, and generally tending toward the trivial and the prosaic. Shakespeare in French does not more instantly cease to be Shakespeare, than the great ideals vacate their shrines when Latinized. Jeanne d'Arc, in the hands of Voltaire, suffers hardly more defamation of character than the Greek goddesses under the treatment of Lemprière.

Now that this defilement is being

cleared away, we begin to see how much of the stateliness of polytheism lay in its ideal women. Monotheism is inevitable; there never was a polytheism in the world, but so soon as it produced a thinker it became a monotheism after all. Then it instantly became necessary to say He or She in speaking of the Highest; and the immediate result was a masculine Deity, and the dethronement of woman. Whatever the advantage gained, this imperfection of language brought some alloy, since it is in our conceptions of Deity that we represent what humanity should be.

Look at the comparison from the point of view of woman. Suppose we were to hear of two races, in one of which all the recognized gods were men, and all womanhood was rigidly excluded from the divine impersonation, and assigned to mortal and humble existence; while in the other, every type of God had an answering goddess, every heavenly throne held two, every grace and glory was as sublimely incarnated in one as in the other. Whatever else we should say of the comparison, we should say that in the ideal, at least, woman was best recognized by the nation which still kept her on her throne. But among these woman-worshipping nations the Greeks stood pre-eminent, as distinct from the monotheistic nations of the world. So obvious is the difference, it has been thought that Solomon and the kings of Israel, in associating the worship of Astarte with that of Jehovah, had a confused desire to correct this exclusive character. The Virgin Mother of the Roman Catholic Church is a more obvious yearning of the same instinct.

For one, I can truly testify that my first sublime visions of an ideal woman-

hood came directly from the Greek tradition, as embodied in the few casts of antique sculpture in the Boston Athenæum. They seemed to reproduce for me the birth of Athena; they struck upon the brain as with a blow, and a goddess sprang forth. Life will always be nobler for those early impressions. There were the gods too in their grandeur; the Zeus had his more than lion-like majesty, but it was especially the Hera and Athena that suggested grander spheres. It was as if I had ascended Mount Olympus and said, "This then is a man; that is a woman!"

Afterwards I lived for some years in the house which held Retzsch's copy of the Sistine Madonna, said to be the best in existence; I drank it in as a boy receives the glory of the first great picture he has seen. Is there in the universe anything sublimer than that child's face? But the mother's calm beauty still seems humble and secular beside those Greek divinities. Art makes in them the grander, though not the tenderer revelation. It is for this grandeur, as I maintain,—this, which can never be human nature's daily food,—that we need to turn to art. That child is unhappy whose mother's face as it bends above him, wears not a living tenderness which Raphael could merely reproduce. But the resources of divine exaltation which form the just heritage of that mother's soul, the child knows not till he sees them embodied in Greek sculpture.

Other races have made woman beautiful; it was the peculiar glory of the Greeks that they made her sublime. As Emerson says that this wondrous nation anticipated by their language what the orator would say, so their sculpture anticipated what the priest would dream. Quintilian says of Phidias's lost statue of Athena that "its beauty seems to have added reverence even to religion itself, so nigh does the majesty of the work approach to that of the divinity."

I speak now of the ideal alone. Undoubtedly in ancient Greece, as in modern America, the actual woman was dis-

franchised, humiliated, enslaved. But nations, like men, have a right to appeal from their degradation to their dreams. It is something if they are sublime in dreams. Tried by that standard, the Greeks placed woman at the highest point she has ever reached, and if we wish for a gallery of feminine ideals we must turn to them. We must not seek these in the indecencies of Ovid, nor in the pearl-strewn vulgarities of Aristophanes, any more than we seek the feminine ideal of to-day in the more chastened satire of the "Saturday Review," or the "Spirit of '76." We must seek them in the remains of Greek sculpture, in Hesiod and Homer, in the Greek tragedians, in the hymns of Orpheus, Callimachus, and Proclus, and in the Anthology.

We are apt to regard the Greek myths as only a chaos of confused fancies. Yet it often takes very little pains to disentangle them, at least sufficiently to seize their main thread. If we confine ourselves to the six primary goddesses, it needs little straining of the imagination to see what they represented to the Greek mind. In their simplest aspect, they are but so many types of ideal womanhood, taken at successive epochs. Woman's whole earthly career may be considered as depicted, when we portray the girl, the maiden, the lover, the wife, the mother, and the house-keeper or queen of home. These, accordingly, are represented—to give both the Greek and the more familiar but more deceptive Latin names—by Artemis or Diana, Athena or Minerva, Aphrodite or Venus, Hera or Juno, Demeter or Ceres, and Hestia or Vesta.

First comes the epoch of free girlhood, symbolized by ARTEMIS, the Roman Diana. Her very name signifies health and vigor. She represents early youth, and all young things find in her their protector. She goes among the habitations of men only that she may take new-born infants in her arms; and the young of all wild creatures must be spared in her honor, religion taking the place of game-laws. Thus she becomes the goddess of hunters, and learns of

her brother Phœbus to be a huntress herself. To her out-door things are consecrated, — dogs, deer, fishes, fountains, fir-trees, and the laurel. She is free, vigorous, restless, cold, impetuous, unsympathetic, beautiful. Her range of attributes is not great nor varied, but her type of character is perfectly marked, and we all know it. She stands for the nymph-like period of existence. She is still among us in the person of every girl of fourteen, who wears a short dress, and is fond of pets, and delights in roaming the woods with her brother. Let maturer womanhood be meditative or passionate or proud, let others be absorbed in child or home, she goes on her free way, impatient of interference, prompt to resent intrusion. Artemis has the cold and rather crude beauty of this early girlhood; her slender form and delicate limbs distinguish her statues from all others, so that even when mutilated they are known at once.

But it is a brief and simple epoch which Artemis represents. After early girlhood comes the maturity of virgin womanhood, touched by meditation, but not yet by passion. This the Greek mythology symbolizes in PALLAS ATHENA. She is the riper Artemis, passing beyond her early nymph-like years, and reaching the highest consummation that woman can attain alone. And so fascinating is this moment of serene self-poise, that the virgin Athena ranks in some respects at the head of all the goddesses. Beside her Artemis is undeveloped, while all the rest have passed in a manner out of themselves, have shared the being of others and the responsibilities of love or home. Of all conceptions of woman ever framed, Athena most combines strength and loveliness. She has no feeble aspect, no relation of dependence; her purity is the height of power. No compliment ever paid to woman was so high as that paid by the Greeks, when incarnating the highest wisdom in this maiden's form, and making this attribute only increase her virtue and her charms.

Hence at Athens — “the Greece of Greece,” * as the epigram of Thucydides calls it — she is revered above all deities, chief guardian of the most wondrous community of the world. Above the most magnificent gallery of art which the world has ever seen, because comprising the whole city, her colossal image stands pre-eminent, carved by Phidias in ivory and gold. The approaching sailor's first glimpse of Athens is the gleaming of the sun's rays from her spear and shield. For her sacred olive-plant sprang from the earth when the first stone of the infant settlement was laid, and now the city and its name and its glory must be hers.

And such renown is indeed her birth-right. Born without a mother, directly from the brain of Zeus, — to bring her as near as possible to the creative intellect, — she inherits, beyond all others, that attribute. She retains the privilege of that sublime cradle, and, whenever she bows her head, it is as if Zeus had nodded, — a privilege which he has given to her alone. That is ratified to which Pallas hath bowed assent, says Callimachus.† Yet while thus falling but one degree below omnipotence, she possesses a beauty which is beyond that of Aphrodite. If the cowherd Alexander (Paris) judges otherwise, it is merely the taste of a cowherd, as the epigram of Hermodorus fearlessly declares.

The busts of Athena seem always grave and sweet; never domineering, like those of Artemis, nor languishing, like those of Aphrodite. They are known from all others by the length of the hair, whence the Greek oath, “by the tresses of Athena.” In the descriptions, she alone is blue-eyed, to show that she dwells above all clouds, while even the auburn-haired Aphrodite, in the Iliad, has large black eyes. She is more heavily armed than the fleet-footed Artemis, and sometimes, for added protection, there are serpents clinging

* Ἑλλάδος Ἑλλάς.

† Τὸ δ' ἐντελὲς ὥς ἐπινεύσῃ Παλλάς. Callim., Hymn V. 131, 132.

to her robe, while a dragon watches at her feet. This is the Greek Athena, transformed in Rome to a prosaic Minerva, infinitely useful and practical, teaching the mechanic arts, and the unwearied patroness of schoolmasters.

But Athena's maiden meditation is simply one stage in a woman's life, not its completion. It is the intellectual blossoming of existence, for man or woman, this earlier epoch, "unvowed as yet to family or state." But a career that seeks completeness pauses not here. When love touches and transforms the destiny, what then?

Then comes the reign of APHRODITE, the beautiful, the wronged. Wronged, because human coarseness cannot keep up to the conceptions of the celestial Venus, but degrades her into a French *lorette*, and fills story-books with her levities. How unlike this are the conceptions of Plato, whose philosophy has been called "a mediation of love." Love, according to him, first taught the arts to mankind, — arts of existence, arts of wisdom. Love inspires self-sacrifice; he who loves will die for another.

"Love," he says, in his Banquet,* "is peace and good-will among men, calm upon the waters, repose and stillness in the storm, the balm of sleep in sadness. Before love all harsh passions flee away. Love is author of soft affections, destroyer of ungente thoughts, merciful and mild, the admiration of the wise, the delight of the gods. Love divests us of all alienation from each other, and fills our vacant hearts with overflowing sympathy. Love is the valued treasure of the fortunate and desired by the unhappy (therefore unhappy because they possess not love); the parent of grace, of gentleness, of delicacy; a cherisher of all that is good, but guileless as to evil; in labor and in fear, in longings of the affection or in soarings of the reason, our best pilot, confederate, supporter, and savior; ornament and governor of all things human and divine; the best, the loveliest, whom every one should follow with songs of

exultation, uniting in the divine harmony with which love forever soothes the mind of men and gods."

Now love is Aphrodite, either represented by the goddess herself or by her son and viceregent, who seems almost identified with herself; "N'était autre que la déesse elle-même, douée du sexe masculin," as Éméric-David well states it. "Love," says Empedocles, in that great philosophical poem of which fragments only remain, "is not discoverable by the eye, but only by intellect; its elements are indeed innate in our mortal constitution, and we give it the names of Joy and Aphrodite; but in its highest universality no mortal hath fully comprehended it."

Aphrodite is the daughter of Zeus and Harmonia, according to some legends; while, according to others, Harmonia is her daughter by Ares, and the mother of Aphrodite is the child of Heaven and Earth. She is usually seen naked, unlike every other goddess save Artemis. Yet Praxiteles carved her veiled at Cos; others armed her as Venus Victrix; Phidias carved her in ivory and gold, her feet resting on a tortoise, as if to imply deliberation, not heedlessness. The conscious look of the Venus de' Medici implies modesty, since she is supposed to be standing before Paris with Hera and Athena. In Homer's hymn to her she is described as ordinarily cold and unimpressionable, and only guiding others to love, till Zeus, by his sovereign interference, makes her mind to wander and she loves a mortal man. And though she regards Anchises simply as her husband, and calls herself his wedded wife, yet she is saddened by the thought of her fall, as much as Artemis when she loves Endymion. This is Homer when serious; but the story of her intrigue with Ares he puts into the mouth of a wandering minstrel in the Odyssey, as a relief from graver song, and half disavows it, as if knowing its irreverence.

The true Aphrodite is to be sought in the hymns of Homer, Orpheus, and Proclus. The last invokes her as yet

* Mackay's translation.

a virgin.* It is essential to her very power that she should have the provocation of modesty. She represents that passion which is the basis of purity, for the author of *Ecce Homo* admirably says, that "No heart is pure which is not passionate." Accordingly, married love is as sacred to Aphrodite as the virgin condition;† if she misleads, it is through sincere passion, not frivolity. No cruelty comes where she dwells; no animal sacrifices are offered her, but only wreaths of flowers; and the month of April, when the earth stirs again into life, is her sacred time.

But love legitimately reaches its fulfilment in marriage. After Aphrodite comes HERA (the Roman Juno), who, in the oldest mythology, is simply the wife of Zeus (or Jupiter), and the type and protector of marriage. Her espousals are represented at the festivals as the Sacred Marriage.‡ She must be the twin sister of Zeus, as well as his wife, that there may be a more perfect equality, and their union for the same reason must be from birth, and, were it possible, before birth. She is the only goddess who is legitimately and truly married, for Aphrodite is but the unwilling wife of Hephaistos, and bears him no children. Hence Hera wears a diadem and a bridal veil; her beauty is of a commanding type, through the large eyes and the imperious smile, as in the "*Ludovisi Juno*." Winckelmann says it is impossible to mistake a head of Hera. Athena commands like a princess; Hera, like a queen. Her name is connected with the *Æolic* ἑρρος, which signifies mastery, and it is identical with the Roman *hera*, or mistress.

But with all this effort to make her equal in rank to her husband, it is the equality of a queen, superior to all except her spouse, and yielding to him. The highest gods reverence Hera, but she reveres Zeus. His domestic relations, therefore, are a despotism tem-

pered by scolding. The divine husband, having the essential power, is the more amiable of the two. Zeus, in Homer, cannot comprehend why his wife should so hate the Trojans, but he lets her have her way against his own preference. If he consults others without her knowledge, she censures him. When he avows his purpose in the very council of the gods, she reviles him, and says, "Do so, but all we the other gods do not approve"; and he says to her, presently, "Do as thou wilt, lest this contention be in future a great strife between thee and me." It seems a doubtful state of discipline. But if we will deify marriage, we must take the consequences.

Still there is a prevailing grandeur and dignity in their relation. Margaret Fuller, who had so fine an instinct for the Greek symbolism, points out that on antique gems and bas-reliefs, in the meetings between god and goddess, "they rather offer to one another the full flower of being than grow together. As in the figures before me, Jupiter, king of gods and men, meets Juno, the sister and queen, not as a chivalric suppliant, but as a stately claimant, and she, crowned, pure, majestic, holds the veil aside to reveal herself to her august spouse."

Accordingly, when Zeus embraces Hera on Mount Ida, clothed in fascinations like those of Aphrodite, all nature is hushed, in Homer's description; the contending armies are still; before this sublime union, these tokens of reverence are fitting. The union of husband and wife — a thing of levity or coarseness on common lips — is transferred by Homer to a scene where all the solemnities of earth and air become but tributary to the divine meeting. And thus the symbols of the Holy Marriage interweave themselves with the associations and practices of the nation, and secure a religious dignity for the institution in the Greek mind.

But woman's career is incomplete even as a wife; she must also be a mother.

* Βασιλῆϊδα κουραφροδίτην. Proclus, Hymn III. 1.

† Ἀφροδίτῃ γάμου πλοκαῖς ἕδεται. Tatian, Orat. contra Græcos, c. 8.

‡ Ἱερὸς γάμος.

Then comes before us the great mystical and maternal deity of Greece, DEMETER of the Eleusinian mysteries, the Roman Ceres. Her very name signifies "mother," probably γῆ μήτηρ, Mother Earth. Euripides says, in his Bacchanals, that the Greeks honor chiefly two deities,—one being Demeter (who is the Earth, he says, if you prefer to call her so), and the other the son of Semele. Demeter is, like Hera, both sister and in a manner wife of Zeus, to bring her into equality with him. Yet she is a virgin, even when she bears a child, Persephone or Proserpine. In a sense this maiden is the child of Zeus, but not in a mortal manner,—by an ineffable conception,* says the Orphic Hymn.

All Demeter's existence is concentrated on this motherhood. She feeds the human race, but when she is deprived of her daughter, she stops the course of the seasons for one year, till the beloved be restored. Nor is there for a time any change even after her daughter's return, until Zeus sends Demeter's own mother to persuade her, thus controlling the might of motherhood by motherhood alone. She thus goes through suffering to glory, and Grote well names her the Mater Dolorosa of Greece.

As this reverence of Demeter for her own mother carries the sacredness of maternity a generation further back, so it is carried a generation further forward by the refusal of Persephone to return permanently to the upper world. Having eaten pomegranate seeds, the legend says, she will go back to her husband. But the pomegranate is the symbol of the felicities of marriage, and its promise of offspring. Thus on every side it is maternity which is canonized in the myth of Demeter, and the concentration on this of every quality of her nature makes her stand the immortal representative of woman as mother. This is the central symbol of the Eleusinian mysteries, ranking first among the religious ceremonials of Greece. The Mother and Daughter, on Athe-

nian lips, mean, always Demeter and Persephone; and through them this relation is glorified, as wifehood becomes sublime in Hera, love in Aphrodite, and maidenhood, active or contemplative, in Artemis and Athena.

But besides these five attitudes of woman as girl, maiden, lover, wife, and mother, there must be finally one which shall comprise all of these, and may outlast them all. HESTIA, or Vesta, is the sister of Zeus, but not his wife like Hera, nor his symbolical mistress like Demeter; nay, when sought in marriage by Phœbus and Poseidón, she has sworn by the head of Zeus to be a virgin forever. She represents woman as queen of home. Houses are her invention. No separate temple is built to her, for every hearth is her altar; no special sacrifices are offered, for she has the first share of every sacrifice. Every time the household meets before the hearth, she is named, and the meal becomes thereby an act of worship. Every in-door oath must be sworn by her. The worst criminal who enters the house and touches the hearth is sacred for her sake.

On the eighth day of the Greek baby's life comes its baptism before Hestia, not with water but with fire,—the ceremony of the Amphidromia, when the nurse and all the women of the house bear the little one to the hearth. Laying aside their clothing,—because this is the intimate domestic ritual, when body and soul are consecrated in their uncovered purity,—they pass in procession round the central flame, and thenceforth Hestia is the protectress of the child.

And observe how beautifully this sublime protection of the hearth is spread yet further. As the city itself is but an extended family, so the city also has its sacred hearth, where the public fire is kept burning, and the public suppliants come. The fugitive entering the town comes here for safety, and is unmolested. Foreign ambassadors are here met and greeted by the magistrates. If a colony goes forth, the emigrants take coals from the pub-

* Ἀπῆροισι γοναίς. Hymn XXIX. 7.

lic hearth of the town they leave. Hestia's fire must never go out ; if it does, it must only be rekindled from the sun.

Thus in Greece, as in Rome afterwards, the vestal virgins guard the central sacredness of the state. Hence the fearful penalty on their misdeeds, and the vast powers they hold. So incarnated in them is the power of the hearth that they bear it with them, and if they meet a criminal, he must be set free. I know no symbol of the power of a sublime womanhood like that, — the assumption that vice cannot live in its presence, but is transformed to virtue. Could any woman once be lifted to a realizing sense of power like that, she might willingly accept the accompanying penalty of transgression. She never would transgress.

Here, then, we have the six primary goddesses of the Greek mythology. It will be said that, even according to the highest poetic treatment, these deities had their imperfections. Certainly it was their crowning merit, for it made them persons, and not mere abstractions. Their traits were all in keeping ; their faults belonged to their temperaments. Doubtless these characters grew up in the early fancy of that people as fictitious characters grow up in the mind of a novelist ; after a little while they get beyond his control, take their destiny into their own hands, and if he tries to make them monotonously faultless, they rebel. So that wondrous artist we call the Greek nation found itself overmastered by the vivid personality of these creations of its own. It was absolutely obliged to give Hera, the wife, her jealous imperiousness, and Artemis, the maid, her cruel chastity. Zeus and Actæon were the sufferers, because consistency and nature willed it so, and refused to omit these slight excesses. So Athena, the virgin, must be a shade too cold, and Aphrodite, the lover, several shades too warm, that there might be reality and human interest. Demeter, the mother, will sacrifice the whole human race for her child ; and even Hestia is pitiless to those who profane the sacred altar

of home. Each of these qualities is the stamp of nature upon the goddess, holding fast the ideal, lest it recede beyond human ken.

So perfect was this prism of feminine existence, it comprised every primary color. So well did this series of divinities cover all the functions of womanly life, that none could fail of finding her tutelary goddess in some shrine. An imaginative Greek girl had not an epoch nor an instant that was not ennobled. Every act of her existence was glorified in some temple ; every dream of her silent hours took garlands and singing robes around it. In her yet childish freedom she was Artemis ; "in maiden meditation, fancy free," she was Athena ; when fancy-bound, she was Aphrodite ; when her life was bound in wedlock, she was Hera ; when enriched by motherhood, she became Demeter, and she was thenceforth the Hestia of her own home, at least. Her life was like a revolving urn, upon which she could always see one great symbolic image sculptured, though each in its turn gave way to another.

And this influence was enhanced by the actual participation of Greek women in the ceremonies of religion, when conducted upon a scale that our modern imaginations can hardly reproduce. The little five-year-old maids, yellow-clad, who chanted lines from Homer at the festival of Artemis Brauronia ; the virgins who from seven to eleven dwelt on the rock of the Acropolis, and wove the sacred garment of Athena, themselves robed in white, with ornaments of gold ; the flower-wreathed girls who bore baskets through the streets at the Panathenæa ; the matrons who directed the festival of Hera at Elis ; the maidens who ran in that sacred race, knowing that the victor's portrait would be dedicated in the temple ; the high-priestess of Hera at Argos, from whose accession the citizens dated their calendar of years ; the priestesses of Demeter, who alone of all women might attend the Olympic games ; — all these saw womanhood dei-

fied in their goddesses and dignified in themselves. The vast religious ceremonial appealed alike to the high-born maidens who ministered at the altars, and to the peasant-girls through whom the oracles spoke. Every range of condition and of culture might be comprised among the hundreds who assembled before daybreak to bathe the image of Pallas in the sacred river, or the thousands who walked with consecrated feet in the long procession to Eleusis. In individual cases, the service brought out such noble virtue as that of the priestess Theano, who, when Alcibiades was exiled from Athens and was sentenced to be cursed by all who served at the altar, alone refused to obey, saying that she was consecrated to bless and not to curse. But even among the mass of Greek women, where so much time was spent in sharing or observing this ritual of worship, life must have taken some element of elevation through contact with the great ideal women of the sky.

We cannot now know, but can only conjecture, how far the same religious influence inspired those Greek women, who, in more secular spheres of duty, left their names on their country's records. When Corinna defeated Pindar in competing for the poetic prize; when Helen of Alexandria painted her great historic picture, consecrated in the Temple of Peace; when the daughter of Thucydides aided or completed her father's great literary work; when the Athenian Agnodice studied medicine, disguised as a man, and practised it as a man, and was prosecuted as a seducer, and then, revealing her sex, was prosecuted for her deception, till the chief women of Athens appeared in her behalf and secured for their sex the right to be physicians; when Telesilla of Argos roused her countrywomen to defend the walls against the Spartans, the men having lost courage; after which, in a commemorative festival, the women appeared in male attire and the men came forth veiled; — all these women but put in action the lessons of aspiration which they had

learned in the temples. This inspiration derived by womanly genius from its deity is finely recognized by Antipater of Thessalonica in that fine epigram where he enumerates the nine poetesses of Greece, calls them "artists of immortal works," and grandly characterizes them as "women who spoke like gods in their hymns."*

I do not propose to go further, and discuss the actual condition of the average Greek woman. That would demand an essay by itself. You may place the actual condition of any class very high or very low if you look at it two thousand years after, and select all the facts either on the favorable or on the unfavorable side. Yet this is what St. John and Becker, for instance, in writing of the Greek women, have respectively done. I can honestly say that all modern literature and art taken together seem to me to have paid to woman no tribute so reverential as in the worship of the great ideals I have named. But in actual life it must be owned that there seems to have been the same strange mingling of delicate courtesy and of gross contempt for woman which marks our society to-day. Margaret Fuller, whose opinion on this subject was worth more than that of any woman in America, or than that of most men, went further and wrote: "Certainly the Greeks knew more of real home intercourse and more of woman than the Americans. It is in vain to tell me of outward observances. The poets, the sculptors, always tell the truth."

And there is undoubtedly much in the more serious Greek literature which may be quoted to sustain this assertion. There is a remarkable passage of Plato, in which he says that children may find comedy more agreeable, but educated women† and youths and the majority of mankind prefer tragedy. This distinctly recognizes intellectual culture as an element in the female

* Θεολώσσους γυναίκας ὕμνοισι.

† Ἄι τε πεπαιδευμέναι τῶν γυναικῶν — rendered by Ficinus *mulieres eruditæ*. Plato, de Leg., Book II. p. 791. ed. 1602. Compare Book VII. p. 893, same edition.

society around him (since such a remark could hardly be made, for instance, in Turkey); and the Diotima of his Banquet represents, in the noblest way, the inspirational element in woman.

So Homer often recognizes the intelligence or judgment* of his heroines. Narrating the events of a semi-barbarous epoch, when woman was the prize of the strongest, he yet concedes to her a dignity and courtesy far more genuine than are shown in the mediæval romances, for instance, in which the reverence seldom outlasts marriage. Every eminent woman partakes of the divine nature. The maiden is to be approached with reverence for her virgin purity; the wife has her rightful place in the home. When Odysseus, in his destitution, takes refuge with Nausicaa's parents, the princess warns him to kneel at her mother's feet, not her father's, she being the central figure. Perhaps the crowning instance of this recognized dignity is in the position occupied by Helen after her return to her husband's house, when the storm of the war she excited has died away. There is a singular modernness and domesticity about this well-known scene, though the dignity and influence assigned to the repentant wife are perhaps more than modern. In the Fourth Book of the *Odyssey* the young Telemachus visits King Menelaus, to inquire as to the fate of his own father, Odysseus. While they are conversing, Helen enters, — the beauty of the world, and the source of its greatest ills. She comes dignified, graceful, honored, — shall I say, like a modern wife? — and joins unbidden in the conversation.

"While he pondered these things in his thoughts and in his mind, forth from the fragrant and lofty chamber came Helen, like Artemis of the golden distaff. For her Adrasta immediately placed a well-made seat, and Alcippe brought tapestry of soft wool, and Phylo brought a silver basket, . . . the lips finished with gold, . . . filled with well-dressed thread; and upon it the distaff was stretched, containing

* φρένες.

violet-colored wool. And she sat on the seat, and the footstool was beneath her feet, and she straightway inquired everything of her husband with words.

"Do we know, O thou heavenly nurtured Menelaus, what men these are who take refuge in our house? Shall I be saying falsely or speak the truth? Yet my mind exhorts me. I say that I have never seen any man or woman so like (reverence possesses me as I behold him) as he is like unto Telemachus, the son of magnanimous Odysseus, whom that man left an infant in his house, when ye Grecians came to Troy on account of me immodest, waging fierce war.' Her answering, said auburn-haired Menelaus, 'So now I too am thinking, my wife, as thou dost conjecture.'"

What a quiet sagacity she shows, and what a position of accustomed equality! So the interview goes on, till the hostess finally mixes them something good to drink, and then they go to rest, and there in a recess of the lofty house "lies long-robed Helen, a divine one among women!"

The same stateliness of tone, with finer spiritual touches, may be found throughout the Greek tragedies. The *Alcestis* and *Antigone* are world-renowned delineations of noble and tender womanhood, and there are many companion pictures. I know not where in literature to look for a lovelier touch of feminine feeling, — a trait more unlike those portrayed by Thackeray, for instance, — than in the *Deianira* of Sophocles (in the *Trachinææ*), who receives with such abundant compassion the female slaves sent home by Hercules, resolves that no added pain shall come to them from her, and even when she discovers one of them to be the beloved mistress of her husband, still forgives the girl, in the agony of her own grief. "I pity her most of all," she says, "because her own beauty has blasted her life, ruined her nation, and made her a slave."

Why is Euripides so often described as a hater of women? So far as I can see, he only puts emotions of hatred

into the hearts of individuals who have been ill-used by them, and perhaps deserved it, while his own pictures of womanhood, from *Alcestis* downward, show the finest touches of appreciation. *Iphigenia* refuses to be saved from the sacrifice, and insists on dying for her country; and *Achilles*, who would fain save and wed her, says: "I deem Greece happy in thee, and thee in Greece; nobly hast thou spoken." In the *Troades*, *Hecuba* warns *Menelaus* that, if *Helen* is allowed on the same ship with him, she will disarm his vengeance; he disputes it and she answers, "He is no lover who not always loves." What a recognition is there of the power of a woman to inspire a passion that shall outlast years and even crime! In the *Electra*, where the high-souled princess is given in unwilling marriage to a peasant, he treats her with the most delicate respect, and she dwells in his hut as his virgin sister, so that she says to him, "Thee equal to the gods I deem my friend." And with such profound reverence is every priestess regarded throughout his plays, that a brother is severely rebuked, in one case, for treating with fraternal familiarity a woman so august.

Another proof of the delicate appreciation of womanhood among the Greeks is to be found in the exquisite texture of their love-poems,—a treasury from which all later bards have borrowed. Even the prose of the obscure *Philostatus* gave Ben Jonson nearly every thought and expression in his "Drink to me only with thine eyes."* And if, following Ben Jonson, we wish to know what man can say "in a little," we must seek it in such poems as this by *Plato*, preserved in the *Anthology*:—

"My star, upon the stars thou gazest.
Would that I were heaven, that on thee
I might look with many eyes!"

Or this by *Julian*, on a picture:—

"The painter [depicts] *Theodota* her-

self. Had he but failed in his art, and given forgetfulness to her mourners!"*

Or this other picture-song by *Paulus Silentiarius*:—

"The pencil has scarce missed [the beauty of] the maiden's eyes, or her hair, or the consummate splendor of her bloom. If any one can paint flickering sunbeams, he can paint also the flickering [beauty of] *Theodorias*."†

Or this garland of *Rufinus*:—

"I send you, *Rhodoclea*, this garland, having woven it with my own hands of lovely flowers. 'There is a lily, and a rose-bud, and the damp anemone, and moist narcissus, and violet with dark blue eyes. But do you, enwreathed with them, unlearn pride, for both you and the garland are in blossom and must fade.'"‡

We must remember that, as *Grote* has well said, all we know of the Greeks is so much saved from a wrecked vessel; and while greater and rarer things are brought on shore, the myriad of small and common things are gone. It is only in the little poems of the *Anthology* that we unveil, as in a *Pompeian* house, the familiar aspects of domestic life. There the husband addresses his wife, the son his mother; and home traits and simple joys are recorded. There we find portrayed the intellect, there the heart, of the Greek woman. "*Melissias* denies her love, and yet her body cries out, as if it had received a quiver full of arrows; unsteady is her gait, unsteady her panting breath, and hollow are the sinkings of her eyelids." Or, "I lament for the maiden *Antibia*, for whom many suitors came to her father's house, through the renown of her beauty and intelligence,§ but destructive fate has rolled away their hopes far from all."

Perhaps nothing among these poems gives so naïve and delicate a glimpse of Greek maidenhood as this inscription

* Ἀθήνην δῶκεν ἰδνρομένης. *Brunck's Analecta*, II. 502.

† Μαριαυγὴν Θεοδοριάδος. *Brunck*, III. 90.

‡ Ἀνθεὶς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος. *Brunck*, II. 394.

§ Πεννύρτος. *Brunck*, I. 201. The other poem, II. 395.

* Ἐμὲ δὲ μόνους πρότινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν. *Philostatus*, Letter XXIV. The parallel passages may be found in *Cumberland's Observer*, No. 74, where they were first pointed out.

tion from a votive offering in the temple of Artemis, where brides were wont to offer their childish toys at the approach of their nuptials. It is one of the vast mass of anonymous poems in the Anthology:—

“Timarete, before her marriage, has offered to Artemis her tambourine, and her precious ball, and her net that protected her locks, and her dolls and her doll’s dresses, as is fitting for a virgin to a virgin, O Limnatis! And do thou, daughter of Latona, place thy hand over the girl Timarete, and preserve holily her who is holy.”*

Think of the open grossness of English epithalamiums down almost to the present day, and of the smooth sensuality of French literature; and then consider the calm, strong sweetness of that prayer for this childish bride,—“Preserve holily her who is holy.” Are the bridals of Trinity Church such an advance beyond the temple of Artemis?

At any rate, the final result of Greek worship was this. In its temples the sexes stood equal, goddess was as sublime as god, priestess the peer of priest; there was every influence to ennoble a woman’s ideal of womanhood so long as her worship lasted, and nothing to discourage her from the most consecrated career. In Protestant Christian churches, on the other hand, the representations of Deity are all masculine, the Mediator masculine, the evangelists, the apostles, the Church fathers, all masculine; so are the ministers and the deacons; even the old-time deaconess, sole representative of the ancient priestess, is gone; nothing feminine is left but the worshippers, and they indeed are feminine, three to one.

The Roman Catholic Church, with more wisdom of adaptation, has kept one goddess from the Greek; and the transformed Demeter, with her miraculously born child, which is now become masculine, presides over every altar. Softened and beautified from the elder image, it is still the same,—the same indeed with all the mythologic mothers, with the Maternal Goddess who sits,

with a glory round her head and a babe on her bosom, in every Buddhist house in China, or with Isis who yet nurses Horus on the monuments of Egypt. As far as history can tell, this group first appeared in Christian art when used as a symbol, in the Nestorian controversy, by Cyril, who had spent most of his life in Egypt. Nestorius was condemned, in the fifth century, for asserting Mary to be the mother of the human nature of Jesus, and not also of the divine; and it was at this time that the images of the Virgin and Child were multiplied, to protest against the heretic who had the minority of votes. After all, Christian ritualism is but a palimpsest, and if we go an inch below the surface anywhere, there is some elder sanctity of Greece or Rome. I remember how this first flashed upon me, when I saw, in a photograph of the Pantheon, the whole soul of the ancient faith in the words, “Deo: Opt: Max:” and again, when, in the first Romish procession I saw, a great banner came flapping round the windy corner with the letters S. P. Q. R. The phrase under which ancient Rome subdued the world (Senatus Populusque Romanus) still lingers in those borrowed initials, and the Church takes its goddess, like its banner, at second-hand.

If we set aside its queen, the Church has added no new image. Martyrs are abundant in every faith, and saint and sibyl add but a few softer touches to the antique. Mary Magdalene is really the sole modern figure, and she has not an ideal interest, but one that is philanthropic alone. Her presence in art asserts the modern spirit, and perhaps marks an era in history. Far be it from me to deny its value. Yet if we are looking for the very highest, it cannot be found in the fallen; and if we must lose either from the temple, we can better spare the suppliant than the goddess.

And save in depicting this attribute of humility or contrition, modern literature, at least since Petrarch, seems to me singularly wanting in grand pictures of ideal womanhood. Spenser’s imper-

* Σάκος τὰν ὁρίαν ὁρίως. Brunck, III. 173.

sonations, while pure and high, are vague and impalpable. Shakespeare's women seem at best far inferior, in compass and variety, to Shakespeare's men; and if Ruskin glorifies them sublimely on the one side, Thackeray on the other side professes to find in them the justification of his own. Goethe paints carefully a few varieties, avoiding the largest and noblest types. Where among all these delineations is there a woman who walks the earth like a goddess? Where is the *incessu patuit dea* or Homer's *δία γυναῖκων*? Among recent writers, Georges Sand alone has dared even to attempt such a thing; she tries it in *Consuelo*, and before the divinity has got her wings full-grown, she is enveloped, goddess-like, in the most bewildering clouds.

Perhaps it is precisely because these high ideals were so early reached, that it is now found hard to do more than reproduce them. As no sculptor can produce more than a Greek profile, so no poet has yet produced more than a Greek woman. Modern life has not aimed to elevate the ideal, but the average. Common intelligence spread more widely, sweetness and purity protected, more respect for the humblest woman as woman, less faith in the sibyl and the saint, — this is modern life.

In the Middle Ages there were glimpses of a new creation. Raphael painted, Dante sang, something that promised more than Greece gave; but it came to nothing. Superstition was in the way; the new woman did not get herself disentangled from a false mythology and an unnatural asceticism, and was never fairly born. Art could not join what God had put asunder; the maid-mother was after all an image less noble than maid or mother separately. That path is closed; I rejoice that we can have no more Madonnas; we have come back to nature and are safe beneath its eternal laws. There is no fear for the future; eternities stretch out that way, and only centuries the other.

That wonderful old mythology is gone; that great race shed it, lightly as leaves in autumn, and went its way. These names of Hera and Aphrodite are but autumn leaves which I have caught in my hands, to show the red tints that still linger on their surface; they have lasted long, but who knows how soon they will be faded and forgotten? Yet not till the world is rich enough to have a race more ideal than the Greeks, will there be another harvest of anything so beautiful to the imagination. Nature is the same; the soil of Attica was as barren as that of Massachusetts. The life of man has grown more practical, more judicious, more sensitive to wrong, more comprehensive in sympathy; common sense has been the gainer, so has common virtue; it is only the ideal that has grown tame.

We are laying the foundations of a grander temple, I trust, than any of which the Greeks ever dreamed, and we toil among the dust and rubbish, waiting for the goddess and the shrine. Nothing shall drive me from the belief that there is arising in America, amid all our frivolities, a type of virgin womanhood, new in history, undescribed in fiction, from which there may proceed, in generations yet to come, a priesthood more tender, a majesty more pure and grand, than anything which poet ever sang or temple enthroned. Through tears and smiles, through the blessed cares that have trained the heart of womanhood in all ages, but also through a culture such as no other age has offered, through the exercise of rights never before conceded, of duties never yet imposed, will this heroic sisterhood be reared. Joining the unforgotten visions of Greek sublimity with the meeker graces of Christian tradition, there may yet be nobler forms, that shall eclipse those "fair humanities of old religion"; as, when classic architecture had reached perfection, there rose the Gothic, and made the Greek seem cold.

OUR INEBRIATES, HARBORED AND HELPED.

BY AN INMATE OF THE NEW YORK STATE ASYLUM.

I AWAKE to the music of the rising bell, on which an Ethiopian minstrel, naturally corked, is ringing cheerful changes in the halls; and my first conscious sensation is a pleasant one as, turning over for a fresh thrill, and applauding my pillow with a sensuous pat, I cast a complacent glance and thought around my room. Not bad for an "Inebriate Asylum,"—for a refuge and a rest to the wretch which hath seven devils, each more thirsty than the other,—for a hiding and safe thinking place to him who hath called, in his distraction and dismay, on the mountains to fall on him, and the rocks to cover him up!

An appropriate apartment, not spacious, but snug; not so large but that a faithful hope, when it comes to look for a lost man, may find him in it; not so small but that a compact friend may be entertained here without that familiarity of knees and boots that breeds contempt; a chamber sensible to neatness,—that sort of "short horse" of a lodging which is "soon curried." Walls lofty and sky-colored; door and double window tall and dignified,—the latter provided with liberal panes and inside latticed shutters; wood-work of oak and dark cherry, handsomely moulded and panelled; a portly oaken wardrobe, with double doors and drawers, and a certain imposing aspect, conveying the impression of "presence"; a hospitable carpet in warm colors; "all the modern improvements" for ablution, represented by a marble tank and silver-plated turn-cock; a double register for hot air and ventilation; pendent gas-fixtures, in good style, with globes and side-light; two tables, with cloth covers, in bright patterns of crimson and black, for periodicals, papers, and writing materials; a rather wide bedstead, of bronzed iron, in the English

style, and on rollers; a lazy rocking-chair, and two office chairs in black walnut,—one with, the other without, arms; a looking-glass, not "palatial," but enough, and neatly framed; two wall brackets, at present surmounted by an opera-glass, three "blue-and-gold" volumes of verse, and a memory and a hope in the pictured loveliness of a girl; on the wall large photographs of Winterhalter's "Florinde," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Mazerolle's "Anacréon," a Venus and Cupid, with doves, of Correggio; the "Campanile at Florence" in water-colors, a rack full of *cartes de visite* and steel vignettes, and the foot and ankle in plaster of Palmer's "White Captive," a gift from the sculptor. One side of my wardrobe has been transformed into a bookcase, and lodges two hundred and fifty choice volumes of Poetry, Essays, Biography, and Travel. Of course, these books and pictures are my own; like many of my comrades here, I have studied, by such means, to impart a home-like aspect to my lodging. But in all other respects the appointments of my room are in the uniform style of the house, and I enjoy no favors not granted to my fellows.

So much for my interior. Without, my window, looking westward toward Binghamton, affords me a land-and-water-scape, where I can all the pleasures prove

"That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains, yields":

with

"Shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Nor does the picturesque Yankee village in the distance, nor even the cloudy pillar of the westward-roaring engine, whereby the Lord leadeth his people about through the way of the wilderness, impair the romantic charm

of the scene. The piping of old Kit Marlow can be heard above all the puffing of new Jim Fisk.

With the final clang of the rising bell, the halls are awake and astir. There is leaping from beds, and much splashing of water; and the operation of toileting is performed not without various musical accompaniment, vocal, sibilant, and instrumental. *Voici le Sabre de Mon Père* is delivered with martial ardor by Number 10; Number 7, inspired by convivial souvenirs, whistles "Champagne Charlie," with expression, while "Mary had a Little Lamb," with variations, is pensively executed on a comb by Number 21. There are likewise imitations, versatile and judicious, of the voices of the animal kingdom: the quaint iteration of the cuckoo proceeds from Number 9; the voice of the turtle is heard in the land of Number 6; a profane parrot draws corks and objurgatory comparisons in Number 11; and an orphaned calf bewails the untimely butchering of its maternal beef in Number 14. Such the sportive relaxations of minds equal to nobler contemplations, and ready to rise with the occasion to sublimer utterances!

Again the tintinnabulatory Ethiopian: eight o'clock, and away to breakfast! A spacious hall serves us for a refectory, abundantly lighted from rows of tall windows on two sides, and at present accommodating ninety-six guests, in messes of twelve, at eight tables symmetrically disposed on each side of the room; to each table, a neat-handed Phyllis, more or less expert in the catching of eyes and the shifting of platters; of course separate tables for the superintendent, his family, and friends, but not separate fare; they sit down with us, and fare as we do; for though we do not boast all the delicacies of the season, our catering is supposed to be substantial, abundant, and various enough; we are not alarmed though a board of trustees take us by surprise, or a legislative committee burst upon us "unbeknownst."

Ninety-six—what? Criminals? There

are Pharisees who would so dispose of us. Lunatics? Other fools, of a milder type, prefer that denomination. But, for all that, ninety-six gentlemen: in morals, as the world goes; in wits and manners, above the average; all of us decent, many refined; none of us fools, not a few highly intellectual; an illiterate man a painful rarity among us; a polished scholar—pleasant, but not a phenomenon; a queer club of sympathetic good-fellows, having one fiery dragon to fight, and fighting that cheerfully here together, with our ninety-six hearts and heads and stomachs; while humbly beseeching all Pharisees and other fools, who *don't* pay their money, to take their choice ("Criminal," or "Lunatic," or both at once)—only to stop addling their virtuous brains about us, and to let us have peace for a season. For just now breakfast is waiting, and, having asked a blessing, like felons, we proceed to discuss it, with cheerful, rational chat between, like madmen; that over, another depraved performance, — prayers in chapel, — and the mad business of the day begins: some to the billiard-tables, some to the bowling-alleys, others to the more muscular *certamina* of the gymnasium; while a few, older or less vigorous, more studious, or more pensive, or more lazy, betake themselves to the quiet solacements of library or reading-room. This is the usual distribution of those who keep in-doors; but, unless the weather be positively forbidding, there is always a considerable company who ramble over the hills, or, by carriage or the railroad, to Binghamton. For it must be borne in mind that the corner-stone of the theory upon which this experiment rests is *confidence*, — the largest liberty reconcilable with the safety of the subject.

At eleven o'clock, and again at six, a mail-bag arrives from the post-office in town, and there is a distribution of letters and papers. These are ever the two exciting episodes of our daily being; for to them belongs the weighting or the lightening of hearts; I have seen

at least one poor life, that had hung upon them forlornly, suddenly let go its hold. At the same time come the great newspapers, with their freight of stirring matter.

At one we dine, and at six we sup, — quite substantially still; for our appetites are such as belong to lusty stomachs, cocktailed by gay, hopeful tempers. And these our prattling reunions in the refectory are our occasions of most genial companionship, breaking, as they do, the monotony of a routine which, diversify it as we may, is yet not without its irksomeness to frames so vigorous and spirits so restless. They constitute to us, likewise, a sort of dress parade in which we are careful to make a handsome appearance; for it is here that we are oftenest cheered by the presence of the fair. After dinner, to our pipes (which are free), and to our naps, which might be wholesomely reformed. But as at the table we meet as ninety-six cheerful gentlemen, pleasantly familiar, might sit down together in a genteel hotel, so, in our rooms and everywhere, we are much given to taking our ease in our inn; for are we not here for *rest* most of all, — rest from the racket of our own excitements, and all the wearisome wear of our alternate recklessnesses and remorse? God knows we were tired enough when we came!

Our evenings are — according to the day. For Mondays we have provided readings, in the chapel, from the poets, the dramatists, the novelists; and our readers are whoever can and will read.

On Wednesday evenings, Dr. Day talks to us about Temperance, with all the plainness and good-humor, and much of the drollness, of the familiar "Dutch Uncle." Pithy performances these, — neither scientific nor rhetorical, but of the very mother-soil of the subject, awfully sound, and to the point, — at times with a directness so drolly excruciating as to make the squirming hearer feel as though he were a full bottle of "S. T. — 1860 — X," and the spiral horror of an an-

alyzer's corkscrew, with its cold, critical intelligence, were slowly but surely grinding into his head.

Thursday night of each week is devoted to a "dramatic reception," to which ladies and gentlemen of Binghamton are invited by complimentary cards. We have a compact and pretty little theatre, well equipped, the scenery very cleverly painted by one of ourselves, — an artist of no mean powers for a gentleman amateur, — and the furniture in as good taste as the abundant stores of the house can afford; for orchestra, a piano, occasionally supported by a violin. An amateur company of fair talent and the most accommodating versatility has been mustered from the full roll of the house, whosoever can do a funny or a fearful thing being eagerly invited to come forthwith and do it; and if the purpose and the effect do now and then get transposed, that very circumstance but serves to impart to the performance somewhat of the desired "professional" illusion. We have done "Macbeth," the "Lady of Lyons," "Still Water Runs Deep," and a variety of roaring farces, in a style quite above the professional Crummleses of a country town. Of course all our "women" are afflicted with a congenital masculine disorder; but for all that, our Lady Macbeth and Mrs. Sternhold may be contemplated with tolerance even by those who have applauded Charlotte Cushman or Mrs. Conway. Our Macbeth is surely truer to Shakespeare and nature than Mr. McKean Buchanan's very original Thane; and I have seen Claudes and Hawksleys on Broadway that we can beat without a rehearsal. These "dramatic receptions" are our pet vanity; they often draw "select" audiences from the town, making our bachelor halls bright with the presence of pretty women; and their moral influence in our household is notably good.

We at all times abound in good music. Our pianos and melodeons discourse much harmony, grave and gay, under the deft fingers of inebriates; and the ever-amiable young daughter

of the superintendent lends, at any call, her rich and well-trained voice.

Tuesday and Saturday are club nights — meetings of the Ollapod Club, so called: a literary and social organization, founded on the 18th of November last, and of quick growth in intellectual and moral force. We number at this present writing sixty members elected by ballot; and our terms as to qualification are studiously liberal, the object being to invite to the advantages and wholesome influences of the association every man in the asylum who has not rendered himself ineligible by notoriously vicious practices, or by such coarseness of manners and habits as brand him as socially intolerable. On the roll of the Ollapod Club may be found the names of men who, in their respective walks of life, have adorned and taught superior communities. Here are divines, physicians, lawyers, writers, artists, teachers, merchants, and more than one scholar honorably known by his attainments in the exact sciences or criticism. In this connection, however, I would remark that the sedentary professions send to the Asylum a much smaller proportion of the whole number of confirmed inebriates than may be supposed. Of the three hundred and ten patients received here between the 1st of January and the 31st of December, 1868, whilst ninety-three were clerks, eighty-two merchants, sixteen farmers, fifteen lawyers, nine brokers and bankers, and twenty-eight "independent gentlemen" of no occupation, there were but three clergymen, two physicians, two authors, two teachers, one artist, and two professional musicians; it is noticeable, also, that of the three hundred and ten, but five were printers, and not one an actor. Here is matter for speculation, — a fact to reconcile with a theory; but this paper is to be a practical statement, and I turn from the temptation.

A few of the titles of papers read before the club may serve to indicate the drift of thought and taste. It will be observed that there is a preference for the satirical handling of social ab-

surdities. "The Hindoo Girl of the Period"; "Meteoric Phenomena, and Theories concerning them"; "Curiosities of Music"; "Opera Bouffe and Ballet"; "The Sensational Drama"; "The Hub and the Tire" (Boston and Chicago); "The Social Aspects of Shoddy"; "The Gentleman and the Gentlewoman"; "Pantomime, Burlesque, and Puppets"; "The Art of Conversation"; "In Search of a Subject"; "Wit and Humor, English and American"; "Arctic Exploration and Adventure"; "Amarapooora, the City of the Immortals"; "A Review of the Life of the Duke of Alva"; "My Farm in Flanders"; "Madame Récamier and Madame Tallien"; "George Frederick Cooke, Actor and Drunkard"; Debate: "The Oath in Courts of Justice, — should it be abolished?"

The proceedings of this club are conducted with exemplary decorum, the discussion of religious or political questions being strictly tabooed. At the close of the literary exercises, it resolves itself into a free, social circle, when the members gather about the small round tables, reading, chatting, or engaged in games of chess, whist, euchre, and cribbage. The monthly "receptions," to which an appreciative public is invited, are polite reunions of the most pleasant character. The constitution and by-laws have been printed for the use of the members, and the moral as well as intellectual influence of the association, in our peculiar community, where so much is left to the honor of the individual, may be measured by the spirit and tone of these four "standing resolutions": —

"I. *Resolved*, That it is the expressed spirit and sentiment of this club, that each and every member of it, so long as he shall continue to be an inmate of this Asylum, is expected to observe scrupulous caution not to offend or bring disrepute upon our fellowship by presenting himself at any time or place under the influence of liquor.

"II. *Resolved*, That the above resolution is accepted by each and every one of us as an earnest expression of

the opinion and feeling of the club, without other form of pledge or bond.

"III. *Resolved*, That whosoever, being a member of this club, and an inmate of the Asylum, shall present himself, at any time or place, in the condition indicated, shall be expected to offer to the club, in writing, a becoming apology; the same to be read by the secretary at the next regular meeting thereafter, if called for by the club.

"IV. *Resolved*, That nothing in the foregoing resolutions, expressed or implied, shall be construed as impairing the sympathy and fellowship with which it is the wish and purpose of this club to approach any member so unfortunate or faulty. But that, on the contrary, we do hold ourselves bound, collectively and individually, to extend to him all necessary protection and aid, with prompt and cheerful goodwill.

"Adopted by acclamation, March 12, 1869."

From time to time an erratic member has strayed beyond the affection and protection of these wholesome rules, and on every such occasion the frank and genuine confession with which his apology has been offered has been only equalled by the cordial and sympathetic applause with which it has been accepted. For once in a while some weaker vessel, for all the safeguards that can be set about him, gets broken against his own hard thoughts or the underlying temptations of the town; and for such there are locked and lonesome "cages," sacred to reflection, remorse, and bromide of potassium. It is a phase of this mystery of iniquity, defying solution, that whilst, of the eighty or ninety probationers, there are never more than fifteen who habitually offend or fail in this particular, among these fifteen the shock of one man's fall is transmitted through all, with the instantaneousness of an electric circuit. Strangest of all, this phenomenon of sympathetic excitement displays a character of periodicity, so clearly defined as to suggest the possibility of lunar influence. "About this

time," as the old almanacs have it, "expect madness."

"We have reason to congratulate ourselves [I quote from the Superintendent's Report for 1868] that the situation of the Asylum is such as to render it a fair exponent of those sympathetic and humanizing ideas, the soundness and practicability of which it was erected to prove,—the theory which claims for the inebriate a recoverable judgment, sensible affections, and moral responsibility; and which, refusing any longer to coerce him as a criminal or confine him as a lunatic, proposes by positive aid and comfort, and confiding appeals to his reason, his affections, and his aspirations, to restore him to himself, his family, and society.

"To prove this we have to show, first, that he voluntarily surrenders himself, for a period more or less protracted, according to the indications of his condition and the history of his case, to an isolation which we study to render agreeable, and a restraint the mildest he will allow us to impose; and, secondly, that he can be *trusted*,—his temptations, of course, being jealously checked.

"Thus we have in the location of the Asylum the natural argument in favor of our views, and the natural means to demonstrate them; for, being remote from police limits and "rounds," we are not required to provide a mere convenient harbor and cell for the chance arrests of a night; and on the other hand, being within easy distance of a brisk, attractive town, without bars or walls or guards between him and its allurements, the inebriate, strengthened but guarded, at large but watched, has a chance, at proper seasons, to prove his courage and his honor. We have our penalties for infractions of rules and breaches of faith; but he also has his, in his own heart and conscience; and of the two influences, the latter, the less formal, is the more potent.

"Hence, a quality of genuineness, with every advantage of position and circumstance to test the truth of the

conclusions upon which our grave experiment is founded, is afforded in the first place by our topographical conditions alone, and confirmed afterwards by the social and moral consent of the patient. . . .

"If, on the other hand, it be argued, as against the extreme mildness of our restraints, — the large privilege of going and coming, which it is in our theory to allow to all the members of our peculiar community, — that it is liable to flagrant abuse, and that every instance of broken faith and dishonorable infraction of rules — as in the case of men who are allowed to visit Binghamton on their parole — is a positive reflection upon the character of the Institution and a damage to the faith and hopes of its friends, I reply that these are the very exceptions that prove the rule; that to no circumstance so confidently as to this can we point for confirmation and support of our law of kindness and trust; for of the eighty-two men now in the Asylum there are certainly not more than ten who habitually practise deception, or otherwise break faith with us in this matter; and even with many of these we find no method of discipline so wholesome and effectual as brief confinement, patient forbearance, and rational appeals to their reviving sense of honor."

The Club Rooms — a handsome expression of the appreciation and interest of the Vice-President and Superintendent of Construction, Hon. Ausburn Birdsall, whose sagacity and energy are a power to the Institution — constitute an attractive feature of the house. They are substantially and appropriately furnished, and the walls, tastefully frescoed, are adorned with fine steel engravings, photographs, and chromos, presented by thoughtful friends of the institution, — the collection comprising many portraits of English and American men of letters. There is pressing need of a well-chosen library, of not less than a thousand volumes; and if any happy reader of the "*Atlantic*," moved by a spirit of benevolent emulation, would be flattered by the sense

of a good gift judiciously bestowed, let him or her send to the secretary of the Ollapod Club a box or parcel — no matter how light, the weight will be in the gracious obligation — of "books which are books."

Our Inebriates at Binghamton — Respectability's bad bargains — present in their social and political systems an example of a pure democracy, — quintessential Americanism, asserting itself in that freedom of opinion to which there is no limit but generosity, and of expression upon which no restriction is imposed save by courtesy and decorum. It is a favorite phrase of the house, that we are all "tarred with the same stick," and by that same token we stick together. We have our popular and our unpopular men, and by the status of these or those you may gauge the dominant sentiment of the community. Whosoever is companionable, genial, sympathetic, co-operative, of us and with us and for us, he is the man for the votes of our understandings and our hearts; whosoever is self-seeking, sulky, captious, pharisaical, aloof from us, shy of us, ashamed of us, scornfully looking down from the cold heights of his moral "green-seal" upon the cheap and humble contamination of our unaffected "rot-gut," — a snob among inebriates, — it were better for that man that a temperance lecture were hung about his neck and he were swamped in the Slough of Despond out of which we have just been fished. Especially are we impatient with him who calls his dear old rum by such lying names as "liver," and "vertigo"; and playing the Joseph Surface among prodigal sons, complains that the "old man" did not do the square thing in that little family transaction of the division of goods, and afterwards cruelly denied him Worcestershire Sauce with his husks; besides, for all the blowing about that fatted calf, he never did like veal.

Fair Play and Inebriates' Rights, — generosity in judgment, and consideration for the claims of the flesh in its frailty, — these are the law to our minds and the way to our hearts. Our diverse

personalities are blended and welded by a common need and longing, and the individual is lost in the partaken trouble. Unlike ship-board life, which shamefully uncovers the naked selfishness of a man, bringing to the surface all his abject Me-ness, this more humanizing experience, conceived in helplessness and brought forth in longing, makes generosity a relief and fellowship a comfort.

And here the thought of sea-board life reminds me that the proportion of travelled men among us is especially noticeable by numbers and influence. It is safe to say that of the whole body of patients, — if it be not an absurd misnomer to term those "patients" who are, with rare exceptions, models of cheerful, springy health, — at least one half have traversed their own land from shore to shore, or found their wanton way to the ends of the earth. From these the quality of our social intercourse derives a positive infusion of the cosmopolitan spirit, imparting catholicity of sympathy, freedom of thought, a brave, robust hopefulness, and emancipation from the thralldom of those puerile impulses which promote unwise and extravagant partialities or prejudices. Between the restless, roving, adventure-loving, change-seeking disposition, impatient of restraint, insatiable of excitement, and given over to all the licenses of imagination, and the propensity to stimulate to excess, there seems to be that affinity and connection, psychological and physiological, which may naturally account for the presence in the Asylum of so large a proportion of men who have seen the world and "the elephant." In this candid little lodge of ours the masks and dominos of character are dropped, and the man, morally naked, regards himself in the clear, true glass of his own confession. Here, once for all, he unfools himself, with nice accuracy taking his own measure and "heft"; and henceforward, to his dying day, he is as one who has recently made his own acquaintance, — introduced to himself by those who

quickly get to know him better than the mother who bore him. Humbly he comes down from the stilts of his presumption, modestly he modifies the strut of his obtrusiveness, — a man judiciously and good-humoredly snubbed. His unappreciated qualities are developed; the mystery of hidden good in him is solved; he learns to rate himself lower than his own price, higher than the appraisal of his friends. The test of shrewd insight we apply to his temper precipitates the bogus from the true; and with an almost comical bewilderment he discovers many of his Sunday-school virtues in the former, not a few of his scampish vices in the latter. Unstable hitherto as water, as surely as water he has found his level.

Here is a free school of manners, equal rights, and common sense, where are taught the fair play of the Golden Rule, and the decorous deference of the Hindoo Vedas. Send hither your roughs, rustics, and boys, and we will teach them to keep their knives out of the mouths of their best behavior, and to stand on no toes but their own.

To the end of avoiding that dangerous ground of debate in which "unpleasantnesses" are apt to grow, politics and all forms of sectarianism are ignored with a unanimity which is always cheerful and sometimes comical. We had an amusing example of the practical effect of this thoughtful blending of prudence and delicacy on the day of the last Presidential election. There were polls, with judges and clerks, who omitted no natural touch of brow-beating or corruption; there was a ballot-box, indiscriminately stuffed by such a run-mad compost of parties as would have defied the nomenclature of the "Pewter Mug"; there was a station-house, with a "patent police," delightfully brutal and partial; there were free and independent voters, native or naturalized, in the familiar state of ignorance, beer, imbecility, and helplessness; there were rough sport, and shouts of laughter, and sharp sallies of wit, and boisterous burlesque; but not one coarse buffet, nor an unkind

word, although there were Radicals here dear to the heart of Ben. Butler, and Copperheads lovely in the sight of Brick Pomeroy, Rebels who had raided with Mosby, and Federal scouts who had followed in the hoof-prints of Sheridan's Ride. Could such a scene of generosity and good sense have been enacted anywhere, on that day, but at an Inebriate Asylum?

That romantic deference and delicacy of sentiment, with which the natural American, whom untoward circumstances of birth and association have not rendered positively uncouth and morally deformed, never fails to approach every tolerable woman, is developed here, from even the most latent inclination, by the peculiar craving of our minds and hearts, and the rarity of its gratification. The presence of a true lady among us as potently refines our imaginations and elevates our aspirations, as the lovely apparition of the "First Lady" (Mrs. Frank Ward) rebuked and calmed the fierce, turbulent selfishness of San Francisco in 1849. We all know that rum, when it has usurped the kingdom of a mind, reduces it to the slavery of ignoble passions and gross imaginations; but we also know that the minds and hearts it most easily invades, finding them miserably defenceless, are precisely those which under happier circumstances are most sensitively susceptible to emotions of grace and chivalry. By the hand of every gentle woman who brings her subtle sympathy among us, we reach back toward the hearts of our mothers and sisters and wives. "Our schedule," says the Report, "will show that of the whole number admitted since the 1st of May, 1867, one hundred and forty-six have been married men. The moral advantage, the chance of lifelong abstinence, is decidedly with the married, *ceteris paribus*, and the marriage being happy; for I need hardly say that there is no more potent, nor comparatively more common provocative to reckless debauchery than an ill-assorted, 'incompatible,' wrangling marriage: nor any such incentive

and inspiration to reform, any such support and cheer in the struggle of self-denial and self-control, any such source of fortitude and hope in the hour of temptation, as the devotion of a forgiving, faithful, patient wife, clinging fast to the wreck that the crew of selfish kindred and friends have abandoned. The women who have followed their husbands to this Asylum, and lingered near at hand, to watch and help and applaud them, are the pride of their own sex, and the prize of ours."

Emphatically, this clarifying machine is run by the force necessarily liberated from the impure material to be clarified; nor can the experiment of inebriate-reform, by communities associated in institutions such as this, be ever otherwise conducted to a satisfactory conclusion. It is in the very nature of the case, and a logical result of the progress toward success, that the inebriate in these conditions, as he yields to the process of reconstruction, shall become an agent in that process, and a law of reform unto himself and others. Engineer the apparatus as they may, the superintendent and trustees must derive their motive-power from the multiplied and concentrated magnetism of the patients. Without this, the mechanism, however complete, must be as insensible and dumb under their hands as a telegraphic key-board without a battery. It is the very merit of their theory of sympathy that this should be so; and this must be the measure of all the genuine, abiding good they can ever hope to do. To their honor, be it said, they claim no more. If I were asked wherein lies the peculiar healing of this place, I should answer in the profound impressions of its sympathetic intercourse; for here my trembling trouble is met with unstudied appeals transcending the eloquence of Gough, and confronted with pictures of pain beyond the eager, tearful utterance of Vine Hall. This anxious little world of ours is moved by the moral power of its own public opinion; and that finds expression in the purpose and character of the Ollapod Club.

It can be honestly claimed for any well-managed Inebriate Asylum that it "reforms" a man by helping him to reform himself; it presupposes in him a sincere longing and an earnest effort, and it offers him wise moral conditions of patience, encouragement with kindly admonition, trust with well-timed warning, refuge from care and from temptation, cheerful and sympathetic companionship, improving and diverting mental exercise, and all the devices of sagacity and tact which his temper or his trouble demand; sound physical conditions, also, of rest (for there's no such tired wretch as your worn-out inebriate), regularity of habit, wholesome and substantial diet, pure air, free motion, animating games, hearty songs, and jolly laughter. And that is all — that is not humbug.

Such are they whom it truly *helps*, and such the means whereby it helps them. For the incorrigible minority, the puerile, and the stupid, who remain "deaf to the voice of warning, and defiant of the claims of affection," — the unstable and the stolid, who are yet to be "dead-beat," — these are they whom the Asylum merely *harbors*. To the former it is, in very truth, a House of Refuge, rest, and redemption; to the latter, but a House of Detention and control. In this Institution, which, in all that is external to the personal feelings of the inmate, partakes notably of the freedom of a superior country hotel, we are fortunate in being able to meet on an equal footing of confidence and respectful consideration. But for causes seemingly inseparable from the experimental character of the enterprise, our social status is exceptionally superior; and it is not to be expected that, when the plan and operation of inebriate reform shall have become popularized, and every State shall have opened its asylums, kindred establishments will be commonly so fortunate. I think it will be found necessary to impart to their discipline a duplicate discretion, and to classify patients, however simply, as to character and privileges.

It is to be hoped that, lest legislative bodies and philanthropic communities,

inspired by the assured success of this Binghamton experiment, should become prematurely engaged in this specialty of benevolent enterprise, the legal status of the inebriate may be clearly defined without loss of time. He is no longer to be coerced as a criminal or confined as a lunatic: once for all, that question has been settled, by those who have the matter most at heart, and have given it the most intelligent and anxious consideration; it is, in fact, the foundation upon which the whole amiable structure has been erected. Therefore the inebriate has his rights; but they are the rights of an occasional madman, however long and lucid his intervals may be; and no man knows this better than himself. He knows that, under certain distracting circumstances of provocation or temptation, he may — first or last almost certainly will — become an offence, if not a fear, to himself and others, even when at large on his honorable parole, of which, at wiser times, when seated at the feet of the Gamaliel of his own prudence and duty, he is so tenderly jealous. Then the rude hand of the law, insensible to sentiment and scornful of psychological analyses, will be laid upon him, — a policeman's coarse paw shall bruise the raw of his fierce sensitiveness. Just there his rights begin, and he naturally turns for them to the Asylum, which, as a mere matter of money not less than of morals, owes him a rescue; for she is his guardian under bonds, and has accepted in respect of him, for a consideration, certain positive responsibilities and obligations. Whether he can or cannot be trusted beyond bounds, is a question for the discretion of those having him in moral and medical charge, — a nice question, I grant, its safe decision implying the possession of a rare and fine combination of experience with tact; and occasional errors of judgment are inevitable. But it is certain the decision does not rest with him, nor is he responsible for the consequences of a blunder. His Asylum owes it to his friends, as well as to himself, to stand between him and

the police, and to demand that he be restored, the moment his arrest becomes necessary, to the custody of his appointed guardian and physician, the superintendent, whose demand should be a *habeas corpus* in this matter, — all charges to be paid by the Asylum, and collected from the patient. Just there his rights cease; he certainly has no right, in reason or feeling, to complain of the preventive punishment he may receive. But if he is not in an Asylum for this very protection, for what, in the name of common sense and business is he there? A passage from the Report will serve to show the importance which the superintendent attaches to these considerations.

"In this aspect of the subject it is of vital importance that the enterprise should be kept pure, and true to its original intention, by the exclusion, as far as possible, of involuntary patients, or at least of such as are brutally insensible and rebellious. This Asylum, I take it, is designed to appeal confidently to the reason and conscience of a class neither mad nor utterly depraved; and, from the best of these, to restore to society and the state so much of usefulness and ornament, honest productiveness and intellectual influence, as will repay the Commonwealth tenfold for the cost of the experiment. To introduce, therefore, the element of confinement and coercion is to degrade the Institution from its true character, as a saving and ennobling home of faith and inspiration, into a mere house of correction or a jail.

"So, also, to receive within our walls the forced commitments of a court or the common seizures of the police is at once to impair, if not destroy, the philosophical value of the experiment, and, what is worse, to embarrass the discipline and lower the moral tone of our probationary household."

In my paper preliminary to the present, in the April number of this magazine, I have entered my weary protest against that "sagacious pharisaism of the family, which consigns the poor prodigal heart, that has nothing left but its

remnant of imperishable love, to the isolation of a Refuge such as this; and then, maintaining a savage silence, keeps it for weeks on the red-hot grid-iron of a longing suspense, in one protracted nightmare and horror of devilish fancies and fears." Since that was printed, one poor prodigal heart, — the gentlest, humblest, among us, impatient only with itself, — robbed of its remnant of imperishable love, and given over by that same savage silence to its loneliness and longing and despair, has taken its pitiful tax and trouble in its hand, and fled from the cruel respectability of fastidious Pharisees to the indiscriminate consolations of the Publican's Christ.

I have elsewhere stated my own case with but slight reserve, because, out of the mystery of this iniquity, one may not with safety speak positively of another's. I have described myself as a "congenital periodical" inebriate, and have endeavored to make it clear to the reader as to myself that my torment was inherited. And yet I am of a family scrupulously abstemious in both sexes for several generations. Here is an apparent contradiction, apt to mislead the common mind, because it overlies a grave fact in our American social system. There is a disease of the nervous organism, almost peculiar to this people, which sprang from seeds of self-indulgence sown in the moral, social, and physical lives of our great-grandparents, and which has acquired fearful aggravations of extension and virulence with each succeeding generation. It assumes a form painfully familiar to the physician and the moralist, in that craving for intellectual and physical "sensation" which expresses itself, without a blush or a tremor, in the popular performances, displays, and disclosures, of the pulpit and the theatre, literature and art, the press and the criminal courts, the costumes of the women, the prodigality and license of private entertainment, and the graphic eccentricities of popular sports. It does not necessarily take the direction of rum, — it may find relief in the intem-

perate, passionate pursuit of a vocation or an agitation. Its form of expression may be determined by the bent of the intellectual twig, or an early peep into "openings." If God, in his mercy, had not suffered me to escape by the stormy Jordan of rum, I might have been a

spasmodic editor, a fanatical demagogue, a champion revivalist, a plug-ugly, a lecturer for the Washingtonian Total Abstinence Society, or a — Fenian martyr.

If you would abolish the inebriate, you must begin with his grandmother.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ART-WRITERS.

ALL fine expression is reproductive. However perfect the particular art, we are not contented until we have found its counterpart and explanation in the written or spoken word. It seems that language is the only final and sufficient means of expression, common and accessible to all, by which music and painting and sculpture and architecture become intelligible to us. The literature of art is the verbal result of the plastic expression. It is a department of modern letters enriched by the work and genius of the most illustrious modern writers; and it has been the stepping-stone of some of the finest and gravest intellects. Guizot and Thiers wrote *Salons*, — that is, reviews of pictures for the French public; and some of the most precious and delightful pages of the immortal Denis Diderot relate to his contemporaries, Greuze, Boucher and Vanloo. A painter so celebrated as Delacroix, so exclusively a painter, was not satisfied until he had given verbal expression to his understanding of Michel Angelo's Last Judgment, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and that strong, original Decamps, who saw everything from the picturesque and artistic point of view, wrote *Les Arts du XIX^{me} Siècle*. Other contributors to the literature of art, although they cannot be called artists, have made the preliminary studies of the painter.

I suppose no one will dispute the assertion that Ruskin, in England, has contributed the most impressive and

beautiful literary matter for the elucidation of art; and that Diderot, Lamennais, and Taine, who have won the first rank in France, would not together make such a mixed and inconsistent statement of doctrine and practice as is furnished by a thousand pages of John Ruskin's writing.

I might cite a number of English writers on art in addition to Hazlitt, Ruskin, and Hamerton; but only those who have added something new to the sum of art literature are valuable in our present study. The minor writers would only embarrass us.

All fine and beautiful elements of style have been placed at the service of the plastic arts, — the sonorous, sweetly flowing and mournful eloquence of Lamennais, the ample, flexible, and lucid phrases of Georges Sand, the close-pressed and tense sentences of Taine, the prodigal, glittering and richly-colored words of Gautier, the bright, vivacious, and bold expressions of Diderot, the vigorous work of Proudhon. Less striking in character are the admirable criticisms of T. Thoré and Gustave Planche, the instructive studies of Charles Blanc, Victor Laprade, and the peculiar writings of Stendhal. In England, the reckless and overcharged phrases of Swinburne concerning pictures are mere pieces of verbal extravagance; Rossetti and Palgrave are judicious but not striking art-writers. Ranking below those I have named is a host of men of letters, who furnish instructive and often stimulating pages about art and artists.

The literature produced by the leading writers on art is fervid and unrestrained. Impressionable and poetic minds have paid tribute to art, and the vividest words and the most unchecked admiration have propagated the influence of great pictures. The writings of Ruskin, Hazlitt, Hamerton, Diderot, Stendhal, Georges Sand, Taine, Thoré, and Gautier seem noblest and closest to the subject. One page of Thackeray's about Rubens is not surpassed by any piece of expression that I know, and it is more like Diderot than Ruskin. Thackeray had a just and real but not profound feeling for art.

The fervidness and conscientiousness of Ruskin, the good sense and enthusiasm of Hazlitt, the intelligence and temperance of Hamerton, are more comprehensive than the definite and systematic work of the French writers. I find more intelligence, more coherence, in the French; more religion, morality, cant, and genius in the English. Art has been better stated in French than in English literature; it has been separated from all bemuddling considerations, and especially from the influence of an ignorant public, that tests art by the prejudices engendered by a sectarian education.

In English literature art has been taken up by the roots; and the soil into which those roots have struck, has become a part of the discussion concerning the beautiful fruit that has grown in different epochs of civilization. The question of art, with the representative English critic, Ruskin, concerns all the phenomena of our social life, and introduces the mind to serious and difficult studies. What Ruskin did illogically, but with a compensating genius, Taine has done in a logical manner and with all the cleverness of talent. He has studied and written about art without going back of the human and historic to the natural and spiritual, which increase the scope of Ruskin's writings, and enrich us with those fine studies of nature that are the charm and glory of his work. But what can one say to Ruskin's sometimes solemn

exhortations, which make us forget the critic and listen to the preacher, outside of his time and distressed by tendencies that he cannot check?

Art-criticism begins in the eighteenth century with Diderot, — that is to say, with one of the most impressionable and expansive men that ever lived, a man devoid of the self-restraint and tenacity necessary for the production of a work of art, but admirably gifted to describe such a work so far as it may be described in the talk of a man of wit, of sensibility, of generosity. From Diderot to Ruskin, that is to say, from a man of wit and humor who *talked* about pictures, to a man devoid of wit and humor who *preaches* about them, one passes from a writer that amuses the mind, and communicates a prodigious zest of life, to a writer that humiliates and excites. The preacher in John Ruskin abases us; the catching gayety of the good-liver and inconclusive thinker in Diderot delights us. Between these two types is Taine, a mere thinker in the literature of art, — rapid, plausible, and pretentious in his generalizations; opening and closing his subject with unfailing assurance; bold and prosaic in his temper; without the power to render or the delicate sense to appreciate the atmosphere and palpitation of life, which is always found in the most enchanting writing, which increases the charm of design, which does not weaken the force of expression, but at times discreetly hides a fact and exquisitely graduates an effect. No book on art displays a more hardy descriptive talent, none more skill in the use of descriptive phrases, than Taine's *Voyage en Italie*; but so much force, so much assurance, so little vagueness, so little hesitation, finally beget distrust, for they suggest a sweeping and oblivious mind, — a mind that has never taken a plunge into the unknown, and is limited in its experience to purely material and visible things. Taine's thought and emotion are always at the same pitch; his phrases ably arranged, and pressing the reader forward, exhibit neither grace, nor subtilty, nor tenderness,

nor imagination, but an alert, voracious, and assimilative mind, which reduces everything to its own measure, and disposes of everything with uncommon skill.

Taine is the refuge of many against the inconsistent and the arbitrary, which in Ruskin coexist with a most conscientious and painstaking spirit. Both are conclusive thinkers and take art-criticism out of the hands of men of sentiment and out of the hands of pedants. Ruskin inspires the more universal interest and is stimulative. Taine gives the clearer and more instructive account of art; but he never opens his subject to the depths, never shows the refinement and beauty which give a value to Ruskin's work apart from its conclusions. If you wish to be helped to an intelligent and harmonious knowledge of art in its social significance and historic aspects, you should read Taine; if you wish to share a passionate study, and to examine art in its relation to morality and nature, you should read Ruskin. The latter represents the English, the former the French mind. Together they exhibit the advantages and limitations of two systems of education. Back of Ruskin are the Bible and nature: back of Taine, man and epochs of civilization. Ruskin tests all work of man by its concurrence with, or subjection to, what he understands as the work of God: Taine tests it by its concurrence with, or divergence from, the great historic types of expression. This original and radical difference makes Taine live in the past and look upon sculpture and painting as an exhausted development, although his work abounds in positive statements to the effect that art itself is as enduring as civilization. While Ruskin is as arbitrary and expansive as St. John in the Apocalypse, Taine is as positive and limited as the real achievements of man. He is submissive to the historic fact, and is satisfied with a purely mundane experience. None of his reflections, none of his conclusions, are affected by personal, theological, moral, or sentimental ideas, for he has no conceptions to

speak of, and he is indifferent to those of other people.

It is remarkable that Ruskin's purpose was simply to defend Turner against the attacks and dispraise of English critics and connoisseurs, and to change the unreflecting admiration which was felt for the old masters into intelligent appreciation of a great living painter. His vast and minute studies were occasioned by a purely personal enthusiasm for the works of a misunderstood genius. He diverted the ignorant and facile homage of thousands from the old masters to modern painters; or rather he created a new public to enjoy art; and he made intense partisans and disagreeable talkers. His work, commenced in an enthusiastic temper, with a mind heated by indignation against a stupid public, sharpened by contempt for shallow critics, fervid with admiration of Turner's genius, forced him into studies that had never before been made in the service of art-criticism. The result was the broadest and intensest discussion of the works of the old masters, and the most varied and shifting examination of, and comment on, them. The volumes that hold his impressions and reflections are full of solemn eloquence and efflorescent beauty; they often show that he has all of Jeremy Taylor's wealth of illustration, and something of his grave and pathetic mind. In Ruskin, Gothic extravagance and gloom are associated with chivalric worship of loveliness and Gallic pleasure in mere expression.

Amongst French writers, Lamennais and Victor Laprade are the most effective in treating art as a development of the religious sentiment. With them it is a subject of impressive declamation and philosophical thinking. Lamennais, some time before Taine, neatly stated the principle of Taine's philosophy of art when he said: "It is not genius which is wanting to artists; it is a *milieu* in which genius can freely develop itself." But Lamennais is general and abstract to a degree foreign to the taste of any but a Frenchman;

Laprade is general, abstract, and, what is worse, an unemancipated thinker and verbose writer.

Ruskin holds the first rank among art-writers because of the high value, the fulness and variety, the depth and sincerity, of his thought and utterance concerning art. No French art-writer equals him in abundance and unexpectedness of thought; but all of them excel him in neatness, clearness, justness, and consistency of expression.

The historical sequence and representative character of the manifestations of art are admirably stated by Lamennais, the individual and artistic expression, by Thore; the spiritual and moral value of the personal work, and the significance of its social service, are best shown by Ruskin. Lamennais places the mind in just relations with the general aspects of art, and gives a philosophical explanation of the origin and meaning of historic types. Ruskin has influenced the practice of painters, Lamennais the minds of art-theorists like Laprade and Taine.

There are great defects in Ruskin's writings, — defects which show how dependent a great writer is upon his time. We refer especially to his prolonged and tedious discussions, which presuppose him addressing a public totally ignorant of, and indifferent to, art. There is an excess of unsystematized matter, an excess of mere notes; and he does not give, in fact he does not aim to give, a general and sequent survey of art. He is oftenest descriptive and didactic, while Lamennais and Taine are philosophical and critical. But he does what they have not done: he elucidates his subject by means of notes and reflections made in the mountains and meadows: Taine elucidates it by means of notes and reflections made in cities and galleries. Yet, notwithstanding the noble and beautiful phrases that have made Ruskin's fame as an English writer, few great books seem more hastily put together than his. The studies for them were long and serious, but the making of the actual book seems to have been a mere group-

ing of notes under verbal classifications which suggest sequence and system, but which, on examination, prove to be arbitrary and inaccurate. This judgment is supported by his own confession, when he says that, had he written for future fame, he would have written one volume instead of five; that the five have been "altered in shape, and even warped and broken, by digressions respecting social questions."

The fact is, Ruskin's is a feminine mind, and could not be kept close to his subject. He is seduced by the allurements of new and unexpected things. Every step forward opened to his sensitive and excitable mind aspects that he had not dreamed of, and he indulges himself in plucking a flower, in breathing a regret, in uttering his joy, in sermonizing about all things, without caring for congruity or coherence. He has never limited himself to the idea of art as that idea is understood in schools and amongst painters; and this is the merit and novelty and irritating peculiarity of his works. He sought to trace, in his own wilful way, every expression of man's genius "to a root in human passion or human hope." The feminine character of his mind is betrayed in various fashions, — by his unrestrained enthusiasm, by his extravagant eulogies, by his passionate and personal dispraise, by his confused and ingenious thinking, by his subtilty, by his incapacity for large views, by his caprice and hurry, by the looseness of his expression, by his subserviency to tradition in morals and religion.

It makes a vast difference whether one examines and discusses the historic manifestations of genius with a mind perfectly submitted to religious dogma, like Laprade's, like Ruskin's, or with a mind emancipated from authority and from the service of the ecclesiastical spirit. Taine examines and discusses art with a masculine and emancipated mind. The masculine and emancipated mind is prosaic, without charm, runs over every subject very much like a well-kept highway over a beautiful country. The poetry, the obscurity,

the reference to the holy and pure, which makes so great a part of the eloquence and incongruity of Ruskin's writings, is not in Taine. It is in Lamennais, although in him it is less frequent and familiar than in the English critic, and it finds a place in the verbiage of Laprade.

Ruskin's works have heated and intensified very mediocre minds, inoculated pedagogues with the virus of detraction, and authorized sectarian critics to talk about "truth" without knowing any but the most obvious truths of imitative art. The best service of Ruskin's writings has been amongst those most ignorant of, or most indifferent to, art. These they have awakened; these they have introduced into a new and vast and beautiful world of expression. I should say his greatest service has been social rather than artistic; that is to say, he has awakened society to the value and meaning of art. The greatest service of the French critics has not been so far-reaching. It has been for the advantage of painters, and for the pleasure of people who were already interested in art.

A large part of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," being the record of his observations and impressions of nature, is not to be matched by anything in Taine, Diderot, or Lamennais. Ruskin is the first art-writer who made it a point to study nature apart from the human figure,—who sought a new means to elucidate art and test the truth of the painter's work. This alone added a new element to the literature of art. Ruskin tests masterpieces by other tests than those of academies and studios; and his example has encouraged ignorant and brutal writers to assail those who draw their art-nourishment from academies and studios.

With the development of landscape art, with the culmination of Turner's genius, art-literature had to consider more than the human figure; it had to view all aspects of life. Ruskin shows the ascendancy of that new development, whereas all French writers, from Diderot to Taine,—save Thoré

in a minor way—represent everything of art subordinated to the human figure.

The worth of the modern French literature of art is in its admirable classification, and simple, straight-forward comments on painting and sculpture as means of expression. In Thoré, in Diderot, in Planche, the reader will find the purely literary statement of the work of painters and sculptors, consistent, clear, unmixed, and unexaggerated. Hamerton combines some of the merits that belong to the French and English critics respectively; but he has not the originality of Ruskin nor the boldness of Taine.

The literature of art, represented by the works of the men I have named, cannot be said to have much unity. It is, like all literature, precious as so much personal expression. Gustave Planche and Proudhon have shown the finest appreciation of Rembrandt; Taine, of the Italian painters; Thoré, of Delacroix, Rousseau, and Decamps; Ruskin, of Turner, Tintoret, Titian; Gautier, of Rubens and Velasquez; Stendhal, of Da Vinci. These writers, except Ruskin and Proudhon, are direct and attractive. Ruskin and Proudhon are the most aggressive; the habitual temper and experience of the artistic mind are foreign to them. Diderot, Ruskin, and Proudhon, alike sincere and bold thinkers, bring art closest to us; but Ruskin alone has the profound and noble sense of beauty. Proudhon's sympathies were with the natural and strong; with the art of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Courbet; Diderot's sympathies were with the natural, the delicious, the familiar; Taine's sympathies are with the splendid, the vigorous, the beautiful; Thoré's, with the romantic, imaginative, and natural. Proudhon, like Ruskin, arrayed himself directly against the practice and opinions of contemporary painters. He has made a vigorous protest against art as an adjunct of luxury, and claimed its service for the humblest and most characteristic aspects of our democratic and industrial existence. He would

forbid every form of art but that which illustrates contemporary life. I believe he has stated best the thoughts of the democratic man concerning art and its function in modern society. All his vigor and ingenuity and narrowness were needed to reach such conclusions. But they are the conclusions which we have practically accepted here. It has been natural and easy for us to reach them, for they point to art separated from tradition, the mirror of the actual and common experience of men; and that is American art.

But Proudhon has no refinement nor subtilty of mind; he has no illusions; he has very little reverence. In estimating art by the moral and democratic idea, he hopelessly cheapens the works of men who have lived outside of both. Whoever has touched the past with emotion, and been under the sway of its achievements, has in some sort detached himself from his time; the work of such a man, manifestly, so long as he remains in that condition, is among antiquities, and his effort must be one of reproduction and restoration. He may not be great, but he may be as sincere as the lover of nature at his study in the meadows or mountains of his native land.

Proudhon saw that the average French painter spent his time in galleries, or served the heartless and corrupt world of elegance; that he painted courtesans, and was too much demoralized to devote himself to what Proudhon calls "the only admissible *genre*," — contemporary life in its humblest aspects, or at least life outside of the social hot-houses of the empire. He traced the roots of this evil in love of luxury rather than of art, in tradition rather than in nature. He made himself the most destructive critic that ever lived. He wrote the rudest and most ruthless phrases that the polite world in Paris ever read. Classic and romantic, religious and fanciful, painters were condemned without measure, and shown to be incapable of further advance; classed as signs of exhausted effort, to be succeeded by a new art, —

an art exclusively for the people, living with the sentiment of humanity, placed at the service of the poor and laborious.

Art as an illustration of the human form culminated among the Greeks; as an illustration of force and splendor, among the Italians; as an illustration of pomp and multitude of actual life, in Flanders and Holland: it is now to illustrate aspects of nature.

A just and comprehensive understanding of art is not to be attained by the exclusive study of one epoch, or by reading the reflections of one art-writer. The subtle, exclusive and psychological Stendhal, the enthusiastic and thoughtful Thoré, the vital and familiar Diderot, the lofty and abstract Lamennais, together give an adequate interpretation and expression of art from the stand-point of the Gallic mind. Hazlitt, Ruskin, and Hamerton give an adequate interpretation of art from the stand-point of the English mind.

It becomes necessary for simple and direct and gentle minds to seek different teachers. Proudhon is too logical, brutal, and severe; Ruskin is too complex, and Lamennais too general. Taine, devoted to the ancient and complete forms of art, does not help us with our contemporaries. At this stage we are ready for a page of Diderot about Greuze, a page of Thoré or Georges Sand about Delacroix or Rousseau. Diderot and Thoré seem to me the most modern, and discuss their contemporaries; and, in holding the artist close to nature and beauty, they have not confounded his work with that of the preacher and moralist. Stendhal is the most subtle and uncommon of art-writers. I should oppose his *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie* to Proudhon's *Du Principe de l'Art et de sa Destination sociale*. They correct each other, and inspire a profound and living interest. To a mind habituated to prosaic contemplations and a purely material experience, Proudhon would be the more satisfactory and irresistible writer. But that intercourse with nature, which has formed the English and American landscape poets, as it has

formed our landscape painters, prevents us from being occupied exclusively with the social and democratic principle in art, while it leaves us guiltless of that enormous passion for the past which has made so many of the finest artists and critics in France spend their time in grafting Italian and Greek art upon French art.

In reading Taine and Lamennais we are chiefly instructed by art-theorists. In Diderot we have simply the impressionable mind, that takes pleasure in uttering itself and uses painting as a means of social enjoyment. In him the literary talent encroached so closely upon the painter's that it has created a literature quite distinct from the general literature of art; I mean the *Salons*, which form so large a part of the current Parisian literature. These are chiefly descriptive, and have made half the fame of modern French art.

Since Diderot, painting has been subordinated to literature; art has become an adjunct of book-making. The prose of the writer makes a more vivid impression than the forms and colors of the artist. Turner's pictures needed

Ruskin's inflamed prose; Greuze's certainly were indebted to Diderot's vivacious and charming phrases. Our own people are perfectly obtuse to the beauty and merit of pictures, even of landscapes, unless they have been helped by the newspaper critic. A picture incapable of producing a literary result is lost; for our public always follows the journal. Without literary aid art would languish in our society, which has only the passion of knowledge and of success. The immense superiority of our intelligence to our imagination has given the ascendancy to the literary expression of art; it has made descriptive criticism. The best contemporary art-writers are almost exclusively descriptive and interpretative. Great painters, like Turner and Delacroix, have needed defenders, interpreters, and partisans. But amongst the Greeks and Italians, great sculptors and painters were wholly intelligible to the people, and did not need the services of art-writers, to us so indispensable. They had no literature corresponding to that which we have been considering.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Recollections of Men and Things at Washington during the Third of a Century. By L. A. GOBRIGHT. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger.

THE newspaper has entered so deeply into Mr. Gobright's soul, during his long career as editor, correspondent, or Congressional reporter at Washington, that he has not been able or willing to give his book much more proportion or coherence than appears in the make-up of a daily journal. One suspects that without his head-lines and his display-type he has a difficulty in distinguishing the trivial from the important in the multitude of events here recorded; but as the result is a uniform simplicity of statement, it is not to

be lamented altogether; for it might have been just the reverse under the same conditions. As it is, these recollections of Washington life during the eventful period of time between the second administration of Jackson and the impeachment of Johnson, are very entertaining; and we should think that to the old-fashioned politicians stranded in every part of the country they would be exquisitely refreshing and delightful. To people who believe in the good old Jackson times, or Harrison times, or Taylor times, or Pierce times, or Buchanan times (these last have been made as good and old as the best and oldest by the great gulf of war and change that yawns between us and them), here is reading for a pleasant afternoon, and material for endless revery

and interminable talk. And we think a younger generation will find Mr. Gobright's book sufficiently interesting and profitable. It will help us to measure our advance; and we may take heart for our later Congresses and administrations by contrasting them with those in which our so-called great men governed. These are not particularly pure or dignified or hopeful days in society or legislation at Washington; but they are nearer the millennial period than the glorious epochs which we love to lament, as Mr. Gobright would tell us in so many words if he had "space" to philosophize, and as we may easily gather from his recollections without special help of his. He remembers how the Hon. Baillie Peyton of Tennessee said to a hapless witness before a committee of which he was a member, "You sha' n't speak; you sha' n't say one word while you are in this room: if you do I will put you to death," with curses and profane language; and how Hon. Henry A. Wise, chairman of the same committee, declared in the House that he was prepared to kill this witness in a certain contingency; how honorable gentlemen frequently went out and fought duels with powder and wadding only; how President Jackson had his nose pulled; how the Hon. Mr. Cilley was killed in a duel about nothing, at the third fire; how Mr. Van Buren, having received an immense cheese as a present, ordered it to be cut up and served to the guests at one of his receptions, and the crumbs got trodden into the East Room carpet and spoiled it; how General Harrison had to give up going to market because of the office-seekers, and was finally worried to death by them; how Mr. Clay and Mr. King quarrelled in the Senate to the verge of the duello, and then explained and apologized, and Mr. Clay brought about the old cordial feeling by giving up to Mr. King and saying, "King, give us a pinch of your snuff"; how Senator Crittenden opposed the establishment of a police force of sixteen men in Mr. Tyler's time as the first insidious step towards the formation of Prætorian bands; how Mr. Tyler received a box believed to contain an infernal machine, but really enclosing the model of a stove.

During Polk's administration, Mr. Gobright recollects among many other things that a reporter for the New York Tribune was expelled from the House for describing the personal habits of Hon. Mr. Sawyer of Ohio, who every day ate a luncheon of Bo-

logna sausage in the House, and wiped his fingers upon his clothes and his bald head; and that "among the members who repeatedly went all the way upstairs" with this reporter, to introduce him into the ladies' gallery, was John Quincy Adams. Mrs. Madison, the widow of President Madison, "was a lady of elegant manners and passionately fond of snuff." Offering Mr. Clay a pinch from her "splendid box," she pulled out a bandanna handkerchief, with the words, "'Mr. Clay, this is for rough work,' applying it at the same time to the proper place; 'and this,' producing a fine lace handkerchief from another pocket, 'is my polisher.' She suited the actions to the words, removing from her nose the remaining grains of snuff." Mr. Toombs once spoke himself out of breath in the House, in defiance of the House rule against debate before the election of Speaker, and denounced the cries for order as "fiendish yells." So late as 1850, Mr. Clay indulged in a bit of curious stage-business, exhibiting in the course of an argument for the Union a fragment of the coffin of Washington. Shortly after, General Taylor died of cholera morbus, having refused a bottle of cholera medicine offered him at one of his receptions by a young gentleman of Baltimore, who was almost crushed by the President's rebuff, "I thank you, am much obliged to you, but I never take medicine, cholera or no cholera." Mr. Foote of Mississippi had repeatedly offered very gross, insults to Mr. Benton in the Senate, and at last drew a revolver upon him when he feared a personal assault. In Pierce's time the Hon. Messrs. Cutting and Breckenridge went out to fight a duel, but were reconciled: Mr. Breckenridge said, "Cutting, give me a chew of tobacco!" and the statesmen renewed their friendship over the potent plug. Mr. Churchwell and Mr. Cullum had a misunderstanding in the House, and there vilified one another with very bitter and profane words; Mr. Brooks murderously assaulted Mr. Sumner in the Senate Chamber, and was fined three hundred dollars for it; and Mr. Burlingame went all the way to Niagara Falls to fight Mr. Brooks, but Mr. Brooks refused to proceed to such geographical extremes, and no meeting took place. Hon. Mr. Herbert of California shot dead an Irish waiter at Willard's Hotel, and was acquitted of murder. "A personal controversy" took place between Mr. Sherman of Ohio and Mr. Wright of Maryland; the former attempted to throw

a handful of wafers into the face of the latter, who attempted to draw a pistol, but neither succeeded in his dark design. Mr. Grow of Pennsylvania and Mr. Keitt of South Carolina met at fisticuffs in the halls of legislation, in Mr. Buchanan's time; and two Southern gentlemen had an altercation, of which we must copy Mr. Gobright's account entire, not only because it gives a sufficient and pleasing idea of his manner throughout the book, but also because it affords an amusing picture of the social life of the gentlemen who formerly governed the country as they governed their plantations:—

"In February, 1858, there was a collision between Hon. James B. Clay of Kentucky, and General Cullum of Tennessee. Cullum entered the bar-room of Brown's Hotel, where Clay, Hawkins, and Mason were standing. He proposed an old-fashioned Kentucky drink, in which all parties participated. Subsequently he commenced a conversation with Clay, stating he had removed from Kentucky to near the Hermitage, in Tennessee, where he bearded the lion in his den. He spoke of his long devotion to and admiration of Mr. Clay's father, Henry Clay. Mr. Clay replied to General Cullum, that General Leslie Coombs had once, as Chickasaw ambassador, also bearded the lion in his den. This expression was supposed by some of the bystanders to be jocular, but was received by General Cullum as an insult. Clay disavowed such an intention. Cullum made a reply, accompanied with a menacing use of his finger, when Clay said he was not accustomed to be addressed in such a threatening manner. Cullum became more excited under the conviction that Clay intended to insult him, and characterized Clay as the apostate son of a noble sire. Clay said his physical condition was such as would prevent him from answering with a blow, but he could not resist proclaiming Cullum a damned scoundrel; whereupon Cullum drew back to strike him. The force of the blow was partially arrested by the spectators, but still reached Clay's nose, and caused it to bleed. Clay called on Senator Johnson, of Arkansas, to act as his friend, and a preliminary message was communicated to Cullum, of which acceptance was signified as soon as a competent second could be chosen. Efforts to reconcile the difficulty proving ineffectual, the parties left for the duelling-ground, accompanied by their respective friends. But before they

got into fighting position, Senators Crittenden, Toombs, and Kennedy undertook the office of peacemakers, and the quarrel was settled thus: Clay disavowed any intention to insult Cullum, and Cullum apologized for the blow on Clay's nose."

We think our readers will agree with us that this is delicious: the somewhat gross good-fellowship, the obtuseness and impenetrability of a joke, the magniloquence, the pluck, the hot temper, and the easy reconciliation upon the interference of distinguished friends, appear to us charmingly and characteristically Southern. But there is rather too much sameness in these difficulties of Southern gentlemen; they are so apt to shake hands at last, and partake together of a pinch of snuff or a chew of tobacco. The only fatal duel which Mr. Gobright recollects is the Graves and Cilley affair; and Mr. Cilley was a Northern man. Mr. Pryor of Virginia would not meet Mr. Potter of Wisconsin, because the latter chose bowie-knives as the weapons, and bowie-knives were not genteel. Where words merely were concerned, the gentlemen from the South were not so particular; they used the first that occurred to them. In fact they did not always consider bowie-knives so low; Mr. Dawson of Louisiana carried one, and drew it upon Mr. Giddings during debate.

As one turns over the pages of Mr. Gobright's gossiping book, a feeling of amazement that the old state of things could have endured so long as it did overcomes even the sense of shame with which one reads of all that bullying and browbeating on the Southern side, that truckling and meanness on the Northern side. All this is gone by now, however, and we are fallen upon duller and far less picturesque times. No doubt there is enough that is amusing and mortifying in the proceedings of Congress and the conduct of the members; but the old plantation manners are obsolete. We fancy that it must cost Mr. Gobright a pang when he goes down to the capitol of a morning, and, looking in upon the national legislature, reflects that there is probably not a concealed weapon—not a revolver, not a bowie-knife—on the whole Congressional body; nothing more deadly, perhaps, than a latent purpose of plunder in any member. A journalist who has witnessed the beginning and the end of the slavery agitation in Congress, who has passed through four years' war in the capital, and who has lived to report the assassination of

our best President and the impeachment of our worst, must look forward to the future with grave doubts of its capacity to furnish so much good material for despatches ; and with the kindest feeling toward Mr. Go-bright, we trust the future will justify any such misgiving.

The Ingham Papers. Some Memorials of the Life of Captain Frederic Ingham, U. S. N. Sometime Pastor of the First Sandemanian Church in Naguadavick, and Major-General by Brevet in the Patriot Service in Italy. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston : Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869.

IN this volume there is less of "the light that never was on sea or land" than there was in "If, Yes, and Perhaps" ; but there is still so much of the peculiar charm of the author's imagination, that from a glance at any page one would know the book for his. The original, almost unique color of his thought, so strongly imparted to all he does, gives the attraction of his better to his slighter efforts. We are not sure that we were defensibly interested in the paper on "Good Society," or that we have anything to say in excuse for having read it through except that it reminded us in so many ways of wonderfully good things that we had hardly any choice. We perceive now, with proper contrition, that it is not quite worthy of the company it is in ; though "Paul Jones and Denis Duval" may not be too good for it. This magazine stands in such a relation to most of these productions, that it should not perhaps express any feeling of preference. Yet we own to a partiality for "Did he take the Prince to Ride?" and "How Mr. Frye would have preached it" ; and, if we must be quite frank, we think rather modestly of "The Good-Natured Pendulum." This is not saying, however, that we do not consider it vastly better and brighter than anything published the same month in any other magazine, or that we should be greatly surprised to find that it was generally better liked than either of the papers we have named. Readers are very uncertain, and apt to have ideas, or at least likes or dislikes, of their own.

"The Rag-Man and the Rag-Woman" is almost as good as "How Mr. Frye

would have preached it" ; the one deals with a question as to the means of living, and the other with the deepest concerns of life, but it would be hard to say in which the author has most ingeniously displayed his peculiar invention, or in which he has most lightly and triumphantly presented his moral. In "Round the World in a Hack," and in "Did he take the Prince to Ride?" we have delightful studies of the old Boston and the new ; and we must refuse to make choice between them. While it is pretty certain that nobody ever did or could make a voyage round the world in a hack, it is quite possible that Haliburton may have taken the Prince of Wales to ride, so the balance of probability is in favor of the latter sketch. Still, of the former it must be remembered how great a value there is in the fantastic. If Poe could have come back, without his Black Cat and his Raven, he might have done some parts of "Round the World in a Hack" ; but we cannot imagine Poe having been born in Boston, and there the likeness between the two writers fails,—so much of the good of the paper comes of Mr. Hale's being Boston born. It would fail also in the quality of the persons introduced, Poe's spectres, being always grotesque or terrible, and Mr. Hale's being always men and women, who, like people in dreams, take the oddest incidents and situations in the most matter-of-fact way, and are not the least dismayed by impossibility.

The papers which form this volume are akin only in spirit, and are as various in topic as the Rev. Captain Ingham has been in vocation. Mr. Hale seems to have felt that some connected notice of this gentleman's career was due to the reader, and the "Memoir" is one of the pleasantest things in the book, which is so full of pleasant things,—humor in airy tricks of allusion and innuendo, the achievements of a restless imagination turning everything to fantastic account, and the faculty of again transmuting these caprices into lessons of the plainest and most practical effect. Having said so much, we should be no true critic if we failed to add that the conversational tone of the papers is occasionally a little too lifelike, and that the talk now and then seems to run on for a while without seeming to come to much, as the liveliest talk will do, but the liveliest literature should not.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CXLI. JULY, 1869.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS. — Household Edition.

- I. VANITY FAIR Fields, Osgood, & Co.
- II. PENDENNIS " " " "
- III. THE NEWCOMES " " " "
- IV. THE VIRGINIANS " " " "

(The remaining volumes of the series nearly ready.)

VANITY FAIR. Paper Edition. Harper & Brothers.

That two publishing houses should simultaneously select "Vanity Fair" as the initial volume of a new series of Thackeray's novels is perhaps not so strange as the fact that, until now, we have had no uniform edition of this great writer's works. "Vanity Fair" is the most popular of Thackeray's novels, though "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes" are more artistic in construction, and bear the finest impress of the author's genius. Miss Becky Sharp, however, was the first love of Thackeray's admirers, and occupies a peculiar place in our hearts, which we are not willing to give to another, even if that other be Beatrix Esmond. "Vanity Fair," then, is naturally the work with which to signalize a new edition of the author's novels. Why they have never been collected before, and presented in an attractive and uniform shape to American readers, is a question not easily answered. A reply, by no means covering the whole ground, would be: Thackeray's books having fallen into the hands of various publishers, no one house has had that interest in the matter necessary to make so large an undertaking successful. That Thackeray is not popular is no longer an argument, since it is in compliance with what is manifestly a general demand, that Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have projected their Household Edition of the novels, and the Messrs. Harpers have issued a cheap edition of "Vanity Fair," in paper covers, for those wayside readers who like books not too well printed or bound to be dropped out of car-windows after one perusal.

Of the Household Edition it is only necessary to say that it is uniform with the compact Household Edition of Charles Reade's Novels, issued by the same publishers. Each novel is comprised in one volume, carefully printed from entirely new stereotype-plates, and bound in green cloth. The paper edition of Messrs. Harper & Brothers is equally admirable in its way. If the illustrations are not all that could be desired, they are at least numerous, and will afford the reader a pleasing exercise of the imagination if he examine them with a view of ascertaining what the original drawings were like. If a word here and there is so blurred as not to be legible, or if a type has now and then disappeared bodily from the letter-press, — why, what would you have? One cannot have everything for fifty cents, with gold at its present prices.

THE MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE

of Boston, under the control of Professor EDWARD B. OLIVER, has won for itself an enviable reputation for thoroughness in the education of its pupils. Professor OLIVER has a conscientious desire to serve the interests of those who are under his charge, and the strongest testimony to the value of his instruction is afforded by the fact that many graduates of his Institute have become

successful teachers. In these days, when superficial teaching is too common, an Institution whose principle is thoroughness rather than show is worthy of special commendation and patronage.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. — Messrs.

Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s edition of this popular work will win a fresh reading from all the old admirers of the book, who will be sure to turn with eagerness to the supplementary chapter entitled "Twenty-four Years After." These two pictures of San Francisco — as Mr. Dana first saw it in 1835, and afterwards in 1859 — are drawn in the author's best manner.

SAN FRANCISCO IN '35.

"It was in the winter of 1835-6 that the ship Alert, in the prosecution of her voyage for hides on the remote and almost unknown coast of California, floated into the vast solitude of the Bay of San Francisco. All around was the stillness of nature. One vessel, a Russian, lay at anchor there, but during our whole stay not a sail came or went. Our trade was with remote Missions, which sent hides to us in launches manned by their Indians. Our anchorage was between a small island, called Verba Buena, and a gravel beach in a little bight or cove of the same name, formed by two small, projecting points. Beyond, to the westward of the landing-place, were dreary sand-hills, with little grass to be seen, and few trees, and beyond them higher hills, steep and barren, their sides gullied by the rains. Some five or six miles beyond the landing-place, to the right, was a ruinous Presidio, and some three or four miles to the left was the Mission of Dolores, as ruinous as the Presidio, almost deserted, with but few Indians attached to it, and but little property in cattle. Over a region far beyond our sight there were no other human habitations, except that an enterprising Yankee, years in advance of his time, had put up, on the rising ground above the landing, a shanty of rough boards, where he carried on a very small retail trade between the hide ships and the Indians. Vast banks of fog, invading us from the North Pacific, drove in through the entrance, and covered the whole bay; and when they disappeared we saw a few well-wooded islands, the sand-hills on the west, the grassy and wooded slopes on the east, and the vast stretch of the bay to the southward, where we were told lay the Missions of Santa Clara and San José, and still longer stretches to the northward and northeastward, where we understood smaller bays spread out, and large rivers poured in their tributaries of waters. There were no settlements on these bays or rivers, and the few ranchos and Missions were remote and widely separated. Not only the neighborhood of our anchorage, but the entire region of the great bay, was a solitude. On the whole coast of California there was not a light-house, a beacon, or a buoy, and the charts were made up from old and disconnected surveys by British, Russian, and Mexican voyagers. Birds of prey and passage swooped and dived about us, wild beasts ranged through the oak groves, and as we slowly floated out of the harbor with the tide, herds of deer came to the water's edge, on the northerly side of the entrance, to gaze at the strange spectacle."

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AFTER.

"On the evening of Saturday, the 13th of August, 1859, the superb steamship Golden Gate, gay with crowds of passengers, and lighting the sea for miles around with the glare of her signal lights of red, green, and white, and brilliant with lighted saloons and state-rooms, bound up from the Isthmus of Panama, neared the entrance to San Francisco, the great centre of a world-wide commerce. Miles out at sea, on the desolate rocks of the Farallones, gleamed the powerful rays of one of the most costly and effective light-houses in the world. As we drew in through

the Golden Gate, another light-house met our eyes, and in the clear moonlight of the unbroken California summer we saw, on the right, a large fortification protecting the narrow entrance, and just before us the little island of Alcatraz confronted us,—one entire fortress. We bore round the point toward the old anchoring ground of the hide ships, and there, covering the sand-hills and the valleys, stretching from the water's edge to the base of the great hills, and from the old Presidio to the Mission, flickering all over with the lamps of its streets and houses, lay a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants. Clocks tolled the hour of midnight from its steeples, but the city was alive from the salute of our guns, spreading the news that the fortnightly steamer had come, bringing mails and passengers from the Atlantic world. Clipper ships of the largest size lay at anchor in the stream, or were girt to the wharves; and capacious high-pressure steamers, as large and showy as those of the Hudson or Mississippi, bodies of dazzling light, awaited the delivery of our mails to take their courses up the bay, stopping at Benicia and the United States Naval Station, and then up the great tributaries—the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and Feather Rivers—to the far inland cities of Sacramento, Stockton, and Marysville.

"The dock into which we drew, and the streets about it, were densely crowded with express wagons and handcarts to take luggage, coaches and cabs for passengers, and with men,—some looking out for friends among our hundreds of passengers,—agents of the press, and a greater multitude eager for newspapers and verbal intelligence from the great Atlantic and European world. Through this crowd I made my way, along the well-built and well-lighted streets, as alive as by day, where boys in high-keyed voices were already crying the latest New York papers; and between one and two o'clock in the morning found myself comfortably abed in a commodious room in the Oriental Hotel, which stood, as well as I could learn, on the filled up cove, and not far from the spot where we used to beach our boats from the Alert.

"*Sunday, August 14/h.*—When I awoke in the morning, and looked from my windows over the city of San Francisco, with its storehouses, towers, and steeples; its court-houses, theatres, and hospitals; its daily journals; its well-filled learned professions; its fortresses and light-houses; its wharves and harbor, with their thousand-ton clipper ships, more in number than London or Liverpool sheltered that day, itself one of the capitals of the American Republic, and the sole emporium of a new world, the awakened Pacific: when I looked across the bay to the eastward, and beheld a Contra Costa, and steamers, large and small, the ferryboats to the Contra Costa, and capacious freighters and passenger-carriers to all parts of the great bay and its tributaries, with lines of their smoke in the horizon,—when I saw all these things, and reflected on what I once was and saw here, and what now surrounded me, I could scarcely keep my hold on reality at all, or the genuineness of anything, and seemed to myself like one who had moved in 'worlds not realized.'

The ship Alert, which Mr. Dana has made famous by his narrative, was captured and destroyed by the pirate Semmes during the late rebellion. "I love to think," says the author, "that our noble ship, with her long record of good service and uniform success, attractive and beloved in her life, should have passed, at her death, into the lofty regions of international jurisprudence and debate, forming a part of the body of the 'Alabama Claims'; that, like a true ship, committed to her element once for all at her launching, she perished at sea, and, without an extreme use of language, we may say, a victim in the cause of her country."

NEW ROUTE TO THE ADIRONDACKS.—Rev. Mr. Murray's entertaining book, "Adventures in the Wilderness," has directed the attention of numerous pleasure-seekers towards the delightful camping-grounds in the North Woods. Since the publication of the work, which is now in its ninth edition, new railway connections have rendered the Wilderness more accessible. The following note to the editor of the *Transcript* by the author will be of service to the tourist who may propose to visit the Adirondacks:—

"In my little work on the Adirondack region of New

York, I recommended parties going there to the Keeseville route. Since the publication of my book, new arrangements have been made, greatly facilitating the entrance to the wilderness; and I, therefore, beg the favor of your columns to call attention to a new route by way of Plattsburgh.

"The Keeseville route is one of uninterrupted staging from Port Kent; and it is now, I understand, made particularly unpleasant by the condition of the road, which, being a plank one, has, owing to some local difficulty, been taken up for several miles.

"The new route of entrance is by way of Plattsburgh, and arrangements are such, that parties can leave Boston at 7 A. M. via Fitchburg Railroad, reaching Burlington in the afternoon and connecting with the steamer for Plattsburgh, and arrive at the latter place about 6 P. M. Here excellent accommodations for the night can be had at Fouquet's Hotel. In the morning at 8 o'clock cars leave Plattsburgh for Point of Rocks, where parties can arrange to meet their means of conveyance to Martin's, Smith's, Bartlett's, and other places at St. Regis.

"I would recommend to all parties that they engage by letter, before starting, their conveyance from Point of Rocks to their destination.

"By this route, parties can be sure of making connections to Point of Rocks. They also save some sixteen miles of unpleasant staging from Port Kent.

"I am glad that the facilities for getting into the Adirondack region are thus greatly increased, particularly as many people, not very robust, are contemplating a visit to the woods in search of health.

"W. H. H. MURRAY.

"Park Street Church, Boston, June, 1869."

A NEW VOLUME BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GATES AJAR."—The characteristics of Miss Phelps's "Men, Women, and Ghosts" are very justly summed up by the critic of the *Chicago Post*, who says: "One naturally opens the new book of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, which follows so soon after the volume that achieved her brilliant reputation, with doubt amounting almost to conviction, that, like so many other ventures hurried forth by the fortunate author, to enjoy the prestige of a popular predecessor, it will prove weak and worthless to sustain the name it bears. But the perusal of a very few pages suffices to satisfy that Miss Phelps's previous work was not merely a happy accident, but the natural, inevitable product of a strong, creative genius, and that whatever she may henceforth issue will be sure to possess genuine merit. The title, *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, is not altogether attractive, particularly the final member, of shadowy, spectral significance; nor is it correctly descriptive of the contents of the book, which consist of a collection of stories, several of which have appeared in various papers and magazines. It would appear quite impossible that these brief, miscellaneous pieces should confer any such pleasure, or win any such esteem as has the single elaborate effort, 'The Gates Ajar,' which brought such precious consolation to sorrowing, struggling, hoping, trembling souls looking onward and into the mysteries of eternity. But on the contrary, they are marked by even greater force and power, and each is as carefully finished, as striking in effect, as rich in suggestion, and as valuable in practical application. Miss Phelps's writings are distinguished for brilliancy, strength, and delicate precision, and her words are so keen and incisive they cleave their way to the understanding as if each were edged with a blade of steel. Whole sermons are embodied in the tersest sentences. As long as she holds discourse with her reader she manages to keep his deepest feelings in continual play, to stimulate

his best impulses and to command his entire sympathies. We predict a success for 'Men, Women, and Ghosts' which will be only second to that which 'The Gates Ajar' has already attained."

Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have now ready the *twenty-fifth edition* of "The Gates Ajar."

GEORGE ELIOT'S NEW POEM.—Speaking of "How Lisa loved the King," the *New York Evening Post* says: "Many modern poets have put into English verse the stories of Boccaccio, with much of the glow that invests the original like the Italian sunset over Val d'Arno, and it is therefore a bold undertaking to paraphrase this author in metrical forms. The comparison of a new idyl with the 'Pot of Basil' of Keats is apt to place the writer at a disadvantage. But George Eliot need not shrink from the most difficult of literary ventures, as the 'Spanish Gypsy' has triumphantly established. Her poetry is of her own warp and woof, and the quality of it is little inferior to that glorious prose which, in 'Adam Bede' and 'Romola,' has afforded another proof of the strength, copiousness, and flexibility of the English language. In the little book of 'How Lisa loved the King,' Mrs. Lewes has chosen one of the purest and sweetest of the fables of Boccaccio, and told it in vigorous and musical stanzas, uncommonly free from inversions and turgid description. Lisa, a lowly born but exceedingly lovely Italian maiden, whose parents have amassed wealth, looks coldly on her suitors, having conceived a hopeless passion for the King, under which she pines away almost unto death. The secret, carefully guarded from her family, is confided to a poet, who makes of it a song that is sung to beguile the royal leisure. The King, interested beyond his wont, is yet more caught up by learning that the love thus recited is a real and not an imaginary thing, and resolves, in perfect purity of purpose, to have an interview with the love-lorn damsel. He visits her, promises to wear her colors in the tourney, and to be her faithful knight, and having brought back the rosy health to her cheeks, advises her to marry one who has long loved her. Lisa takes the good counsel, and the King, in his nobility of soul, settles a principality upon the husband. The interview of the King and Lisa is thus finely described:—

"The king advanced, and, with a reverent kiss
Upon her hand, said: "Lady, what is this?
You, whose sweet youth should others' solace be,
Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.
We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,
Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared
To us who know your passing worthiness,
And count your blooming life as part of our life's bliss."

"Those words, that touch upon her hand from him
Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim
Worship the distant glory, brought some shame
Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame
With such deep joy she seemed in paradise.
In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise,
That bliss could be so blissful. Then she spoke:
"Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,
The golden yoke, of thoughts too great for me:
That was the ground of my infirmity.
But now I pray your Grace to have belief
That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause grief."

"The king alone perceived the covert sense
Of all her words, which made one evidence,
With her pure voice and candid loveliness,
That he had lost much honor, honoring less
That message of her passionate distress.
He stayed beside her for a little while,
With gentle looks and speech, until a smile
As placid as a ray of early morn
On opening flower-cups, o'er her lips was borne.
When he had left her, and the tidings spread
Through all the town, how he had visited
The Tuscan trader's daughter, who was sick,
Men said it was a royal deed, and catholic.

"And Lisa? She no longer wished for death;
But as a poet, who sweet verses saith
Within his soul, and joys in music there,
Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear
Disturbing pleasures, so was she content,
Breathing the life of grateful sentiment.
She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest;
For treasure must be valued by the test
Of highest excellence and rarity,
And her dear joy was best as best could be;
There seemed no other crown to her delight,
Now the high loved one saw her love aright.
Thus her soul thriving on that exquisite mood,
Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good
O'er the soft bloom of neck and arms and cheek,
And strengthened the sick body, once so weak,
Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird
With sweetly rippling throat, she made her spring joys
heard."

"The poem is most compactly written, and would be an admirable selection for parlor or lyceum reading."

The narrative throughout is crowded with felicitous passages, a few of which, selected at random, are given below:—

"She watched all day that she might see him pass,
With knights and ladies; but she said, 'Alas!
Though he should see me, it were all as one
He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone
Of wall or balcony: some colored spot
His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not."

"For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen
A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green,
Gold-bordered, like Costanza, I should need
No change within to make me queenly there."

"Till in her dream she saw Minuccio
Touching his viola, and chanting low
A strain, that, falling on her brokenly,
Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree."

"Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
No more than any little knot of thyme
That he with careless foot may often tread;
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
And cleave to things most high and hallowed,
As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,
My lowly love, that, soaring, seeks to climb
Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,
More blissful than if mine, in being his:
So shall I live in him, and rest in Death."

"But Heaven has seen that for no moment's space
Have I forgotten you to be the king,
Or me myself to be a lowly thing—
A little lark, enamored of the sky,
That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die."

MALBONE.—Those who have followed with pleasure the course of Mr. Higginson's "Oldport Romance" through the last six numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly," will find their pleasure greatly increased by giving the story an uninterrupted reading in the handsomely printed volume just published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. That month which comes between the instalments of a serial novel often heightens the effect of the story; but Malbone is one of those pure works of art which should be read at a single sitting. Malbone, as the *Springfield Republican* remarks, belongs to a class of novels of which Hawthorne's are the best examples in recent times. "These," says the writer, "may be called introspective-ideal novels; they deal with few characters and no great variety of scenery, but both persons and scenes are arranged and displayed artistically, and with a well-considered æsthetic purpose. The persons in them are literally 'characters' rather than individual persons,—they em-

body this or that passion or turn of mind, and are true to their design in whatever they may do. The pleasure in reading such novels is much more intellectual than moral, — there may even be a decided moral distaste excited by them, as by some of Hawthorne's, — while yet they please and captivate the mind. In this field, or rather this garden of fiction, where Hawthorne achieved such admirable success, Higginson has shown great talent and perception. His characters are not exuberant, the story, except in the last chapters, has little movement, yet the persons are all individualized, and one of them — Aunt Jane — is positively a new figure in the gallery of fiction. Malbone, too, is drawn with strokes not unworthy of Hawthorne, and so as not to be forgotten."

There are few things more powerful in American fiction than Mr. Higginson's description of the wreck of the light-ship; and in no recent novel, excepting perhaps Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks," is there a character more finely conceived and drawn than that of Emilia.

FORSTER'S LANDOR. This entertaining volume gives to the American public the biography of a man who not only was sufficiently remarkable in himself to make of extreme interest any sketch of him, however slight, but who was so intimately connected with the leading men of his times as to make his history inseparable from theirs. Living to an age far beyond the allotted life of man, he retained to the last his wonderful mental and physical powers, and associated on equal terms with the foremost men of three generations.

A biography of Landor is the history of a century. Born in the year when the English Colonies in America rebelled; living through all the revolutions in France, and the astonishing career of the great Napoleon; a sympathizer with the defeated Paoli and the victorious Garibaldi; contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth, and Byron, of Shelley, Scott, and Southey; living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last were published; to whom Pitt and Fox, and even Burke, had been familiar, as were Peel and Russell; who might have heard Mirabeau attempting to save the French Monarchy, and Mr. Gladstone predicting the disruption of the American Republic, — it would seem strange that a single life should be large enough for such experiences, if their very number and variety did not suggest the exaggeration of importance that each in its turn is too apt to receive from us all.

ON THE WING. — A recent number of the *Philadelphia North American Gazette* contained the following notice of Mr. John Bumstead's admirable little volume: —

"Mr. Bumstead believes that out-of-door sport is conducive to good health, morals, and digestion. The notion is neither novel nor doubtful, and it is certain that average American happiness and longevity would be increased if our people could be induced to take as much recreation with gun and fishing line as the English, French, or German do. Thus far the sedentary discard any relaxation that is not sedentary, and the laborers naturally seek for what is their best relief, — rest.

"In his crusade for better health and happier lives, Mr. Bumstead limits himself to the sports of the field. He presupposes absolute ignorance, and then advances the neophyte to an honorable graduation. About one quarter of the whole is devoted to pointing out the essentials of a good gun, and in explaining its management. This will be acceptable to many old shots who have never had the reasons for their conduct fittingly explained. There is everything that needs to be said under this head, and the directions have not been written in the interests of any maker. A good style of shooting-dress is described; there is an essay on the best powders for general and special purposes, and an elaborate account of the manufacture of gun-barrels.

"These points are essential to success. They may be

overdone, and frequently are. Our author does not overdo them. He plainly sets forth what has been established, and his statement will be of as much value to old Nimrods as to their sons and grandsons. And then he describes the merits, habits, and best methods of shooting woodcock, quail, partridge, prairie hens, plover, curlew, ducks, geese, and brandt, the true philosophy of rabbit-hunting, the training of setters and pointers, and the destruction of pigeons.

"An Appendix contains the game-laws of several States, and an explanation of some peculiar terms. The discussion of guns is made clearer by illustrations of good and bad barrels, and there are several attractive pictures of shooting scenes that will interest those who have a tendency to that amusement."

OLDTOWN FOLKS. — Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's last novel, and in many respects her greatest work, has already passed through six large editions, the first of which was ten thousand copies. The *Albany Argus* very truthfully says that the manners, morals, and social peculiarities of the New England people, male and female, cleric and laic, of half a century ago, were never before so perfectly and delightfully set forth as in the Oldtown folks who figure in this book. Sam Lawson, the village "good-for-nothing," (that was yet good for much,) his practical and vixenish wife Hepsy; the homely and amiable Aunt Keziah; Uncle Liakim; Debby Kittery; Deacon Badger; and most "fearfully and wonderfully made" of all, Asphyxia Smith, — very genuine people are these, and not soon to be forgotten by the amused and delighted reader.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD — OPEN. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have issued in one convenient 16mo volume the admirable series of papers on the Pacific Railroad, recently contributed by Mr. Samuel Bowles to the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." To the graphic sketches published in the magazine, the author has added a carefully prepared appendix, containing matter of much value both to those intending to visit the regions described, and to those merely desiring the latest and most complete information concerning them. Mr. Bowles's little volume is not only a very spirited narrative of travel, but will probably be considered, for some time to come, as the standard guide-book for tourists on the route of the Pacific Railroad.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have issued a cheap edition of Holmes's "Elsie Venner," two volumes in one, handsomely bound in cloth; also a popular edition of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," the best account of school-life in England ever written. Tom Brown is a capital book for both young and old readers.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD — OPEN. How to go and what to see. By SAMUEL BOWLES. 1 vol. 16mo. 122 pages. Paper, 35 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING. A Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT. 1 vol. 16mo. 48 pages. Cloth, 50 cents.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. A Biography. By JOHN FORSTER. With steel portrait and vignettes. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Nearly 700 pages.

VANITY FAIR. By W. M. THACKERAY. *Household Edition.* 1 vol. 16mo. 464 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

PENDENNIS. By W. M. THACKERAY. *Household Edition.* 1 vol. 16mo. 532 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. THACKERAY. *Household Edition.* 1 vol. 16mo. 551 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY. *Household Edition.* 1 vol. 16mo. 542 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

These books can be procured of the Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Chickering & Sons'

GRAND, SQUARE, & UPRIGHT PIANOS.

We this day issue a New CATALOGUE, in which we print our VERY LOWEST PRICES, and from which we make no DISCOUNTS OR DEVIATION whatever.

Our object is to furnish to our Patrons THE VERY BEST PIANOS which can be manufactured, and at the VERY LOWEST PRICES which will yield us a fair remuneration.

ROSEWOOD FULL-SIZED SQUARE PIANOS,

7 OCTAVE,

WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS,

Fully Warranted, from 475 to 600 Dollars.

Our reputation as the FIRST MANUFACTURERS IN THE COUNTRY being fully established, and the SUPERIORITY OF OUR INSTRUMENTS being acknowledged by the VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY OF THE LEADING ARTISTS OF THIS COUNTRY AND EUROPE, and the AWARDS OF THE HIGHEST RECOMPENSES OVER ALL COMPETITION, at the different Industrial Exhibitions of Europe and America, we are confident that at the PRICES upon our New List, our Pianos will be found to be THE CHEAPEST; and we solicit a comparison of our Prices with those of any other FIRST-CLASS MANUFACTURERS, after allowing the Discounts which they may offer.

It will be our aim, as it has been during the past FORTY-SEVEN YEARS, to make the VERY BEST POSSIBLE INSTRUMENTS in every respect. Our rules are: NEVER TO SACRIFICE QUALITY OF WORK DONE TO ECONOMY OF MANUFACTURE.

ROSEWOOD GRAND PIANOS,

7½ OCTAVE,

WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS,

Fully Warranted, from 1,050 to 1,200 Dollars.

Our PRICES are set as low as they possibly can be to insure the MOST PERFECT WORKMANSHIP, and the VERY BEST QUALITY OF MATERIALS used in every branch of the business.

EVERY PIANO MADE BY US IS FULLY WARRANTED, and satisfaction guaranteed to the purchaser.

In claiming a SUPERIORITY for the CHICKERING PIANOS OVER ALL OTHERS MADE, we would call special attention to THE PERFECT EVENNESS OF THE SCALES throughout the ENTIRE REGISTERS.

THE SINGING QUALITY OF TONE, so favorably noticed by all the GREAT ARTISTS.

THE POWER AND QUALITY OF TONE, DELICACY OF TOUCH, PERFECTION OF THE MECHANISM, DURABILITY AND GENERAL EXCELLENCE OF WORKMANSHIP, AND BEAUTY OF FINISH.

CHICKERING & SONS,

246 Washington St., Boston,

11 East 14th St., New York.

PARKER HOUSE.

BOSTON, May 1, 1869.

MESSRS. GEO. W. PETTES & Co.: DEAR SIR:—You may send us five cases and ten gallons of the HALFORD SAUCE. We used to think that the Worcestershire was the only thing, but we now use more of the Halford Leicestershire than of all other combined.

Yours very truly,

H. D. PARKER & CO.

We call especial attention to the INDORSEMENT, by two of THE BEST HOTELS in this or in any Country, of the

HALFORD**Leicestershire Table Sauce.**

This very palatable and really delightful compound, prepared from the original recipe of an English Nobleman, is SUPERIOR TO ANY OF THE IMPORTED SAUCES.

It has not the fiery, peppery flavor to which ladies especially object in the Worcestershire, nor the sweet sickish taste to which gentlemen especially object in the Crosse & Blackwell Sauces.

It is MADE OF THE BEST QUALITY OF THE CHOICEST ARTICLES which are known for the composition of a healthful and savory condiment, suited to every table.

Why should we pay duties and expenses amounting to seventy-five cents or a dollar for a LITTLE bottle of common sauce, simply because it is made in England, when we can buy A "LARGE" BOTTLE OF

HALFORD'S LEICESTERSHIRE,

made here by the same Englishman who made it there, for

Only 50 Cents?

CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

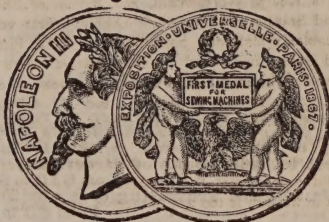
PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1869.

MESSRS. G. W. PETTES & Co., Boston, Mass.:

DEAR SIR:—Please ship by Adams Express one case and ten gallons HALFORD'S LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.

J. G. KINGSLEY & CO.

For sale by all First-Class Grocers.

"Family Favorite."

Nothing so splendid as a

Weed Family Favorite SEWING MACHINE.

"Shuttle," "Straight Needle," Stitch
alike on both sides. They
are the most

SIMPLE AND ELEGANT.**SALESROOMS:**

349 Washington Street, Boston;

613 Broadway, New York.

MANUFACTORY: HARTFORD, CT.

No. 13.

HUMPHREYS' Homœopathic Specifics

HAVE PROVED, from the most ample experience, an entire success: Simple — Prompt — Efficient and Reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use, — so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them, so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

Nos.		Cents.
1, Cures	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations . . .	25
2, " "	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic . . .	25
3, " "	Crying-Colic or teething of infants . . .	25
4, " "	Diarrhoea, of Children or Adults . . .	25
5, " "	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic . . .	25
6, " "	Cholera-Morbus, Vomiting . . .	25
7, " "	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis . . .	25
8, " "	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache . . .	25
9, " "	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo . . .	25
10, " "	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach . . .	25
13, " "	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing . . .	25
14, " "	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions . . .	25
15, " "	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains . . .	25
16, " "	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues . . .	50
17, " "	Piles, blind or bleeding . . .	50
18, " "	Ophthalmia, and sore or weak Eyes . . .	50
19, " "	Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza . . .	50
20, " "	Whooping-cough, violent Coughs . . .	50
21, " "	Asthma, oppressed Breathing . . .	50
22, " "	Ear Discharges, impaired Hearing . . .	50
23, " "	Scrofula, enlarged Glands, Swellings . . .	50
24, " "	General Debility, physical Weakness . . .	50
25, " "	Dropsy and Scanty Secretions . . .	50
26, " "	Sea-Sickness, Sickness from riding . . .	50
27, " "	Kidney-Disease, Gravel . . .	50
29, " "	Sore Mouth, Canker . . .	50
33, " "	Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus Dance . . .	100
34, " "	Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat . . .	50

FAMILY CASES

Of 35 to 60 large vials, morocco or rose-wood case, containing a specific for every ordinary disease a family is subject to, and books of directions,

From \$10 to \$35

Smaller Family and Travelling cases, with 20 to 28 vials . . . From \$5 to \$8

POND'S EXTRACT

Cures Burns, Bruises, Lameness, Soreness, Sore Throat, Sprains, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Piles, Boils, Stings, Sore Eyes, Bleeding of the Lungs, Nose, Stomach, or of Piles; Corns, Ulcers, Old Sores.

Price, 6 oz. 50 cts.; Pints, \$1.50; Quarts, \$1.75.

These Remedies, except POND'S EXTRACT, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by mail or express, free of charge, on receipt of the price. Address

Humphreys' Specific Homœopathic Medicine Company,

Office and Depot, No. 562 BROADWAY, New York.

DR. HUMPHREYS is consulted daily at his office, personally or by letter, as above, for all forms of disease.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"VERMONT" SPRING WATER, THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CANCER,

Scrofula, Cutaneous Affections, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, AND OTHER KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, AND ALL IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

Pamphlets, with certificates from eminent physicians and others sent free.

This Spring, which has no other name than the "Vermont Spring," and has effected cures unparalleled by any other in existence, should not be confounded with others, old or new, in the same State. Get the best.

THE GENUINE BOTTLES BEAR THE NAMES OF THE PROPRIETORS.

Sold by Druggists and by the Proprietors,

SAXE & CO., Sheldon, Vt., and

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., 170 William St., New York.

G. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover St., Boston.

FINE WATCHES

AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.

SOLID GOLD

HUNTING-CASE LADIES' WATCHES, First Quality, Lever Movement, Full Jewelled, Adjusted Balance, Regulated and Warranted, \$36. Extra Quality, \$40.

FINE SILVER

GENTS' HUNTING-CASE WATCHES, Lever Movement, First Quality, \$14; Extra Quality, \$16.

IMPERIAL DUPLEX

Engraved Movement, Ruby Jewels, Sweep Seconds, Double Time, SILVER HUNTING-CASES, \$20.

AMERICAN MOVEMENT

2-oz. Silver Cases, \$15; Full Jewelled, \$16.

SOLID GOLD

GENTS' HUNTING-CASE WATCHES, First Quality, Lever Movement, Full Jewelled, Adjusted Balance, Regulated and Warranted, \$45; Extra Quality, \$48; and Watches of every description, equally low, sent by Express, to be paid for after they have been received and examined. Any watch received from us may be returned or exchanged if not giving perfect satisfaction. Full Descriptive Price Lists sent free.

S. H. MOORE & CO., Importers,
52 & 54 John Street, New York.

PATENTS. — MUNN & CO., Editors Scientific American, 37 Park Row, New York. Twenty-three years' experience in obtaining

American and European Patents.

Opinions no charge. A pamphlet, 108 pages of law and information free. Address as above.

\$20 A DAY to MALE and FEMALE
Agents to introduce the BUCKEYE \$20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than \$40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

TRY THE BEST ONE DOLLAR SALE IN THE COUNTRY.

If required, Agents NEED NOT PAY FOR THE GOODS UNTIL DELIVERY.

Agents wanted everywhere. Send for Circular.

S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,

136 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



The most Durable Knife known. Hot Water has no Effect upon it.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN CUTLERY, AND MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY THE

MERIDEN CUTLERY CO., . . . 45 Beekman St., New York.

EVERY ONE WHO LOVES FRUITS, FLOWERS, OR GARDENING

SHOULD TAKE A GOOD HORTICULTURAL JOURNAL.

Read the Horticulturist, New York.

THE STANDARD JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HORTICULTURE. Every Number contains valuable information and illustrations on all subjects connected with country life, calculated to please and instruct. VALUABLE PREMIUMS of choice Books, Newspapers, Roses, Lilies, and Flowers are given to new subscribers. Send Stamp for Illustrated prospectus or specimen copy. HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Prop'r, 37 Park Row, New York.

FOR LESS THAN NOTHING!—Harper's Monthly, or any other \$4 publications, sent for \$3.90 a year with Hall's Journal of Health for 1869, which alone is \$1.50. "Bronchitis, Consumption, Throat," \$1.70. Address

W. W. HALL, 176 Broadway, New York.

\$3000\$ SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

Globe Fire Extinguisher Co.,

No. 4 Dey Street, New York.

Great reduction in price. No. 1, \$35; No. 2, \$40; No. 3, \$45. First-class Agents wanted. Address as above.

\$10 PER DAY GUARANTEED.

Agents to sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It makes the LOCK STITCH, ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any Sewing Machine ever invented. Price, \$25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & Co., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

BUILDERS, send for catalogue of all new Architectural Books and Journals. Address A. J. BICKNELL & Co., Publishers, Troy, N. Y., or Springfield, Ill.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, SCROFULA. A lady who had suffered for years from Deafness, Catarrh, and Scrofula was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompts her to send the receipts free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S ADVERTISING AGENCY.

"They have reduced advertising to a more perfect system than has been known heretofore."—*Hazleton (Pa.) Sentinel*, Oct. 31, 1867.

"Whatever is prompt, methodical, and straightforward they practise in their dealings, and only that."—*Boston Commonwealth*, Nov. 30, 1867.

"They now probably do the heaviest advertising business in the country."—*Manchester (N. H.) Daily Union*, Jan. 25, 1868.

"Their establishment is perhaps the most extensive in the United States."—*Cape Ann Advertiser*, Gloucester, Mass.

"This firm is now the most substantial business house for advertising in the country."—*American Mining Index* (N. Y.), April 2, 1868.

"We are prepared to receive advertisements for all American Newspapers, at prices as low as can be obtained at the offices of publication.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, N. Y.

FOR \$100 PER LINE

We will insert an advertisement in one thousand Newspapers one month. The List includes single Papers of over 100,000 Circulation weekly, more than 100 Daily Papers, in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the leading Papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete Files can be examined at our office. Send Stamp for our Circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S

Circular to Advertisers,

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS,

CONTAINING

A List of Seven Hundred and Fifty Choice Advertising mediums, subdivided into more than 50 Small Lists, with Price Cards showing the cost of any advertisement, from one line to one column.

A List of the leading Daily papers in all the large towns and cities of the United States and Canada.

A List of Two Hundred leading Weekly and Monthly publications, with estimates showing the cost of an advertisement of from 5 to 25 lines, from one week to two months.

A List of prominent Advertisers who have patronized this ADVERTISING AGENCY, and letters showing the opinions of such men concerning the advantages it offers.

Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, N. Y.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S BALSAM

Has been manufactured and used for the last twenty-five years with steadily increasing reputation, and accumulating evidences of its great value and efficacy, and now stands unrivalled for the cure of Bowel Complaints.

Thus far the Balsam has won its way into general use and favor solely on its merits, and during the year 1866, over

75,000 bottles of it were sold in the New England States.

We feel so well assured of its great value, that in view of the general prevalence of bowel complaints, we wish that all shall know that here is a medicine that is not only worthy their confidence, and will cure, but is also within the reach of all, the price, for the small size, being

ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

The Balsam is purely vegetable, and entirely harmless. It may be given (according to directions) to adults or children, at any stage of the above-named complaints, without fear, and with the utmost confidence in its proving the right medicine to save and prolong life. Its great efficacy, **ABOVE ALL OTHER REMEDIES**, is in checking the discharges of the stomach and bowels, at any stage of the disease, and yet not causing any deleterious or dangerous consequences by a too sudden stoppage, so as to produce costiveness or inflammation, but it will bring on a regular, healthy action of the bowels, and induce a natural state thereof, and by its tonic properties will also revive and strengthen the enervated system. Whenever there is fever connected with dysentery, the Balsam not only checks the latter, but will also prove as effective in allaying the fever.

From the Rev. Jefferson Hascall, who has been sixteen years Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church, at present of the Worcester, Mass., District.

MESSRS. GILMAN BROTHERS: I hear with great gratification that you intend to advertise that *very valuable* remedy, known as Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam. I am sure it is not generally known to the public. Not a *title* is used compared with what I think would be, were it known.

It is now some twelve years since I very reluctantly purchased the first vial. I have never but once been without it since. I have recommended it to very many, and have known but two or three instances of failure. I think it is a *purely scientific remedy*. I hope, gentlemen, you will succeed to supply every family and individual in our land, for I think as a remedy for bowel troubles it has *no equal*. I can, therefore, with great confidence, recommend it to all.

Yours very truly,

JEFFERSON HASCALL.

In a letter, March, 1860, Mr. Hascall says: "I have lost three children by bowel diseases, and should have lost all, for aught I can see, had it not been for your Balsam. Can you not fill the world with the knowledge of this remedy, *some way*? for you can speak with more assurance in regard to *results* than any other men in the world. I do not know how you got the knowledge of this remedy, but I am quite sure no other medicine *can* surpass, or equal it. Thousands die every year who would live if they could only get it."

This invaluable cure for SUMMER DISEASES may be had of all first-class druggists everywhere, and in any quantity of

GILMAN BROTHERS, Wholesale Druggists, Boston.

WANTED — AGENTS — To sell the **AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE**. Price, \$25. The simplest, cheapest, and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to Agents. Address, **AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO.**, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

SYSTEMATIC! PERSISTENT! JUDICIOUS!

EVANS'
ADVERTISING AGENCY,
106 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
OFFERS INDUCEMENTS

Superior to any heretofore obtainable

TO ADVERTISERS.

Our new circular containing a list of 100 of the **VERY BEST NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES** in the country, whose aggregate circulation is at least

3,100,000

EACH ISSUE, sent on application.

WANTED — AGENTS — \$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the **GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE**. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider, in a most superior manner. Price only \$18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from \$75 to \$200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address **SECOMB & Co.**, PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION. — Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

PURE SALERATUS.

A Household Necessity.

Every housekeeper who has any regard for the welfare of the household is under obligation to inform herself as to the influence of impure Saleratus, and at least to secure that which is acknowledged the best. **PYLE'S SALERATUS** has stood the test of time, and become the standard in New England. Ten years' experience has not only substantiated its claim to perfect purity, but proved its superiority over all others. Yet there are many housekeepers who, by reason of the grocerymen's determination to supply only that from which they derive the largest profit, are deprived of the use of that which they know by experience and reputation is best adapted to their wants. Grocers under such circumstances participate in a great moral crime; it is their duty to aid in circulating articles of such vast importance to the public welfare only such as have merited superior reputation. Housekeepers have a right to ask for Pyle's Saleratus, and should insist upon having it. They will be well compensated for the effort. Sold by first-class Grocers generally. Depot, 350 Washington St., New York.

MENDELSSOHN**Musical Institute**

Was established in 1856, since which time it has received over seven hundred pupils, nearly two hundred of whom have been, or are at present, teaching in various localities, with success and high commendation.

Every desirable facility is here afforded for acquiring a thorough education in every department of Music,

Instrumental, Vocal, and Theoretical,

after the best systems of instruction in Europe, where the Principal resided, as student and teacher, during several years.

The aim of this institution is to make the study of music thorough and comprehensive in the highest degree, by its peculiar method of instruction, making the most intricate portions of its science clear and attractive to the student, who becomes deeply interested, and realizes that with such knowledge the instrumentalist becomes a musician, while without it he is a mere machine.

Pupils are instructed alone, or in classes, by teachers of superior skill and experience.

Schools, Seminaries, and Families are provided with reliable and accomplished Teachers, on application to the Principal.

For Circulars, containing full information as to terms, references, etc., address

EDWARD B. OLIVER,

26 OXFORD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Refers, by permission, to MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

**STUDS**

INSTEAD OF

EYELETS,

For Ladies',

Misses', and

Children's

Boots.

PATENT STUDED BOOTS AND SHOES are now offered to the public by first class shoe dealers, with the full assurance that they supply a long acknowledged demand, and are stronger and better than any other style.

They are laced by simply winding the string from one stud to another, as shown in the illustration.

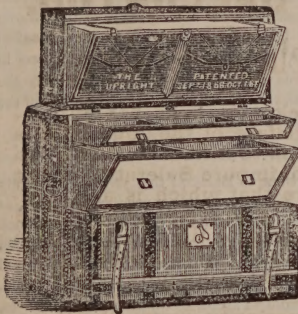
The studs are turned from wire, and have solid heads and shanks.

Manufacturers can obtain Studs and Setting Machines, and Dealers all styles of Studded Goods, by addressing

BOSTON SHOE STUD & BUTTON CO.

99 Milk and 2 Pearl Street, Boston.

NEBRASKA. Its Soil, Climate, and People. A Pamphlet for 25 cts. Address CROPSEY & BAIN, Lincoln, Neb.

**THE Upright Patent Trunk.**

Does not have to be removed from the wall to open it. Instead of trays to lift out, it is arranged with drawers, made very light and strong.

It is much stronger, as only a small portion opens, whereas in the old style the whole top comes off.

The same room in the bottom of the trunk for dresses and heavy clothing as in the old style.

The Upright Patent Trunk Co.,

No. 6 BARCLAY STREET,

Next Door to the Astor House.

READERS OF THE ATLANTIC

are referred to the full-page advertisement of DR. BABCOCK on

DISEASES OF THE HAIR AND SCALP

Published in the April Number of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, page 1 of advertisements.

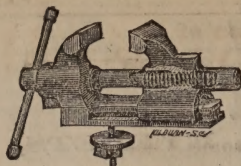
LAW, LOAN, AND BANKING OFFICE,

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DeWitt, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, payable annually. Interest collected when due. All charges paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years. Parties having money to invest, please notice.

(138)



"Union Vise Co.
of Boston," Mass.
61 WATER STREET.

50 SIZES AND STYLES
OF VISES constantly on
hand.

 Vises Warranted.

MILLING MACHINES, 5 Sizes,

Very simple, easily adjusted, and great power, weighing
2,300, 1,600, 1,050, 1,000, 900 lbs.

FOR SALE BY THE TRADE.

GORDON H. NOTT, President.

BRAMAN, SHAW, & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PARLOR SUITS,

COVERED IN

English Hair-Cloth, Plush, Reps, Terry, and Brocatelle.

Salesroom, 27 Sudbury St., Boston.

2,000 Sets Croquet!

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK IN THE
COUNTRY. See Illustrated Circular.

D. B. BROOKS & BRO.,

55 Washington St., Boston.

"The Vicar of Bullhampton,"

A new Novel of great interest, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE,
Author of "Phineas Finn," "Orley Farm," "The Claverings,"
"The Belton Estate," etc., is commenced
in the July Number of

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

With a full-page Illustration.

 For sale at all the Book and News Stores.



MRS. S. A. MOODY'S **Patented**
Self-Adjusting ABDOMINAL CORSETS. The only
Corset made upon correct principles.
After a great deal of study and change
arising from the necessity for relief
from ill-health of the inventor herself,
this admirable and practical invention
has been perfect-d, and its use has
proved a blessing to many. Its adapt-
ability, efficiency, and comfort make it
far superior to any corset or supporter
ever before offered to the public. It has

been extensively worn and tested on persons of all ages;
and thousands, unable to walk or take exercise of any kind,
have been so remarkably relieved and benefit-d by this
corset that their medical attendants have adopted it as part
of their regular practice; asserting that its universal use
would make female diseases the exception, rather than the
rule. It is simple and very substantial, — gives upright-
ness and elegance to the form as well as elasticity and tone
to the whole system, and is becoming universally popular
with ladies. For full particulars send for Circular. Sold
at wholesale by the Manufacturers, THE BOSTON COR-
SET SKIRT CO., 117 Summer St., Boston; and at retail
by Mrs. S. A. Moody, 733 Broadway, New York; Wm. T.
Hopkins, 1115 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; W. F. Daily,
11 Light St., Baltimore; Mrs. J. G. Ford, 17 Temple Place,
Boston; M. S. Heckle, Chicago, Ill.; John Shillito & Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio; Brown & Webber, Buffalo, N. Y.; and
by all first-class dealers in Corsets.

STAMMERING

Permanently cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances.
They received Medals, etc., at the last London and Paris
Exhibitions, and are favorably reviewed in the *Illustrated*
London News and *Medical Times*. For Pamphlet, and
drawings describing the same, address

SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, New York.

CHESTER SQUARE (Formerly Pemberton
Square) **Boarding and Day School for**
Young Ladies. — The next School Year will begin
SEPTEMBER 21, 1869. For Catalogue and Circular address
REV. G. GANNETT, 69 Chester Square, Boston, Mass.

EIGHTH EDITION.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS;

Or, Camp-Life in the Adirondacks.

By REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

Eight full-page Illustrations. . . . \$1.50.

"The unmistakable passion for sylvan life which breathes
in every line of this volume gives it a genuine freshness
and glow that takes it entirely out of the sphere of com-
monplace experience. It is a book of wonderful vitality,
a natural expression of flesh and blood as breathing
or laughing, and reproducing in its descriptions both the
sunshine and the gloom of the landscape which it paints.
The author, we understand, is a clergyman of the church
in Boston which has sometimes been profanely called
'Brimstone Corner,' but there is no smell of brimstone in
these fragrant leaves of the forest, which exhale only the
odors of hemlock and pine, and the native sweetness of the
virgin mountain air." — *New York Tribune*.

"No book has come to Hartford this year so absolutely
certain to 'sell.' Mr. Murray is a muscular Christian, as
good a shot and fly-fisher as he is preacher, and as much
at home in the Adirondacks as in his parish. Writing
upon a subject on which he is perfectly at home, he could
hardly fail to make a good book, and he has not failed.
All who have the faintest strain of hunting blood in them,
all honest disciples of the good St. Izaak, all who have a
taste for descriptions of rough, out-of-doors life, or a weak-
ness for legends of those brave old days

'When wild in woods the noble savage ran,'

and, finally, all who have ever visited, or are now hoping
to visit the Adirondacks, will read and re-read these fas-
cinating papers with an interest which not one novel in a
thousand can kindle." — *Hartford Courant*.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on
receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON, & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & CO.'s Publications.

The only Complete and Uniform Edition of THACKERAY'S NOVELS

IS THE

HOUSEHOLD EDITION,

Which is at once Uniform, Compact, Legible, Handsome, Cheap.

To meet the long-felt want of an edition of Thackeray's Novels at once uniform, compact, handsome, legible, and cheap, MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., have prepared a *Household Edition* of these unsurpassed works of fiction, which will be complete in six volumes, handsomely bound in green morocco cloth, uniform with the popular *Household Edition* of CHARLES READE's Novels recently published by them.

NOW READY.

WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY.

Vanity Fair. With fine Portrait. One vol.

The Virginians. One vol.

Pendennis. "

The Adventures of Philip. "

The Newcomes. "

Henry Esmond. } "

Level the Widower. }

PRICE, PER VOL., IN CLOTH, \$1.25; HALF Calf, \$2.50.

"Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. (the successors of Ticknor and Fields), have commenced the publication of a complete edition of THACKERAY'S WORKS, in the neat and attractive style of the *Household Edition* of Reade's novels. 'Vanity Fair,' the first volume of the new edition, is now ready, and is neatly printed and handsomely bound. This edition will supply a want that, singularly enough, has been permitted to exist in this country ever since the death of the great novelist. The public are under obligations to Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. for supplying this want. Nothing more attractive or convenient than the new edition could be desired, and its price (\$1.25) per volume will place it within the reach of all." — *Evening Post*.

"Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. seem to be singularly fortunate in their guesses at the popular want in regard to editions of standard literature, — as their very popular editions of Dickens and their recent set of Charles Reade's novels bear witness. Seeing a vacuum in the supply of a cheap Thackeray, and abhorring a vacuum when money may be made by filling it, they have commenced the publication of a *Household Edition* of that charming novelist. The edition is similar in all respects to the 'Household Edition' of Reade, except that the neat green muslin volumes are thicker, and sell for a dollar and a quarter, instead of a dollar." — *Chicago Post*.

* * For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

1867. CROWNING TRIUMPHS! 1868.

STEINWAY & SONS

HAVE BEEN AWARDED

The First Grand Gold Medal of Honor and Merit.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, PARIS, 1867.

This medal is distinctly classified FIRST in order of Merit over all other American exhibitors, and over more than 400 Pianos entered by nearly all the celebrated manufacturers of Europe.

In proof of which the following OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE of the President and Members of the International Jury on Musical Instruments (Class X.) is subjoined: —

PARIS, July 20, 1867.

I certify that the FIRST GOLD MEDAL for American Pianos has been unanimously awarded to Messrs Steinway by the Jury of the International Exposition.

First on the list in Class X.

MEINER, President of International Jury.

FETIS, Reporter

GEORGES KASTNER,

AMBROSE THOMAS,

ED. HANSLICK,

F. A. GEVAERT,

J. SCHIEDMAIER,

Members

of the

International Jury.

This unanimous decision of the International Class Jury, endorsed by the Supreme Group Jury, and affirmed by the Imperial Commission, being the final verdict of the only tribunal determining the rank of the awards at the Exposition, places the STEINWAY PIANOS AT THE HEAD OF ALL OTHERS.

Extract from Official Report of the International Jury (published by the Imperial Commission a few months since) comparing the relative merits of the pianos of the two great American exhibitors: —

"The pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons are equally endowed with the splendid sonority of their competitor; they also possess that seizing largeness and volume of tone hitherto unknown, which fills the greatest space. Brilliant in the treble, singing in the middle, and formidable in the bass,

this sonority acts with irresistible power on the organs of hearing. In regard to expression, delicate shading, variety of accentuation, the instruments of Messrs. Steinway have over those of their American competitor an advantage which cannot be contested. The blow of the hammer is heard much less, and the pianist feels under his hands an action pliant and easy, which permits him at will to be powerful or light, vehement and graceful. These pianos are at the same time the instrument of the virtuoso who wishes to astonish by the éclat of his execution, and of the artist who applies his talent to the music of thought and sentiment, bequeathed to us by the illustrious masters: in one word, they are at the same time the pianos for the concert-room and the parlor, possessing an unexceptionable sonority."

In addition to the above Messrs. Steinway & Sons have been awarded the Grand Annual Testimonial Medal and Honorary Membership from Société des Beaux Arts, Paris.

Grand Gold Medal of Merit from his Majesty King Charles XV., bearing the highly honorable inscription of

"To those whose Works deserve it."

THE ROYAL ACADEMIES of SCIENCES and ARTS, Berlin (Prussia) and Stockholm (Sweden), have bestowed academical honors upon THEODORE and WILLIAM STEINWAY, for their valuable inventions and numerous improvements. FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the International Exhibition, London, 1862. THIRTY-FIVE FIRST PREMIUMS, from 1855 to 1862, inclusive, since which time Steinway & Sons have not entered their Piano-fortes at any local fair in the United States.

Illustrated Catalogues mailed upon application to any part of the country.

Warerooms — Steinway Hall, Nos. 109 and 111 East Fourteenth St. New York.



LEE & SHEPARD'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

National Sermons.

SERMONS, LETTERS, AND SPEECHES

ON

Slavery and its War.

From the passage of the Fugitive-Slave Bill to the Inauguration of President Grant.

By REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

Crown 8vo. Tinted paper, \$2.50.

An American Woman in Europe. The Journal of Two Years' Sojourn in France, England, Germany, and Italy. By MRS. S. R. URBINO. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The Gates Wide Open, or, Scenes in Another World. By GEO. WOOD, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," etc. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America, over the Pampas and Andes. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. New Illustrated Edition. 16mo. \$1.50.

Tracts for the People.

No. 1. WHY NOT? a Book for Every Woman. By PROF. H. R. STORER, M. D. 16mo. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

No. 2. IS IT I? a Book for Every Man. By PROF. H. R. STORER, M. D. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

No. 3. SERPENTS IN THE DOVE'S NEST. By REV. JOHN TODD, D. D. 16mo. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

No. 4. WOMAN'S RIGHTS. By REV. JOHN TODD, D. D. 16mo. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

No. 5. ON NURSES AND NURSING. By PROF. H. R. STORER, M. D. 16mo. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

No. 6. FARM TALK. Articles in a Colloquial Style, on Familiar Farm Topics. By GEO. E. BRACKETT, Belfast, Me. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

No. 7. THE PHILOSOPHY OF DOMESTIC LIFE. By DR. W. H. BYFORD. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

No. 8. WOMAN vs. BALLOT. By REV. J. D. FULTON. Paper, 15 cents.

No. 9. WOMAN AS GOD MADE HER: The True Woman. By REV. J. D. FULTON. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

Alice's Adventures in Wonder-Land. By LEWIS CARROLL. Reprinted from the London Edition, with 42 Illustrations. 12mo. Tinted paper. \$1.50. New Edition.

Sabbath Songs for Children's Worship. A New Sunday-School Hymn and Tune Book. By LEONARD MARSHALL, assisted by J. C. PROCTOR and SAMUEL BURNHAM. Boards, 35 cents; paper, 30 cents. Superintendents furnished with Specimen Copies for examination, on receipt of 30 cents.

Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands. A Series of Books for Children. By MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL. To be completed in six volumes. Per volume, \$1.25.

1. FROM BOSTON TO BALTIMORE.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

The Supernatural in the Bible.

C R E D O.

This book is a bold and vigorous discussion of the disputed doctrines of Evangelical Christianity, and is adapted to the present times. Nearly every department of modern scientific discovery, so far as it relates to theology and revelation, has passed under careful review.

CREDO fills a place occupied by no other book, and will be especially prized by those who are inquiring for the rational evidences of the evangelical belief. The author seems to have fought his way through doubts and scepticism into the Christian faith, and, unlike those who prostitute Christianity to the terms and theories of Liberalism, he compels modern thought to subserve Orthodoxy.

The Table of Contents suggests an outline of theoretical and practical Christianity, and presents a list of subjects which cannot fail in interesting the public mind.

CONTENTS.

SUPERNATURAL BOOK.

- I. Prophets and Prophecies respecting Ancient Cities and Countries.
- II. Prophecies respecting existing Nationalities.
- III. Prophecies respecting Christ and Christianity.
- IV. The Earth and the Bible.

SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

- V. The Resurrection of the Lord Jesus.
- VI. The Three-One.
- VII. Satan.
- VIII. Permitted and Prohibited Spiritualism.

SUPERNATURAL LIFE.

- IX. Conversion.
- X. Supernatural Life as related to Faith, Works, and the Atonement of Christ.

SUPERNATURAL DESTINY.

- XI. Future Existence of Man.
- XII. Resurrection of Man.
- XIII. Nature and Operations of Conscience.
- XIV. Nature and Operations of Memory.
- XV. Thralldom of Character.
- XVI. The Old Heavens and Earth displaced by the New.
- XVII. The Sceptic among the Disciples.

One handsome 12mo volume. Price, \$1.50.

OLIVER OPTIC'S NEW STORY,

SWITCH OFF, or The War of the Students,

Commences in No. 131 (July 3) *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, offering an excellent opportunity to subscribe for this very popular WEEKLY VISITOR TO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Fully Illustrated.

TERMS.—\$2.50 per year; \$1.25 for 6 months; 6 cents per number.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

SEND FOR

THE BEST MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN EVER PUBLISHED,

The Nursery

A Monthly for youngest readers, now in its third year, with a large and constantly increasing circulation, is admitted to be the best work of the kind.

Each number contains from 25 to 30 illustrations, some of them filling entire pages, and all of them of a kind to delight the young and attract every lover of high art. The NURSERY was the first to introduce to the American public PLETSCHE, FROELICH, FROMENT, and other artists renowned for their drawings of children. In addition to the designs of these celebrated foreign artists, original designs by our own artists, BILLINGS, CHAMPNEY, MISS HUMPHREY, etc., are given.

The reading matter is original, and by the most successful writers in the country, who make a specialty of writing for children.

Nothing to offend the most scrupulous taste, nothing that every intelligent parent will not approve, is ever admitted into this now famous little Magazine. It has been largely and successfully used in Primary Schools. Every teacher and every parent should have it.

As a new volume of THE NURSERY commences in July, now is the time to subscribe for this unique and highly successful little Magazine.

Terms. — \$1.50 a year, in advance. A sample No., containing Prospectus, Premium List, Club Terms, etc., mailed for 10 cents. Address the Publisher,

JOHN L. SHOREY,
13 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Hearken all ye lean and gaunt,
That racking nervous headaches haunt.
Give ear, give ear, ye bilious crowds,
Whose cheeks the saffron bile-tinge clouds.
Attend, attend, ye sore depressed,
Who can't the simplest food digest.
To you is proffered such a draught
As Hebe's patrons never quaffed.
Ease, health, and strength 'twill soon restore,
And stepping backward from Death's door,
You'll bless the skilful hand that blent
The Seltzer's every element
In one rare antidote, containing
Help sure and swift for the complaining.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ORGANS FOR ALL USES.

New and Choice Styles, embodying New Inventions.

PRICES AS LOW AS THOSE DEMANDED FOR ORGANS OF INFERIOR QUALITY.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.
Introduce this season a number of new styles of their celebrated Organs, having important improvements, and especially the MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED VOX HUMANA, a novelty of great value.

NEW STYLE No. 21, Five Stop Double-Reed Cabinet Organ,

with new VOX HUMANA. Case of solid Black Walnut carved and panelled, new design, Stops DIAPASON, VIOLA, MELODIA, FLUTE, VOX HUMANA. Besides various organ effects, it successfully imitates several orchestral instruments. The quality of tone is improved, power increased, and variety of effects more than doubled.

Price, \$170.

NEW STYLE, No. 22.

The same Organ in Rosewood case.

Price, \$200.

NEW STYLE No. 27, Sub-bass and Octave Coupler Cabinet Organ; Five Stops;

DIAPASON, PRINCIPAL, OCTAVE, COUPLER, SUB-BASS VOX HUMANA. Solid Walnut case. Each key commands four separate reeds or vibrators. An organ of uprising power and brilliancy, and great variety.

Price, \$250.

STYLE No. 1, Four Octave Portable Organ.

Solid Walnut Case, plain.

Price, \$50.

STYLE No. 3, Four Octave Double Reed Portable Organ.

Solid Walnut Case, plain.

Price, \$75.

NEW STYLE, No. 39.

The same in Pipe Organ style of case, carved and panelled Walnut with richly gilt pipes.

Price, \$300.

Many other styles at proportionate rates.

The superiority of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS is well established. They are the

Acknowledged Standard of Excellence

among instruments of the class, were awarded the PARIS EXPOSITION MEDAL, and have been honored with an amount and degree of commendation from the musical profession of this and other countries never given to any other instruments.

Prices Fixed and Invariable. One Price to all.

A new descriptive and illustrated catalogue just issued, with prices as low or less than those demanded for organs of superior capacity and workmanship.

WAREROOMS:

54 Tremont Street, Boston; . . . 596 Broadway, New York.



PRANG'S CHROMOS.

Fac-simile reproductions of Oil or
Water-Color Paintings.



TESTIMONIALS FROM EMINENT ARTISTS AND DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

Hudson, Oct. 17, 1867.

I thank you for the beautiful specimens of your art. They are certainly most skillfully and artistically executed. The grading and tone of the flesh tints of the Magdalen strike me as remarkable."

Frederic E. Church.

New York, May 27, 1869.

GENTLEMEN: Since I received the Chromos you sent me, taken from my painting (*Sunset on the Coast*), I have been carefully looking over a great many of those lately published, foreign and American, both imitations of water and oil-color paintings, but have so far met with none superior to yours.

In imitation of oil colors, and without having been touched by the artist, I think I have seen none as good as yours. The modulation of the different tints in the sky and water is very much like the original.

I do not doubt but that this publication will add greatly to your already so well-established reputation.

Respectfully yours,

M. F. H. De Haas.

DEAR SIR: The beautiful Chromos you were kind enough to send me I have received, and admire them much. I saw some splendid specimens in Europe, which were wonderful; but never supposed that even finer ones were executed in Boston. What particularly excites my admiration is the tender and delicate half-tints, the high finish, and the *finesse* and richness of tone. I think they must do much to educate the public in the way of color. How far superior to the hideous color-lithographs we have been so shocked in seeing so long a time! I congratulate you on your success.

Very truly yours,

George L. Brown.

Boston, June 1, 1869.

. . . . I regard your Chromo of my "*Yosemite Valley*" as quite successful,—as much so as any reproduction of a painting that I ever examined, and I think you have been wonderfully successful in overcoming the great difficulties of reproducing a gray picture.

Yours truly,

Thomas Hill.

"The *Barefoot Boy*' strikes me as being one of the best chromo-lithograph I have ever seen, and in advance of anything in that new art that I am acquainted with produced in this country."

Eastman Johnson.

Rome, Oct. 30, 1868.

"I am happy to say that I have seen nothing in Europe to cause me to change my opinion of the high excellence of the Chromos you have done."

Frederic E. Church.

"It still remains a great mystery to me how such beautiful results are produced. . . . I beg you to accept my congratulations on the excellence of your art."

Henry W. Longfellow.

"I am glad to know that such beautiful work is done here. You have certainly reason to congratulate yourselves on your measure of success."

John G. Whittier.

"I have often been drawn to them (Prang's Chromos), and admired both the accuracy of the copying, and the efficiency of your process in approaching so closely the full beauty of the originals."

Wendell Phillips.

"The '*Bierstadt*,' as it hangs on the wall among oil pictures, has been more than once taken for an oil picture. It was not easily believed that it was a copy in chromo."

Charles Sumner.

"How it delights my eyes to look on those bright flowers, with sunshine glowing through all their colors, when out of doors the hills are brown, the trees leafless, and the earth so coldly white! And as for the darling little chickens, they are just as amusing as if they were alive!"

L. Maria Child.

"I understand some captious remarks have been made by some papers on your imitation oil paintings. They probably proceed from the sensitive jealousy of poor artists, who fear to be undersold by engravings that, when in the frame, cannot be told from oils."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"His (Mr. Prang's) chromo-lithographs that I have seen are all of a highly humanizing tendency. They strike and charm upon the instant."

Frederick Douglass.

CAMBRIDGE, February, 1868.

DEAR SIR: I am very much pleased with the little Chromo—"The *Linnet*"—which you sent me, and by the prospect afforded by the beautiful art which Mr. Prang has done so much to perfect, of furnishing at a cheap rate works which will do so much to educate the eye and the taste of the people. I am especially interested in the subject in its bearing on education. The time is fast coming when we shall no longer be satisfied with having school-rooms which are but little, if at all, superior in point of adornment to the stables in which we house our cattle; and, in the arts of photography and chromo-lithography, I see new means of cultivating the taste of our children, and of educating their eye for form and color, of which I trust our educators will soon learn to avail themselves. . . .

W. P. Atkinson.

The Leading Art Journal of Germany, the *Kunst-Chronik*, of Dec. 18, 1868, says:—

"The chromos before us were published by L. PRANG & Co., of Boston, U. S., . . . whose productions are able to take rank with the best German productions, and, indeed, surpass these in delicacy and transparency of tone."

"PRANG'S CHROMOS," which we guarantee as true fac-similes of the originals, bear our trade-mark and name on the back. They are for sale at all respectable Art and Picture Stores.

PRANG'S "CHROMO JOURNAL," issued quarterly, contains a complete descriptive catalogue of our Chromos, with special information about the art. Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

L. PRANG & CO.,
Fine Art Publishers, . . . Boston.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

AUGUST, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
The Taillefer Bell-Rings	129	Uncle Gabriel's Account of his Cam- paigns	207
Great Earthquakes of the Old World	140	The "Strikers" of the Washington Lobby	216
Zoroaster and the Zend-Avesta	150	Gabrielle de Bergerac. II.	231
The Foe in the Household. VI. . . .	168	On Mr. Fechter's Acting	242
Before the Gate	176	Jubilee Days	245
Among the Isles of Shoals. I. . . .	177	Recent Travels	254
The Hamlets of the Stage. II. . . .	188		
Agatha	199		

BOSTON:

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$4.00.

CLUBS: Two Copies, \$7.00; Five Copies, \$16.00; Ten Copies, \$30.00,
and each additional Copy, \$3.00.

For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished *gratis*.

Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY," should have the name of the STATE as well as the Post-Office from which it comes.
Persons ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the *old* and the *new* address IN FULL. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

"In fascinating interest like 'Robinson Crusoe.' In truthfulness of detail like a photograph."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

By RICHARD H. DANA, JR. *New and Enlarged Edition.* \$1.50.

When R. H. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" was published, many years ago, it was the sensation of the day. Its freshness, novelty, and evident truthfulness commended it to all classes of readers as the best picture of actual sea life yet produced, and one of the very best books of travel in the market. Time, instead of rendering it obsolete, has served to confirm its value, and it has long been established as a standard book, not only in America, but wherever the English language has obtained a foothold. The copyright having reverted to the author by the lapse of time, he has, in his later years of busy life and high distinction, taken up this work of his youth, amended it here and there with a loving touch, and added much new matter, principally in verification or correction of his first descriptions and impressions by the light of later events and more recent visits. Those who have already become familiar with "Two Years before the Mast" will find a new pleasure in reading it with the author's mature comments on his youthful book. Those who have never read the original edition and who now sit down to the new issue, have a rare enjoyment before them. To the young, especially the growing lads, the volume will be a delightful feast.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

"A stimulating and informing book."

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD.

By C. C. COFFIN. *Eighth Thousand.* 100 Illustrations. Numerous Maps. Cloth, \$3.00; Library style, \$3.50; Half Calf, \$5.50.

A keen observer, a thorough traveller, a conscientious reporter, "Carleton" tells just what everybody wants to know of Egypt, India, China, Japan, California, and the Pacific Railroad.

"It is a most entertaining book which he has given us, eminently readable, with a most abundant supply of information, both general and specific, and written in a style cultivated and careful enough to gratify a true taste, and yet glowing and popular enough to be attractive to the masses of readers. The book is sure of many purchasers, and it will stimulate and inform wherever it goes."—*Morning Star.*

"As an author of books he has till now confined himself to subjects relating to the war, but this volume shows that he is at home also in the character of foreign traveller. The observations he makes and the information he gives are such as an average American wants to see and hear, and much that he says will be new, because he has set down things as he saw them, which all travellers have not learned how to do.

"The numerous illustrations add to this study of details, in which he takes pleasure, and we venture to say that many readers will get a more lively idea of India, China, and Japan from this book than from all the others they have ever read."—*Springfield Republican.*

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

A BIOGRAPHY.

With Portrait and Illustrations. By JOHN FORSTER

1 vol. Crown 8vo. Nearly 700 pages. Cloth

\$3.50; Half Calf, \$6.00.

"Whoever chooses to read the book itself—and no one who has the slightest sympathy with literature or any curiosity studying extreme developments of character will fail to do so—will see at once that we have ample guaranty for that we mean to say in its favor. He will find the vagaries, misrepresentations and guesses that have hitherto hung about the interpretations of Savage Landor's life and character dispelled by a clear, accurate, and remarkably frank narrative in which one is no less struck by the largeness and interest of the theme than by the courage and honesty of the narrator. Although it is but a few years since the tidings of Landor's death came over to us from Italy, the first day of this century saw him a young man of twenty-five. He belonged to the last generation,—to the period of Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, and their fellow-men of letters, whose names and lives have already become picturesque to us."—*London Examiner.*

"The book is a treasure of literary history and anecdote such as few or no other biographies in the language can be for it sweeps the field of a century, and covers the lifetime of three or four generations of scholars, poets, novelists, and statesmen."—*Springfield Republican.*

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

Higginson's Malbone. \$1.50.

Mrs. Stowe's Oldtown Folks. \$2.00.

Miss E. S. Phelps's Men, Women, and Ghosts. \$1.50.

Hale's Ingham Papers. \$1.50.

Stedman's Blameless Prince. \$1.50.

Murray's Adirondack Adventures. \$1.50.

George Eliot's How Lisa Loved the King. 50 cents.

Tyler's Brawnville Papers. \$1.50.

Browning's The Ring and the Book. 2 vol. \$4.00.

Parton's Life of Horace Greeley. New Edition. \$3.00

Miss Phelps's The Gates Ajar. \$1.50.

Lucy Larcom's Poems. \$1.50.

Lowell's Under the Willows. \$2.00.

Hale's If, Yes, and Perhaps. \$1.50.

Gladden's Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living. \$1.50.

The Atlantic Almanac for 1868 and 1869. 50 cents each.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIV.—AUGUST, 1869.—NO. CXLII.

THE TAILLEFER BELL-RINGINGS.

A GREAT, strange, desolate, awful old house stands in a quarter of New Orleans which once was fashionable, but which is now a lurking-place for negroes, European immigrants, desperadoes, and malaria.

Isolated, four huge stories in height, its material a solemn, dark-brown, stony brick, its front distinguished by two projecting crescents, its basement windows dungeon-like, with wrought-iron gratings,—it gives you the idea of a French chateau rather than of an American dwelling. This aristocratic appearance is enhanced by the solid architecture of the stables, and by an enclosing wall nine feet in height, fringed with long iron spikes. It is still further enhanced by an unmistakable air of solitude, neglect, and decay.

Many panes of glass are broken; some of the windows are closed up with gray, cobwebbed boards; the foundations of the front steps are loosened, and the stones are sliding down; no trace anywhere of sweeping, dusting, repairing, or any other manner of care. In a quarter teeming with unfortunates, who would be only too glad of substan-

tial shelter, this lordly mansion is uninhabited. Not a human face ever looks from the bleared windows; not a human foot ever disturbs the dust on the slanted doorsteps. An ominous circumstance, which has the air of marking the place for eternal loneliness, is a fastening of rusty nails and wire across the handle of the bell-pull. It seems to say, "No one has entered here for years, and no one will enter forevermore."

Before this house gained the evil fame of being haunted, and while it was still familiar to the feet of the aristocracy of New Orleans, Mr. Henry Vanderlyn, then only twenty-four years old, rang one day at its door-bell. No answer. He rang again and waited; he looked at the windows to see if the place were inhabited; he took a third pull at the agate knob: still no answer. Meanwhile, either through the enormous keyhole or through the spacious crack at the bottom of the door, both so characteristic of Southern architecture, he could hear stealthy steps and cautious whisperings. "Do they take me for a robber?" he queried; "or is there a negro insurrection panic abroad?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

His patience gave out, and he was about to depart, when a close *coupé* drove up to the curbstone. A lady in deep mourning, who was so veiled that he could not distinguish her features, but whose form and carriage exhaled a delicious odor of youth and distinction, pushed open the door of the vehicle with a small gloved hand, and presently stood on the broad steps of the mansion. For a moment the two faced each other without speaking; then he ventured to say, "Am I addressing Mrs. Taillefer?"

"Ah, Mr. Vanderlyn!" she answered; "so you have come on as you promised. What a pity that I receive no one! However,"—after a brief hesitation,—"I will receive you. Please come in."

Instead of touching the bell, she rapped on the door with the head of her parasol. It was at once opened: within stood two mulatto girls and a negro man; they seemed to be trembling, as if with fright.

"We didn't dast open befo', 'cause it rung," stammered the negro, in a whisper, meanwhile bowing in ceremonious apology.

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Taillefer, in an impatient tone and with a gesture which commanded silence. "If Mr. Pilkington calls, let him in. No one else."

Signing to Vanderlyn to follow her, she led the way into a parlor, spacious and lofty enough for a ball-room, and rich with old, carved mahogany furniture.

"Have the kindness to sit down," she said. "You see that I ought not to have received you. I am in mourning for the death of my husband. But you had come so far, I did not feel that I ought to send you away. Besides, you contributed so much to our pleasure at Saratoga! I am delighted to welcome you."

Under the circumstances, Vanderlyn was slightly shocked at such classic terseness and repose. At Saratoga he had studied the Taillefers carefully, and, as he thought, profoundly; he had

set down Anthony Taillefer as a devoted husband, and Diane Taillefer as a happy wife; he had supposed that, in case of the death of either, the survivor would grieve passionately. Hence the Sallustian brevity of that announcement, "I am in mourning for the death of my husband," struck him temporarily dumb.

His unpleasant impressions were instantly dissipated when the widow drew aside her veil and revealed that face which had charmed his previous summer into a season of the *Isole Felici*. Such eyes! so intensely black, yet of so many shades of blackness, and so full of dazzling lights! Whenever Vanderlyn tried to analyze Mrs. Taillefer's face, with the intention of determining whether it were entirely beautiful or not, he began and ended with looking at her eyes. It is known to us, however, that she was a brilliant brunette, with features slightly aquiline in type, enclosed in a fine oval. Her expression was calm, self-possessed, well-bred; but, as people who were not bewitched by her declared, it was unpleasantly cold; if not distinctly selfish, it was at least unsympathetic. In figure, she was taller and more graceful than most women of French blood; and her carriage was singularly upright, imposing, and, one might say, imperial.

Vanderlyn gazed at her with the delicate sympathy, the almost religious respect, which the young and pure must grant to beauty in mourning. The chivalrous admiration with which this woman had inspired him, and by means of which she had drawn him a thousand miles merely to look upon her once more, developed for the first time into something akin to love. He was ready to clutch himself by the throat with anger, when he discovered that, in spite of the sanctity of her fresh weeds, he was contemplating the possibility of wooing her. A nobler creature than Diane Taillefer might have rejoiced to win such a humble and fervent heart as he had in his breast at that moment.

After a little conversation, — not

about the dead, or the widowhood; only about that pleasant season in Saratoga, — Vanderlyn, in his youthful delicacy, rose to leave.

"Don't go," urged Mrs. Taillefer. "Don't suppose that you are annoying me. I should not have let you in had that been possible. I have not half done questioning you about things and people at the North. In spite of our local vanity, the North is our metropolis. When a New-Yorker comes here, he is a *Parisien en province*. We must look to him to know if our fringes are of the proper depth."

"Dear me! what a fearful responsibility you impose upon me!" smiled Vanderlyn.

"You are laughing at my attaching such importance to style. Do you reflect what style is? It is the science of the adornments and delicacies of life. It is woman's mission. You have resigned it to her. The fine gentleman of the old courts is dead. He bequeathed to us his rich colors, his laces and perfumes, his finish of being. Suppose we should reject the legacy, and demand your labors? Society would lose all its tints and filagrees; life would be a cold, gray utilitarianism, — all cane-field and no flower-garden. Apropos of my philosophy, let me go and dress for dinner. Amuse yourself, in your masculine way, with books and pictures."

While she was gone, Vanderlyn inspected a row of venerable oil paintings, mainly of the French, but a few of the Spanish and Italian schools, such as are to be found in New Orleans in greater numbers than in any other American city. Presently he heard a knock at the outer door; then came a slow, ponderous, groaning advance through the hall; then he turned to look at a visitor.

The new-comer was a man of prodigious and plethoric corpulence. Although of the ordinary height, he seemed short, in consequence of the unwieldy size of his abdomen and the deformed hugeness of his head. The locks of long, thin, oily brown hair be-

hind his ears were carefully combed upward and forward, to conceal as much as possible the baldness of his shiny and spotted scalp. He was almost devoid of eyebrows and eyelashes, and the edges of his swollen lids were fiery with inflammation. Under the eyes were brownish and dropsical bags, the distress signals of long and cruel indigestions. The rest of his face, — the vast forehead and temples, the flaccid, drooping tumors of his cheeks, the sad procession of double chins which descended into his cravat, — had been stained to a uniform, dull, thick yellow by the malaria of Louisiana. Although dressed in the latest fashion, his form excited both disgust and pity, so gross and helpless was its crapulence. His breath came in hoarse wheezes, prophetic of fatty degeneracy of the heart, or of the crash of apoplexy.

But, hideous, cumbersome, and doubtless in pain as this man was, he had an air of gentility, or, at least, of courtliness. On perceiving Vanderlyn, he bowed, with a slow, megatherian grace, and said, in a voice which was mellow, despite its huskiness, "*Good morning, sir. Excuse my not observing you on my first entrance. The darkness of the apartment, sir.*"

Then he carefully settled himself upon a sofa (no chair in the room was big enough to contain him), holding his hat between the table-lands of his knees, and groaning for breath with an air of suppressed distress.

"May I inquire whether you have business with Mrs. Taillefer?" he asked, after Vanderlyn had made some commonplace response to his salutation. "If so, I will retire."

"Not at all. I am simply an acquaintance. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Taillefer at the North last summer."

"Ah! Excuse my question. I thought you might have called on business, as Mrs. Taillefer receives so few people. You are doubtless aware that her husband has lately deceased."

Vanderlyn suspected that this courteous monster wished him to go away;

but he did not feel disposed, nor indeed at liberty, to accord that gratification.

"Mrs. Taillefer has just informed me of her husband's death," he observed. "She is dressing at present, I believe. I have no doubt she will be willing to see you, if your name is Pilkington."

"Ah! thank you," replied the corpulent gentleman, opening his inflamed eyes in slight astonishment, but not forgetting to bow. "My name *is* Pilkington. So you are doubtless well acquainted with Mrs. Taillefer?" he continued, unable to repress an air of interest. "I presume to congratulate you, sir. A most charming and admirable woman! She informed you, then, of the death of her lamented and noble husband. Doubtless she needs sympathy. Did she perhaps mention to you this annoying little affair of the bell-rings? No? Well, she undoubtedly will do so. A very curious mystery, those same bell-rings, and well worthy of your attention. You are an educated man, sir, I perceive by your language. Well, let me assure you that this mystery, or mystification, whichever it may be, is thoroughly worthy of the exercise of your talents in philosophical investigation."

"I should be happy to hear about them, if there is no impropriety,—if Mrs. Taillefer —"

"Of course she would not object," interrupted Pilkington, turning purple with the effort at courteous haste. "Public talk, my dear sir; all over New Orleans already. It is an exceedingly singular case, either of spiritual manifestations, or of outrageous persecution. If you don't object, I will tell you the story. There will be plenty of time. We know these ladies, sir. They are a long while in changing their attire when it is a question of receiving a handsome and accomplished young gentleman."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," bowed Vanderlyn, quite prostrated by such a torrid simoom of civility.

"It is a mere little matter of bell-ringing," continued the immense Pilkington, with a smile broad enough for

a planet. "A ridiculous little door-bell. Only fancy the absurdity of it. I should say, however, that there are several bells in the plot. But it was the mischievous little bronze at the front door which began it. When that was temporarily tied up, all the other bells took up the clatter. Positively I must be allowed to stigmatize it as a clatter," he explained with an apologetical bow. "I am a Southerner, sir, and I pride myself on using the diction of Addison, as is the case with our Southern gentry. But in this instance I must be allowed the commonplace word, clatter. Such an impertinent, worrying noise, my dear sir! However, I will begin with the door-bell, that is, at the entrance of my story. Pardon my little joke, sir. Humor, bacchant humor, sweetens life. Are you not fond of it yourself, sir? I have no doubt, judging from your genial expression, that you frequently indulge in it."

After puffing and perspiring for a moment over his spirit of wit, he resumed, "Well, to my tale, as the poet says. The Taillefers, you must know, are one of our old families. French blood, sir, and a good vintage. This noble mansion was erected by Eustace Taillefer, father of Anthony, or Antoine. Eustace was at that time one of our wealthiest planters, and was always one of our highest-toned gentlemen. A bit expensive, a little disposed to *vivre*, a good deal in debt at last, but always high-toned. Well, sir, he died; it is the common lot of humanity; he bowed to it with his native courtesy. That was only five years ago. Anthony undertook to economize and clear the estate. But he got married. He won a splendid wife, sir,—a leader of society, a queenly creature. The devil! such a woman must have her dresses; she must live in a style suitable to her; don't you see it? We can't blame her; we sympathize with her. But the result was that the estate did not get cleared."

Here he paused, looking at Vanderlyn's face with attention, as if to see whether he had begun to produce his

effect. It seemed as though he were endeavoring to show the young man that here was a woman who must not be sought for, unless the seeker were armed with a long purse. As Vanderlyn had a purse of some three hundred thousand dollars, he did not feel puny-gently alarmed.

"Perhaps we may venture to suppose," continued the man-mountain, "that Anthony Taillefer's life was shortened by his financial difficulties. His death was sudden, sir,—frightfully sudden. Credulous people have asserted that he used poison to hasten it. Some of the symptoms reminded physicians of strychnine. However, that is absurd; I venture to say *absurd*. Taillefer was broken; had too heavy a load; could n't last longer. Well, sir, on the day after his funeral—curiously enough, on the very day after—began this little bell. This mee-serable little bell," he repeated, with an emphatic grin. "The wretched ting-a-ling-ling! Of course it was supposed that some one had called. The footman opened the door, and found—nobody! Imagine the fright of a nigger—an ignorant, superstitious nigger—when this was repeated; when it happened a dozen times a day. Ting-a-ling-ling; door flies open; nobody there. Nigger slams the door to, and rushes back to the yard, as white as a nigger can be. All the servants took fright; really you can't blame them. Taillefer but just buried, and that ting-a-ling-ling in the house,—an incomprehensible, ghostly ting-a-ling-ling."

Mr. Pilkington seemed to enjoy his own eloquence. His unctuous smile played all over Vanderlyn, like a spout from an engine charged with sweet oil. But beneath this satisfaction and geniality there was a twinkle of inspection and calculation, as if he were studying to see how the tale affected the young man, and how much more of it would be necessary to produce some desired result.

"You may suppose—of course, my dear sir, you have inferred—that the mystery has made a noise. As I am

the business agent of Mrs. Taillefer, I took the matter in hand. I have had all the pundits of New Orleans here. One thought it was electricity; another, that it was gases from the cellar; another, that it was a trick of the servants. It was suggested that I should cut the bell-wire. I had it cut. The extraordinary result was that the trouble increased tenfold. The mystery rang all the bells; it rang them one by one, and it rang them together; it rang them behind our backs and before our eyes. It is most extraordinary; it is absolutely unearthly. My dear sir, I almost feel at liberty to say to you that you are in a haunted house."

Evidently, he had reached the finale at which he had been aiming, for he rolled back upon the sofa with a gasp of painful satisfaction, meanwhile watching Vanderlyn's eyes fixedly.

The young man did not know what to think nor how to feel. On the one hand, the idea that Mrs. Taillefer was persecuted by a ghost, or by a mystery which simulated the ghostly mode of action, tended to give her the interest of romance and make her more attractive. On the other hand, there seemed to be an undercurrent of meaning in Mr. Pilkington—an insinuation that there had been something unnatural, or evil, in the life of this family; that there was something perilous about the lady who now represented it. Scarcely had these conflicting ideas crossed their rapier points in his mind, when Mrs. Taillefer entered the room and interrupted the duel.

The weight of four hundred pounds of flesh and the distress of untold diseases could not prevent Mr. Pilkington from rising and greeting her with elaborate courtesies. When she tranquilly gave him her hand, he bent over it with the air of dropping a kiss upon it. There was an expression of real jealousy and of counterfeit triumph in his jaundiced eyes as he glanced at Vanderlyn, and said: "Southern chivalry, my dear sir. We worship divinity."

"Mr. Pilkington," observed Mrs. Taillefer, with a slightly repressive in-

tonation, "this is Mr. Vanderlyn of New York, a very kind friend of mine. Perhaps you will find him useful in your investigations."

Mr. Pilkington's huge countenance fell; his jealousy upset his late triumph.

"Ah, certainly," he replied with well-oiled readiness. "You must understand, Mr. Vanderlyn, — I am extremely happy to make your acquaintance, sir, — that Mrs. Taillefer is annoyed by an incomprehensible and villainous persecution. There is a mysterious bell-ringing about the house," he went on, as if he had never mentioned the subject before. "It is a serious disturbance. I have done myself the honor to offer to examine the mystery thoroughly. I propose to stay in the house night and day until I have detected the authors of the trick. I shall be happy — as Mrs. Taillefer graciously permits — to have your company and assistance."

"Nothing would please me better," said Vanderlyn. "I have often wanted to hunt a ghost."

Pilkington's countenance descended still lower, until it seemed likely to cover his whole person, — a gigantic apron of gloomy blubber.

The two men ate at the house that day, and passed the night there. To both of them Mrs. Taillefer was charming: it was very easy for them to find her so; it was very easy for her to be so. The jealousy of Pilkington she assuaged by saying, "It was necessary to have some one here besides you, and of course you prefer a boy to a man." To Vanderlyn she whispered: "Mr. Pilkington is my business agent, and, as I may find it expedient to let this great, lonesome house, he wishes to clear it of the reputation of being haunted."

Meantime there were occasional tinnabulations, without discoverable cause. The bell-wires had been cut, as Pilkington had said, but had been replaced in order to provoke fresh manifestations, with a view to discovering the origin of the disturbance; and, the moment the wires were in working

order, the ghost was at them. Thrice during the afternoon a sharp jingling sent Vanderlyn into the hall and Pilkington to the window. In vain: nobody was at the door; nobody was in the passages. If the originator of the clamor were a living human creature, he was sly and quick enough to deserve a ghost's highest praise.

As for the gases which had been supposed by some physicists to rampage in the cellar and agitate the bell-wires, Vanderlyn went through that gloomy region with a lighted candle, and discovered nothing more mephitic than a wine vault. The hypothesis of electricity he gave up in elegant despair; what, in the name of Fifth Avenue, could he do with a hypothesis of electricity?

Of the servants he was for a while grimly suspicious; he believed that the "everlasting nigger," was at the bottom of this, as of all other Southern troubles; but after close watching, he was obliged to clear the Taillefer Africans of the charge of counterfeiting spectres. Horribly afraid of the "obi," they remained silent and brooding, like dispirited hens, in their own corner of the establishment, whispering about "vondoo's," gathering into knots when the bell rang, and obeying the summons with extreme reluctance.

In short, Vanderlyn was completely beaten, and began to wonder if there really were ghosts. By ten of the evening, after he had answered the goblin's ring a dozen times, he was in a state of considerable mental excitement. The hint of Pilkington, that there was something strange and evil in this family, began to disturb him seriously. Was it Anthony Taillefer's spectre, which thus, perhaps avenging some mortal wrong, disturbed the house? Had the man really been poisoned? If so, who? — what cause? These internal questions became so disagreeable that he sought to stifle them by talking to the widow and gazing into her wondrous eyes. Her calmness under the manifestations, her sweet and almost gay cheerfulness, so natural to a pure conscience, did

much towards reassuring him as to her blamelessness and his own happiness!

"I am so obliged to you!" he was told, with that exquisite, childlike smile, which this selfish and hard-hearted young woman had inherited, without inheriting the sentiments which it expressed. "If the gratitude of the living can repay for the annoyances of the — dead, you have it. But the mystery perplexes you. You have not fathomed it. Can it be a ghost? My husband's ancestors were a strange race. If anybody would indulge in the eccentricity of revisiting an ugly and unhappy world, they are the people who might do it. It is unaccountable. When I am released from this planet, I shall stay away from it. But come, this is a sad subject; let us talk of Fifth Avenue."

After a few minutes of wandering, the conversation returned to Mrs. Taillefer's affairs.

"It is a serious business for me, this bell-ringing," she said. "It may diminish the marketable value of the house. And I fear that I shall be obliged to let it."

Was she in pecuniary straits? Vanderlyn thought of his three hundred thousand dollars, and wanted to roll them all at her feet. Perhaps he was only prevented from offering himself to her at once by the reflection that she had been but one month a widow. Had he known her thoroughly, he would have known that there was in that fact no cause for hesitation, but also he would have known enough to make him recoil from such a proffer.

The young man passed a wearisome and yet ludicrous night. It was pitifully comical to watch that vast bulk of Pilkington's roll about the house in search of the bell-ringers, causing the firm floors to creak under its ponderous transit. On tiptoe Pilkington could not go; his weight would have crushed the toes of a megalosaurus; he must tread on the full, cushiony breadth of his elephantine pedals. Once he lay down, with many short-winded groans, to look under a door and spy the next room. But his stomach and hips kept his head

at an altitude which prevented him from seeing anything; and very soon the recumbent position brought on a spasm of suffocation which turned his yellow face to an awful crimson. It cost Vanderlyn a laborious minute to restore the giant to a sitting posture on the floor, and another to place him upon a sofa.

"Oh! oh!" he gasped. "This is too — much for a — man of my — size. This is — oh! oh! — tough."

After recovering such breath as still belonged to him, he proceeded, in a tone of some bitterness, to speak of Mrs. Taillefer.

"And there *she* lies upstairs, sleeping as calmly as a baby. Do you suppose she cares because we are making a night of it on her account? Not a bit of it. She thinks of herself, that woman does; she's like all the rest of her sex; they are as selfish as cats. Just like cats, Mr. Vanderlyn, — soft, purring, sly, selfish, cruel, — that's precisely the phrase, Mr. Vanderlyn, — selfishly cruel. Think of their own comfort, and their own nice fur. Nothing else, — nothing else."

"Are you not rather severe, at least, on Mrs. Taillefer?" remonstrated the young man.

Pilkington hesitated; he groaned with reflection. We may as well suggest frankly that he wished to detach Vanderlyn from the widow, while he did not care to have her know of his efforts to deprive her of a possible suitor.

"A word with you, sir," he answered, when he had taken his resolution, — "a word with you in strict and friendly confidence. Honor of a gentleman, Mr. Vanderlyn! I feel an interest in you, and want you to be — well informed. This woman, who is now sleeping so sweetly upstairs, has always slept through other people's troubles. She is selfishness incarnate. Her mother was a widow, and poor; she starved herself to furnish her Diane with dresses; she positively killed herself with insufficient and improper food; and Diane, the pretty kitten, let her do it. Then came Anthony Taillefer's turn. After a cat has eaten one mouse, she

must have another. When Taillefer fell in love with this girl and married her, he had just succeeded to his father's estate and was trying to set it to rights. He held on to the family mansion, but he was living economically. He told his circumstances to his betrothed; he told her that he could not afford above five thousand a year for household expenses; he asked her to aid him in saving until the plantation mortgages should be paid. Of course, she promised; cats always promise."

Here Mr. Pilkington uttered a sigh which was well suited to the nature of his tale, but which was probably meant to express no more than his own sorrows or twinges.

"What did she do?" he proceeded. "She began to eat Taillefer, just as she had eaten her mother. He must give splendid parties; he must have a gallery of pictures; he must buy a new carriage; he must take her North. As for dresses, jewels, and all that sort of thing, he mustn't stint her. If he did, O, was n't he cruel! and did n't she pay him for it! You and I, Mr. Vanderlyn, don't know exactly how husbands are bullied and governed. But they are; we know that. Taillefer was. He was a kind-hearted, well-meaning fellow; he wanted other people to be happy; he hated to cross his wife. She found out all that, and she had no pity on him. She ate him up as calmly and prettily as she had eaten her mother. He got deeper in debt every year; I know how it went with him; I am a broker. At last, of course, the end came; but, before it reached him, he stepped out; yes, sir, stepped out. Have n't the least doubt of it, Mr. Vanderlyn. Strychnine. Could n't bear to hear himself called a bankrupt. Perhaps could n't bear to tell his wife that he had no more money for her. Both are likely. He was high-toned and he was soft-hearted."

Mr. Pilkington closed his narrative in the abysses of a profound sigh. He had been in earnest; he had spoken in the style of a man who felt as well as believed every word that he uttered;

no more roundabout phrases and old-school compliments, as in the morning; short and sharp sentences, straight to the point. The consequence of his sincerity was that he had made an impression.

Vanderlyn began to see things by daylight. Here was a fat old Ulysses in love with a young syren; aware of the perils of her enchantments, and yet unable to escape from them; warning others from her isle, solely that he might remain her only victim. For it was pretty clear that, notwithstanding Pilkington's bitterness against the widow, he was desperately in love with her. He railed at her; he told the savage truth about her; yes, but he wanted her for his wife. In this curious spectacle Vanderlyn began to take a philosophic interest, which diminished his own infatuation. He surveyed the passionate spasms of the plethoric old worldling, as one might watch the staggerings of a dog in the gases of the Grotta del Cane. You are interested in the dog, but you do not care to share his fate.

The young man's eyes being opened, he made discoveries. From a word or two dropped by Pilkington, he inferred that the deceased Taillefer had borrowed largely of that gentleman and had not repaid.

Another discovery. Vanderlyn remarked on the expense of burning gas all night throughout so large a building. The sulky response was: "It won't cost *her* anything; nothing costs *her* much." So Pilkington was still lending.

As to the bell-ringers, he discovered nothing, except that they could keep him awake. What with waiting for noises, and dodging about in vain search for their cause, neither of the men got any sleep. The next morning their lustreless eyes and haggard faces presented a strong contrast to the freshness of Diane Taillefer, as sweet and cool as a lily from the dews of a summer night. Vanderlyn was almost angry at the bland good-humor with which she smiled at the story of their

vigils, and by way of protest against her ungrateful lack of sympathy, he went off to his hotel after breakfast and took a nap.

During the day he met old travelling comrades; and they, knowing his social position, introduced him to their friends. Within a week he was in society, visiting people who knew Diane Taillefer; everybody who was anybody knew Diane Taillefer; everybody, too, wanted to talk about her.

Public opinion was very positive as to the merits and demerits of this remarkable young woman. She was beautiful; yes, but she was heartless. She was charming, she was bewitching; yes, but she had no sympathy for others. She was a born queen of society; yes, but she ruined those who loved her. Everybody knew that she had sucked the life out of a mother, and then had sucked the life out of a husband. Yet there were plenty of women who envied the fame of this fascinating vampire, and plenty of men who seemed willing to offer their hearts' blood for her subsistence. The fact that her widowhood excluded her from society was to her rivals a keen joy, and to her admirers a matter of loud lament.

"It is a cruel joke on her, this mourning," said one of her best friends—a lady of high fashion—to Vanderlyn. "There she is, on a temporary funeral pyre, for a husband whom she was glad to get rid of, because he could not support her in the style that she needs. There she is, debarred from hunting the millionnaires whom she wants. You must sacrifice yourself to her, Mr. Vanderlyn. You would last her three or four years."

"She only spent ten or fifteen thousand annually, I understand," replied the young man, coldly, somewhat indignant at this heartless satire.

"Yes, but appetite comes with eating. A second husband would have to furnish four times as much as the first. Diane Taillefer is still growing. She will do wonders some day."

On the whole, the young widow's

character suffered more than it gained at the hands of Mrs. Grundy. She herself contributed to her own defamation by keeping up her usual expenses, although her insolvent husband had not left her a penny. This woman, strangely deficient in moral perceptions, never could understand the justice, the decorum, or even the wisdom, of paying a debt. At a creditor who asked for his money she stared with haughty astonishment, only slightly mixed with irritation. If a shopkeeper hesitated to trust her further, she conceived that he had grossly insulted her, and turned her back on him with annoying contempt. The doors of a house which she did not own she ordered to be closed in the faces of people whose claims entitled them to say that they did own it.

"I don't know how she will come out," remarked the intimate friend above mentioned. "I fear that she will require two or three men at once to support her. And, you know, that sort of thing seldom ends well."

While Diane Taillefer wanted to be trusted by every one, she trusted no one. When Pilkington invested for her some ready cash which she had kept out of the estate, she took his receipt for it with a phrase which was worldly wise, but the utterance of which was cruel.

"In matters of business," she said, with a smile, "it will not do to confide in a business man. In other affairs he may be a self-sacrificing friend; but, as soon as it comes to business, he looks out for himself."

"Madame," replied the broker, with a momentary dignity of just offence, "in dealing with the Taillefers, I have not yet learned to look out for myself."

"Are you annoyed, Mr. Pilkington?" she said, with another bland smile. "How would you put up with a wife?"

He made no further self-defence; he still longed to win the white hand which could inflict such wounds; every pound of his twenty-eight stone of disease and suffering was in love.

The circumstance which most in-

jured Diane Taillefer was the bell-ringing. This strange annoyance, which soon became known throughout the city as a "spiritual manifestation," so thoroughly captivated and bewitched the popular credulity, as to make it accept any phantasmal figment which might seem to account for it. It was soon reported that the bells were rung by Anthony Taillefer's ghost; then came a suspicion that the haunting spirit had some wrong to avenge; then arose whisperings of poison. By negroes? That, in the opinion of New Orleans, was always probable. By Diane Taillefer? People looked this question; no one wished to utter it.

The body was taken from the family vault, and traces of strychnine were found in it. But at this point the investigation was arrested by Pilkington, who brought forward strong probabilities of suicide. He showed that the pecuniary affairs of the deceased had long been in a hopeless state; he produced a note in Taillefer's handwriting which spoke of "seeking surcease of trouble in death"; in short, he kept the affair out of the courts. Nevertheless, the scandal was a heavy blow to Diane in more ways than one. After she had succeeded, through Pilkington's admirable management and liberal loans, in saving the house for herself out of the insolvent estate, she found that it had become valueless as a piece of property. She could not live in it for lack of means; and she could not rent it because it was haunted.

Another fatal incident was that her old admirers were perverted by the popular prejudice. It began to seem unlikely that any of the wealthy young men of New Orleans would marry a woman who had become known as a "husband-killer." From the time that this blasting epithet gained currency in society, the retirement of her widowhood was not adorned by a single flirtation, excepting the affairs with Vanderlyn and the broker.

The New-Yorker was tempted by this dangerous and brilliant bait. The fact that it was dangerous rendered it

almost as fascinating to him as the fact that it was brilliant. We know how youth loves adventures, how it longs for the ideal and the unheard of, how chivalrous and generous it is, how capable of self-sacrifice, how hungry for pleasure, how reverent of beauty. In the history, character, and person of Diane Taillefer there was what promised to satisfy all youth's craving impulses. To Vanderlyn's senses and appreciation she seemed to fill the air around her with an odor, or a taint, of bewildering temptation. In spite of the warnings which he had received, in spite of the dread and even aversion for her with which the breath of society occasionally affected him, he could not help longing to possess her. At last he was distinctly offered his choice, whether he would take or refuse the alluring prize.

He was alone with Diane in her parlor. After the manner of his sex, he was lounging from place to place in the room, now stopping to glance at one of the old pictures on the walls, now fingering the bronzes on the mantel, now turning over the leaves of an album, but all the while talking. After the manner of her sex, she sat tranquilly upon a sofa, waiting for him to approach. He was thinking of his longings and her beauty; she was thinking of her necessities and his fortune.

"Thanks," she said, with her most bewitching smile, when he at last took a seat beside her. "You have flattered the pictures and bronzes long enough. I want to engage a moment of your attention for myself."

"O, but you have all my moments, you know," he answered, lightly.

She heard him without smiling, her elbow resting on an arm of the sofa, her face supported and partly hidden by her hand, her eyes fixed on the floor with an expression of melancholy.

"Let me be serious," she murmured. "I am in pressing need of your kindest consideration and counsel. You will forgive me for imploring thus much of you. I am driven to it."

A young man who has not been

heart-hardened by vice sympathizes profoundly with beauty in sorrow. His instant impulse is to throw himself before the sufferer, and at his own cost make the way of life less stony to her feet. Vanderlyn gave Diane a look which said, "I am, whether I wish it or not, at your service."

"A woman is so helpless!" she sighed, still playing upon the chord of masculine pity for feminine feebleness. "If I were a man, I could face my embarrassments. I could plunge into the world, and carve out success, or at least safety. As things are, all that I can do is to accept one man's help or another's."

Her voice was music; it lulled and bewitched him. Her eyes were marvellously beautiful and pathetic; they seemed to plead for his soul, and to obtain it.

"A man's terms are so hard!" she went on. "He will save the woman whom he pities, on the sole condition of possession. Such a salvation has been proposed to me by a man who is horrible, who is disgusting. Ah, it is worse than death, such help! Tell me shall I accept it? Shall I marry Mr. Pilkington?"

Vanderlyn was crazed. The thought that this woman was about to be taken from him made her suddenly precious. The idea of seeing so much beauty surrendered to such bestial ugliness drove him to long to rescue it, at no matter what self-sacrifice. He was on the point of extending his hand to take hers—

At that instant the bell rang. The clear tintinnabulation vibrated through his spirit like a warning from the other world. All at once life seemed ghostly to him; he believed for a moment in the interference of supernatural powers; an impulse drove him to trust his future to the guidance of fatality.

"If I find any human being at the door," he said to himself, "I will marry her."

Without glancing at Diane, he rose, crossed the room as stealthily as a spectre and opened the door. No one

was in the hall; the bell-wire was still trembling; he opened the outer door: no one.

When he came back, his face was almost deathly pale, but he looked firmly into Diane's eyes, as he said, "I have no counsel to give."

"In that case," she replied, with a flush of desperation and anger, "I shall follow the advice of the only man who is my true friend. I shall marry Mr. Pilkington."

A few months later, Vanderlyn, lounging over the files in the Fifth Avenue Club, read the announcement of the marriage of Diane Giroudeau Taillefer to J. D. Pilkington, both of New Orleans.

Whatever the sins of this beautiful woman may have been, it would seem as if this horrible marriage were a sufficient punishment for them, and in its living death we are tempted to leave her with a *Requiescat in pace*. But the pitiless logic of character working upon events wrought out for her a sequel at which we must glance.

After a while Vanderlyn learned that Diane was once more a queen of society. The enormous fortune of her husband enabled her to display a sumptuous elegance of dress and hospitality which crushed all competition. Even the high-toned aristocracy of New Orleans submitted to the insolent domination of Mrs. Pilkington.

Once he met her at Newport. She bewitched him anew with her beauty and grace and affability. Not a suspicion of vindictiveness or even coolness in her reception of him. She noted that he bowed to her in spirit, and smiled upon him for it. She seemed to him incomparably charming.

Then came the war, and with it a suspicion that she might be sharing in the ruin of the South, but no positive knowledge. Finally Vanderlyn returned to Louisiana, as colonel of a New York regiment, in Banks's expedition. At Fort Jackson he learned from a Confederate prisoner that the well-known broker Pilkington had died a bankrupt months previous, and that his widow had disappeared from a society which

was even then falling into poverty-stricken decay and confusion.

An evening or two after his arrival in New Orleans, he went alone to the Taillefer mansion. The moonlight showed him the huge building as we have described it, — a sombre, forbidding, hopeless, relentless pile, its doors nailed up and its windows barred.

As he gazed, a citizen lounged by; some conversation took place as to the deserted house; then Vanderlyn inquired about the bell-rings; had the cause of them been discovered?

"O, the ghost business?" replied the other. "No; no satisfactory explanation; it was always a mystery. I never knew of another thing which was such a complete puzzle to everybody."

Presently a carriage passed slowly, and Vanderlyn perceived in it a brother officer, evidently in a state of intoxication. By his side sat a woman; she leaned forward and surveyed the mansion wistfully; he heard her say, "That was once my house."

The officer rudely slapped her on the shoulder with a drunken laugh of good-humored incredulity, and a taunt of fearful, though unmeant cruelty. "You women always have some such trash to tell. Go talk to the marines."

As she fell back in her seat, with a pathetic gesture of anger and despair, Vanderlyn lost sight forever of the now haggard features, the almost obliterated beauty, of Diane Taillefer.

GREAT EARTHQUAKES OF THE OLD WORLD.

GREAT misfortunes — wars, famines, pestilences, floods, and those more mysterious accidents which unfix the firm-set earth, — hold the first place in the records of every people. The prosperous harvest, the introduction of a new element of culture, the advent of any blessing, finds little place there. Forming so large a part of the chronicles of man, it is by no means surprising that disasters should be used as the best landmarks by which to divide the centuries, and to mark the great epochs of history. If earthquakes had brought happiness and plenty, it is to be feared that it would have been a hard matter to gather materials for a history of them. As it is, their record has been only too deeply graven on the memory and character of every people subjected to their action.

The untiring industry of Professor Perrey, of the University of Dijon in France, and the long-continued and able researches of Mr. Charles Mallet, of Dublin, have given us clear information, not only concerning the true na-

ture of the phenomena of earthquakes, but of the times of their occurrence, since the beginning of existing human records. Mr. Mallet first performed the important task of bringing together into one list a brief account of every earthquake disturbance of which the record was accessible to him, giving in his catalogue the date, locality, direction, duration, and number of shocks of the convulsion, the accompanying phenomena of the sea and air, and finally, the authority originally recording the event. This catalogue sets before us all that is known of importance concerning convulsive movements of the earth from the sixteenth century before Christ up to the year 1843.

In this period of three thousand four hundred years nearly seven thousand shocks are recorded. It is evident from the catalogue that but a small fraction of the shocks which have occurred in these centuries have left us any history. For the sixteen centuries before the Christian era, we have

imperfect notice of only fifty-seven shocks, or about three a century, while for the last fifty years of the list we have a rate of about four thousand a century. Many of the items which make up this appalling total are doubtless different accounts of the same shock; but when we recollect that not one-twentieth part of the earth's surface was, during this half-century, so narrowly watched by investigators that no noticeable shock would escape observation, we cannot resist the conviction that, far from being an exaggeration, this large ratio does not adequately represent the shocks which have occurred during the last fifty years. Allowing that one fourth of the observations are repetitions, and supposing that only one tenth of the shocks which have affected the different parts of the earth's surface have been recorded, we are compelled to infer that the earth's surface was affected by thirty thousand shocks during the last century. Inasmuch as we know nothing concerning the relative frequency of shocks on the sea floor and land surface, this number is possibly far from the truth. It is likely, however, to be much nearer the real number of shocks than that given in the catalogue above mentioned.

The rapid increase in the number of recorded earthquakes, as we advance from the earliest observations to the present day, is well shown in the following table, which is extracted from the third report of Mr. Mallet on the facts of earthquake phenomena.

Historic Group.	Ratio per Month.	Ratio per Year.
2000 to 1000 B.C.	0.00033	0.004
1001 B.C. to Christian era	0.0045	0.054
A.D. 1 to A.D. 1000	0.0185	0.222
A.D. 1001 to A.D. 1850	0.545	7.740
A.D. 1551 to A.D. 1850	1.450	17.370
A.D. 1701 to A.D. 1850	2.610	35.310

It is certainly not to be believed that earthquakes have really increased in the ratio we must suppose, in case we assume that the lists from which this

table was compiled give anything like a correct representation of the relative frequency of shocks at successive periods. It is much more reasonable to suppose that the apparent increase is to be attributed to the greater accuracy of the record, as we advance from the earliest times to the present day. This table is an impressive measure of the rapid increase in the ability to observe the phenomena of the earth, and to transmit the record to succeeding generations.

Part of the imperfection of the record in earlier times is due to the fact that, of the many thousand shocks in each century, not over the one-hundredth part are of such violence as to be long remembered for their effect. Thus the earliest records comprise only those disturbances which proved of great desolating power, or which were so connected with human affairs as to be deemed omens or judgments. It is only since the middle of the sixteenth century that telluric phenomena have been observed in the spirit of scientific investigation. The earliest recorded earthquake is that which is mentioned in the Book of Exodus as having attended the promulgation of the Mosaic law. From the obscure description, we may conclude that there took place something like a volcanic eruption, attended by the usual shock. The geological character of Mount Sinai accords well with the phenomena attributed to it; and although there is no evidence of any considerable eruptions within a time geologically so recent, there is no question of its true volcanic nature, nor is it improbable that sufficient activity to have produced just the phenomena described may have existed at that time without leaving any traces of activity. It is difficult to imagine any combination of circumstances better calculated to produce an overwhelming impression on an ignorant and imaginative people, than the events which Scripture asserts accompanied the giving of the law. Coming from a region of plains, where their previous experience had shown them only the most

uniform operation of natural agents, — where even the annual flood of the great river came with a regularity which took away from it all convulsive character, — this impressible people was suddenly confronted with a most imposing volcanic mountain. And there, while the mount poured forth the flames of an eruption and the ground heaved beneath their feet, Moses proclaimed those laws which sank so deep into the hearts of his people. Thus the code of laws which has had the greatest and most far-reaching effect of any ever given to man was stamped upon his mind by the awful phenomena of a volcanic eruption and an earthquake shock.

Four other events mentioned in the Old Testament seem to indicate the action of earthquake forces. The first of these is described in Numbers xvi., when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were swallowed up by the opening earth; but the description of the circumstances does not make it quite clear what was the precise nature of the event which the historian meant to record. At a later time, near the close of the wandering in the desert, we have the singular account of the overthrow of the walls of Jericho, which is probably a confused description of earthquake action. After a lapse of six centuries, or about 900 B. C., we are again told of an earthquake, which is strangely described as a great and strong wind which rent the mountains and broke in pieces the rocks. But for the context, which puts the nature of the event beyond doubt, one might feel a doubt as to the character of the force displayed. A few years later there was probably a considerable convulsion in Judæa, inasmuch as we find in Amos i. 1, and Zechariah xiv. 5, events dated from an earthquake shock which took place during the reign of Uzziah, King of Judah. A very severe convulsion desolated Palestine about 33 B. C.; there is no mention of it in the Scriptures, but profane writers state that thirty thousand persons lost their lives.

In the New Testament there is a single earthquake recorded, namely, that

which occurred on the day of the crucifixion. The description of the events connected with this shock, though brief, is quite in accordance with the usual results of earthquake action. The rending of the veil of the temple, the quaking of the earth, the sundering of the rocks, are phenomena which can be referred to no other agent. It is not a little remarkable that the two most important events in the history of the Jewish nation, if not of humanity, the giving of the Mosaic law and the death of Christ, should have been accompanied by the awful phenomena of earthquake shocks. Those who believe that the circumstances which surrounded these events are quite mythical must still find this an interesting fact; for it would, if that view were correct, show how deep an impression these mysterious convulsions had made on the minds of the Jews.

We have evidence of the occurrence of disastrous earthquakes in Italy at a date almost as early as that which attended the promulgation of the Mosaic law. Aristotle quotes from Sotion mention of a convulsion in Central Italy about 1450 B. C., during which a city was buried in a lake produced by the shock. From this early date onwards this unfortunate peninsula continues to furnish a very large percentage of the records of earthquake disturbances.

Livy records an extensive convulsion in the Roman territories, in the year 459 B. C., which was accompanied by many prodigies, such as an ox speaking. Innumerable fables are generated by all great disturbances, now as well as in ancient times, and superstition is thus promoted. To Livy we owe also the account of the earthquake which ravaged Italy on the day and in the very hours when the battle of Lake Trasymene was being fought. Many cities were overwhelmed and rivers turned from their course; yet, if we may believe the historian, the contending armies did not notice the shock, so intense was the battle. Probably it was the same convulsion which it is said destroyed one hundred towns in

Libya in the same year. In the year following this great shock there are fifty-seven mentioned as having occurred in Italy alone. These recurring shocks are to be remarked in connection with most great convulsions of the earth.

The Roman annals supply us with accounts of about twenty important earthquakes between that last mentioned and the beginning of the Christian era. Many of these were violent convulsions, but the history of them is not minute enough to make any of them worthy of especial notice. Our accounts of most other regions during the ante-Christian era are naturally more obscure and incomplete than those of Italy and Syria. Greece suffered much less from earthquakes than either of these countries. About 550 B. C. a portion of Mount Taygetos was thrown down, and in 425 B. C. the shores of Eubœa and Atalanta were swept by great earthquake waves. Other great shocks are recorded as having occurred in 282 B. C., but the peninsula has never been ravaged by an earthquake comparable to many which have affected Italy. The eastern islands of the Mediterranean have suffered far more than the Grecian peninsula; about 323 B. C. the island of Chryse, near Lemnos, sank beneath the sea. About 282 B. C., the city of Lysimachia was destroyed; a half-century later the Colossus of Rhodes, a capital subject for earthquake action, was overthrown.

We find mention of several important earthquakes in China before the Christian era; in 57 B. C. one recorded by Du Halde threw masses from the mountains, filling many valleys.

In the sixty-third year of the Christian era occurred the earthquake which nearly ruined Herculaneum and Pompeii, and did a great deal of damage to the other cities around the base of Mount Vesuvius. This convulsion seems to have been a precursor of the awakening of Vesuvius from its long slumber; sixteen years later, after a not very severe shock, the volcano overwhelmed Herculaneum in a torrent

of mud and buried Pompeii in its ashes. The imperfect records of the next five hundred years give us frequent accounts of earthquakes in the Italian peninsula. That of 325, which destroyed twelve towns in Campania, and the great and long-continued disturbance of 446, which lasted for six months and gave a succession of shocks felt throughout the civilized world, were the most important.

To the division of the Roman Empire, and the transfer to Constantinople of a class of studious observers and chroniclers among the clergy, we owe a list of the severe shocks which took place along the shores of the Bosphorus. Between 363 and 1082 we find mention of about fifty earthquakes in this region, some of great severity, but none so fatal to life as those of Italy. From this date until the downfall of the Eastern Empire, in 1453, there occurred but one great earthquake within its limits; this happened in 1346, and caused much destruction. During the darkest part of the Middle Ages the Italian records are much less numerous, and the dates less clearly determined, than during the earlier times. The sleep of the nations was so profound, that the shock of the earthquake and the glare of the volcano passed unheeded. From the year 586 to the close of the first millennium there are about a dozen shocks noticed in Mallet's catalogue; and of these, that which occurred in 1615, followed by a general pestilence and famine, and that of 896, which was so severe at Rome as to ruin the Basilica of St. John Lateran, are perhaps the most noteworthy. In 1169 there was a severe shock felt over Calabria and a part of Sicily, causing the destruction of many thousand lives. The shock of 1184 did more to ruin the beautiful amphitheatre of Verona than all the ravages of time and the barbarian; most of the outer wall was shaken down. In the beginning of September, 1186, there occurred an earthquake which seems to have been one of the most extensive ever recorded, proving very destructive from

England to Sicily. A very violent series of shocks occurred in 1349, which did great damage throughout Southern Italy. On December 5, 1456, the kingdom of Naples was visited by a great earthquake shock, which destroyed many towns and killed sixty thousand people. In 1626, Southern Italy was visited by another destructive shock, the city of Naples being very much injured and seventeen thousand lives lost. Naples was again nearly ruined by the shock of April 23, 1687, but we have no estimate of the loss of life. Six years later Calabria and Sicily were ravaged by a series of shocks which ruined forty-three considerable towns, overthrew nine hundred and seventy-two churches and convents, and destroyed ninety-three thousand lives. In the early part of the next century the provinces of the Abruzzi, on the eastern shore of the peninsula, were visited by an earthquake which destroyed thirty-six towns and killed fifteen thousand people. The most important telluric convulsion of the century was the series of shocks that began in Calabria in February, 1783, and continued with varying force for four years afterwards. In geographical range and in the completeness of the destruction it accomplished it was inferior to the earthquakes of preceding centuries; yet it has for the student an especial interest, inasmuch as it was during these four years that the first determined efforts were made to ascertain something of the laws of earthquake phenomena. The intense interest which this convulsion excited in the scientific world, and the zeal with which numerous commissions and individual observers hastened to the field, even while the severe shocks were constantly recurring, show how rapid had been the growth of the scientific spirit during the eighteenth century. We owe the most important of the observations to four persons whom circumstances or their own acquirements especially fitted for the work. Francesco Grimaldi, an officer of the household of the king of Naples, drew up a very valuable memoir on the

events of the earthquake. Pignatiero, a physician residing at the centre of the destruction, made a careful record of every movement, from which we learn that nine hundred and forty-nine distinct shocks occurred during the four years in which the disturbance continued. Sir William Hamilton, who visited the region during the continuance of the shocks, gathered a large amount of valuable information concerning the details of the catastrophe. The French naturalist, Dolmieu, also visited Calabria, and wrote a valuable memoir on its earthquakes, with some very important considerations upon the connection between great earthquake shocks and the formation of valleys by the dislocations of strata which they produce. The valuable works of the above-named scientific men, and of many of less note, made this earthquake a starting-point for those careful studies of earthquake action which, within less than a century, have given us a science of seismology.

Taking the city of Oppido as a centre, a radius of twenty-five miles would include the whole region where these shocks produced the most destructive effects. Within this area the destruction was complete, every town and village being ruined. Over forty thousand lives were lost in the shocks, and more than half that number by the pestilences which, as in all such calamities, followed from the privations of the survivors. In this earthquake the sea vied with the land in destructive energy. The aged Prince of Scilla, who ruled a little province on the shores of the Straits of Messina, alarmed by the first shock, persuaded a great part of his people to betake themselves to their boats for safety. During the night of the 5th of February, a severe shock rent the summit of Mount Jaci asunder, and hurled a prodigious mass of rock on to the plain and into the sea. The wave caused thereby swept the boats of the sleeping Prince and his subjects against the shore, and he, with fifteen hundred of his people, was lost.

In 1857 occurred one of the most

memorable earthquakes which have ever desolated the unfortunate region of Southern Italy. The area affected was far more extensive than that affected by the shocks of 1793. The region where the destruction of the towns was complete was of the form of a regular oval, having its greatest length of fifty miles from north to south, and a diameter of about twenty miles from east to west. Within these limits over fifty towns were destroyed, and from fifteen to twenty thousand persons killed. Beyond the area of the most severe shocks the violence of the disturbance rapidly diminished, until at Naples, distant about fifty miles from the field of the greatest activity, the shocks quite lost their destructive force. If during the earthquake of 1793 the systematic study of the phenomenon may be said to have begun, the data on which to found seismology as a science were acquired during the convulsion of 1857.

Immediately on receipt of the news of its occurrence, Mr. Charles Mallet, of Dublin, who for many years had made earthquakes a subject of laborious investigation, sought and obtained the assistance of the Royal Society, and proceeded at once to examine the results of the shocks with a degree of patience and skill which has rarely been equalled in similar researches. He was enabled to determine in the most satisfactory manner the precise direction from which the shock arrived at the surface of the earth at a great many points. A simple calculation then sufficed to give, with an approximation to accuracy, the position of the point within the interior from which the shock started; so that this method of calculation, first devised and applied by Mr. Mallet, will enable us always, where observations can be sufficiently multiplied, to ascertain the point of origin of the earthquake shock. Other calculations, based also upon the disturbances which the shock had effected, afforded much valuable information concerning the precise nature of the movements which take place in an earthquake.

A very large number of earthquakes have occurred in the peninsula of Italy, but we have mentioned here only those which have proved very destructive to life and property. There is good reason to believe that over two hundred and fifty shocks, of sufficient power to overthrow towns and destroy large numbers of human lives, have occurred within the Calabrian earthquake area since the beginning of the Christian era. The following table* shows the shocks of this violent nature which have been recorded since the latter part of the twelfth century:—

1181	1537	1620	1685	1753	1812
1230	1544	1623	1687	1756	1814
1282	1549	1626	1688	1759	1818
1343	1550	1638	1693	1767	1826
1349	1551	1640	1694	1770	1832
1446	1559	1644	1697	1777	1835
1448	1561	1646	1702	1782	1836
1450	1594	1652	1703	1783	1841
1454	1596	1654	1706	1784	1847
1456	1599	1659	1731	1789	1851
1460	1602	1660	1732	1805	1854
1486	1609	1662	1743	1806	1856
1509	1614	1670	1744	1807	1857
1523	1617	1683	1746		

These 'fourscore convulsions have all occurred within less than seven centuries, and in an area of not more than two hundred English miles in length by one hundred and sixty wide. The table does not include the many minor shocks which, though they may have brought dire fear to the inhabitants, did not prove memorably destructive.

Our account of the Italian earthquakes, though very brief, is far more detailed than it will be possible to make that of the earthquakes of any other region; even the space allowed to the history of those of Italy would be unwarrantably great, were it not desirable to afford some idea of the conditions of human existence when subjected to these convulsions.

The first recorded earthquake disturbance north of the Alps took place in A. D. 169, when the shock affected parts of Germany. Several occurred within the next four centuries, only one of which was sufficiently remarkable to warrant especial notice. A portion of a mountain near the Rhone, which Von

* From Mallet's "Neapolitan Earthquake of 1857."

Hoff identifies as the Dent du Midi, in the Valais, near the Lake of Geneva, after giving forth for some days a bellowing sound, fell with all the houses and men upon it into the stream below. This account may have reference to one of the frequent falls of mountain masses occurring in Switzerland. The whole of Switzerland has been liable to earthquakes of average intensity, but, owing to the general use of wooden buildings in the mountain districts, the destruction in many cases has been less than it would have been in Italy. The region about Bâle seems to have been particularly liable to shocks, though most of them have been of slight destructive power. The valley of the Rhone, above Martigny, has, on the other hand, experienced several shocks, more than one of them of sufficient force to produce much damage. The shock of March 1, 1584, was one of the most destructive; it seems to have had a singular effect on the waters of the Lake of Geneva, raising them in some places as much as twenty feet above their ordinary level. This phenomenon has been attributed to those peculiar movements of the waters of that lake termed *seiches*, which are probably caused by sudden changes of atmospheric pressure at different points, though such a cause could not account for so great a change of level. In 1618 a mountain called Cento, in the Grisons, was shaken down by an earthquake, and destroyed twelve hundred lives. The greatest and most destructive shock from which Switzerland has ever suffered was that of 1356, which nearly ruined the town of Bâle. After the shock the ruins took fire and burned for several days. In 1601 another great shock occurred near the same region, and for a while obstructed the course of the Reuss at Lucerne.

The only earthquake which has ever caused a great loss of life in Germany was that of 1510, which ruined the town of Nordlingen in Bavaria, destroying over two thousand lives. In 1590, Prague and Vienna were greatly damaged, though the loss of life seems to

have been small. The year 1681 brought a severe shock, which caused great alarm, but little damage, throughout Germany. In 1737, Carlswich, in Suabia, was visited by a very remarkable series of shocks. The chronicles say that the mountains were covered with a thick veil of mist, through which a dim light shone. The earth was also considerably warmer than usual, and retained its heat even after the return of cold weather.

The territory of France has as a whole been as happily exempt from devastating earthquakes as the Germanic region. Although the whole area, especially the southern portion, has been from time to time visited by shocks of ordinary force, none have had sufficient power to produce destructive results. It is recorded that a convulsion occurred in Franche Comté, in 1218, in which a mountain opened and swallowed up five thousand people, but the accident may not have been due to an earthquake. Nine years later, in the Pays d'Aix (Bouches du Rhone), the fall of immense masses of rock from the mountains is said to have caused the loss of five thousand lives. This accident is attributed to an earthquake. During the past six centuries, the southern part of France has been frequently shaken, but no great damage has been done by the shocks.

It is on the western side of the Spanish peninsula that we find the only other European region which for frequency of disastrous earthquakes is comparable to Southern Italy. The ill-fated city of Lisbon is the point where these shocks have always shown the greatest intensity. No large city in the civilized world has been to the same extent a sufferer by them. The chronicles mention an earthquake at Lisbon as early as 1009, but tell us nothing concerning the destruction which it produced. In 1531 there occurred a great shock, which threw down fifteen hundred houses, and destroyed all the churches in the city. In the succeeding year another violent shock visited the city, and again,

in 1551, over two hundred houses were thrown down. It is, however, to the convulsion of 1755 that the city owes its melancholy celebrity. This earthquake was the most widespread in its effects of any known to us. From its focus beneath the Atlantic, near the shore of Portugal, the shock was propagated in every direction, reaching to Iceland on the north, to Töplitz in Bohemia on the east, and to the shores of America on the west. Not less than one fifteenth of the surface of the earth must have trembled at that shock. Situated so close to the centre of the impulse, Lisbon naturally suffered destructive effects which were not felt at points more remote. The destructive force of the shock was prodigious. The city was utterly ruined; over twelve thousand houses were overthrown, over sixty thousand people killed. Immediately after the most severe shock, an enormous wave entered the Tagus, and overwhelmed thousands who had escaped from the falling buildings and sought safety in the open country along the shore. To complete the destruction which earth and water had effected, flames burst forth at a hundred points, rendering it impossible to rescue those who were buried alive beneath the ruins, and consuming the wreck which the convulsion had accomplished. When the sad work was done, blackened ruins were all that was left of one of the finest cities of Southern Europe.

Numerous towns in the neighborhood of Lisbon were involved in the common havoc; Faro, Setubal, and Cascaez were ruined, and throughout the kingdom nearly every town was more or less injured. It would require a volume to trace in detail the various phenomena which announced the passage of this shock through the area of land and sea which it traversed. A brief sketch may, however, serve to convey an idea of the way this great convulsion affected the regions through which it passed. The shock was felt throughout Spain, though with less intensity than might be supposed from

its extreme violence at Lisbon. Seville, San Lucar, and Xeres were very much injured; the town of Conil was quite ruined; at Madrid the water rose suddenly in the wells immediately after the shock. On the African shore the results were more destructive. At Tangier a succession of sea waves of great size rolled upon the land; some of these are said to have exceeded fifty feet in height. Near Morocco a mountain opened and a town with ten thousand people was engulfed. The peaks of a mountain near Ceuta were seen to rise and fall. Throughout Southern France there were distinct shocks felt; the water at certain points changed color and appeared to boil,—a phenomenon due probably to the escape of gases through them. At Angoulême a cleft opened in the earth. In the famous subterranean mill at Le Locle, in the Canton of Neuchâtel, Switzerland, at the depth of about three hundred feet terrific sounds were heard. All the lakes of Switzerland were more or less disturbed. The course of the Aar and of the Rhine seemed for a moment checked, and in many mills the water suddenly rose much above its usual level. Throughout Germany the passage of the shock was marked by various disturbances. Walls were shattered at Donauworth; at Töplitz the hot springs ebbed and flowed in a very remarkable manner; and at Hamburg the chandeliers in the churches swayed violently to and fro. In Sweden and Norway the shocks were more violent than in Germany; in Gotha Ebene large trees were uprooted, and at some other points the land rose and sank. In Iceland also the shock was very violent, overthrowing many houses. It seems likely that the movements in Scandinavia and Iceland were affected by a local shock, induced by the impulse which came from the Lisbon shock. In no other way can we account for the greater severity of the disturbances in Scandinavia than in Germany. The great sea-wave which started from the point where the shock originated, near the Portuguese shore, was felt along the

whole western coast of Great Britain. Throughout the island the water of canals and ponds surged to and fro violently, rising several feet on one side and then on the other, as the shock moved the ground to and fro. Holland also felt the shock over her whole area, exhibiting in her canals the same swaying to and fro of the water observed in England. This phenomenon was observed also at Milan, and at several other points in Northern Italy, although the sensible shock was not great and the damage to buildings slight. The general occurrence of this movement of the waters shows that the swaying to and fro of the earth must have been great, though the movement must have been slower than usual, as the damage to edifices was so small. The column of vapor from the crater of Vesuvius, which had been mounting into the air for many days, suddenly sank back into the mountain and disappeared at the moment of the shock.

Vessels on the Atlantic experienced the shock at various points; many mariners thought their vessel had struck upon a hidden rock, so violent was the blow which the water transmitted. At Funchal the shock was severe, the whole island of Madeira being considerably shaken. About the same time that the first sea-wave entered the Tagus, a similar but less violent breaker rolled on the shores of this island, especially on the north and east coasts. Ten hours after the shock was felt in Lisbon, the sea-wave arrived in the West Indies. There is a strong probability that a slight land shock was felt at Martinique.

The history of the British Isles affords us numerous records of earthquake shocks, but none of sufficient force to produce very disastrous results. The first great shock mentioned occurred in 1089, when it is said that houses suddenly leaped upwards and afterwards returned to their position. In 1110 the river Trent was stopped in its course by an earthquake, and ceased to flow for several hours. This peculiar interruption of the current of

rivers has been more frequently noticed in connection with British earthquakes than those of any other country. Again, in 1158, the Thames dried up so that it could be passed dry-shod. We could better judge of the real importance of this event did we know at what point of its course the crossing was effected. The year 1186 brought an earthquake of sufficient violence to shake down many houses, but it is not stated that it caused any considerable loss of life. The earthquake of the year 1185 threw down the cathedral of Lincoln, and many other buildings in that part of the country. In 1258, the cathedral church of Wells was nearly ruined by a great shock; and that of 1274 brought, among other prodigies, a fiery dragon and a rain of blood. The shock of 1580 threw down many buildings in London, and produced a profound impression on the minds of the people, as is shown in the many chronicles of the event. The bells of Westminster were rung by the shock. A portion of the Temple Church was thrown down, and stones were shaken from St. Paul's. Two persons were killed by the fall of fragments in Christ's Church. The shock was felt in other sections, especially on the southern coast, where a part of the cliffs of Dover, crowned with fortifications, was shaken into the sea. Saltwood Castle was greatly injured, and the old church at Sutton much shaken. Scotland, especially the district around Perth, seems to have been peculiarly liable to earthquakes of a slight character; in 1839 the whole region was violently shaken. Comrie, the centre of the shock, suffered very much. Many peculiar atmospheric and electric phenomena are said to have attended the shock; but it is exceedingly difficult, in the excited state of the public mind which an earthquake shock produces, ever to get at the truth on these points.

Although the melancholy prominence given to Italy by the numerous devastating convulsions from which she has suffered has led some writers to suppose that no other portion of the globe has suffered more from earthquakes, it

is likely that, if our records of the region between the Mediterranean and the Caspian Seas were as complete as those of Southern Italy, we should find that the western part of Asia has been the greatest sufferer. Since the beginning of the Christian era we have accounts of about thirty wide-spread and destructive shocks, and it seems likely that a large number of fatal earthquakes have left us no record. We can only mention the dates of a few of the most important of these convulsions. In 494 the cities of Laodicea, Hierapolis, Tripolis, and Agathesium were shaken down. The shock of the 20th of May, 526, is said to have destroyed two hundred and fifty thousand lives at Antioch. The number is rather questionable. Jerusalem was greatly damaged by the great shock of 746. The town of Deinar, in Irak, was ruined in 1007, with great loss of life. Damascus shared the same fate in 1029. Eleven years later fifty thousand men perished in the ruins of Tabriz, in Persia, which was overwhelmed by a great shock. In 1139 the city of Gansena was quite destroyed, with the loss of one hundred thousand lives. The shock of 1158 ruined Damascus, Aleppo, Antioch, and many other places, causing an immense loss of life. At Schamaki, in 1667, there occurred a series of convulsions, which lasted three months and killed over eighty thousand people. The roads were so much injured that the caravans had to adopt new routes. In 1727, Tabriz was again visited by a devastating earthquake, which laid the city in ruins and destroyed seventy-seven thousand lives. Aleppo, Damascus, and the towns in that region, over a region of one hundred leagues square, were nearly ruined by the shock of 1739. In the valley of Balbec alone twenty thousand persons perished. In 1822 Aleppo lost twenty thousand of its people by an earthquake. In 1837 Syria was visited by a most disastrous shock; over a district about five hundred miles in length by ninety miles in breadth the destruction was complete. In the town of Spahet, of four thousand in-

habitants thirty-five hundred perished, many villages were swallowed up, and new hot springs appeared at several points.

From the far East we have many imperfect accounts of great earthquake shocks. The islands of Japan and the seaboard region of China seem to have been peculiarly subject to these disturbances. The dense population there has given these earthquakes an extremely destructive character. Long before the Christian era we have reports of great convulsions. During the earthquake of 285 B. C. a portion of the Japanese province of Oomi, having an area of about eight hundred square miles, sank beneath the sea. Another subsidence occurred in the province of Shan-si, in China, in 1556; a portion of the surface, sixty leagues in circumference, was converted into a lake. In 1703 the city of Jeddo was ruined, and two hundred thousand of its people killed, by an earthquake; and in 1731 the Chinese capital, Pekin, was visited by a great shock, which destroyed one hundred thousand lives and the destruction extended far and wide throughout this portion of the empire. We have an account of an earthquake which occurred in Japan in 1793, the year of the great Italian earthquake, when the volcano of Illigama poured forth a torrent of water which destroyed fifty-three thousand lives. In 1830 there was a wide-spread convulsion in the Chinese Empire, which was, according to all accounts, preceded by many portents, explosions in the air, storms of hail, etc. If we may measure the devastation by the terror it produced, it must have been very great.

Although the continental island of Australia is apparently one of the most fortunate regions of the earth in its exemption from volcanic and earthquake disturbances, the neighboring land on the east, the island of New Zealand, promises to prove one of the great seismic centres of the Pacific Ocean. Several severe earthquakes have been experienced there since its recent colonization, though, from the region most af-

fected being still only thinly peopled, the destruction of life and property has been quite trifling. The shocks of 1826, 1841, and 1843 were very powerful, though local in their action. The greatest interest of the New Zealand earthquakes is due to the fact that, the local geographical changes attendant on their action have been greater than at any other point where such effects have been observed. The earthquake of 1855 was probably the most powerful ever experienced there; like the preceding, it brought considerable changes in the height of the land, a tract of over forty-six hundred square miles being permanently lifted from one to ten feet.

The great Eastern Archipelago, from New Guinea to Sumatra, has always been very subject to earthquake action. The greatest and most destructive of

these shocks have, however, been connected with volcanic outbreaks, and their history could more properly be told in connection with these eruptions. It would, moreover, scarcely be profitable to swell our list with accounts of the many disastrous convulsions which have occurred in this archipelago or different regions of Asia. Enough has been told to indicate how much humanity has suffered from the convulsions of the most stable element,—to make it clear that, in judging the past or forecasting the future of a people, we must often consider the subterranean forces as having a value comparable to those agents of change which are generally included under the name of climate,—agents which are in the main the product of solar light and heat.

ZOROASTER AND THE ZEND-AVESTA.

IN the southwestern part of Persia is the lovely valley of Schiraz, in the province of Farsistan, which is the ancient Persis. Through the long spring and summer the plains are covered with flowers, the air is laden with perfume, and the melody of birds, winds and waters fills the ear. The fields are covered with grain, which ripens in May; the grapes, apricots, and peaches are finer than those of Europe. The nightingale (or bulbul) sings more sweetly than elsewhere, and the rose-bush, the national emblem of Persia, grows to the size of a tree, and is weighed down by its luxuriant blossoms. The beauty of this region and the loveliness of the women of Schiraz awakened the genius of Hafiz and of Saadi, the two great lyric poets of the East, both of whom resided here.

At one extremity of this valley, in the hollow of a crescent formed by rocky hills, thirty miles northwest of Schiraz, stands an immense platform, fifty feet

high above the plain, hewn partly out of the mountain itself, and partly built up with gray marble blocks from twenty to sixty feet long, so nicely fitted together that the joints can scarcely be detected. This platform is about fourteen hundred feet long by nine hundred broad, and its faces front the four quarters of the heavens. You rise from the plain by flights of marble steps, so broad and easy that a procession on horseback could ascend them. By these you reach a landing, where stand as sentinels two colossal figures sculptured from great blocks of marble. The one horn in the forehead seems to Heeren to indicate the Unicorn; the mighty limbs, whose muscles are carved with the precision of the Grecian chisel, induced Sir Robert Porter to believe that they represented the sacred bulls of the Magian religion; while the solemn, half-human repose of the features suggests some symbolic and supernatural meaning. Passing these sentinels,

who have kept their solitary watch for centuries, you ascend by other flights of steps to the top of the terrace. There stand, lonely and beautiful, a few gigantic columns, whose lofty fluted shafts and elegantly carved capitals belong to an unknown order of architecture. Fifty or sixty feet high, twelve or fifteen feet in circumference, they, with a multitude of others, once supported the roof of cedar, now fallen, whose beams stretched from capital to capital, and which protected the assembled multitudes from the hot sun of Southern Asia. Along the noble upper stairway are carved rows of figures, which seem to be ascending by your side. They represent warriors, courtiers, captives, men of every nation, among whom may be easily distinguished the negro from the centre of Africa. Inscriptions abound, in that strange arrow-headed or wedge-shaped character—one of the most ancient and difficult of all—which, after long baffling the learning of Europe, has at last begun to yield its sense to the science and acuteness of the present century. One of the inscriptions copied from these walls was read by Grotefend as follows:—

“Darius the King, King of Kings, son of Hystaspes, successor of the Ruler of the World, Djemchid.”

Another:—

“Xerxes the King, King of Kings, son of Darius the King, successor of the Ruler of the World.”

More recently, other inscriptions have been deciphered, one of which is thus given by another German Orientalist, Benfey*:—

“Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd) is a mighty God; who has created the earth, the heaven, and men; who has given glory to men; who has made Xerxes king, the ruler of many. I, Xerxes, King of Kings, king of the earth near and far, son of Darius, an Achæmenid. What I have done here, and what I have done elsewhere, I have done by the grace of Ahura-Mazda.”

In another place:—

“Artaxerxes the King has declared that this great work is done by me. May Ahura-Mazda and Mithra protect me, my building, and my people.”*

Here, then, was the palace of Darius and his successors, Xerxes and Artaxerxes, famous for their conquests,—some of which are recorded on these walls,—who carried their victorious arms into India on the east, Syria and Asia Minor on the west, but even more famous for being defeated at Marathon and Thermopylæ. By the side of these columns sat the great kings of Persia, giving audience to ambassadors from distant lands. Here, perhaps, sat Cyrus himself, the founder of the Persian monarchy, and issued orders to rebuild Jerusalem. Here the son of Xerxes, the Ahasuerus of Scripture, may have brought from Susa the fair Esther. For this is the famous Persepolis, and on those loftier platforms, where only ruinous heaps of stones now remain, stood that other palace, which Alexander burned in his intoxication three hundred and thirty years before Christ. “Solitary in their situation, peculiar in their character,” says Heeren, “these ruins rise above the deluge of years which has overwhelmed all the records of human grandeur around them, and buried all traces of Susa and Babylon. Their venerable antiquity and majestic proportions do not more command our reverence, than the mystery which involves their construction awakens the curiosity of the most unobservant spectator. Pillars which belong to no known order of architecture, inscriptions in an alphabet which continues an enigma, fabulous animals which stand as guards at the entrance, the multiplicity of allegorical figures which decorate the walls,—all conspire to carry us back to ages of the most remote antiquity, over which the traditions of the East shed a doubtful and wandering light.”

* Rawlinson, *Five Great Monarchies*. — Duncker, *Geschichte des Alterthums*, B. II. — Heeren, *The Persians*. — Fergusson, *Illustrated Hand-Book of Architecture*. — Creuzer, *Schriften*.

* Die Persischen Keilschriften. (Leipzig, 1847.)

Diodorus Siculus says that at Persepolis, on the face of the mountain, were the tombs of the kings of Persia, and that the coffins had to be lifted up to them along the wall of rock by cords. And Ctesias tells us that "Darius, the son of Hystaspes, had a tomb prepared for himself in the double mountain during his lifetime, and that his parents were drawn up with cords to see it, but fell and were killed." These very tombs are still to be seen on the face of the mountain behind the ruins. The figures of the kings are carved over them. One stands before an altar on which a fire is burning. A ball representing the sun is above the altar. Over the effigy of the king hangs in the air a winged half-length figure in fainter lines, and resembling him. In other places he is seen contending with a winged animal like a griffin.

All this points at the great Iranic religion, the religion of Persia and its monarchs for many centuries, the religion of which Zoroaster was the great prophet, and the Zend-Avesta the sacred book. The king, as servant of Ormazd, is worshipping the fire and the sun, — symbols of the god; he resists the impure griffin, the creature of Ahri-man; and the half-length figure over his head is the surest evidence of the religion of Zoroaster. For, according to the Zend-Avesta, every created being has its archetype or Fereuer (Ferver, Fravashis), which is its ideal essence, first created by the thought of Ormazd. Even Ormazd himself has his Fravashis,* and these angelic essences are everywhere objects of worship to the disciple of Zoroaster. We have thus found in Persepolis, not only the palace of the great kings of Persia, but the home of that most ancient system of Dualism, the system of Zoroaster.

But who was Zoroaster, and what do we know of him? He is mentioned by Plato, about four hundred years before Christ. In speaking of the edu-

cation of a Persian prince, he says that "one teacher instructs him in the magic of Zoroaster, the son (or priest) of Ormazd (or Oromazes), in which is comprehended all the worship of the gods." He is also spoken of by Diodorus, Plutarch, the elder Pliny, and many writers of the first centuries after Christ. The worship of the Magians is described by Herodotus before Plato. Herodotus gives very minute accounts of the ritual, priests, sacrifices, purifications, and mode of burial used by the Persian Magi in his time, four hundred and fifty years before Christ; and his account closely corresponds with the practices of the Pársis, or fire-worshippers, still remaining in one or two places in Persia and India at the present day. "The Persians," he says, "have no altars, no temples nor images; they worship on the tops of the mountains. They adore the heavens, and sacrifice to the sun, moon, earth, fire, water, and winds."* "They do not erect altars, nor use libations, fillets, or cakes. One of the Magi sings an ode concerning the origin of the gods, over the sacrifice, which is laid on a bed of tender grass." "They pay great reverence to all rivers, and must do nothing to defile them; in burying they never put the body in the ground till it has been torn by some bird or dog; they cover the body with wax, and then put it in the ground." "The Magi think they do a meritorious act when they kill ants, snakes, reptiles," &c.†

Plutarch's account of Zoroaster‡ and his precepts is very remarkable. It is as follows:—

"Some believe that there are two Gods, — as it were, two rival workmen; the one whereof they make to be the maker of good things, and the other bad. And some call the better of these God, and the other Dæmon; as doth Zoroastres, the Magee, whom they report

* Herodotus, I. 131.

† Herodotus, in various parts of his history.

‡ "Plutarch's Morals. Translated from the Greek by several hands. London. Printed for W. Taylor, at the Ship in Pater-noster Row. 1718." This passage concerning Zoroaster is from the "Isis and Osiris" in Vol. IV. of this old translation. We have retained the antique terminology and spelling.

* Vendidad, Fargard, XIX-XLVI.

to be five thousand years elder than the Trojan times. This Zoroastres therefore called the one of these Oromazes, and the other Arimanius; and affirmed, moreover, that the one of them did, of anything sensible, the most resemble light, and the other darkness and ignorance; but that Mithras was in the middle betwixt them. For which cause, the Persians called Mithras the mediator. And they tell us that he first taught mankind to make vows and offerings of thanksgiving to the one, and to offer averting and feral sacrifice to the other. For they beat a certain plant called homomy* in a mortar, and call upon Pluto and the dark; and then mix it with the blood of a sacrificed wolf, and convey it to a certain place where the sun never shines, and there cast it away. For of plants they believe, that some pertain to the good God, and others again to the evil Dæmon; and likewise they think that such animals as dogs, fowls, and urchins, belong to the good; but water animals to the bad, for which reason they account him happy that kills most of them. These men, moreover, tell us a great many romantic things about these gods, whereof these are some: They say that Oromazes, springing from purest light, and Arimanius on the other hand, from pitchy darkness, these two are therefore at war with one another. And that Oromazes made six gods,† whereof the first was the author of benevolence, the second of truth, the third of justice, and the rest, one of wisdom, one of wealth, and a third of that pleasure which accrues from good actions; and that Arimanius likewise made the like number of contrary operations to confront them. After this, Oromazes, having first trebled his own magnitude, mounted up aloft, so far above the sun as the sun itself above the earth, and so bespanned the heavens with stars. But one star (called Sirius or the Dog) he set as a kind of sentinel or scout before all

the rest. And after he had made four-and-twenty gods more, he placed them all in an egg-shell. But those that were made by Arimanius (being themselves also of the like number) breaking a hole in this beauteous and glazed egg-shell, bad things came by this means to be intermixed with good. But the fatal time is now approaching, in which Arimanius, who by means of this brings plagues and famines upon the earth, must of necessity be himself utterly extinguished and destroyed; at which time, the earth, being made plain and level, there will be one life, and one society of mankind, made all happy, and one speech. But Theopompus saith, that according to the opinion of the Magees, each of these gods subdues, and is subdued by turns, for the space of three thousand years apiece, and that for three thousand years more they quarrel and fight and destroy each other's works; but that at last Pluto shall fail, and mankind shall be happy, and neither need food, nor yield a shadow.* And that the god who projects these things doth, for some time, take his repose and rest; but yet this time is not so much to him although it seems so to man, whose sleep is but short. Such, then, is the mythology of the Magees.†

We shall see presently how nearly this account corresponds with the religion of the Pârsis, as it was developed out of the primitive doctrine of Zoroaster.†

Besides what was known through the Greeks, and some accounts contained in Arabian and Persian writers, there was, until the middle of the last century, no certain information concerning Zoroaster and his teachings. But the enterprise, energy, and scientific devotion of a young Frenchman changed the whole aspect of the subject, and we

* See the account, on page 161, of these four periods of three thousand years each.

† Kleuker (*Anhang zum Zend-Avesta*) has given a full *résumé* of the references to Zoroaster and his religion in the Greek and Roman writers. More recently, Professor Rapp of Tübingen has gone over the same ground in a very instructive essay in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*. (Leipzig, 1865.)

* This is the Haōma spoken of below, page 165.

† These, with Ormazd, are the seven Amshaspands enumerated on page 162.

are now enabled to speak with some degree of certainty concerning this great teacher and his doctrines.

Anquetil du Perron, born at Paris in 1731, devoted himself early to the study of Oriental literature. He mastered the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian languages, and by his ardor in these studies attracted the attention of Oriental scholars. Meeting one day in the Royal Library with a fragment of the Zend-Avesta, he was seized with the desire of visiting India, to recover the lost books of Zoroaster, "and to learn the Zend language, in which they were written, and also the Sanskrit, so as to be able to read the manuscripts in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, which no one in Paris understood." * His friends endeavored to procure him a situation in an expedition just about to sail; but their efforts not succeeding, Du Perron enlisted as a private soldier, telling no one of his intention till the day before setting out, lest he should be prevented from going. He then sent for his brother and took leave of him with many tears, resisting all the efforts made to dissuade him from his purpose. His baggage consisted of a little linen, a Hebrew Bible, a case of mathematical instruments, and the works of Montaigne and Charron. A ten days' march, with other recruits, through wet and cold brought him to the port from whence the expedition was to sail. Here he found that the government, struck with his extraordinary zeal for science, had directed that he should have his discharge and a small salary of five hundred livres. The East India Company (French) gave him a passage gratis, and he set sail for India, February 7, 1755, being then twenty-four years old. The first two years in India were almost lost to him for purposes of science, on account of his sicknesses, travels, and the state of the country disturbed by war between England and France.† He travelled afoot and on horseback over a great part of Hindos-

tan, saw the worship of Juggernaut and the monumental caves of Ellora, and, in 1759, arrived at Surat, where was the Pârsi community from which he hoped for help in obtaining the object of his pursuit. By perseverance and patience he succeeded in persuading the Des-tours, or priests, of these fire-worshippers, to teach him the Zend language and to furnish him with manuscripts of the Zend-Avesta. With one hundred and eighty valuable manuscripts he returned to Europe, and published, in 1771, his great work,—the Zend-Avesta translated into French, with notes and dissertations. He lived through the French Revolution, shut up with his books, and immersed in his Oriental studies, and died, after a life of continued labor, in 1805. Immense erudition and indomitable industry were joined in Anquetil du Perron to a pure love of truth and an excellent heart.

For many years after the publication of the Zend-Avesta, its genuineness and authenticity were a matter of dispute among the learned men of Europe; Sir William Jones especially denying it to be an ancient work, or the production of Zoroaster. But almost all modern writers of eminence now admit both. Already in 1826 Heeren said that these books had "stood the fiery ordeal of criticism." "Few remains of antiquity," he remarks, "have undergone so much attentive examination as the books of the Zend-Avesta. This criticism has turned out to their advantage; the genuineness of the principal compositions, especially of the Vendidad and Izeschne (Yaçna), has been demonstrated; and we may consider as completely ascertained all that regards the rank of each book of the Zend-Avesta."

Rhode (one of the first of scholars of

ing in the cause of science in India, two other men were in the same region devoting themselves with equal ardor to very different objects. Clive was laying the foundations of the British dominion in India; Schwartz was giving himself up to a life of toil in preaching the Gospel to the Hindoos. How little would these three men have sympathized with each other, or appreciated each other's work! And yet how important to the progress of humanity was that of each!

* Anq. du Perron, Zend-Avesta; Disc. Prélim., p. vi.

† At the time Anquetil du Perron was thus labor-

his time in this department) says: "There is not the least doubt that these are the books ascribed in the most ancient times to Zoroaster." Of the Vendidad, he says: "It has both the inward and outward marks of the highest antiquity, so that we fear not to say that only prejudice or ignorance could doubt it." *

As to the age of these books, however, and the period at which Zoroaster lived, there is the greatest difference of opinion. He is mentioned by Plato (Alcibiades, I. 122), who speaks of "the magic (or religious doctrines) of Zoroaster the Ormazdian" (*μαγείαν — Ζωροάστρου τοῦ Ὀρομάζου*).† As Plato speaks of his religion as something established in the form of Magism, or the system of the Medes, in West Iran, while the Avesta appears to have originated in Bactria, or East Iran,‡ this already carries the age of Zoroaster back to at least the sixth or seventh century before Christ. When the Avesta was written, Bactria was an independent monarchy. Zoroaster is represented as teaching under King Vistasp. But the Assyrians conquered Bactria (B. C. 1200,) which was the last of the Iranic kingdoms, they having previously vanquished the Medes, Hyrcanians, Parthians, Persians, &c. As Zoroaster must have lived before this conquest, his period is taken back to a still more remote time, about B. C. 1300 or B. C. 1250.§ It is difficult to be more pre-

cise than this. Bunsen indeed* suggests that "the date of Zoroaster, as fixed by Aristotle, cannot be said to be so very irrational. He and Eudoxus, according to Pliny, place him six thousand years before the death of Plato; Hermippus, five thousand years before the Trojan war," or about B. C. 6300 or B. C. 6350. But Bunsen adds: "At the present stage of the inquiry the question whether this date is set too high cannot be answered either in the negative or affirmative." Spiegel, in one of his latest works,† considers Zoroaster as a neighbor and contemporary of Abraham, therefore as living B. C. 2000, instead of B. C. 6350. Professor Whitney of New Haven places the epoch of Zoroaster as "at least B. C. 1000," and adds that all attempts to reconstruct Persian chronology or history prior to the reign of the first Sassanid have been relinquished as futile.‡ Döllinger§ thinks he may have been "somewhat later than Moses, perhaps about B. C. 1300," but says, "it is impossible to fix precisely" when he lived. Rawlinson|| merely remarks that Berosus places him anterior to B. C. 2234. Haug is inclined to date the Gāthās, the oldest songs of the Avesta, as early as the time of Moses.¶ Rapp,** after a thorough comparison of ancient writers, concludes that Zoroaster lived B. C. 1200 or 1300. In this he agrees with Duncker, who, as we have seen, decided upon the same date. It is not far from the period given by the oldest Greek writer who speaks of Zoroaster, — Xanthus of Sardis, a contemporary of Darius. It is the period given by Cephalion, a writer of the second century, who takes it from three independent sources. We have no sources now open to us, which enable us to come

* And with this conclusion the later scholars agree. Burnouf, Lassen, Spiegel, Westergaard, Haug, Bunsen, Max Müller, Roth, all accept the Zend-Avesta as containing in the main, if not the actual words of Zoroaster, yet authentic reminiscences of his teaching. The Gāthās of the Yaçna are now considered to be the oldest part of the Avesta, as appears from the investigations of Haug and others. (See Dr. Martin Haug's translation and commentary of the Five Gāthās of Zarathustra. Leipzig, 1860.)

† Even good scholars often follow each other in a false direction for want of a little independent thinking. The Greek of Plato was translated by a long succession of writers, "Zoroaster the son of Oromazes—" until some one happened to think that this genitive might imply a different relation.

‡ Duncker (Gesch. des Alterthums, B. II.) gives at length the reasons which prove Zoroaster and the Zend-Avesta to have originated in Bactria.

§ Duncker, (B. II. s. 317.) So Döllinger.

* Egypt's Place in Universal History, Vol. III. p. 471.

† Eran, das Land zwischen dem Indus und Tigris.

‡ Journal of the Am. Or. Soc., Vol V. No. 2, p. 353.

§ The Gentile and Jew, Vol. I. p. 380.

|| Five Great Monarchies, Vol. III. p. 94.

¶ Essays, &c., by Martin Haug, p. 255.

** Die Religion und Sitte der Perser. Von Dr. Adolf Rapp. (1865.)

nearer than this to the time in which he lived.

Nor is anything known with certainty of the place where he lived or the events of his life. Most modern writers suppose that he resided in Bactria. Haug maintains that the language of the Zend books is Bactrian.* A highly mythological and fabulous life of Zoroaster, translated by Anquetil du Perron, called the Zartusht-Namah,† describes him as going to Iran in his thirtieth year, spending twenty years in the desert, working miracles during ten years, and giving lessons of philosophy in Babylon, with Pythagoras as his pupil. All this is based on the theory (now proved to be false) of his living in the time of Darius. "The language of the Avesta," says Max Müller, "is so much more primitive than the inscriptions of Darius, that many centuries must have passed between the two periods represented by these two strata of language."‡ These inscriptions are in the Achæmenian dialect, which is the Zend in a later stage of linguistic growth.

It is not likely that Zoroaster ever saw Pythagoras or even Abraham. But though absolutely nothing is known of the events of his life, there is not the least doubt of his existence nor of his character. He has left the impress of his commanding genius on great regions, various races, and long periods of time. His religion, like that of the Buddha, is essentially a moral religion. Each of them was a revolt from the Pantheism of India, in the interest of morality, human freedom, and the progress of the race. They differ in this, that each takes hold of one side of morality, and lets go the opposite. Zoroaster bases his law on the eternal distinction between right and wrong; Sakya-Muni, on the natural laws and their consequences, either good or evil. Zoroaster's law is, therefore, the law of

justice; Sakya-Muni's, the law of mercy. The one makes the supreme good to consist in truth, duty, right; the other, in love, benevolence, and kindness. Zoroaster teaches providence; the monk of India teaches prudence. Zoroaster aims at holiness, the Buddha at merit. Zoroaster teaches and emphasizes creation; the Buddha knows nothing of creation, but only nature or law. All these oppositions run back to a single root. Both are moral reformers; but the one moralizes according to the method of Bishop Butler, the other after that of Archdeacon Paley. Zoroaster cognizes all morality as having its root within, in the eternal distinction between right and wrong motive, therefore in God; but Sakya-Muni finds it outside of the soul, in the results of good and evil action, therefore in the nature of things. The method of salvation therefore, according to Zoroaster, is that of an eternal battle for good against evil; but according to the Buddha, it is that of self-culture and virtuous activity.

Both of these systems, as being essentially moral systems in the interest of humanity, proceed from persons. For it is a curious fact, that, while the essentially spiritualistic religions are ignorant of their founders, all the moral creeds of the world proceed from a moral source, i. e. a human will. Brahmanism, Gnosticism, the Sufism of Persia, the Mysteries of Egypt and Greece, Neo-Platonism, the Christian Mysticism of the Middle Ages, — these have, strictly speaking, no founder. Every tendency to the abstract, to the infinite, ignores personality.* Individual mystics we know, but never the founder of any such system. The religions in which the moral element is depressed, as those of Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, are also without personal founders. But moral religions are the religions of persons, and so we have the systems of Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Moses, Mo-

* Bunsen, Egypt, Vol. III. p. 455.

† Written in the thirteenth century after Christ. An English translation may be found in Dr. J. Wilson's "Parsi Religion."

‡ Chips, Vol. I. p. 88.

* So Mr. Emerson, in one of those observations which give us a system of philosophy in a single sentence, says, "The soul knows no persons."

hammered.* The Protestant Reformation was a protest of the moral nature against a religion which had become divorced from morality. Accordingly we have Luther as the founder of Protestantism; but mediæval Christianity grew up with no personal leader.

The whole religion of the Avesta revolves around the person of Zoroaster, or Zarathustra. In the oldest part of the sacred books, the Gâthâs of the Yacna, he is called the *pure* Zarathustra, good in thought, speech, and work. It is said that Zarathustra alone knows the precepts of Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd), and that he shall be made skilful in speech. In one of the Gâthâs he expresses the desire of bringing knowledge to the pure, in the power of Ormazd, so as to be to them strong joy (Spiegel, Gâthâ Ustvaiti, XLII. 8), or, as Haug translates the same passage (Die Gâthâs des Zarathustra, II. 8): "I will swear hostility to the liars, but be a strong help to the truthful." He prays for truth, declares himself the most faithful servant in the world of Ormazd the Wise One, and therefore begs to know the best thing to do. As the Jewish prophets tried to escape their mission, and called it a burden, and went to it "in the heat and bitterness of their spirit," so Zoroaster says (according to Spiegel): "When it came to me through your prayer, I thought that the spreading abroad of your law through men was something difficult."

Zoroaster was one of those who was oppressed with the sight of evil. But it was not outward evil which most tormented him, but spiritual evil, — evil having its origin in a depraved heart and a will turned away from goodness. His meditations led him to the conviction that all the woe of the world had its root in sin, and that the origin of sin was to be found in the demonic world. He might have used the language of the Apostle Paul, and said: "We wrestle not with flesh and blood," — that is, our struggle is not with man,

but with principles of evil, rulers of darkness, spirits of wickedness in the supernatural world. Deeply convinced that a great struggle was going on between the powers of light and darkness, he called on all good men to take part in the war, and battle for the good God against the dark and foul tempter.

Great physical calamities added to the intensity of this conviction. It appears that about the period of Zoroaster some geological convulsions had changed the climate of Northern Asia, and very suddenly produced severe cold where before there had been an almost tropical temperature. The first Fargard of the Vendidad has been lately translated by both Spiegel and Haug, and begins by speaking of a good country, Aryana-Vaêjo, which was created a region of delight by Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd). Then it adds that the "evil being, Angra-Mainyus (Ahriman), full of death, created a mighty serpent, and winter, the work of the Devas. Ten months of winter are there, two months of summer." Then follows, in the original document, this statement: "Seven months of summer are (were?) there; five months of winter were there. The latter are cold as to water, cold as to earth, cold as to trees. There is the heart of winter; there all around falls deep snow. There is the worst of evils." This passage has been set aside as an interpolation by both Spiegel and Haug. But they give no reason for supposing it such, except the difficulty of reconciling it with the preceding passage. This difficulty, however, disappears, if we suppose it intended to describe a great climatic change, by which the original home of the Aryans, Aryana-Vaêjo, became suddenly very much colder than before. Such a change, if it took place, was probably the cause of the emigration which transferred this people from Aryana-Vaêjo (Old Iran) to New Iran, or Persia. Such a history of emigration Bunsen and Haug suppose to be contained in this first Fargard (or chapter) of the Vendidad. If so, it takes us back further than the oldest part of the Veda,

* Islam is, in this sense, a moral religion, its root consisting in obedience to Allah and his prophet. Sufism, a Mohammedan mysticism, is a heresy.

and gives the progress of the Aryan stream to the south from its original source on the great plains of Central Asia, till it divided into two branches, one flowing into Persia, the other into India. The first verse of this venerable document introduces Ormazd as saying that he had created new regions, desirable as homes; for had he not done so, all human beings would have crowded into this Aryana-Vaêjo. Thus in the very first verse of the Vendidad appears the affectionate recollection of these emigrant races for their fatherland in Central Asia, and the Zoroasterian faith in a creative and protective Providence. The awful convulsion which turned their summer climate into the present Siberian winter of ten months' duration was part of a divine plan. Old Iran would have been too attractive, and all mankind would have crowded into that Eden. So the evil Ahriman was permitted to glide into it, a new serpent of destruction, and its seven months of summer and five of winter were changed to ten of winter and two of summer.*

This Aryana-Vaêjo, Old Iran, the primæval seat of the great Indo-European race, is supposed by Haug and Bunsen to be situated on the high plains northeast of Samarcand, between the thirty-seventh and fortieth degrees of north latitude, and the eighty-sixth and ninetieth of east longitude. This region has exactly the climate described,—ten months of winter and two of summer. The same is true of Western Thibet and most of Central Siberia. Malte-Brun says: "The winter is nine or ten months long through almost the whole of Siberia." June and July are the only months wholly free from snow. On the parallel of 60°, the earth on the 28th of June was found frozen, at a depth of three feet.

But is there reason to think that the climate was ever different? Geologists

* Vendidad, Farg. I. 3. "Therefore Angra-Mainyus, the death-dealing, created a mighty serpent and snow." The serpent entering into the Iranian Eden is one of the curious coincidences of the Iranian and Hebrew traditions.

assure us that "great oscillations of climate have occurred in times immediately antecedent to the peopling of the earth by man."* But in Central and Northern Asia there is evidence of such fluctuations of temperature in a much more recent period. In 1803, on the banks of the Lena, in latitude 70°, the entire body of a mammoth fell from a mass of ice in which it had been entombed perhaps for thousands of years, but with the flesh so perfectly preserved that it was immediately devoured by wolves. Since then, these frozen elephants have been found in great numbers, in so perfect a condition that the bulb of an eye of one of them is in the Museum at Moscow.† They have been found as far north as 75°. Hence Lyell thinks it "reasonable to believe that a large region in Central Asia, including perhaps the southern half of Siberia, enjoyed at no very remote period in the earth's history a temperate climate, sufficiently mild to afford food for numerous herds of elephants and rhinoceroses."

Amid these terrible convulsions of the air and ground, these antagonisms of outward good and evil, Zoroaster developed his belief in the dualism of all things. To his mind, as to that of the Hebrew poet, God had placed all things against each other, two and two. No Pantheistic optimism, like that of India, could satisfy his mind. He could not say, "Whatever is, is right"; some things seemed fatally wrong. The world was a scene of war, not of peace and rest. Life to the good man was not sleep, but battle. If there was a good God over all, as he devoutly believed, there was also a spirit of evil, of awful power, to whom we were not to yield, but to whom we should do battle. In the far distance he saw the triumph of good; but that triumph would come only by fighting the good fight now. But his weapons were not carnal. "Pure thoughts" going out into "true words" and resulting in

* Lyell, Principles of Geology (eighth edition), p. 77.

† Idem, p. 83.

"right actions,"—this was the whole duty of man.

A few passages, taken from different parts of the Zend-Avesta, will best illustrate these tendencies, and show how unlike it is, in its whole spirit, to its sister, the Vedic liturgy. Twin children of the old Aryan stock, they must have struggled together like Esau and Jacob, before they were born. In such cases we see how superficial is the philosophy which, beginning with synthesis instead of analysis, declares the unity of all religions before it has seen their differences. There *is* indeed, what Cudworth has called "the symphony of all religions," but it cannot be demonstrated by the easy process of gathering a few similar texts from Confucius, the Vedas, and the Gospels, and then announcing that they all teach the same thing. We must first find the specific idea of each, and we may then be able to show how each of these may take its place in the harmonious working of universal religion.

If, in taking up the Zend-Avesta, we expect to find a system of theology or philosophy, we shall be disappointed. It is a liturgy,—a collection of hymns, prayers, invocations, thanksgivings. It contains prayers to a multitude of deities, among whom Ormazd is always counted supreme, and the rest only his servants.

"I worship and adore," says Zarathustra (Zoroaster), "the Creator of all things, Ahura-Mazda (Ormazd), full of light! I worship the Aməsha-çpentas (Amshaspands, the seven archangels, or protecting spirits)! I worship the body of the primal Bull, the soul of the Bull! I invoke thee, O Fire, thou son of Ormazd, most rapid of the Immortals! I invoke Mithra, the lofty, the immortal, the pure, the sun, the ruler, the quick Horse, the eye of Ormazd! I invoke the holy Sraosha, gifted with holiness, and Raghu (spirit of justice), and Arstat (spirit of truth)! I invoke the Fravashi of good men, the Fravashi of Ormazd, the Fravashi of my own soul! I praise the good men and women of the whole world of purity! I praise the Haō-

ma, health-bringing, golden, with moist stalks. I praise Sraosha, whom four horses carry, spotless, bright-shining, swifter than the storms, who, without sleeping, protects the world in the darkness."

The following passages are from the oldest part of the Avesta, the Gāthās:—

"Good is the thought, good the speech, good the work of the pure Zarathustra."

"I desire by my prayer with uplifted hands this joy,—the pure works of the Holy Spirit, Mazda, . . . a disposition to perform good actions, . . . and pure gifts for both worlds, the bodily and spiritual."

"I have intrusted my soul to Heaven, . . . and I will teach what is pure so long as I can."

"I keep forever purity and good-mindedness. Teach thou me, Ahura-Mazda, out of thyself; from heaven, by thy mouth, whereby the world first arose."

"Thee have I thought, O Mazda, as the first, to praise with the soul, . . . active Creator, . . . Lord of the worlds, . . . Lord of good things, . . . the first fashioner, . . . who made the pure creation, . . . who upholds the best soul with his understanding."

"I praise Ahura-Mazda, who has created the cattle, created the water and good trees, the splendor of light, the earth, and all good. We praise the Fravashis of the pure men and women,—whatever is fairest, purest, immortal."

"We honor the good spirit, the good kingdom, the good law,—all that is good."

"Here we praise the soul and body of the Bull, then our souls, the souls of the cattle, which desire to maintain us in life, . . . the good men and women, . . . the abode of the water, . . . the meeting and parting of the ways, . . . the mountains which make the waters flow, . . . the strong wind created by Ahura-Mazda, . . . the Haōma, giver of increase, far from death."

"Now give ear to me, and hear! the Wise Ones have created all. Evil doctrine shall not again destroy the world."

"In the beginning, the two heavenly Ones spoke — the Good to the Evil — thus: 'Our souls, doctrines, words, works, do not unite together.'"

"How shall I satisfy thee, O Mazda, I, who have little wealth, few men? How may I exalt thee according to my wish? . . . I will be contented with your desires; this is the decision of my understanding and of my soul."

The following is from the Khordah-Avesta: —

"1. In the name of God, the giver, forgiver, rich in love, praise be to the name of Ormazd, the God with the name, 'Who always was, always is, and always will be;' the heavenly amongst the heavenly, with the name 'From whom alone is derived rule.' Ormazd is the greatest ruler, mighty, wise, creator, supporter, refuge, defender, completer of good works, overseer, pure, good, and just.

"2. With all strength (bring I) thanks; to the great among beings, who created and destroyed, and through his own determination of time, strength, wisdom, is higher than the six Amshaspands, the circumference of heaven, the shining sun, the brilliant moon, the wind, the water, the fire, the earth, the trees, the cattle, the metals, mankind.

"3. Offering and praise to that Lord, the completer of good works, who made men greater than all earthly beings, and through the gift of speech created them to rule the creatures, as warriors against the Daévas.*

"4. Praise to the omniscience of God, who hath sent through the holy Zarathustra peace for the creatures, the wisdom of the law, — the enlightening derived from the heavenly understanding, and heard with the ears, — wisdom and guidance for all beings who are, were, and will be, (and) the wisdom of

wisdoms; which effects freedom from hell for the soul at the bridge, and leads it over to that Paradise, the brilliant, sweet-smelling of the pure.

"5. All good do I accept at thy command, O God, and think, speak, and do it. I believe in the pure law; by every good work seek I forgiveness for all sins. I keep pure for myself the serviceable work and abstinence from the unprofitable. I keep pure the six powers, — thought, speech, work, memory, mind, and understanding. According to thy will am I able to accomplish, O accomplisher of good, thy honor, with good thoughts, good words, good works.

"6. I enter on the shining way to Paradise; may the fearful terror of hell not overcome me! May I step over the bridge Chinevat, may I attain Paradise, with much perfume, and all enjoyments, and all brightness.

"7. Praise to the Overseer, the Lord, who rewards those who accomplish good deeds according to his own wish, purifies at last the obedient, and at last purifies even the wicked one of hell. All praise be to the creator, Ormazd, the all-wise, mighty, rich in might; to the seven Amshaspands; to Ized Bahram, the victorious annihilator of foes."

The Avesta, then, is not a system of dogmatics, but a book of worship. It is to be read in private by the laity, or to be recited by the priests in public. Nevertheless, just such a book may be the best help to the knowledge of the religious opinions of an age. The deepest convictions come to light in such a collection, not, indeed, in a systematic statement, but in sincerest utterance. It will contain the faith of the heart rather than the speculations of the intellect. Such a work can hardly be other than authentic; for men do not forge liturgies, and, if they did, could hardly introduce them into the worship of a religious community.

The Avesta consists of the Vendidad, of which twenty-two Fargards, or chapters, have been preserved; the Vispered, in twenty-seven; the Yaçna, in seventy; and the Khordah-Avesta,

* The Daévas, or evil spirits of the Zend books, are the same as the Dévas, or Gods of the Sanskrit religion.

or Little-Avesta, which contains the Yashts, Patets, and other prayers for the use of the laity. Of these, Spiegel considers the Gâthâs of the Yaçna to be the oldest, next the Vendidad, lastly, the first part of the Yaçna, and the Khordah-Avesta.

The Bundeheesch is a book later than these, and yet, in its contents, running back to a very early period. Windischmann,* who has recently given us a new translation of this book, says: "In regard to the Bundeheesch, I am confident that closer study of this remarkable book, and a more exact comparison of it with the original texts, will change the unfavorable opinion hitherto held concerning it into one of great confidence. I am justified in believing that its author has given us mainly only the ancient doctrine, taken by him from original texts, most of which are now lost. The more thoroughly it is examined the more trustworthy it will be found to be."

The following summary of the Pârsî system is mostly derived from the Bundeheesch, and the later writings of the Pârsîs. We have abridged it from Rhode. In the time of Zoroaster himself, it was probably far from being so fully elaborated. Only the germs of it are to be found in the elder books of the Avesta. It has been doubted if the doctrine of Zerâna-Akerana, or the Monad behind the Duad, is to be found in the Avesta, though important texts in the Vendidad † seem indeed to imply a Supreme and Infinite Being, the creator both of Ormazd and Ahriman.

In the beginning, the Eternal or Absolute Being (Zerâna-Akerana) produced two other great divine beings. The first, who remained true to him, was Ahura-Mazda, King of Light. The other was Ahriman (Angra-Mainyus), King of Darkness. Ormazd found himself in a world of light and Ahriman in boundless darkness, and the two became antagonists.

The Infinite Being (Zerâna-Akerana) now determined, in order to destroy

the evil which Ahriman had caused, to create the visible world by Ormazd; and he fixed its duration at twelve thousand years. This was divided into four periods of three thousand years each. In the first period Ormazd should rule alone; in the second Ahriman should begin to operate, but still be subordinate; in the third they should both rule together; and in the fourth Ahriman should have the ascendancy.

Ormazd began the creation by bringing forth the Fereuers (Fravashi). Everything which has been created, or which is to be created, has its Fravashi, which contains the reason and basis of its existence. Even Ormazd has his Fravashi in relation to Zerâna-Akerana (the Infinite). A spiritual and invisible world preceded, therefore, this visible material world as its prototype.

In creating the material world, which was in reality only an incorporation of the spiritual world of Fravashis, Ormazd first created the firm vault of heaven, and the earth on which it rests. On the earth he created the high mountain Albordj* which soared upward through all the spheres of the heaven, till it reached the primal light, and Ormazd made this summit his abode. From this summit the bridge Chinevat stretches to the vault of heaven, and to Gorodman, which is the opening in the vault above Albordj. Gorodman is the dwelling of the Fravashis and of the blessed, and the bridge leading to it is precisely above the abyss Duzahk, — the monstrous gulf, the home of Ahriman beneath the earth.

Ormazd, who knew that after the first period his battle with Ahriman would begin, armed himself, and created for his aid the whole shining host of heaven, — sun, moon, and stars, — mighty beings of light, wholly submissive to him. First he created "the heroic runner, who never dies, the sun," and made him king and ruler of the material world. From Albordj he sets out

* The Albordj of the Zend books is doubtless the modern range of the Elbrooz. This mighty chain comes from the Caucasus into the northern frontier of Persia.

* Zoroast. Stud. 1863.

† Vendidad, Fargard XIX. 33, 44, 55.

on his course, he circles the earth in the highest spheres of heaven, and at evening returns. Then he created the moon, which "has its own light," which, departing from Albordj, circles the earth in a lower sphere, and returns; then the five smaller planets, and the whole host of fixed stars, in the lowest circle of the heavens. The space between the earth and the firm vault of heaven is therefore divided into three spheres, that of the sun, of the moon, and of the stars.

The host of stars — common soldiers in the war with Ahriman — was divided into four troops, with each its appointed leader. Twelve companies were arranged in the twelve signs of the zodiac. All these were arranged into four great divisions, in the east, west, north, and south. The planet Tistrya (Jupiter) presides over and watches that in the east, and is named Prince of the Stars; Sitavisa (Saturn) presides over the western division; Vanant (or Mercury) over that of the south; and Hapto-iringa (Mars) over the stars of the north. In the middle of the heavens is the great star Mesch, Meschgah (Venus). He leads them against Ahriman.

The dog Sirius (Sura) is another watchman of the heavens; but he is fixed to one place, at the bridge Chinevat, keeping guard over the abyss out of which Ahriman comes.

When Ormazd had completed these preparations in the heavens, the first of the four ages drew to an end, and Ahriman saw, from the gloomy depths of his kingdom, what Ormazd had done. In opposition to this light-creation, he created a world of darkness, a terrible community, equal in number and power to the beings of light. Ormazd, knowing all the misery that Ahriman would cause, yet knowing that the victory would remain with himself, offered to Ahriman peace; but Ahriman chose war. But, blinded by Ormazd's majesty, and terrified by the sight of the pure Fravashis of holy men, he was conquered by Ormazd's strong word, and sank back into the abyss of darkness,

where he lay fettered during the three thousand years of the second period.

Ormazd now completed his creation upon the earth. Sapandomad was guardian spirit of the earth, and the earth, as Hethra, was mother of all living. Khordad was chief of the seasons, years, months, and days, and also protector of the water which flowed from the fountain Anduisur, from Albordj. The planet Tistrya was commissioned to raise the water in vapor, collect it in clouds, and let it fall in rain, with the aid of the planet Sitavisa. These cloud-compellers were highly revered. Amerdad was general deity of vegetation; but the great Mithra was the god of fructification and reproduction in the whole organic world; his work was to lead the Fravashis to the bodies they were to occupy.

Everything earthly in the light-world of Ormazd had its protecting deity. These guardian spirits were divided into series and groups, had their captains and their associated assistants. The seven Amshaspands (in Zend, Amêsha-spen-tas) were the chief among these, of whom Ormazd was first. The other six were Bohman, King of Heaven; Ardibehescht, King of Fire; Scherever, King of the Metals; Sapandomad, Queen of the Earth; Amerdad, King of Vegetables; and Khordah, King of Water.

So ended the second age. In it Ormazd had also produced the great primitive Bull, in which, as the representative of the animal world, the seeds of all living creatures were deposited.

While Ormazd was thus completing his light-creation, Ahriman, in his dark abyss, was completing a corresponding creation of darkness, — making a corresponding evil being for every good being created by Ormazd. These spirits of night stood in their ranks and orders, with their seven presiding evil spirits, or Daêvas, corresponding to the Amshaspands.

The vast preparations of this great war being completed, and the end of the second age now coming, Ahriman was urged by one of his Daêvas to begin the conflict. He counted his host; but

as he found nothing therein to oppose to the Fravashis of good men, he sank back in dejection. Finally the second age expired, and Ahriman now sprang aloft without fear, for he knew that his time was come. His host followed him, but he alone succeeded in reaching the heavens; his troops remained behind. A shudder ran over him, and he sprang from heaven upon the earth in the form of a serpent, penetrated to its centre, and entered into everything which he found upon it. He passed into the primal Bull, and even into fire, the visible symbol of Ormazd, defiling it with smoke and vapor. Then he assailed the heavens, and a part of the stars were already in his power, and veiled in smoke and mist, when he was attacked by Ormazd, aided by the Fravashis of holy men; and after ninety days and ninety nights he was completely defeated, and driven back with his troops into the abyss of Duzahk.

But he did not remain there, for through the middle of the earth he built a way for himself and his companions, and is now living on the earth together with Ormazd, — according to the decree of the Infinite.

The destruction which he produced in the world was terrible. Nevertheless, the more evil he tried to do, the more he ignorantly fulfilled the counsels of the Infinite, and hastened the development of good. Thus he entered the Bull, the original animal, and injured him so that he died. But when he died, Kaiomarts, the first man, came out of his right shoulder, and from his left Goshurun, the soul of the Bull, who now became the guardian spirit of the animal race. Also the whole realm of clean animals and plants came from the Bull's body. Full of rage, Ahriman now created the unclean animals, — for every clean beast an unclean. Thus Ormazd created the dog, Ahriman the wolf; Ormazd all useful animals, Ahriman all noxious; and so of plants.

But to Kaiomarts, the original man, Ahriman had nothing to oppose, and so he determined to kill him. Kaiomarts

was both man and woman, but through his death there came from him the first human pair; a tree grew from his body, and bore ten pair of men and women. Meschia and Meschiane were the first. They were originally innocent and made for heaven, and worshipped Ormazd as their creator. But Ahriman tempted them. They drank milk from a goat and so injured themselves. Then Ahriman brought them fruit, they ate it, and lost a hundred parts of their happiness so that only one remained. The woman was the first to sacrifice to the Daêvas. After fifty years they had two children, Siamak and Veschak, and died a hundred years old. For their sins they remain in hell until the resurrection.

The human race, which had thus become mortal and miserable by the sin of its first parents, assumed nevertheless a highly interesting position. The man stands in the middle between the two worlds of light and darkness, left to his own free will. As a creature of Ormazd he can and ought to honor him, and assist him in the war with evil; but Ahriman and his Daêvas surround him night and day, and seek to mislead him, in order to increase thereby the power of darkness. He would not be able at all to resist these temptations, to which his first parents had already yielded, had not Ormazd taken pity on him, and sent him a revelation of his will in the law of Zoroaster. If he obeys these precepts he is safe from the Daêvas, under the immediate protection of Ormazd. The substance of the law is the command, "THINK PURELY, SPEAK PURELY, ACT PURELY." All that comes from Ormazd is pure, from Ahriman impure; and bodily purity has a like worth with moral purity. Hence the multitude and minuteness of precepts concerning bodily cleanliness. In fact, the whole liturgic worship turns greatly on this point.

The Fravashis of men originally created by Ormazd are preserved in heaven, in Ormazd's realm of light. But they must come from heaven, to

be united with a human body, and to go on a path of probation in this world, called the "Way of the Two Destinies." Those who have chosen the good in this world are received after death by good spirits, and guided, under the protection of the dog Sura, to the bridge Chinevat; the wicked are dragged thither by the Daêvas. Here Ormazd holds a tribunal and decides the fate of the souls. The good pass the bridge into the mansions of the blessed, where they are welcomed with rejoicing by the Amshaspands; the bad fall over into the Gulf of Duzahk, where they are tormented by the Daêvas. The duration of the punishment is fixed by Ormazd, and some are redeemed earlier by means of the prayers and intercessions of their friends, but many must remain till the resurrection of the dead.

Ahriman himself effects this consummation, after having exercised great power over men during the last three thousand years. He created seven comets (in opposition to the seven planets), and they went on their destructive paths through the heavens, filling all things with danger, and all men with terror. But Ormazd placed them under the control of his planets to restrain them. They will do so, till by the decree of the Infinite, at the close of the last period, one of the planets will break from his watchman, the moon, and plunge upon the earth, producing a general conflagration. But before this Ormazd will send his Prophet Sosioch and bring about the conversion of mankind, to be followed by the general resurrection.

Ormazd will clothe anew with flesh the bones of men, and relatives and friends will recognize each other again. Then comes the great division of the just from the sinners.

When Ahriman shall cause the comet to fall on the earth to gratify his destructive propensities, he will be really serving the Infinite Being against his own will. For the conflagration caused by this comet will change the whole earth into a stream like melted iron, which

will pour impetuously down into the realm of Ahriman. All beings must now pass through this stream: to the righteous it will feel like warm milk, and they will pass through to the dwellings of the just; but all the sinners shall be borne along by the stream into the abyss of Duzahk. Here they will burn three days and nights; then, being purified, they will invoke Ormazd, and be received into heaven.

Afterward Ahriman himself and all in the Duzahk shall be purified by this fire, all evil be consumed, and all darkness banished.

From the extinct fire there will come a more beautiful earth, pure and perfect, and destined to be eternal.

Having given this account of the Parsi system, in its later development, we will inquire how it originated.

And first, we must say that it was not an *invention* of Zoroaster, nor of any one else. Religions are not invented: they grow. Even the religion of Mohammed grew out of pre-existent beliefs. The founder of a religion does not invent it, but gives it form. It crystallizes around his own deeper thought. So, in the time of Zoroaster, the popular imagination had filled nature with powers and presences, and given them names, and placed them in the heavens. For, as Schiller says:—

"T is not merely

The human being's pride which peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
For also for the stricken heart of Love,
This visible nature, and this lower world
Is all too common."

Zoroaster organized into clearer thought the pre-existing myths, and inspired them with moral ideas and vital power.

Again, that the Vedic religion and that of the Avesta arose out of an earlier Aryan religion, monotheistic in its central element, but with a tendency to immerse the Deity in nature, seems evident from the investigations of Pictet and other scholars. This primitive religion of the Aryan race diverged early in two directions, represented by the Veda and the Avesta. Yet each retains

much in common with the other. The names of the powers — Indra, Sura, Nâoghaithya — are in both systems. In the Veda they are gods, in the Avesta evil spirits. Indra, worshipped throughout the Rig-Veda as one of the highest deities, appears in the Avesta as an evil being.* Sura (Çura), one of the most ancient names of Shiva, is also denounced and opposed in the Avesta† as a Daëva, or Dew. And the third (Nâoghaithya, Nâouhaiti), also an evil spirit in the Avesta, is the Nâsatya of the Veda,‡ one of the Açvinas or twins who precede the Dawn. The Dews or Daëvas of the Avesta are demons, in the Vedas they are gods. On the other hand, the Ahuras, or gods, of the Avesta are Asuras, or demons, in the Vedic belief. The original land of the race is called Aryavesta in the Laws of Manu (II. 22), and Aryana-Vaëjo in the Avesta. The God of the Sun is named Mithra, or Mitra, in both religions. The Yima of the Parsi system is a happy king; the Yama of the Hindoos is a stern judge in the realms of death. The dog is hateful in the Indian system, an object of reverence in that of Zoroaster. Both the religions dread defilement through the touch of dead bodies. In both systems fire is regarded as divine. But the most striking analogy perhaps is to be found in the worship paid by both to the intoxicating fermented juice of the plant *Asclepias acida*, called Soma in the Sanskrit and Haöma in the Zend. The identity of the Haöma with the Indian Soma has long been proved.§ The whole of the Soma-Veda is devoted to this moon-plant worship; an important part of the Avesta is occupied with hymns to Haöma. This great reverence paid to the same plant, on account of its intoxicating qualities, carries us back to a region where the vine was unknown, and to a race to whom intoxication was so new an experience as to seem a gift of the gods.

Wisdom appeared to come from it, health, increased power of body and soul, long life, victory in battle, brilliant children. What Bacchus was to the Greeks, this divine Haöma, or Soma, was to the primitive Aryans.*

It would seem, therefore, that the two religions setting out from the same point, and having a common stock of primitive traditions, at last said each to the other, "Your gods are my demons." The opposition was mutual. The dualism of the Persian was odious to the Hindoo, while the absence of a deep moral element in the Vedic system shocked the solemn puritanism of Zoroaster. The religion of the Hindoo was to dream, that of the Persian to fight. There could be no more fellowship between them than there is between a Quaker and a Calvinist.

However this may be, we find in the Avesta, and in the oldest portion of it, the radical tendencies which resulted afterward in the elaborate theories of the Bundehesch. We find the Zerâna-Akerana, in the Vendidad (XIX. 33, 44, 55), — "The Infinite Time," or "All-embracing Time," — as the creator of Ahriman, according to some translations. Spiegel, indeed, considers this supreme being, above both Ormazd and Ahriman, as not belonging to the original Persian religion, but as borrowed from Semitic sources. But if so, then Ormazd is the supreme and uncreated being, and creator of all things. Why, then, has Ormazd a Fravashi, or archetype? And, in that case, he must either himself have created Ahriman, or else Ahriman is as eternal as he; which latter supposition presents us with an absolute, irreconcilable dualism. The better opinion seems, therefore, to be, that behind the two opposing powers of good and evil, the thesis and antithesis of moral life, remains the obscure background

* Perhaps one of the most widely diffused appellations is that of the divine being. We can trace this very word *divine* back to the ancient root *Div*, meaning to shine. From this is derived the Sanskrit *Devas*, the Zend *Daëva*, the Latin *Deus*, the German *Zio*, the Greek *Zeus*, and also *Jupiter*, (from *Diespiter*). See Spiegel, *Zend-Avesta*, Einleitung, Cap. I.

* See Burnouf, Comment. sur le Yaçna, p. 528.

† Vendidad, Fargard X. 17.

‡ See Spiegel's note to the tenth Fargard of the Vendidad.

§ See Windischmann, Ueber den Soma-Cultus der Arien.

of original being, the identity of both, from which both have proceeded, and into whose abyss both shall return.

This great consummation is also intimated by the fact that in the same Fargard of the Vendidad (XIX. 18) the future restorer or saviour is mentioned, Sosioch (Çaoshyanç), who is expected by the Pârsis to come at the end of all things, and accomplish the resurrection, and introduce a kingdom of untroubled happiness.* Whether the resurrection belongs to the primitive form of the religion remains as doubtful, but also as probable, as when Mr. Alger discussed the whole question in his admirable monograph on the Doctrine of the Future Life. Our remaining fragments of the Zend-Avesta say nothing of the periods of three thousand years' duration. Two or three passages in the Avesta refer to the resurrection.† But the conflict between Ormazd and Ahriman, the present struggle between good and evil, the ideal world of the Fravashis and good spirits, — these unquestionably belong to the original system.

Of this system we will say, in conclusion, that in some respects it comes nearer to Christianity than any other. Moreover, though so long dead, like the great nation of which it was the inspiration and life, — though swept away by Mohammedanism, — its influence remains, and has permeated both Judaism and Christianity. Christianity has probably received from it, through Judaism, its doctrine of angels and devils, and its tendency to establish evil in the world as the permanent and equal adversary of good. Such a picture as that by Retzsch of the Devil playing chess with the young man for his soul, such a picture as that by Guido of the conflict between Michael and Satan, such poems as Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Goethe's *Faust*, could perhaps never have appeared in Christendom, had it not been for the influence of the system of Zoroaster on Jewish, and, through

Jewish, on Christian thought. It was after the return from Babylon that the Devil and demons, in conflict with man, became a part of the company of spiritual beings in the Jewish mythology. Angels there were before, as messengers of God, but devils there were not; for till then an absolute Providence ruled the world, excluding all interference of antagonistic powers. Satan, in Job, is an angel of God, not a devil; doing a low kind of work, indeed, a sort of critical business, fault-finding, and looking for flaws in the saints, but still an angel, and no devil. But after the captivity the horizon of the Jewish mind enlarged, and it took in the conception of God as allowing freedom to man and angels, and so permitting bad as well as good to have its way. And then came in also the conception of a future life, and a resurrection for ultimate judgment. These doctrines have been supposed, with good reason, to have come to the Jews from the influence of the great system of Zoroaster.

There is no doubt, however, that the Jewish prophets had already prepared a point of contact and attachment for this system, and developed affinities therewith, by their great battle-cry to the nation for right against wrong, and their undying conviction of an ultimate restoration of all good things. But the Jews found also in the Persian faith the one among all religions most like their own, in this, that it had no idols, and no worship but that addressed to the Unseen. Sun and fire were his symbols, but he himself was hidden behind the glorious veil of being. And it seems as if the Jews needed this support of finding another nation also hating idolatry, before they could really rise above their tendency to backslide into it. "In the mouth of two witnesses," the spiritual worship of God was established; and not till Zoroaster took the hand of Moses did the Jews cease to be idolaters. After the return from the captivity, that tendency wholly disappears.

But a deeper and more essential

* Spiegel, *Vend.*, Farg. XIX. note.

† Vendidad, Farg. XVIII. 110. Farvardin-Yasht, XVI.

point of agreement is to be found in the special practical character of the two systems, regarding life as a battle between right and wrong, waged by a communion of good men fighting against bad men and bad principles.

Perhaps, in reading the New Testament, we do not always see how much Christianity turns around the phrase, and the idea behind it, of a "kingdom of heaven." The Beatitudes begin "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Both John the Baptist and Christ announce that the *kingdom of heaven* is at hand. The parables revolve round the same idea of "the kingdom," which is likened first to this, and then to that; and so, passing on into the Epistles, we have the "kingdom of heaven" still as the leading conception of Christianity. "The kingdom of God is not meat nor drink," and so forth.

The peculiar conception of the Messiah also is of "the King," the Anointed one, the Head of this divine Monarchy. When we call Jesus the Christ, we repeat this ancient notion of the kingdom of God among men. He himself accepted it; he called himself the Christ. "Thou sayest," said he, to Pilate, "that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

All through antiquity there ran the longing for a communion or association of the wise and good, in order to establish truth and justice in the world. The tendency of error is to divide; the tendency of selfishness is to violate. Only goodness and truth are capable of real communion, interpenetration, and so of organic life and growth. This is their strength, power, and hope. Hence all the efforts at associated action in antiquity, such as the College of Pythagoras, the ideal Republic of Plato, the Spartan Commonwealth, the communities of the Essenes, the monastic institutions of Asia and Europe; and hence too the modern attempts, in Protestantism, by

Fourier, the Moravians, the Shakers, Saint-Simon, Robert Owen, and others.

But among the Jews this desire appeared, first in their national organization, as a theosophic and theocratic community, and afterward, when this broke down and the nation was divided, in a larger prophetic hope of the Messianic times. There is a tendency in the human mind, when it sees a great work to be done, to look for a leader. So the Jewish hope looked for a leader. Their true King was to come, and under him peace and righteousness were to reign, and the kingdom of heaven begin on earth. It was to be on earth. It was to be here and now. And so they waited and longed.

Meantime, in the Persian religion, the seed of the same hope was sown. There also the work of life was, to unite together in a community of good men and good angels, against bad men and devils, and so make a kingdom of heaven. Long and sore should the conflict be; but the victory at last would be sure. And they also looked for a Sosioch, or Mediator, who was to be what the Messiah was to be to the Jews. And here was the deep and real point of union between the two religions; and this makes the profound meaning of the story of the Star which was seen in the East and which guided the Magi of Zoroaster to the cradle of Christ.

Jesus came to be the Messiah. He fulfilled that great hope as he did others. It was not fulfilled, in the sense of the letter of a prophecy being acted out, but in the sense of the prophecy being carried up and on to its highest point, and so being filled full of truth and value. The first and chief purpose of Christianity was, not to save the souls of men hereafter, as the Church has often taught, but to found a kingdom of heaven here, on earth and in time. It was not to say, "Lo here!" or "Lo there!" but to say, "*Now* is the accepted time"; "the kingdom of God is among you." In thus continuing and developing to its highest point the central idea of his national

religion, Jesus made himself the true Christ and fulfilled all the prophecies. Perhaps what we need now is to come back to that notion of the kingdom of heaven here below, and of Jesus the present king, — present, because still bearing witness to the truth. Christians must give up talking about Christianity as only a means of escaping a future hell and arriving at a future heaven. They must show now, more than ever, that, by a union of loving and truthful hearts, God comes here, immortality begins here, and heaven lies about us. To fight the good fight of justice and truth, as the disciples of Zoroaster tried to fight it, — this is still the true work of man; and to make a union of those who wish thus to fight for good against evil, — this is still the true church of Christ.

The old religion of Zoroaster died, but as the corn of wheat, which, if it die, brings forth much fruit.

A small body of Pârsis remain to-

day in Persia, and another in India, — disciples of this venerable faith. They are a good, moral, industrious people. Some of them are very wealthy and very generous. Until Mr. George Peabody's large donations, no one had bestowed so much on public objects as Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, who had given to hospitals, schools, and charities some years since, a million and a half of dollars. During our Rebellion, some of the Pârsis sent from India large gifts to the Sanitary Commission, out of sympathy with the cause of freedom and union.

Who can estimate the power of a single life? Of Zoroaster, we do not know the true name, nor when he lived, nor where he lived, nor exactly what he taught. But the current from that fountain has flowed on for thousands of years, fertilizing the souls of men out of its hidden sources, and helping on, by the decree of Divine Providence, the ultimate triumph of good over evil, right over wrong.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUT the question which John Edgar would have asked of Edna was delayed, and that by an event which made it probable that a long time must elapse before he could ask it.

Sore sorrow fell, in an hour when it was least looked for, on Bishop Holcombe's house; and the tidings seemed more evil than any ever carried about before among the miners' wives and children.

Rosa had gone across the creek one afternoon by the foot-bridge, and had not come back. That bridge was the one which Bishop Rose had laid with his own hands; it was the great trunk of a pine-tree, with a planed upper surface to which a hand-rail had been

attached, and by it all foot-passengers crossed to the preacher's house, while drivers and horsemen crossed the creek among the shallows further up the stream.

Rain had fallen in the morning, but in the afternoon the clouds had broken, and the sun come forth, and Delia had then sent Rosa to inquire after a neighbor's sick child. Hours passed on; the child did not return, and Delia became anxious. As evening approached she walked down to the bridge, and then across it, and stood on the further side looking up and down, and doubting which path to take. Finally she decided on that which she supposed her child must have taken; but as she was about to go on, she heard a shout, or rather a cry, and looking down the

stream, she saw Max Boyd advancing. He bore a bundle in his arms.

"O, is it you?" he cried, as if his breath at every word would fail him. "I found her—down there—in the cove. She must have fallen—from the bridge!"

Delia stood still. It seemed for a moment as if she had not comprehended what he had said. Then, with a suddenness which seemed almost fierce, she caught the poor little wilted flower from his arms, and for a moment stood still gazing at her.

"Madam!" he begged, "let me—carry her for you,—pray, do let me!"

"The doctor!" she gasped.

Maxwell's horse was browsing under the trees where he had left it when he leaped down the bank, to discover the body lying among the lilies and the reeds. He rode down to Emerald almost as fast as steam could have carried him, and found the doctor in his office, just come back, after twenty-four hours of hard driving and hard work. It took but one instant to awaken him to a full understanding of the tidings Maxwell brought, and one other to send him on towards Swatara.

Delia and Edna were bending over the lifeless body, seeking to reanimate the clay which had forever lost its quickening spirit, when he entered the house.

"Here is Friend Holcombe's child," said Delia, looking up as he came in.

From her voice he knew he need not tell her that her labor was in vain.

The doctor went to the bedside, Edna giving place to him. He stooped down and for a moment bent over little Rosa; then he kissed her face and stood still. When Edna saw that, she went away, and left the doctor and Mrs. Holcombe alone. She understood that all was over, that nothing more was to be done.

The neighbors came to the house next day, old and young, men and women, little children also. It seemed as if they had all dropped their occupations as soon as the sad news reached them, that they might go down to the

bishop's house,—to dear Friend Holcombe's house,—and give their tears, and offer their assistance.

The mother of Rosa received them all. She showed them her child. She said some things which the poor people would always remember as words spoken by the minister's wife in her great affliction. Until her husband should come she must perform every duty. In their way, they said that it was incredible this lovely life should be torn from existence in an instant,—that it was impossible,—not to be endured.

Delia said not so. She stood within a cloud before Him who had taken her treasure away, and her secret thought was for the Lord alone.

Doctor Detwiler went for Friend Holcombe that night, following him who had gone up into the mountain bearing good tidings, with these evil.

"She has done her work for us, Friend," he said; "she has preached her gospel in its purity. Our darling drew out the best there was from all of us. O brother, I will not insult you by trying to comfort you."

But Friend Holcombe was to be comforted. He said continually, "Blessed be the Lord who gave us our child."

People who saw him when he returned to his house never forgot how he not only bore his own sorrow, but strove also to comfort his wife. After he came she seemed to feel that her only safety was in silence, for rebellion was in her heart. Her own grief she could have borne; but to see her husband robbed of the dear child who had been rest to him in weariness, and light in darkness, and an unfailing source of deep content! The hand of the Almighty had been laid where she felt the touch like a sword.

When Friend said to her: "The Lord was very gracious when he sent Edna to make a place in your heart for herself. You will not feel now that she is taking our little daughter's place, for you loved her before. May God spare her to you!" she answered, "We have lost our child."

"Yes," he said, "her sweet presence

is lost,—it is *gone*; and if we had the hope of her delightful company in this life only,—we should be miserable. But it is not so;—we shall go to her.”

Vain were his consolations; Delia ceased to weep and lament, but not to mourn. And so heavily was her mourning spirit burdened, that when he was about to leave home again on his pastoral business, Mr. Holcombe went to the doctor's office and said to Detwiler: “Delia does not sleep, she don't eat anything, she don't talk any. Ever since our—loss, she has been in a state that troubles me. You must do something for her, Michael.”

“There will soon be a reaction; I am waiting for it,” said the doctor.

“There must, or she will die,” answered Friend. “You must do something for her; she must be brought out of this state.”

“I think,” said Detwiler, after a few moments, which appeared to be moments of reflection, but were in fact moments of hesitation,—“I think, Friend, it is more for you than for herself that she grieves.”

“I have suspected that! Tell her then—go to-day and tell her—that in all this affliction there is nothing more painful to me than that she should think so poorly of my Christian hope and faith, as to suppose that I have assumed the composure which it has pleased God to give me. She must not think that I steady myself only by remembering that I am the pastor of this people. Tell her I have tested the truth of the promise that as my day is my strength shall be. She will believe you.”

The doctor went to see Mrs. Holcombe that afternoon. Edna was sitting with Delia, and when she saw that he was coming she rose, took a book from the book-shelf, and as she passed by Delia stroked the hair from her forehead, and kissed her, as she might have kissed old Annie Gell, and then, without saying a word, went upstairs. There was a word which she would

have liked to speak,—a name which Delia had not heard pronounced since the voice of her child had perished; yet perhaps not because it was difficult for her to utter it, but because the sound might be unwelcome—she left it unsaid.

“Friend is n't at home,” said Delia, as if it could only be her husband that the doctor had come to visit. “Mr. Castle has had another turn.”

“Yes,” he answered, sitting down beside her; “poor Castle is in a bad way. There is so much trouble in this world, Delia, that the best thing we can do, I find, is to accept the portion given us. Whichever way we turn, there is no escaping sorrow.”

Why should he say these things to her? Delia made a slight gesture of impatience. “Michael, I understand all that,” she said.

“Are you sure, Delia?” he answered. “It is more and more a comfort to me that we had our darling to lose.”

“Do you not see that it is n't for myself that I mourn,—not for one moment?” she replied. “But to see Friend, and know that his heart is torn! To be left here with Edna, and see Rosa lost to him! The bolt of God's wrath has fallen on me. You will never know what those two children were to me,—how I have held them off as lives which I must not love too well or come too near. He has often tried to comfort me by saying that God sent this child at a time when it was possible for her and Rosa to love each other like sisters, so that there should always seem to be a link between us two. I cannot bear it.”

“Delia, it is what you must bear.”

She seemed as much startled by these words as if she had not before realized the necessity of the case.

“I must,” she acknowledged; and she bowed her head. “I must. You are right.”

“Then you can.”

“Show me how I can.”

“You know the consequences if you do not.”

"Yes, you are right; a bishop and a church disgraced."

"Do you mean to kill yourself with these reproaches?" exclaimed Detwiler. "The whole country is witness to the value of your good example as a Christian wife and mother, and as a public servant, moreover. Though I was in the dark when I urged the suit of this saint, I —"

"Be still," cried Delia, and she hid her face. After many moments she looked up again. "If he had been taken away I could have borne it, because — because, Michael, he has become more than my life to me. I can say it without injustice to — to —"

"Yes, you may," said the doctor. "I acknowledge the step was the worst that a good woman could have taken. But, Delia, you took the step. And God gave you little Rosa. Remember, that dear child made Friend Holcombe's life beautiful to him; so beautiful that it always must be beautiful, for he can never lose her. Remember how her presence consecrated this house, — filled it with sweet thoughts of her. Do not grieve that she was given, or that she was taken. But do that which you are bound to do, maintain the honor of the church and your own honor."

"Act out my lie to the end, — till the whirlwind has left me desolate!"

"Be just to yourself, and to the minister of this people; to your children, — to this rare girl, who will be a blessing to you, if you will but let her. Be just to your people; they will never guess this which you have borne, — borne so long that it would actually seem treason to all the sacred relations you hold, if you should fail to bear it to the end."

Delia rose and stood. "I have lost my light," she said, despairingly; "are you speaking for the Devil, Michael?"

"For yourself, and all you love best, Delia; that certainly is not the Devil. People who have lived as long as you and I have do not need so much hope and faith as simple courage to hold on, to endure. This poor makeshift is all I look for, for myself."

The doctor had simply endeavored to keep her mind steadily on the fact that the time had passed for leaving the church, or for formally returning to it, persuaded that she would sooner recover her self-possession, and once more stand fast, if she saw that there was nothing for her to do but to keep the ground which she had kept so long. She was at last as much impressed by this fact, he perceived, as if she had never been convinced of it before.

In her present state of mind, he thought it best not to ask her whether she had spoken yet to Mr. Trost in reference to the certificate he had advised her to obtain from him. If she had not secured it, she was just now in no condition even to think of it.

"There was another," — Delia reflected when she was alone again, — "another who found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears. My spirit is overwhelmed within me. My heart within me is desolate. Hear me speedily, O Lord; my spirit faileth; hide not thy face from me, lest I be like them that go down into the pit."

CHAPTER XX.

MARY TROST went down to visit afflicted Mrs. Holcombe.

The trouble that had befallen the bishop's family was still on everybody's mind. The preacher and his wife had so identified themselves with the unfortunate, the suffering, and the afflicted, that now, when they were themselves in trouble, everybody was impressed with the necessity of saying some soothing word, or performing some soothing deed. But memorable was the day on which Mary Trost went to visit Mrs. Holcombe.

Delia was alone in the house. Doors and windows stood open. A sweet perfume of flowers was on the air. The stir made by the breeze, and the monotonous song of the locusts keeping up a constant accompaniment to whatever lively bird-tone, made the

silence which environed the preacher's house still more impressive to Mary as she approached. She had descended from the region of stillness as profound, but it had not impressed her as did this.

The two women had not met since the funeral of Guildersleeve. When Delia saw Mary coming she was reminded of that funeral, and of the conversation they had then held.

She answered the knock at the door, agitated at heart, but externally calm. Mary on the contrary was excited, and ready to burst into tears.

"How dreadful sudden," she exclaimed; and she fell on Delia's neck and kissed her.

But Delia received her embrace with so little perceptible emotion, with such apparent tranquillity of mind and body, that the girl recovered her self-possession as by a shock.

"It was good of you to come down, Mary," she said. "I thought you would come. I am so glad to see you."

Mary, disconcerted still by this composure, answered with difficulty, that she had not come to the funeral because Mr. Trost had been suffering from one of his attacks of rheumatism, and would not let her out of his sight.

"I was so disappointed not to come," she said. "I hoped you would n't think hard of our staying away. Grandpa was bound hand and foot. I expect everybody was here but us. To-day I made up my mind that I could n't stay away any longer. But not that I expected there was anything I could do for you, Mrs. Hulcum, with all Swatara to run and see what was wanted."

"Nothing is wanted, Mary,—nothing but resignation," said Delia.

"Father said this morning, laying on his bed, that he believed Friend Hulcum had all the Scripture promises to comfort him."

"Yes," said Delia, quickly, "he has!"

"But I know it is hard to lay hold on 'em so as to get the good. We want what we've lost,—we don't want a promise. That was what I felt about my mother."

"I am afraid you are right. But tell your father from me, that I believe his prayers have been answered already. My husband is wonderfully sustained. Your father has known what it is to lose dear children, Mary. It is something not to be talked about."

"And that is a reason why I hated to come. Such a wound does n't bear dressing very often. . . . I heard say there never was such a funeral in Swatara district. It would be strange if people did n't know they never had or could have a kinder friend or teacher than Bishop Hulcum."

In giving Friend his pastoral title, Mary had performed an act of civility which must never be expected of her grandfather.

Delia now rose, went to the bureau which stood in one corner of the room, and took from one of the drawers a scrap of paper. "See," she said, showing it to Mary, "this is like our dear child."

It was one of the drawings Edna had made of Rosa. She had succeeded in making a good likeness,—a wonderful likeness, it seemed to the eyes now bent upon it, examining the features one by one.

"She has made another in colors," Delia said.

"You have done everything for that girl. How amazed Annie Gell would be to see her, Mrs. Hulcum! And such a comfort now!"

"We do think that she was sent to us by Divine Providence."

"And such a good, kind act of you! Providence will reward it, and make her like a child to you, I'm sure."

With her eyes on the picture of her child, Delia said: "Mary, I have thought of you a great many times since Mr. Guildersleeve's funeral."

Mary's face flushed; she had not expected that on this visit of condolence that awkward subject would be introduced. And yet she experienced a certain degree of relief, now that it was.

"Have you?" she said, gently; and then, after a moment's hesitation, "I have had my trials, Mrs. Hulcum, but

I did n't calculate to bring them down to this house of trouble."

"Your own dear mother could not be more anxious about your welfare, Mary, and that things should come out right with you."

"They are going to," said Mary, with a firm voice and clear eyes. "I have faith to believe it. But I have taken things into my own hands, for I remembered what you said, Mrs. Hulcum, and got scared of thinking what I might be let to do. One evening when Mr. Ent came over, I just told father all about it."

"You did? You brave girl!"

"He did n't expect that I would say anything, neither did I; but O, the Lord must have been in it!"

Mrs. Holcombe rose from her chair with her arms extended. "The Lord *was* in it!" she exclaimed. "The Lord be praised! You told your father all!"

Then the great and strong emotion which had impelled her forsook her again. She sat down and folded her hands, and was once more a calm image of sorrow. But Mary in that moment had felt herself drawn close to the mourning mother. In that moment, too, Delia had come nearer to joy than she had expected to come in this life.

"O Mrs. Hulcum, I know you understand it all! It is like coming to my own mother!" Tears hindered Mary's speech. And so she was here to talk about herself! She had thought on her way down of the many consoling words and promises of Scripture which she would recall for Mrs. Holcombe, but here she was receiving instead of giving. And such was the experience of all who came to the preacher's wife. It was even in these days of darkness as in other days, — evermore she was the munificent giver.

"Dear child," said Delia, "tell me all about it."

"I was coming last week, when I first heard of your trouble, but not to talk of mine. I — I did n't come here to-day, in your affliction, to talk about myself," said Mary.

"But tell me all," said Delia. "The merciful Lord has helped you."

"I could n't — But I must. It is no secret how Father Trost has been preaching," said Mary, embarrassed.

"I know; but go on, dear child."

"I had n't thought of telling him all, as you advised. When I began to wonder whether I really ought to, after Mr. Guildersleeve's funeral, it frightened me to think of. But then he began to preach in that way, and I was scared both ways. I think he suspected. He came home one night when August was there, and I think after that he suspected. But I felt as if I could n't bear that he should feel he could not trust me, if I did n't deserve it, when I was all he had. And then he began to preach that way, and I almost felt glad to think he did see that we were n't doing the fair thing by him. Only it made me more determined to have everything open. I could n't have consented to anything else after that, if I could have before. And Mrs. Hulcum, we never know how weak we are till we are tempted."

"Dear child, how fearfully true that is!"

"Yes," said Mary, with more spirit, feeling the space for speech enlarged by Mrs. Holcombe's sympathy. "But I did feel so condemned when I thought what people might be saying about your church folks, all because of me! I should have had to tell him, anyway, on that account. I could n't have you all suffering for my sake. And then I had never kept a secret from him. Every time I looked at him I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'You hypocrite! you're cheating the old man who has always been kind to you.' You can't never guess, Mrs. Hulcum, how that made me feel; and I am glad you can't. But I was helped as I did n't expect. O, it's strange how there's always ways we can get out of trouble if we really, really want to get out?"

"It is always the Lord's hand showing them. And you did not shut your eyes. O Mary, how He did love you! How precious you are in his sight!"

If there was any need that the heart of Mary should be strengthened for the telling of this tale, she had an answer to her need in hearing Delia speak such words in such a tone.

"When August came in," she continued, "he looked about the room, and saw poor father sitting there in the corner with his candle and his book; and a look came on his face which I don't believe I should 'a' noticed any other time, but I had the same kind o' feeling in my own mind; and that was the reason I said to myself, 'This is father's house; and if he has n't a right to sit here and read o' nights, who has?' And it has seemed to me since that getting mad at myself so helped me, and was the best thing that could 'a' happened. It put me on my guard against August and myself. You said what was true that day, Mrs. Hulcum, that 't was all in my hands. What I saw in his face I read clear in my own heart. It made me know that if this went on I should side with August, and then where would it all end? 'It's got to end short off just here,' I said to myself. 'I'm not going through the rest of my life thinking I've cheated that old man.'"

"But, Mary, that was an awful struggle."

"I can't forget how much I owe you for helping me to get the better of my temptation. I seemed to hear you saying all the time, 'Tell him everything,' and that made me feel I could. I'll thank you for it, Mrs. Hulcum, now when I'm sure that I did the right thing."

"You will be gladder every day that you live," said Delia. "It is better to grieve for loss than gain."

"I hope so," said Mary. She was thinking of her possible loss, as yet. "Well," she went on, "when August came in father put down his book and was glad to see him, of course; he has a great respect for Mr. Ent, outside of the church. But August did n't have much to say to him at first, and he answered pretty short; and that was what fired me up. Then he seemed to think it was unbecoming himself, for he

changed his behavior. I noticed it all, because I was looking on and listening as I never did before to anybody's talking. And I thought it was because August saw that I did n't like the way he talked to father that he changed his tone. Father was asking about getting up a stone wall, and how August managed his'n, and I was listening to what he answered, when it came into my mind that now was the time for me to speak, and I broke right in. 'Father,' I said, 'I ought to let you know that August and I have a question between us which nobody can settle but you: he has asked me to marry him.' I was terrible frightened, for it was a dreadful thing to say, with those two sitting there and looking at me in the way they did. But I looked right at father when I spoke. He is always kind to me. He is n't what you might think, Mrs. Hulcum, if you never heard him speak except when he is preaching. I did n't dare to look at Mr. Ent; but, I shall never be afraid to look him in the face again."

"Glory to God!" cried Delia, "you never will need to fear now."

"In a minute,—for you must know how greatly he was surprised,—August said, 'And now I ask you, sir, to be as kind as Mary has been to me.' I went and stood by him when he said that, for I seemed to feel I must. You can't think how mazed father was. He did n't say anything for a good while; that is his way, and I never ask him a question a second time; I wait till he answers. He leant his head on his hand awhile. At last he said, 'Why did n't you tell me before?' 'Because I was afraid to,' I said. Then he asked if August had bid me keep quiet, and I could say no to that. But it was well I stood by August then, for he gave such a start, and looked so strange, I felt as if he might almost have knocked father down. Then he wanted to know why I told him now. I said because I was afraid to keep it from him. 'That's reason enough,' said he. 'Ent knows what his obligations are.' 'Yes, sir, I know my obligations very well,' August said.

‘Well,’ said father, ‘do you mean to stand by ‘em?’ ‘What do you mean by that question?’ said August. ‘I mean what I say,’ said father; ‘are you going to be honest about this business, and come out and take my girl, supposing I let you have her, or are you going to stay where you are, and—’ ‘And what, sir?’ said August. ‘Go on, sir,’ said he, but he said it quietly; yet it was terrible to hear. ‘Are you going to stay where you are and cheat everybody?’ said father. ‘That’s been done before. Easy enough to do, if you get the girl to consent. She says she’s told me of this because she is afraid to keep it. That sounds as if she was afraid of you.’ ‘No, father,’ I said, ‘it’s of myself I’m afraid.’—‘I’m going to tell you all, Mrs. Hulcum, because it’s no more than he’s preached, and I know you must have heard of it.’

It was now very evident to Delia that Father Trost had not betrayed her.

“Be sure you tell me all,” she said; “I know he has a good heart, after all.”

“‘You’ve got good reason to be afraid,’ he said, ‘and that’s the reason, Ent, why I’m called to fight your doctrine. You know you can’t marry my girl if she don’t go with you, unless you turn about and go with her.’ ‘And I won’t let him do that,’ I said; ‘he sha’n’t show himself a turncoat for me.’ But I felt ashamed when I said that, as if I was the one that hindered him from doing it. I did think once it would be a fine thing to make a convert of August; but I would n’t have him turned now, if I could. Then father was angry. ‘If you had took her for your wife underhand, that would n’t ‘a’ surprised me,’ he said. ‘It’s a thing has been tried afore now by folks as high up as you are. I have n’t nothing against you, Ent,’ he said, ‘but I can’t have this going on any longer.’ ‘I shall keep on hoping that you will change your mind about that,’ said August. ‘I get as good gospel of Bishop Hulcum as I want,’ he said; ‘and the church is my home, if it does

n’t please God to make another for me. I have n’t loved it any the less since you took to preaching so hard against it. I don’t know what you mean,’ he said, ‘throwing out such hints that some of our people have misbehaved as bad as you seem to think I could about Mary. But I think it would be better if you just spoke right out and told their names, and, though we are few in number, we would spare our false brethren.’”

“That was brave too,” said Delia. “He deserves our thanks for saying that.”

“Was n’t it a good thing to say! I thought I must tell you that. But father said that he did n’t bring charges against persons; the system was wrong, and tempted folks to be dishonest. ‘Mary’s mind is settled about her religion,’ he said. Then I told him that it would n’t be unsettled even if I joined with Bishop Hulcum’s people; and I don’t know what he said after that; I think he felt I was lost—to him, anyway. When I stopped speaking, and August took my hand and held it, I could n’t help saying that I should go with them some time, because I cared more for August than I did for anything on earth except father. He said that was indecent talk; but it was the truth, Mrs. Hulcum.”

“And you could n’t have spoken it except under those circumstances,” said Delia. “No girl could. But it was right to say it, on your grandfather’s account as well as on August’s.”

“I told him I could stand by what I had said twenty years. But O, Mrs. Hulcum, that broke father down. ‘Till the old man’s dead and gone,’ he said, and he cried like a child. But I told him no, only till he changed his mind.”

“You could not have done more wisely than you have, Mary, whatever happens,” Delia said.

“I really think August respects me more than he did,” said Mary, with blushing hesitation. “I knew I was right, but—it may be all’s over between us.”

In spite of this doubt, however, Mary

had talked all the trouble out of her heart and out of her eyes, and she looked strong enough for the constancy of any number of years. When she went away from Mrs. Holcombe, she looked as happy as if she had altogether forgotten that her visit had been

one of condolence at a house of mourning.

It was then a recollection, not an anticipation against which Father Trost had launched his bolt. There was but one thing to be done; the old man was ill; Delia would visit him.

BEFORE THE GATE.

THEY gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late, and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one sweet spell hindered them both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtile anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said, — man-like nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while, —

“Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it! —” His voice, affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she — whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well —

Shyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
“Shall we not be too late
For tea?” she said. “I'm quite worn out with walking:
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you — open the gate?”

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

I.

IN a series of papers published not many years ago, Herman Melville made the world acquainted with the "Encantadas," or Enchanted Islands, which he describes as lying directly under the equator, off the coast of South America, and of which he says: "It is to be doubted whether any spot of earth can, in desolateness, furnish a parallel to this group." Yet their dark volcanic crags and melancholy beaches can hardly seem more desolate than do the low bleached rocks of the Isles of Shoals to eyes that behold them for the first time. Very sad they look, stern, bleak, and unpromising, yet are they enchanted islands in a better sense of the word than are the great Gallipagos of which Mr. Melville discourses so delightfully.

There is a strange charm about them, an indescribable influence in their atmosphere, hardly to be explained, but universally acknowledged. People forget the hurry and worry and fret of life after living there awhile, and, to an imaginative mind, all things become dreamy as they were to the lotus-eaters, to whom

"The gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores."

The eternal sound of the sea on every side has a tendency to wear away the edge of human thought and perception; sharp outlines become blurred and softened like a sketch in charcoal; nothing appeals to the mind with the same distinctness as on the main-land, amid the rush and stir of people and things and the excitements of social life. This was strikingly illustrated during the late war, which, while it wrung the heart of the whole country, and stirred the blood of every man, woman, and child on the continent, left the handful of human beings upon these lonely rocks almost untouched. The echoes

of woe and terror were so faint and far they seemed to lose their significance among the many-voiced waters they crossed, and reached at last the indifferent ears they sought, with no more force than a spent wave.

Nine miles of the Atlantic Ocean intervene between these islands and the nearest point of the coast of New Hampshire; but from this nearest point the coast-line recedes gradually, in dim and dimmer distance, to Cape Ann, in Massachusetts, twenty-one miles away at the southwest, and to Cape Neddock in Maine, sixteen miles distant in the northeast (in clear weather another cape is faintly distinguishable beyond this), and about one third of the great horizon is filled by this beautiful, undulating line of land, which, under the touch of atmospheric change, is almost as plastic as the clouds, and wears a new aspect with every turn of wind and weather.

Sailing out from Portsmouth Harbor with a fair wind from the northwest, the Isles of Shoals lie straight before you, nine miles away, — ill-defined and cloudy shapes, faintly discernible in the distance. A word about the origin of this name, "Isles of Shoals." They are supposed to have been so called, not because the ragged reefs run out beneath the water in all directions, ready to wreck and destroy, but because of the "shoaling," or "schooling," of fish about them, which, in the mackerel and herring seasons, is remarkable. As you approach they separate, and show each its own peculiar characteristics, and you perceive that there are six islands if the tide is low; but if it is high, there are eight, and would be nine, but that a breakwater connects two of them. Appledore, called for many years Hog Island, from its rude resemblance to a hog's back

rising from the water, when seen from out at sea, is the largest and most regular in shape. From afar, it looks smoothly rounded, like a gradually sloping elevation, the greatest height of which is only seventy-five feet above high-water mark. A little valley, in which are situated the buildings belonging to the house of entertainment which is the only habitation, divides its four hundred acres into two unequal portions. Next, almost within a stone's throw, is Haley's Island, or "Smutty-Nose," so christened by passing sailors, with a grim sense of humor, from a long black point of rock, stretching out to the southeast, upon which many a ship has laid her bones. This island is low and flat, and contains a greater depth of soil than the others. At low tide, Cedar and Malaga are both connected with it,—the latter permanently by a breakwater,—the whole comprising about one hundred acres. Star Island contains one hundred and fifty acres, and lies a quarter of a mile southwest of Smutty-Nose. Toward its northern end are clustered the houses of the little village of Gosport, with a tiny church crowning the highest rock. Not quite a mile southwest from Star, White Island lifts a light-house for a warning. This is the most picturesque of the group, and forms with Seavey's Island, at low water, a double island with an area of some twenty acres. Most westerly lies Londoner's, an irregular rock with a bit of beach, upon which all the shells about the cluster seem to be thrown. Two miles northeast from Appledore, Duck Island thrusts out its lurking ledges on all sides, beneath the water, one of them running half a mile to the northwest. This is the most dangerous of the islands, and, being the most remote, is the only one visited to any great degree by the shy sea-fowl that are nearly banished by civilization. Yet even now at low tide those long, black ledges are often whitened by the dazzling plumage of gulls, whose exquisite and stainless purity rivals the new-fallen snow. The ledges run toward the west and north; but at the

east and south the shore is bolder, and Shag and Mingo Rocks, where during or after storms the sea breaks with magnificent effect, lie isolated by a narrow channel from the main granite fragment. A very round rock west of Londoner's, perversely called "Square," and Anderson's Rock, off the southeast end of Smutty-Nose, complete the catalogue. Smutty-Nose and Appledore are almost united by a reef, bare at low tide, though a large vessel can pass between them even then. Off the landing at White Island the Devil's Rock rolls an incessant breaker, and makes an attempt to reach the shore perilous in any but the serenest weather. Between Londoner's and Star is another, hardly bare at low tide, called Half-way Rock; and another, about four miles east of Appledore, rejoices in the significant title of the "Old Harry." Old Harry is deeply sunk beneath the surface and never betrays himself except in great storms, when an awful white spray rises afar off, and the shoalers know how tremendous are the breakers that send it skyward.

The dividing line between Maine and New Hampshire passes through the group, giving Appledore, Smutty-Nose and Duck Islands to Maine, and the rest to New Hampshire; but their allegiance to either is a matter of small importance, the few inhabitants troubling themselves but little about what State they belong to. Till within a few years no taxes were required of them, and they enjoyed immunity from this and various other earthly ills, as completely as the gulls and loons that shared their dwelling-place.

Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. At first sight nothing can be more rough and inhospitable than they appear. The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks that they look hoary as if with age, though in the summer time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the

stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect. Yet so forbidding are their shores, it seems scarcely worth while to land upon them, — mere heaps of tumbled granite in the wide and lonely sea, — when all the smiling, “sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land” lies ready to woo the voyager back again, and welcome his returning prow with pleasant sights and sounds and scents that the wild wastes of water never know. But to the human creature who has eyes that will see and ears that will hear, nature appeals with such a novel charm that the luxurious beauty of the land is half forgotten before one is aware. Its sweet gardens full of color and perfume, its rich woods and softly swelling hills, its placid waters and fields and flowery meadows, are no longer dear and desirable; for the wonderful sound of the sea dulls the memory of all past impressions, and seems to fulfil and satisfy all present needs. Landing for the first time, the stranger is struck only by the sadness of the place, — the vast loneliness; for there are not even trees to whisper with familiar voices, — nothing but sky and sea and rocks. But the very wildness and desolation reveal a strange beauty to him. Let him wait till evening comes,

“With sunset purple soothing all the waste,”

and he will find himself slowly succumbing to the subtle charm of that sea atmosphere. He sleeps with all the waves of the Atlantic murmuring in his ears, and wakes to the freshness of a summer morning; and it seems as if morning were made for the first time. For the world is like a new-blown rose, and in the heart of it he stands, with only the caressing music of the water to break the utter silence, unless perhaps a song-sparrow pours out its blissful warble like an embodied joy. The sea is rosy, and the sky; the line of land is radiant; the scattered sails glow with the delicious color that touches so tenderly the bare bleak rocks. These are lovelier than sky or sea or distant sails or graceful wings of gulls reddened with the dawn; nothing takes color so

beautifully as the bleached granite; the shadows are delicate, and the fine hard outlines are glorified and softened beneath the fresh first blush of sunrise. All things are speckless and spotless; there is no dust, no noise, nothing but peace in the sweet air and on the quiet sea. The day goes on; the rose changes to mellow gold, the gold to clear white daylight, and the sea is sparkling again. A breeze ripples the surface, and wherever it touches the color deepens. A seine-boat passes, with the tawny net heaped in the stern and the scarlet shirts of the rowers brilliant against the blue; pleasantly their voices come across the water, breaking the stillness. The fishing-boats steal to and fro, silent, with glittering sails; the gulls wheel lazily; the far-off coasters glide rapidly along the horizon; the mirage steals down the coast-line and seems to remove it leagues away. And what if it were to slip down the slope of the world and disappear entirely? You think, in a half-dream, you would not care. Many troubles, cares, perplexities, vexations, lurk behind that far, faint line for you. Why should you be bothered any more?

“Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.”

And so the waves with their lulling murmur do their work, and you are soothed into repose and transient forgetfulness.

The natives, or persons who have been brought up here, find it almost as difficult to tear themselves away from the islands as do the Swiss to leave their mountains. From a civilized race's point of view, this is a curious instance of human perversity, since it is not good for men to live their whole lives through in such remote and solitary places. Nobody hears of people dying of homesickness for New York, or Albany, or Maine, or California, or any place on the broad continent; but to wild and lonely spots like these isles humanity clings with an intense and abiding affection. No other place is able to furnish the inhabitants of the Shoals with sufficient air for their capacious lungs;

there is never scope enough elsewhere, there is no horizon; they must have sea-room. On shore, it is to them as if all the trees and houses crowded against the windows to suffocation; and I know a youth who, when at the age of thirteen he made his first visit to the main-land, descended to the cellar of the house in which he found himself, in the not over-populous city of Portsmouth, and spent the few hours of his stay sitting dejectedly upon a wood-pile, in mute protest against the condition of things in general, and the pressure of human society in particular.

Each island has its peculiar characteristics, as I said before, and no two are alike, though all are of the same coarse granite, mixed with masses and seams of quartz and feldspar and gneiss and mica-slate, and interspersed with dikes of trap running in all directions. Upon Appledore for the most part the trap runs from north to south, while the veins of quartz and feldspar run from east to west. Sometimes the narrow white quartz veins intersect the dark trap, in parallel lines, now wavering, and now perfectly straight, and showing a surface like that of some vast piece of inlaid work. Each island presents its boldest shore to the east, to breast the whole force of the great Atlantic, which every year assails the iron cliffs and headlands with the same ponderous fury, yet leaves upon them so little trace of its immense power, — though at White Island, on the top of a precipitous rock called "The Head" which is nearly fifty feet high, lies a boulder weighing fifteen tons, tossed there from below by the breakers. The shores are seldom very bold, but on the east they are often very striking, with their rifts and chasms and roughly piled gorges, and square quarries of stone, and stairways cut as if by human hands. The trap-rock, softer than the granite, is worn away in many places, leaving bare perpendicular walls fifteen or twenty feet high. The largest trap dike upon Appledore runs across the island from northeast to southwest, disappears in the sea, and reappears upon Smutty-

Nose, a quarter of a mile distant in a straight line. In some places, the geologist will tell you, certain deep scratches in the solid rock mean that here the glacier ground its way across in the world's earlier ages. Frequently the trap-rock is honeycombed in a curious fashion, — filled with small holes on the surface, as if drops of water falling for years in the same spots had worn these smooth, round hollows. This always happens close to the water and only in the trap-rock, and looks as if it might be the result of the flying spray, which in winter and towards spring, when the northwest gales blow sometimes for three weeks steadily day and night, beats continually upon the shore.

The coast-line varies, of course, with the high or low tide. At low water the shores are much more forbidding than at high tide, for a broad band of dark sea-weed girdles each island, and gives a sullen aspect to the whole group. But in calm days, when the moon is full and the tides are so low that it sometimes seems as if the sea were being drained away on purpose to show to eager eyes what lies beneath the lowest ebb, banks of golden-green and brown moss, thickly clustered on the moist ledges, are exposed, and the water is cut by the ruffled edges of the kelps that grow, in brown and shining forests on every side. At sunrise or sunset, the effect of the long rays slanting across these masses of rich color is very beautiful. But at high tide the shores are most charming; every little cove and inlet is filled with the music of the waves, and their life, light, color and sparkle. Who shall describe that wonderful noise of the sea among the rocks, to me the most suggestive of all the sounds in nature? Each island, every isolated rock, has its own peculiar rote, and ears made delicate by listening in great and frequent peril can distinguish the bearings of each in a dense fog; the threatening speech of Duck Island's ledges, the swing of the wave over Half-way Rock, the touch of the ripples on the beach at Londoner's, the long and lazy breaker that is forever rolling below

the light-house at White Island — all are familiar and distinct, and indicate to the islander his whereabouts almost as clearly as if the sun shone brightly and no shrouding mist were striving to mock and to mislead him.

There are no beaches of any considerable size along the circle of these shores, and except in two narrow fissures, one on Malaga and one on Star, only a few feet wide at their widest, there is no fine, clean sand, such as lies sparkling on the coast at Rye, opposite, and shows a faintly glimmering white in the far distance. The dock at Smutty-Nose is filled with coarse sand and mud, like the little basin of the "Upper Cove" on Appledore; and the largest beach on Star, of the same character, is covered with a stratum of fish-bones several feet deep, — by no means a pleasantly fragrant pavement. Roughly rounded pebbles, not beautiful with warmth of color like those on the Cohasset beaches, but a cold, hard combination of gray granite and dark trap, are heaped in the coves. Now and then a smoother bit consists of a coarse gravel, which, if you examine, you will find to be principally composed of shells ground fine by the waves, a fascinating mixture of blue and purple mussels, lined with the rainbow tints of mother-of-pearl, and fragments of golden and ruddy snail-shells, and striped and colored cockles; with here and there a piece of transparent quartz, white or rosy, or of opaque feldspar, faintly straw-colored, or of dull-purple porphyry stone, all clean and moist with the odorous brine. Upon Appledore and the little islets undevastated by civilization these tiny coves are the most delightful places in the world, lovely with their fringe of weeds, thistles, and mullein-stalks drawn clearly against the sky at the upper edge of the slope, and below their mosaic of stone and shell and sea-wrack, tangles of kelp and drift-wood, — a mass of warm neutral tints, — with brown, green, and crimson mosses, and a few golden snail-shells lying on the many-tinted gravel, where the indolent ripples lapse in delicious murmurs. There are few shells

more delicate than the variegated snails and cockles and stout whelks that sparsely strew the beaches, but these few are exceedingly beautiful and more precious from their rarity. Two kinds of pure white spiral shells, not quite an inch long, are occasionally found, and cause one to wonder how they can be rolled together with the heavy pebbles by the breakers and not be annihilated.

After the dark-blue mussel-shells have lain long on shore in sun and rain, they take a curious satin sheen, lovely to behold, and the larger kind, shedding their coat of brown varnish, are colored like the eastern sky in clear winter sunsets a rosy purple, with pearly linings streaked with iridescent hues. The drift-wood is always full of suggestions: — a broken oar; a bit of spar with a ragged end of rope-yarn attached; a section of a mast hurriedly chopped, telling of a tragedy too well-known on the awful sea; a water-worn buoy, or flakes of rich brown bark, which have been peacefully floated down the rivers of Maine and out on the wide sea, to land at last here and gladden firesides so remote from the deep green wood where they grew; pine-cones, with their spicy fragrance yet lingering about them; apples, green spruce twigs, a shingle, with some carpenter's half-obliterated calculations pencilled upon it; a child's roughly carved boat; drowned butterflies, beetles, birds; dead boughs of ragged fir-trees completely draped with the long, shining ribbon-grass that grows in brackish water near river-mouths. The last, after lying awhile in the wind and sun, present a weird appearance, for the narrow ribbons are dried and bleached as white as chalk, and shiver and shudder with every wind that blows. It used to be a great delight to hold such a bough aloft, and watch all the long, delicate pennons and streamers fly trembling out on the breeze. Beyond high-water mark all things in the course of time take a uniform gray color from the weather; wood, shells, stones, deposited by some great tide or storm and left undisturbed for months, chocolate-colored bark and yellow shingle

and gray stone are not to be distinguished one from another, except by their shape. Of course all white things grow whiter, and shells already colorless become as pure as snow. Sometimes the slabs and blocks of wood that float ashore have drifted so long that they are water-logged, and covered with a rich growth of mosses, barnacles, and wondrous sea-creatures. Sometimes they are completely riddled by the *Pholas*, and the hardest shells are pierced smoothly through and through by these soft worms.

But, as a child, I was never without apprehension when examining the drift, for I feared to find some too dreadful token of disaster. After the steamer *Bohemian* was wrecked (off Halifax, I believe), a few years ago, bales of her costly cargo and pieces of the wreck were strewn along the coast even to Cape Ann; and upon Rye Beach, among other things, two boots came on shore. They were not mates, and each contained a human foot. That must have been a grewsome discovery to him who picked them up.

There are not many of these quiet coves: in general, a confusion reigns as if an earthquake had rent and split the coasts, and tumbled the masses in chaotic heaps. On Appledore and the larger islands the interior is rather smoother, though nowhere will you find many rods of plain walking. Slopes of greenness alternate with the long white ledges, and here and there are bits of swampy ground and little valleys where the turf is short and the sheep love to browse and the mushrooms grow in August and September. There are no trees, except, perhaps, a few Balm of Gilead trees on Star, and a small elm on Appledore, which has been struggling with the bleakness of the situation some twenty years. It is very probable, that the islands were wooded many years ago, with spruce and pine perhaps—a rugged growth. There are a few bushes, browsed down by the sheep, with maple, poplar, and birch leaves; and I have seen the crumbling remains of the stump of some large tree in the princi-

pal gorge or valley at Appledore. The oldest inhabitants remember quite an orchard on Smutty-Nose. In the following note (for which I am indebted to Mr. T. B. Fox) from "Christopher Leavitt's Voyage into New England" in the year 1623, it appears that there were trees, though not of the kind the voyagers wished to see. He says: "The first place I set my foot upon in New England was the Isles of Shoulds; we could see not one good timber tree or so much good ground as to make a garden. Good fishing place for six ships," he goes on to say, "not more, for want of good storage rooms. Harbor indifferent good. No savages at all." That was two hundred and forty-six years ago. In the Rev. Jedediah Morse's *Journal of a Mission to the Shoals* in August, 1800, he says, referring to the wretched state of the inhabitants of Star Island at that time: "All the trees, and the bushes even, have been consumed, and they have cut up, dried, and burned many acres of the sward, leaving only naked rocks where formerly there was the finest pasturage for cows." The bushes have never grown again on Star; but Appledore, wherever there is soil enough to hold a root, is overgrown with huckleberry and bayberry bushes, the glossy green leaves of the latter yielding a wholesome aromatic fragrance, which accords well with the fresh and healthy sea-odors. Blackberry, raspberry, wild currant, and gooseberry bushes also flourish; there are clumps of elder and sumach, woodbine and the poison-ivy, shrubs of wild cherry and shadbush, and even one little wild apple-tree, that yearly bears a few large bright blossoms.

It is curious to note the varieties of plants, wild-flowers, and grasses on this island alone. There are six different ferns, and many delicate flowers bloom in the spring, whose faces it is a continual surprise to find looking up at you from the rough ground, among the rocks. Every flower seems twice as beautiful under these circumstances; and it is a fact that the salt air and a peculiar richness in the soil give a luxu-

riance of growth and a depth of color not found elsewhere. "Is that willow-weed?" (or whatever it may be); "I never saw any so bright!" is a remark often heard from strangers visiting the islands for the first time. The pale pink herb-robert, for instance, blushes with a tint almost as deep as a damask rose, and as for the wild roses, I heard some one say they were as "bright as red carnations." In the spring the anemones are stained with purple and pink and yellow, in a way that makes their sisters of the main-land seem pallid beside them; and the violets are wonderful,—the blue ones so large and dark, and the delicately veined white ones rich with creamy fragrance.

The calyx of the shadbush flower is dyed with purple, almost crimson, and the color runs into the milky whiteness of the petals. The little pimpernel (when it has anything but salt gravel to grow in, for it runs fairly into the sea) is clear vermilion, and the pearly eye-bright is violet on the edges: the shy celandine glows golden in its shady clefts, and the spotted jewel-weed is as rich and splendid as a flower in Doctor Rappacini's famous garden. Sometimes it is as if the order of nature were set aside in this spot; for you find the eye-bright and pimpernel and white violets growing side by side until the frost comes in November; often October passes with no sign of frost, and the autumn lingers later than elsewhere. I have even seen the iris and wild rose and golden-rod and aster in blossom together, as if, not having the example of the world before their eyes, they followed their own sweet will, and bloomed when they took the fancy. As for garden flowers, when you plant them in this soil they fairly run mad with color. People say, "Do give me some seeds of these wonderful flowers"; and they sow them in their gardens on the main-land, and they come up decorous, commonplace, and pale, like their sisters in the same soil. The little spot of earth on which they grow at the island is like a mass of jewels. Who shall describe the pansies, richly streaked with burn-

ing gold; the dark velvet coreopsis and the nasturtium; the larkspurs, blue and brilliant as lapis lazuli; the "ardent marigolds," that flame like mimic suns? The sweet-peas are of a deep, bright rose-color, and their odor is like rich wine, too sweet almost to be borne, except when the pure fragrance of mignonette is added,—such mignonette as never grows on shore. Why should the poppies blaze in such imperial scarlet? What quality is hidden in this thin soil, which so transfigures all the familiar flowers with fresh beauty? I have heard it said that it is the crumbled rock which so enriches the earth, but I do not know.

If a flock of sheep and various cows did not browse over Appledore incessantly, it would be a little wilderness of wild-flowers in the summer; they love the soil and climate and put forth all their strength and loveliness. And every year or two a new kind appears, of which the seed has been brought by some bird, or, perhaps, shaken out of a bundle of hay. Last summer, for the first time, I found the purple polygala growing in a meadowy piece of turf on the south side of the island. Columbines and the fragrant ground-nut, *helianthus*, and various other plants, grow only on Duck Island; and it is singular that the little potentilla, which I am told grows elsewhere only on mountain-sides, is found here on all the islands. At Smutty-Nose alone certain plants of the wicked-looking henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*) flourish, and on Londoner's only there spreads at the top of the beach a large sealungwort (*Mertensia maritima*). At Star the crooked little ways between the houses are lined with tall plants of the poisonous hemlock (the *Conium* that made the death-draught of Socrates), which flourishes amain, and is the only green thing out of the small-walled enclosures except the grass and the burdocks, for the cows and the children devastate the ground.

Appledore is altogether the most agreeable in its aspect of all the islands, being the largest and having a greater variety of surface than the rest.

Its southern portion is full of interest, from the traces of vanished humanity which one beholds at every step; for the ground in some places is undermined with ancient graves, and the ruined cellars of houses wherein men and women lived more than a century ago are scattered here and there, to the number of seventy and more. The men and women are dust and ashes; but here are the stones they squared and laid, here are the thresholds over which so many feet have passed. The pale-green and lilac and golden lichens have overgrown and effaced all traces of their footsteps on the door-stones; but here they passed in and out, — old and young, little feet of children, heavy tramp of stalwart fishermen, lighter tread of women, painful and uncertain steps of age. Pleasant it is to think of the brown and swarthy fisherman, the father, standing on such a threshold, and, with the keen glance all seafaring men possess, sweeping the wide horizon for signs of fair or foul weather; or the mother sitting in the sun on the step, nursing her baby, perhaps, or mending a net, or spinning, — for the women here were famous spinners, and on Star Island are women yet who have not forgotten the art. Pleasanter still, to think of some slender girl at twilight, lingering with reluctant feet and wistful eyes that search the dusky sea for a returning sail, whose glimmer is sweeter than moonlight or starlight to her sight, — lingering though her mother calls within, and the dew falls with the falling night. I love to people these solitudes again, and think that those who lived here centuries ago were decent God-fearing folk, most of them, for so tradition says; * though in later years they fell into evil ways, and drank "fire-water" and came to grief. And all the pictures over which I dream are set in this framework of the sea, that sparkled and sang, or frowned and threatened,

in the ages that are gone, as it does to-day, and will continue to smile and threaten when we who listen to it, and love it, and fear it now, are dust and ashes in our turn.

Some of the cellars are double, as if two families had built together; some are distinctly marked, in others the stones have partly fallen in; all are more or less overgrown with lichens, and thick, short turf creeps everywhere in and about them. Sometimes garlands of woodbine drape the walls, and poison-ivy clasps and knots itself about the rocks; clumps of sweet flowering elder cluster in the corners, or graceful stag-horned sumachs, or raspberry-bushes with ruddy fruit. Wild spiked thistles spread, and tall mullein-stalks stand like sentinels on guard over the desolation. Beautiful it is to see the delicate herb-robert's rosy flowers among the rough heaps of rock, like a tender after-thought where all is hard and stern.

It is a part of the religious belief of the Shoalers, that the ruinous cairn on the summit of Appledore was built by the famous John Smith and his men, when they discovered the islands, in the year 1614, and I will not be so heretical as to doubt the fact, though it seems just as likely that it was set up by fishermen and sailors for a landmark. At any rate nobody remembers when it was not there, and it is perfectly safe to imagine any origin for it. I never could be precisely certain of the site of the first meeting-house on this island, "built (of brick) at a very early period, possibly the first in the Province," says Williamson, in his "History of Maine." Probably there was no cellar beneath it, and the slight underpinning has been scattered and obliterated by time, — a fate which many of the houses must have shared in like manner. When man has vanished, Nature strives to restore her original order of things, and she smooths away gradually all traces of his work with the broad hands of her changing seasons. The men who built the Pyramids felt this, but will not the world spin long enough to level their masonry with the

* "The character and habits of the original settlers for industry, intelligence, and pure morals have acquired for them great respect in the estimation of posterity." — Williamson's "History of Maine."

desolate sands? Neither is there any sign of the foundation of that "Academy" to which "even gentlemen from some of the principal towns on the seacoast sent their sons for literary instruction"; I quote again from Williamson. How like a dream it seems, looking now at these deserted rocks, that so much happened here in the years that are gone! The connection of Spain with these islands always had a great fascination for me; it is curious that the brightest and gayest of lands, all aglow with sunshine and so rich with southern beauty, should be in any way linked with this place, so remote and desolate. "In 1730, and afterwards, three or four ships used to load at the Shoals with winter and spring merchantable fish for Bilboa in Spain." What wondrous craft must have navigated these waters, — lazy, lumbering old ships, with quaintly carved figure-heads and high-peaked sterns and prows, and heavy draperies of weather-beaten sails, — picturesque and charming to behold, and well enough for the sparkling Mediterranean, but not the sort of build to battle with the Atlantic breakers, as several wrecks of vessels caught in the terrible gales and driven upon the pitiless ledges might testify! The ship *Sagunto*, it is said, met her destruction here, as late as the year 1813, and there are faint echoes of other disasters of the kind, but the names of other ships have not come down to us. One wrecked on Appledore left only a quantity of broad silver pieces sprinkled about the rocks to tell of the calamity. A fisherman from Star, paddling over in his dory to explore the coves and chasms for drift-wood (for the island was uninhabited at the time), came suddenly upon the glittering coins. His amazement was boundless. After filling his pockets a sudden terror possessed him; he began to have a suspicion that something uncanny lurked at the bottom of such good fortune (for the superstition of the natives is very great), and fled home to tell his neighbors, who came in a body and made short work of the process of gathering the rest of the treasure. Oc-

asionally, since that time, coins have been found about the southeast point, whereon the unknown vessel struck and was completely destroyed. Of course Captain Kidd, "as he sailed," is supposed to have made the locality one of his many hiding-places. I remember being awed when a child at the story of how a certain old black Dinah, an inhabitant of Portsmouth, came out to Appledore, then entirely divested of human abodes, and alone, with only a divining-rod for company, passed several days and nights wandering over the island, muttering to herself, with her divining-rod carefully balanced in her skinny hands. Robert Kidd's buried treasure, if it existed, never signalled from below to that mystic rod, and the old negress returned empty-handed; but what a picture she must have made wandering there in the loneliness, by sunlight or moonlight or starlight, with her weird figure, her dark face, her garments fluttering in the wind, and the awful rod in her hand!

On Star Island, I have been told, a little three-legged black pot full of gold and silver pieces was dug up not very many years ago, and it is certainly true that Mr. Samuel Haley, who lived upon and owned Smutty-Nose, in building a wall, turned over a large flat stone beneath which lay four bars of solid silver. He must have been a fine, energetic old fellow, that Samuel Haley. With this treasure, says tradition again, he built at great trouble and expense the sea-wall which connects Smutty-Nose with Malaga, and makes a safe harbor for distressed mariners in stormy weather. (This name Malaga, by the way, is a very distinct token of the Spaniards.) Not only did Haley build the sea-wall, but he erected salt-works which "manufactured excellent salt for the curing of fish," and stretched a rope-walk over the uneven ground to the extent of two hundred and seventy feet, and set up wind-mills to catch with their wide wings all the winds that blew, that he might grind his own corn and wheat and live as independently as possible of his fellow-men, for that is

one of the first things a settler on the Isles of Shoals finds it necessary to learn. He planted a little orchard where the soil was deepest, and with much cherishing care contrived to coax his cherry-trees into abundant fruitfulness, and in every way made the most of the few advantages of the place. The old square house which he built upon his island, and which still stands, had, long ago, a broad balcony running the whole length of the front beneath the second-story windows. This being in a ruinous condition, I never dared venture out upon it; but a large and square lookout, with a stout railing, which he built on the top of the house, remained till within a few years, and I found it a charming place to linger in on still days, and watch the sea and the vessels, and the play of color over the bright face of the world. Looking from that airy station, years ago, I used to think how many times he had sat there with his spy-glass, scanning the horizon and all within it, while the wind ruffled his gray hair and the sun shone pleasantly across his calm old face. Many years of his useful, happy life he lived there, and left behind him a beloved and honorable name. His descendants, still living upon Star, are among the best people in the village. A young girl bearing his name was married this autumn to one of the youthful fishermen. Star Island might well be proud of such a girl, — so modest and sweet, and pretty too, slender and straight, dark-haired, brown-eyed, — as picturesque a creature as one would wish to see, with a delicate rose in her cheek and a clear light of intelligence in her eyes. Considering her, and remembering this ancient ancestor of hers, I thought she came honestly by her gentle, self-reliant expression and her fine bearing, full of unconscious dignity and grace. The old man's quaint epitaph speaks of his humanity in "receiving into his enclosure many a poor distressed seaman and fisherman in distress of weather." "In distress of weather!" — one must live in such a place fully to comprehend the meaning

of the words. It was his custom every night to put in his bedroom window, over the broad balcony facing the southeast, a light which burned all night — a little act of thoughtfulness which speaks volumes. I think the light-house at White Island could not have been kindled at that time, but I am not sure. There is much uncertainty with regard to dates and records of those old times. Mr. Haley is said to have died in 1811, but I have always heard that he was living when the Sagunto was wrecked upon his island, which happened, according to the Gosport records, in 1813. This is the entry: "Ship Sagunto stranded on Smotinose Isle Jan'y 14th 1813 Jan'y 15th one man found, Jan'y 16th 6 men found 21-7 the Number of men yet found Belonging to said ship twelve." I am inclined to think the writer made a mistake in his date as well as in his spelling and arithmetic, for it is an accepted tradition that Mr. Haley found and buried the dead crew of that ship, and I have always heard this spoken of as simple fact. On that stormy January night, runs the story, he placed the light as usual in his chamber window, and I dare say prayed in his good heart that no vessel might be wandering near this dangerous place, tossed helpless on the raging sea in the thick darkness and bitter cold and blinding snow. But that night the great ship Sagunto, from Cadiz, drove crashing full upon the fatal southeast point, in sight of the tiny spark that burned peacefully, unwavering, in that quiet chamber. Her costly timbers of mahogany and cedar-wood were splintered on the sharp teeth of those inexorable rocks; her cargo of dried fruits and nuts, and bales of broadcloth, and gold and silver, was tossed about the shore; and part of her wretched crew were thrown alive upon it. Some of them saw the light, and crawled toward it, benumbed with cold and spent with fatigue and terror. The roaring of the storm bore away their faint cries of distress; the old man slept on quietly, with his family about him, — sheltered, safe, while a stone's-throw from his

door these sailors strove and agonized to reach that friendly light. Two of them gained the stone wall in front of the house, but their ebbing strength would not allow them to climb over; they threw themselves upon it and perished miserably, with safety, warmth and comfort so close at hand! In the morning, when the tumult was somewhat hushed, and underneath the sullen sky rolled the more sullen sea in long, deliberate waves, the old man looked out in the early light across the waste of snow, and on the wall lay—something that broke the familiar outline though all was smooth with the pure, soft snow. He must put on coat and cap, and go and find out what this strange thing might be. Ah, that was a sight for his pitying eyes under the cold and leaden light of that unrelenting morning! He summoned his sons and his men. Quickly the alarm was given, and there was confusion and excitement as the islanders, hurriedly gathering, tried if it were possible yet to save some life amid the wreck. But it was too late, every soul was lost. Fourteen bodies were found at that time, strewn all the way between the wall and that southeast point where the vessel had gone to pieces. The following summer the skeleton of another was discovered among some bushes near the shore. The imagination lingers over those poor drowned sailors; strives to figure what each man was like, what might have been the musical name of each (for all names in Spanish should be musical, with a reminiscence of flute and guitar in them); dwells on the dark-olive faces and jet-black hair, the graceful foreign dress,—curious short jackets, perhaps, with bits of bright embroidery that loving hands had worked for them, all stained and tarnished by the brine. No doubt some of them wore about their necks a cross or amulet, with an image of the “Blessed Virgin” or the “Son of God,” that so they might be saved from just such a fate as this; and maybe some one among these sailor-men carried against his heart a lock of hair, dark and lustrous before the wash-

ing of the cold waves dulled the brightness of its beauty. Fourteen shallow graves were quarried for the unknown dead in the iron earth, and there they lie, with him who buried them a little above in the same grassy slope. Here is his epitaph:—

“In memory of Mr. Samuel Haley
Who died in the year 1811

Aged 84

He was a man of great Ingenuity
Industry Honor and Honesty, true to his
Country & A man who did A great
Publik good in Building A
Dock & Receiving into his
Enclosure many a poor
Distressed Seaman & Fisherman
In distress of Weather.”

A few steps from their resting-place the low wall on which the two unfortunates were found frozen is falling into ruin. The glossy green leaves of the bayberry-bushes crowd here and there about it, in odorous ranks on either side, and sweetly the warm blush of the wild rose glows against its cool gray stones. Leaning upon it in summer afternoons, when the wind is quiet and there steals up a fragrance and fresh murmur from the incoming tide; when the slowly mellowing light lies tranquil over the placid sea, enriching everything it touches with infinite beauty,—waves and rocks that kill and destroy, blossoming roses and lonely graves,—a wistful sadness colors all one's thoughts. Afar off the lazy waters sing and smile about that white point, shimmering in the brilliant atmosphere. How peaceful it is! How innocent and unconscious is the whole face of this awful and beautiful nature! But listening to the blissful murmur of the tide, one can't but think with what another voice that tide spoke when it ground the ship to atoms and roared with sullen thunder about those dying men.

There is no inscription on the rough boulders at the head and foot of these graves. A few more years and all trace of them will be obliterated. Already the stones lean this way and that, and are half buried in the rank grass. Soon will they be entirely forgotten; the old, old world forgets so much! And it is sown thick with graves from pole to pole.

THE HAMLETS OF THE STAGE.

PART II.

THE next lineal Prince of Denmark was Edmund Kean. One is almost forced to write "Poor Kean!" There is something in him which touches the imagination and kindles sympathy in spite of all his faults. Indeed his faults are all extenuated when we get glimpses of his unhappy organization and his painful life.

He never knew who was his father. Even the identity of his mother was a subject of doubt with him in later years. But he called Nance Carey mother, in his infancy, and she dragged him about with her while she played in low booths at country fairs or in obscure theatres, and when not thus employed hawked gloves and patches and perfumes at the doors of rich houses. When she got sick of him, and cruelly neglected him, at the tender age of two years, kind Miss Tidswell, who had also been an actress, took him in and nursed and succored him. What motive she had except humanity we cannot divine. Even Kean wondered at her kindness in after life, and asked pathetically, "If she was not my mother, why was she so good to me?"

Before she took charge of him he had been so ill used that his legs were horribly crooked and deformed. She had them put into iron bandages, which he wore day and night. This was kindly meant, but it doubtless cramped his growth and helped to render him the dwarfish figure he was, for he had the head and shoulders of an Apollo. His benefactress taught him to act, tying him to the bedpost while a mere infant, and making him repeat after her the speeches of Hamlet till the words were fixed in his memory! Her training all seems to have tended to naturalness of speech and action. Before repeating the passage, "Alas, poor Yorick!" she bade the little fellow re-

member her uncle who had lost a leg, and repeat, "Alas, poor uncle!" till he had wrought himself up to the proper pitch of sympathetic pity.

He early frequented the play-houses. Almost before he could walk he appeared on the London stage as Cupid in the opera of Cymon. Even then his wild black eyes and strange beauty attracted admiration. Before he was twelve he played other parts, and figured among the infant imps whom John Kemble introduced around the witches' caldron in Macbeth. There his love of mischief induced him to trip up the heels of his companions so that they rolled on the stage, in a heap, amid the laughter of the audience. When Kemble, in his dignified way, reproved him, Kean penitently begged the manager to consider that he had never appeared in tragedy before!

After Nance Carey heard that the boy was beginning to be worth something, she appeared to claim him. Again he followed her about, acting a little, while she sold her wares from her pedler's basket. One day they stopped at a Mrs. Clarke's. Hearing from a servant of the clever little son of the pedler-woman, who could act like Garrick or Kemble or any one you chose, Mrs. Clarke had him brought upstairs that she might see him. The ragged boy, with his Italian face, his dark liquid eyes, and clustering, unkempt hair, touched her fancy. "What can you act?" she asked. "Anything, madam, — Richard III., Hamlet, Shylock, Harlequin, whatever you like." Interested still more, Mrs. Clarke arranged a little entertainment for that evening, and asked some friends to see him. She draped a portion of her drawing-room with curtains and made a mimic stage. At the appointed hour the boy came in his rags, for he had no

theatrical wardrobe. Mrs. Clarke found a cloak to cover him, a short sword, a laced handkerchief to tuck in his bosom for a frill, and an old hat with a long feather. Thus bravely attired, he went before the company, excited but full of courage. He gave them Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard. Then he tumbled as Harlequin, and mimicked as Bayes. Never had they seen such a juvenile prodigy.

From this time Mrs. Clarke made him her *protégé* and he remained with her for two years, learning dancing, fencing, and other accomplishments; but his strolling life had unfitted him for restraint. If he was sent to school, he ran away. The theatre seemed to be his natural home. He played Harlequin with success in many a company of wandering actors. Sometimes he attempted loftier parts, and was engaged at regular theatres in the provinces. During one of these engagements he met Mrs. Siddons. His Young Norval quite astonished that dignified queen of tragedy. "You played very well, sir, *very* well," she said, patting him on the head, though he was then grown to man's estate; "pity there's too little of you to do anything."

Like many men before and since, he suffered keenly from the consciousness of his low stature. He was even more sensitive than little Garrick had been. One night, in a provincial theatre, when he was playing Alexander the Great, a party in the stage-box jeered at him loudly as Alexander the Little. At first he bore it in silence; but when the taunt was repeated, he strode forward to the box, and glaring on those in it with fierce eyes, said proudly, "Yes, but with a *great soul*!"

Through all his boyhood he kept the name of Carey; but as one Aaron Kean, a tailor or a carpenter, was supposed to have been his father, he assumed that name on becoming a regular actor, and always bore it afterwards. When he was twenty-one, somewhere in the provinces, he married Mary Chambers, who was a clever actress and proved to be his

good angel. Never was a life of more touching devotion than that of Mary Kean. Toilsome marches, made from one theatre to another while fearing she might become a mother before shelter could be reached, hunger to the verge of starvation, fatigue, bitterest poverty, her husband's unsettled habits, — all were borne with heroism, with tender sympathy in his disappointments, with unwavering belief in the ultimate triumph of his genius.

Through his early career of toil and suffering, he longed for an opportunity to appear on the London boards. Night after night he stood at the wings of Drury Lane, gnawing his finger-nails, gnashing his teeth and muttering, "O, if they would but give *me* a chance!" as he saw fellows of no ability swaggering and mouthing upon the ground which was forbidden to him.

His chance came. On a bitter, cold night in February, 1814, he appeared as Shylock. More than half a century earlier Macklin had redeemed the character from the buffoonery of Doggett, and won the compliment,

"*This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.*"

But Kean sought to clothe the part in a dignity and pathos it had never yet worn. At the rehearsal, timid and conservative actors, who clung to stage traditions, stopped him with remonstrances against this or that innovation. No matter how low his heart sank, he wore the face of courage, and at last when some one testily cried, "It's all wrong, Mr. Kean, all wrong," he replied, "It's as *I* wish it to be. If I am wrong, the public will set me right."

The public set his critics right, at once and forever. The audience was thin, and there was depressing silence until he came to the passage where the Jew says,

"*I will be assured I may.*"

His point here brought out a burst of applause. From that moment dates a career of unparalleled success, which lasted almost twenty years. Never does Kean's character appear to such advan-

tage as in his hurrying home that night to his wretched lodgings, as soon as the play was over, to embrace his anxious wife in boyish rapture, and to wake his sleeping son that he might fill the baby hands with the shining guineas he had earned, the first drops of a long golden shower.

His Hamlet was first given in March, a month after his appearance at Drury Lane and while the Hamlet of John Kemble still charmed the town. Already Kean had played Richard and Othello with tremendous effect. His Othello was considered a finer piece of acting than his Hamlet. Indeed the few survivors who still remember him pronounce him the "only Othello of the modern stage." But Kean did not believe this, and liked to play Hamlet best. He always reserved it for his benefit nights, and then appeared in the afterpiece as Harlequin, — a bill sure to crowd the house.

His Hamlet was the antipode of Kemble's. If he could be said to conform to any *rules* of art, his acting was that of the Garrick school, as Kemble's may have resembled that of Betterton. His Hamlet was fiery, spontaneous, passionate, tender. The scene with Ophelia was not only his best, but perhaps the most exquisite ever witnessed. An original feature in it was his mode of parting with her after the last word had been spoken between them. He retired the length of the stage, turned, looked fixedly at her for a moment with unutterable grief and longing, then coming back, he kissed her hand with a sigh of parting and despair, and rushed hastily from her presence.

After the performance of his Hamlet, Mrs. Garrick, then ninety years old, sent for him. She seated him in Garrick's chair, which she said no one else ever had occupied or ever should occupy, and read him a lecture on acting. It was she who induced him to change his reading of the chamber scene and give Hamlet's rebuke to the Queen with greater severity. But Kean never played it as well afterwards, and said petulantly he wished the old lady had

let him alone. Mrs. Garrick was very good to the Keans, and Mary Kean was always grateful to her; but naturally enough Edmund never quite relished her habit of measuring his genius by the standard of her lost David.

When he was fairly on the topmost wave of success, of course there were critics enough to carp at him. Some detractor sneered to witty Jack Bannister, who had been playing the Gravedigger to Kean's Hamlet, "I hear this little man is a wonderful Harlequin." "Of that I am certain," answered Jack, "for he has leaped over all our heads."

Alas, that the success so richly deserved, so honestly earned, did not bring fairer fruits! The bitter seeds which neglect and misery planted in Kean's early youth had poisoned his better nature. Prosperity, instead of taming and civilizing him, only made him mad. Over his later life — his separation from the wife who had been so faithful to him, his rupture with his son, his reckless habits — charity would fain draw the veil of silence.

Early in 1820 he made his first appearance in this country at the new theatre in Philadelphia. His fame had preceded him, but so had George Frederick Cooke, and for several nights the admiration for that great actor created a few dissenters. They soon succumbed, and, on the fourth night of his engagement, when Kean appeared as Hamlet, his position at the head of his profession was admitted. All our leading towns vied with Philadelphia in enthusiasm, and Kean crowned his popularity in Boston by characterizing the city as "the literary emporium of the New World."

But the spoiled child of fortune was soon to be visited with the displeasure of that other spoiled child, the public. Returning to Boston at an unfavorable season of the year, he appeared two nights to thin houses, and on the third, after counting twenty spectators through a loophole in the curtain, he abruptly went to his hotel. The theatre afterward filled up to respectable numbers, and the managers begged him to re-

turn, but he declared that he would not play to bare walls, and that he was packing his trunk to leave the town.

It is hardly possible for us to realize how thin-skinned the American public, and especially theatre-goers, were to any fancied insult from an Englishman, one or two generations ago. There are many cases in point,—the national wrath, not only at foolish and unjust books, like those of Mrs. Trollope and Basil Hall (though even they contained much unwelcome truth), but also at such comparatively kind ones as Dickens's *American Notes*; the indignant arraignment of Fanny Kemble for observing that few Americans sat a horse well; and the bitterness kindled against Macready, in Baltimore, for his alleged remark that he could not get any wood in America fit to make an arrow of for the shooting-scene in *William Tell*. Kean's foolish caprice in Boston was construed into English contempt for America, and so turned the tide of feeling against him, that there were riotous demonstrations in various places, which drove him from the country.

Just before sailing from New York, he visited Bloomingdale Asylum, as it was his habit to study manifestations of insanity for his great part of *Lear*. While there he astounded the superintendent by turning double somersaults across the garden, and in his frenzy he would have leaped from the roof of the house if strong arms had not seized him and borne him away.

He erected over the remains of George Frederick Cooke a handsome monument, bearing the inscription:—

"Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth."

It yet stands in St. Paul's churchyard, at the corner of Vesey Street and Broadway. On his last evening in America, tears streamed from his eyes while he stood before it, listening to the chimes of Trinity, and singing, with great sweetness, "Those evening bells," and "Come over the sea."

Kean carried back to England, as a most cherished relic, the bones of the forefinger of Cooke's right hand, —

"that dictatorial finger" which the great actor had used with such wonderful effect. Dr. J. W. Francis had carefully preserved Cooke's skull. One evening, many years later, when Hamlet was represented at the Park Theatre, through some neglect no skull had been provided for the gravediggers' scene. A messenger from the manager hastened to Dr. Francis's office for one; and Francis furnished the only one in his possession, — that of the veteran actor. Never before or since were the familiar phrases, "Alas! poor Yorick," "A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and "Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar," uttered with such literal truth as by the Hamlet of that evening to the skull of the great actor.

Soon after Kean's return to England, his dissipations, and an intrigue in which he became involved, brought on a series of misfortunes, and finally drove him from the stage. Terribly depressed in health and spirits, and only the wreck of his former self, he revisited the United States in the fall of 1825. His first appearance in New York was prefaced by a pathetic appeal to the hospitality and mercy of the country. Certain of the "unco guid" and some of the hot partisans of Booth attempted to excite a riot; but it is pleasant to remember that New York gave to the unfortunate tragedian a generous and hearty welcome.

Revisiting Boston, he said, in a very humble apology published in all the morning newspapers: "Acting from the impulse of irritation, I was disrespectful to the Boston public. Calm deliberation convinces me I was wrong. The first step toward the throne of mercy is confession; the hope, we are taught, forgiveness." But five years had not cooled the rage of the "literary emporium." The poor actor was twice pelted from the stage with nuts, cakes, and bottles. He retired to the green-room and wept like a child. Meanwhile the frenzied mob used brick-bats and clubs freely, and destroyed a great deal of property; and Kean left

the city by night to escape the imminent peril.

When Kean appeared in Philadelphia, rotten eggs and other missiles were rained upon the stage; but there was a strong police force present, and arrangements had been perfected to call out the military, so order was quickly restored. Baltimore mobbed him, and he narrowly escaped tarring and feathering; but the storm soon blew over, and he played in the leading Atlantic cities with great success.

Living admirers of Kean never tire of dwelling upon the wondrous expressiveness of his black, brilliant eyes, his mobile features, the richness, depth, and melancholy of his voice, his passionate, meteor-like transitions, which thrilled the beholders with awe. Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," describes him as "the most dexterous harlequin, most graceful fencer, most finished gentleman, most insidious lover, most terrific tragedian. . . . He had read history, and all concerning Shakespeare was familiar to him, — times, costumes, habits, and the manners of the age." Shakespeare was so familiar to him, "that I never knew him to look at the writings of the great poet, save once at King John, for any preparation for the stage."

He was full of eccentricities, always requiring his servant to pick up and remove with a pair of tongs newspapers which abused him. The Indians of Northern New York made a deep impression upon his susceptible nature; and, when the Hurons elected him a chief, he declared that even old Drury had never conferred so proud a distinction upon him. Then he surprised his friends by appearing at his New York hotel in the full dress of an Indian warrior, — garments of buckskin decorated with beads and porcupine quills, and with his face streaked with yellow and red, his head decked with eagles' plumes, long black locks of horse-hair falling upon his shoulders, bracelets on his arms, tomahawk at his belt, and bow and arrows in his hand. He was with difficulty prevailed upon to resume the

dress of civilization before returning to Europe.

His heart was full of kindness, not only to early friends and young and struggling actors, but to every suffering and needy human being with whom he came in contact. His generosity was lavish and wasteful. Though his income for nearly fifteen years was ten thousand pounds per annum, he died almost penniless. So susceptible that one glass of wine would overcome him, and so compliant that he could not resist persuasion, though he often tried to run away from it, he was an easy victim to excess. Yet one of his managers testifies that he rarely drank until the labors of the evening were over, and never marred a scene with intoxication. Whenever he had been drinking, the first indication of it appeared in an irresistible tendency to quote Latin.

During the seven remaining years of his life, after his last visit to America, he remained upon the English stage, failing in health and memory until he himself felt that his career was ended. In February, 1833, he was announced as Othello the Iago of his son Charles. The audience received father and son with sympathetic cheers, and the old actor played with something of his ancient fire. But the labors of the third act were too much for him. When, with feeble utterance, he had given the words

"Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone,"

he dropped death-stricken into the arms of his son. He lingered a few weeks, tenderly nursed by the wife of his youth, from whom his conduct had long separated him, but who, in answer to his dying appeal, had taken her place by his bedside. He died with a line of some old tragedy upon his lips.

No English actor after him has ever so touched the heart to its most secret fibres. Charles Kean, Charles Kemble, William Charles Macready each in turn, became the favorite Hamlet; but not one of these had the power, with Kean, "to send us weeping to our

beds." His son Charles, whom we have lately seen bid farewell to the stage in the trembling accents and with the tottering steps of age, was a severe student, always correct and gentleman-like, but by no means the inheritor of his father's genius. Charles Kemble visited the United States in 1832, with his daughter Fanny. He was a good actor, both in tragedy and comedy, and his Hamlet was his greatest achievement; but it paled before the memory of Kean, still fresh, and the personation of the elder Booth, then in his prime. Not to him, but to his daughter Fanny, descended the hereditary genius of the family.

William Charles Macready, born in 1793, and long at the head of the English stage, was a conscientious, cold, polished actor of the Kemble school, thoroughly devoted to his art, a close and affectionate student of Shakespeare, always anxious to exalt and purify the drama, and devoting his leisure to the cultivation of letters. He was a stage manager of tact and judgment. His Hamlet was one of his most successful characters, — finished, artistic, scholarly, but frigid and constrained. It was the Hamlet of culture, rather than of genius. Satirists declared that as he crooked his little finger one night, exactly so at the same point would he be found to crook it ten years later.

Despite these artificialisms, his acting was occasionally so natural, both in tone and manner, that performers familiar only with their own parts actually thought he was in conversation with them. Once, during a rehearsal of *Virginius*, he turned to William Forrest, brother of the tragedian, who was playing *Icilius*, and asked in the words of his part, "Will you lead Virginia in, or do you wait for me to do it?" Forrest politely answered, "Whichever you please, Mr. Macready," while the other actors were infinitely amused. On another occasion, in *William Tell*, his remark to young Wheatley about his shoe being untied was so natural, that even Cowell, an old and expe-

rienced manager, said pettishly, "Don't keep us here all day, Mr. Macready, about that boy's shoe, but go on with the rehearsal." He never received higher compliments.

Macready's introduction of some original "business" into Hamlet led indirectly to serious consequences. In the scene before the King, where the Prince says to Horatio, "They are coming to the play I must be idle," all other Hamlets had taken "idle" in the sense of being listless and unoccupied. Macready gave it a much more liberal construction, counterfeiting a foolish youth, skipping across the stage in front of the foot-lights, and switching his handkerchief, which he held by one corner; over his right and left shoulder alternately, until the King asked after his health. Edwin Forrest, on witnessing this novel interpretation in Edinburgh, hissed audibly. It was naturally charged to professional and national jealousy, especially as he himself had been received in London with similar marks of disfavor. But Forrest in a public letter defended himself, alleging that hissing had always been regarded as a legitimate mode of expressing disapprobation, and that he could not refrain when Macready desecrated the scene by introducing a "fancy dance."

Bitter hostility followed, which involved a good deal of national feeling, and culminated in New York, in May, 1849, in the celebrated Astor Place Riots. On the very first night of Macready's farewell engagement at the Astor Place Opera House, the riotous demonstrations were sufficient to stop the play. But the next evening, urged by his friends, who promised to preserve order, he essayed to appear again. The police arrangements were so excellent that the rioters were not able to get inside; and rendered more furious by this, they commenced an attack upon the walls. The Mayor acted with great promptness; the Riot Act was read, and as the crowd still refused to disperse, several volleys of musketry were fired, killing twenty persons, and

wounding twice as many more. This harsh but wholesome medicine probably ended forever dramatic riots in New York City.

Macready's name completes the list of English actors who have won signal fame as the Prince of Denmark.

Hamlet was first given on this continent at the New York Theatre, in January, 1786, by Hallam, "the father of the American stage," the first manager of the first theatre in this country. It was received with the close attention and frequent applause which any tolerable representation of it always insures. The play soon grew popular everywhere. For several of the last years of that century, Cooper, an Englishman by birth, but American by adoption, was universally recognized as the best Hamlet in the country. Then came John Howard Payne, who, while starving in a Paris garret, wrote the song of "Home, Sweet Home," which preserves his name from oblivion. He was a man of singular beauty, and must have looked the part. We only know that he drew crowds to witness it in Europe and this country.

Next comes Junius Brutus Booth, the most gifted man, the ripest scholar, and the greatest tragedian—with the possible exception of Kean—in the whole history of the English-speaking stage.

Booth was born in London, in 1796. His father, Richard Booth, a devoted lover of liberty, embarked for America during the Revolutionary War, to fight on the side of the Colonies. Taken prisoner and carried back to England, he still held America in the highest veneration, and permitted no one to look at a portrait of Washington, which hung in his drawing-room, save with an uncovered head and a reverential bow. His passion for liberty may be discerned in the fact that he named his two sons Junius Brutus and Algernon Sydney.

Junius Brutus, having laid the foundation of a classical education, left school at sixteen, and tried successively the navy, the law, printing, po-

etry, painting, and sculpture. If, as Schegel says, the dramatic art is rather a union of all the fine arts than properly a separate art, Booth served a rare apprenticeship to his loved profession. He was barely eighteen when, after so many different essays, he gave himself to that art which was henceforth his mistress, and which found in him a devoted and faithful lover.

Among all the actors whom we have been considering, none ever leaped so suddenly into public favor. Kean and Kemble and Macready had been familiar with the stage from childhood. Garrick had been an amateur in boyhood, and was twenty-seven before he played Hamlet. But Booth, who had never seen a play acted till he was sixteen, at twenty was rivalling Kean on the London stage in the difficult character of Richard III.

At this time Kean was playing at Drury Lane, and Booth at Covent Garden. Dissatisfied with the management at the latter theatre, Booth withdrew from it. Immediately all London rang with praises of the generosity of Kean, who had gone "in his chariot" to visit the young actor, and had borne him triumphantly to Drury Lane, where they were to play matched parts. For one night they appeared as Othello and Iago, and divided the applause of the spectators; but after a few representations, Booth began to see that the king of tragedy had no idea of raising up a rival. It became apparent that he was to be extinguished by playing with Kean in parts of little importance. Angry at having been thus deceived, he refused to fulfil the engagement, which, a mere boy in business matters, he had hastily signed at the instigation of Kean, and the management openly accused him of breach of contract. On Booth's attempting to play again at Covent Garden, there ensued one of the fiercest and most brutal riots in dramatic history. It nearly drove Booth from the stage, but he held his ground courageously, and succeeded in playing it down. Probably, however, it made London distasteful to him, for when

only twenty-four he came to this country, and ever afterwards called himself an American.

In spite of the former triumphs of Cooper, Cooke, and Kean, Booth almost immediately became the favorite of the public. Richard III. was his most famous part. But those who saw his Hamlet, before any decay dimmed his greatness, cannot even at this lapse of time speak of it with the calmness of criticism. It was *par excellence* the Hamlet of Shakespeare. In it Booth's wonderful pathos, his fiery bursts of passion, his soliloquies, where each word seemed to drop from his heart rather than from his lips, his veneration for his father's spirit, his impassioned pleading with his mother, and his manner in the last scene, where the destiny which has led and thwarted all his purposes encompasses him with its deepest melancholy and foreboding, are all familiar to us in description. And every look spoke with such full meaning that the deaf could say of him as of Garrick, "His face is a language." Such was his power of throwing all his soul into a word, that when he uttered the simple exclamation, "*Alas, poor ghost!*" tears often streamed from the eyes of his listeners.

Booth was often accused, especially by English critics, of imitating Kean. The facts that they were gifted by nature with some marked points of resemblance, and that Booth was the younger actor, gave color to this charge. They were both of low stature, with handsome faces, wonderfully expressive eyes, and great mobility of feature. Each, too, was gifted with that intense feeling which enabled him to identify himself completely with the part. The imitation seems to have been nature's, — not Booth's.

Booth brought with him to America a lovely wife, who was the mother of his ten children, and who still survives. He bought a large tract of land near Baltimore, and spent his leisure in farming, — a pursuit of which he was extremely fond. Here his liberty-loving father spent his last years, and

here Edwin, his son and successor, was born.

On this secluded homestead, among fair fields, plashing waterfalls, and dim woods, Booth and his family led at times an almost Arcadian existence. Every tree was sacredly guarded from the axe, and no animal food was permitted to be eaten there. Indeed Booth's regard for animal life was one of his most marked characteristics. His heart was so sensitive to pain that he could never bear to see it inflicted, and he was touched by all forms of suffering. "The earliest recollection I have of my father," writes his daughter, in her admirable memorial, "is of seeing him upon his knees before a rough sailor who had asked alms at the door. . . . My father brought him into the house, and washed and bandaged his wounds with the tenderest care."

He loved best to play in the widely differing cities of New Orleans and Boston. Perhaps the one gave him the warm greetings which pleased his ardent nature, and the other the colder intellectual appreciation which gratified his judgment. In New Orleans he once personated Orestes* in Racine's play of *Andromache*, in the original, with a company of French actors. His accent was so pure, and his performance so electrical, that, at the close, the theatre rang with cries of "*Talma! Talma!*"

He was a good linguist, speaking several modern languages with fluency, and being conversant with both Hebrew and Arabic. With the Hebrew race he believed himself allied by blood. He often attended their synagogues, talked with Jewish Rabbis in their sacred tongue, and was thoroughly familiar with the Talmud. Indeed all forms of religion awakened in him some response. He admired the Koran, and knew many of its finer passages by heart; he kept days sacred to colors, ores, and metals; he astonished many Roman Catholic priests by his intimate knowledge of the mysteries of their faith. Best of all, however, he loved to go to worship in

* Montfleury, the French actor, died from over-exertion and excitement in this character.

a humble Sailors' Bethel, where his devout manner and the calm, introverted expression of his countenance reprov'd all levity or inattention.

His eccentricities were commonly attributed to his periodical excesses in drinking, but the underlying cause was in his organization. Not even Kean illustrated so vividly how nearly great wits to madness are allied. No commonplace judgment can be applied to his exquisitely sensitive nature. Even in his younger days, when his habits were abstemious, he seemed to live in a region of abstraction and ideality, in which phantoms became real to him, and he suffered great mental tortures. In later life he often expressed his desire to retire from the stage and keep a light-house, and indeed he once began negotiations to obtain charge of a light-house on Cape Hatteras. His imagination, like Kean's, was greatly touched by the American Indians, and once, in company with Sam Houston of Texas, he journeyed publicly from Pittsburg to Philadelphia in the full paint and costume of a savage warrior. On the stage he became so wrought up that he fully believed himself the character he personated; actors often feared to fence and even to play with him. There was a story current twenty years ago that this once provoked a flash of his quick wit. In the last act of *Richard III.*, Ratcliff enters his tent to wake him.

Richard. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn."

One night in a Southern theatre, when Booth's manner was unusually wild, the frightened Ratcliff of the occasion gasped out,

"'T is I, the early village cock —"

then stammered, and in trying to correct himself, twice repeated the mistake. Booth finally drew himself up, and asked with sternest dignity, "Why the devil don't you crow then?" The curtain went down in a tumult of laughter, and no more of Richard was given that night.

In fact, his eccentricities always touched and often passed the verge of sanity. Once, while playing Ludovico in Boston, he faltered, mixed scraps from other plays with his part, and, in the third act, suddenly broke off from the measured lines he was speaking, fell into a soliloquy, began to laugh, and was led from the stage exclaiming, "I can't read; I am a charity boy. Take me to a lunatic asylum." A few hours later he wandered off and spent two or three nights in the woods before his friends could find him. In 1838, on a vessel bound for Charleston, he was very melancholy, and often alluded to Conway, the unfortunate actor who, in a fit of depression, had jumped into the sea and drowned himself. When Booth heard that the vessel had reached the place where this tragedy occurred, he said, hurriedly, "I have a message for Conway," and himself jumped overboard. A boat was lowered and he was rescued. The moment he was seated in it, he observed to the friend who had helped to save him, "Look out, Tom, you are a heavy man; if the boat upsets, we shall all be drowned."

During the later years of his life, his voice was sadly injured, and confined chiefly to the nasal tones, — the result of his having broken the bridge of his nose by some accident, the circumstances of which he never remembered. Still he held undisputed pre-eminence on the stage till his dying day. He played for the last time in New Orleans, — the parts of Sir Edmund Mortimer, and John Lump in the farce of "The Review." Shortly after, he took passage to Cincinnati while somewhat indisposed, and grew seriously ill on the steamer. There was no physician on board; and, on account of his natural shrinking from observation, he suffered from neglect. Finally, on the 30th of November, 1852, in his state-room, with no one present but the steward of the vessel, he faintly exclaimed, "Pray, pray, pray!" and his soul passed away. The Masons of Cincinnati had his body embalmed, and sent it to his Maryland home. There, in a room from which

all ornaments except a marble bust of Shakespeare had been taken, lay the great actor for three days, so wonderfully life-like that his friends would not believe it anything more than a trance, until a physician assured them that it was death. Over his quiet resting-place, in the Baltimore Cemetery, his son Edwin has erected a monument.

It is too early now to do justice to his genius. Kean, his only rival, had the advantage of a long career on the London boards at a period when some of the most eminent writers in the language were alive, to analyze his genius and perpetuate his fame. The same is true of Garrick and measurably of Kemble. Of Betterton too, though he is so removed from us by time, we can gather a vivid idea from the descriptions of Cibber, of Steele, and of Addison. But Booth's greatest triumphs were won in America, when theatrical criticism was little more than ruthless denunciation or indiscriminate panegyric. Rufus Choate, familiar with almost every line of Shakespeare, and a reverential worshipper at his shrine, regarded Booth as incomparably the greatest of tragedians, and on hearing of his death, said sadly, "*There are no more actors.*"

Booth reared his family with tender care and devotion. Five of the ten children are now living. The one so tragically connected with our national history was named for the famous John Wilkes, who descended from the same stock. The more minutely we study the character of his father, the stronger our impression grows, that Wilkes Booth inherited a taint of madness. Few paragraphs contain more pathos than the lines written by his sister, Mrs. John S. Clark, in the later months of 1865: "A calamity without precedent has fallen upon our country! We, of all families secure in domestic love and retirement, are stricken desolate! The name we would have enwreathed with laurels is dishonored by a son, — 'his well-beloved, his bright boy Absalom!'"

The present generation has seen

several Hamlets of considerable and varied merit. We can only mention Edwin Forrest, who esteemed Hamlet one of his greatest characters and usually played it on benefit nights, but who, though the closest student of Shakespeare in America, had little fitness for the part beyond an unusually deep, rich voice; E. L. Davenport, whose merit as an actor is far beyond his reputation, and who is a much more popular Hamlet in Great Britain than any other American has ever been; and Barry Sullivan, the English actor, whose desert also outruns his fame, and who, played Hamlet to large houses through the United States. But beyond all rivalry, Edwin Booth has succeeded his father in the rôle of the melancholy prince, and has even excelled him in it. The father, like Burbage, won his greatest triumphs in Richard III.; but the son, more than any other actor since the time of Shakespeare, has identified his genius and reputation with Hamlet. All the culture of all schools of acting has been brought to bear upon this personation. He has evidently studied carefully the effective points of Garrick, the beautiful readings of Henderson, the intellectual conceptions of Kemble, the inspiration of Kean, and the commanding genius of his own father. Nature, too, has been most gracious to him. True, he lacks the yellow locks of the Dane, but, strangely enough, no eminent Hamlet, except Fechter, has ever played the character in them. But he is neither "fat and scant of breath" like Burbage, plain-featured like Betterton, low of stature like Garrick and Kean, nor weak-voiced like John Kemble. And he adds to all other advantages enthusiasm for his profession and a profound belief in its dignity and worth. Such a Hamlet ought to recall the palmy days of the stage, and animate some modern Ophelia with the genius of Mrs. Cibber or Elizabeth Barry.

There is no room here for a criticism of the Hamlet of Edwin Booth. His face bears marked resemblance to that of his father; and his acting, though

lacking his father's volcanic and awe-inspiring power, has the same rare grace and tenderness and "electrical swiftness," the same naturalness, and perhaps a more even, finished, and scholarly beauty.

In a stray number of some magazine printed early in this century, we have read a contemporary account of Miss O'Neill as Mrs. Haller, in which her action is so minutely noted, gesture by gesture, every look described, and the delivery of every sentence so set down, that as complete an idea of the personation is obtained as possibly could be gained by those who did not witness it. Such a record the great actor of every great part ought to receive from some worthy critic of the age that owns him, that posterity may be able to judge at least remotely of his merits.* For at best the triumphs of the stage are evanescent. "After all," sighed Choate, when complimented upon his splendid forensic fame, — "after all, a book is the only immortality." And what Cibber says of Betterton, the eulogist of every great actor must say in his turn : —

"Pity it is that the momentary beauties flowing from a harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of

the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them, or at best glimmer faintly through the memory of a few surviving spectators. Could *how* Betterton spoke be as easily known as *what* he spoke, then might we see the Muse of Shakespeare in her triumph, with all her beauties in their best array, rising into real life and charming the beholder. But alas! since all this is so far out of the reach of description, how shall I show you Betterton?"

It has been the fashion in all ages to cry out at the fallen condition of the stage, and bemoan the decline of the legitimate drama. Johnson sadly pictured it in the prologue he wrote for Garrick, and seemed to anticipate that the revival he witnessed would prove but temporary : —

"Perhaps, when Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride."

Doubtless before newspapers, books, reading-rooms, and lyceums were abundant, all classes depended more upon the stage for culture and intellectual recreation than in this age of general intelligence, plentifully diffused. But we are not of those who believe in the decline of the drama. It was held very wonderful that Barry could play Romeo twenty-three nights in one season. Within the present generation, Gustav Emil Devrient played Hamlet in Germany, in Berlin, for eighty consecutive nights; and the New York stage has lately seen Edwin Booth in the same character drawing crowded houses for *one hundred nights* in succession. Is Melpomene dead, or are her laurels withered, when such a thing can be?

* Such a record is the charmingly written little volume on the genius of the elder Booth, from the pen of Gould, the sculptor; and such is Kate Fields's Photographs of the Readings of Dickens. The latter will yet possess something of the interest which a minute picture of Shakespeare reading his plays to Queen Bess would now have. Why should we not have such a record, from some faithful memory, of Edmund Kean, of Edwin Booth, and of Charlotte Cushman? Above all, who will perpetuate the points of Fanny Kemble's interpretations of Shakespeare, which are in themselves almost a chronicle of the traditional stage readings of a century?

AGATHA.

COME with me to the mountain, not where rocks
Soar harsh above the troops of hurrying pines,
But where the earth spreads soft and rounded breasts
To feed her children ; where the generous hills
Lift a green isle betwixt the sky and plain
To keep some Old World things aloof from change.
Here too 't is hill and hollow : new-born streams
With sweet enforcement, joyously compelled
Like laughing children, hurry down the steeps,
And make a dimpled chase athwart the stones ;
Pine woods are black upon the heights, the slopes
Are green with pasture, and the bearded corn
Fringes the blue above the sudden ridge :
A little world whose round horizon cuts
This isle of hills with heaven for a sea,
Save in clear moments when southwestward gleams
France by the Rhine, melting anon to haze.
The monks of old chose here their still retreat,
And called it by the Blessed Virgin's name,
Sancta Maria, which the peasant's tongue,
Speaking from out the parent's heart that turns
All loved things into little things, has made
Sanct Märgen, — Holy little Mary, dear
As all the sweet home things she smiles upon,
The children and the cows, the apple-trees,
The cart, the plough, all named with that caress
Which feigns them little, easy to be held,
Familiar to the eyes and hand and heart.
What though a Queen ? She puts her crown away,
And with her little Boy wears common clothes,
Caring for common wants, remembering
That day when good Saint Joseph left his work
To marry her, with humble trust sublime.
The monks are gone, their shadows fall no more
Tall-frooked and cowed athwart the evening fields
At milking-time ; their silent corridors
Are turned to homes of bare-armed, aproned men,
Who toil for wife and children. But the bells,
Pealing on high from two quaint convent towers,
Still ring the Catholic signals, summoning
To grave remembrance of the larger life
That bears our own, like perishable fruit,
Upon its heaven-wide branches. At their sound
The shepherd boy far off upon the hill,
The workers with the saw and at the forge,
The triple generation round the hearth, —
Grandames and mothers and the flute-voiced girls, —
Fall on their knees and send forth prayerful cries

To the kind Mother with the little Boy,
 Who pleads for helpless men against the storm,
 Lightning and plagues and all terrific shapes
 Of power supreme.
 Within the prettiest hollow of these hills,
 Just as you enter it, upon the slope
 Stands a low cottage, neighbored cheerily
 By running water, which, at farthest end
 Of the same hollow, turns a heavy mill,
 And feeds the pasture for the miller's cows
 Blanchi and Nägeli, Veilchen and the rest,
 Matrons with faces as Griselda mild,
 Coming at call. And on the farthest height
 A little tower looks out above the pines
 Where mounting you will find a sanctuary
 Open and still; without, the silent crowd
 Of heaven-planted, incense-mingling flowers;
 Within, the altar where the Mother sits
 'Mid votive tablets hung from far-off years
 By peasants succored in the peril of fire,
 Fever, or flood, who thought that Mary's love,
 Willing but not omnipotent, had stood
 Between their lives and that dread power which slew
 Their neighbor at their side. The chapel bell
 Will melt to gentlest music ere it reach
 That cottage on the slope, whose garden gate
 Has caught the rose-tree boughs and stands ajar;
 So does the door, to let the sunbeams in;
 For in the slanting sunbeams angels come
 And visit Agatha who dwells within,—
 Old Agatha, whose cousins Kate and Nell
 Are housed by her in Love and Duty's name,
 They being feeble, with small withered wits,
 And she believing that the higher gift
 Was given to be shared. So Agatha
 Shares her one room, all neat on afternoons,
 As if some memory were sacred there
 And everything within the four low walls
 An honored relic.

One long summer's day

An angel entered at the rose-hung gate,
 With skirts pale blue, a brow to quench the pearl,
 Hair soft and blonde as infants', plenteous
 As hers who made the wavy lengths once speak
 The grateful worship of a rescued soul.
 The angel paused before the open door
 To give good day. "Come in," said Agatha.
 I followed close, and watched and listened there.
 The angel was a lady, noble, young,
 Taught in all seemliness that fits a court,
 All lore that shapes the mind to delicate use,
 Yet quiet, lowly, as a meek white dove

That with its presence teaches gentleness.
Men called her Countess Linda ; little girls
In Freiburg town, orphans whom she caressed,
Said Mamma Linda : yet her years were few,
Her outward beauties all in budding-time,
Her virtues the aroma of the plant
That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,
And waits not ripeness.

"Sit," said Agatha.

Her cousins were at work in neighboring homes,
But yet she was not lonely : all things round
Seemed filled with noiseless, yet responsive, life,
As of a child at breast that gently clings :
Not sunlight only or the breathing flowers
Or the swift shadows of the birds and bees,
But all the household goods, which, polished fair
By hands that cherished them for service done,
Shone as with glad content. The wooden beams
Dark and yet friendly, easy to be reached,
Bore three white crosses for a speaking sign ;
The walls had little pictures hung a-row,
Telling the stories of Saint Ursula,
And Saint Elizabeth, the lowly queen ;
And on the bench that served for table too,
Skirting the wall to save the narrow space,
There lay the Catholic books, inherited
From those old times when printing still was young
With stout-limbed promise, like a sturdy boy.
And in the farthest corner stood the bed
Where o'er the pillow hung two pictures wreathed
With fresh-plucked ivy : one the Virgin's death,
And one her flowering tomb, while high above
She smiling bends and lets her girdle down
For ladder to the soul that cannot trust
In life which outlasts burial. Agatha
Sat at her knitting, aged, upright, slim,
And spoke her welcome with mild dignity.
She kept the company of kings and queens
And mitred Saints who sat below the feet
Of Francis with the ragged frock and wounds ;
And Rank for her meant Duty, various
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service ; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.

Fair Countess Linda sat upon the bench,
Close fronting the old knitter, and they talked
With sweet antiphony of young and old.

AGATHA.

You like our valley, Lady ? I am glad
You thought it well to come again. But rest —
The walk is long from Master Michael's inn.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Yes, but no walk is prettier.

AGATHA.

It is true :

There lacks no blessing here, the waters all
Have virtues like the garments of the Lord
And heal much sickness ; then, the crops and cows
Flourish past speaking, and the garden flowers,
Pink, blue, and purple, 't is a joy to see
How they yield honey for the singing bees.
I would the whole world were as good a home.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And you are well off, Agatha ? — your friends
Left you a certain bread : is it not so ?

AGATHA.

Not so at all, dear Lady. I had naught,
Was a poor orphan ; but I came to tend
Here in this house, an old afflicted pair,
Who wore out slowly ; and the last who died,
Full thirty years ago, left me this roof
And all the household stuff. It was great wealth ;
And so I had a home for Kate and Nell.

COUNTESS LINDA.

But how, then, have you earned your daily bread
These thirty years ?

AGATHA.

O, that is easy earning.

We help the neighbors, and our bit and sup
Is never failing : they have work for us
In house and field, all sorts of odds and ends,
Patching and mending, turning o'er the hay,
Holding sick children, — there is always work ;
And they are very good, — the neighbors are :
Weigh not our bits of work with weight and scale,
But glad themselves with giving us good shares
Of meat and drink ; and in the big farm-house
When cloth comes home from weaving, the good wife
Cuts me a piece, — this very gown, — and says :
“ Here, Agatha, you old maid, you have time
To pray for Hans who is gone soldiering :
The saints might help him, and they have much to do,
’T were well they were besought to think of him.”
She spoke half jesting, but I pray, I pray
For poor young Hans. I take it much to heart
That other people are worse off than I, —
I ease my soul with praying for them all.

COUNTESS LINDA.

That is your way of singing, Agatha;
Just as the nightingales pour forth sad songs,
And when they reach men's ears they make men's hearts
Feel the more kindly.

AGATHA.

Nay, I cannot sing:
My voice is hoarse, and oft I think my prayers
Are foolish, feeble things; for Christ is good
Whether I pray or not,—the Virgin's heart
Is kinder far than mine; and then I stop
And feel I can do naught towards helping men,
Till out it comes, like tears that will not hold,
And I must pray again for all the world.
'Tis good to me,—I mean the neighbors are:
To Kate and Nell too. I have money saved
To go on pilgrimage the second time.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And do you mean to go on pilgrimage
With all your years to carry, Agatha?

AGATHA.

The years are light, dear lady: 't is my sins
Are heavier than I would. And I shall go
All the way to Einsiedeln with that load:
I need to work it off.

COUNTESS LINDA.

What sort of sins,
Dear Agatha? I think they must be small.

AGATHA.

Nay, but they may be greater than I know;
'T is but dim light I see by. So I try
All ways I know of to be cleansed and pure.
I would not sink where evil spirits are.
There's perfect goodness somewhere: so I strive.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You were the better for that pilgrimage
You made before? The shrine is beautiful,
And then you saw fresh country all the way.

AGATHA.

Yes, that is true. And ever since that time
The world seems greater, and the Holy Church
More wonderful. The blessed pictures all,
The heavenly images with books and wings,
Are company to me through the day and night.

The time! the time! It never seemed far back,
Only to father's father and his kin
That lived before him. But the time stretched out
After that pilgrimage: I seemed to see
Far back, and yet I knew time lay behind,
As there are countries lying still behind
The highest mountains, there in Switzerland.
O, it is great to go on pilgrimage!

COUNTESS LINDA.

Perhaps some neighbors will be pilgrims too,
And you can start together in a band.

AGATHA.

Not from these hills: people are busy here,
The beasts want tendance. One who is not missed
Can go and pray for others who must work.
I owe it to all neighbors, young and old;
For they are good past thinking, — lads and girls
Given to mischief, merry naughtiness,
Quiet it, as the hedgehogs smooth their spines,
For fear of hurting poor old Agatha.
'T is pretty: why, the cherubs in the sky
Look young and merry, and the angels play
On citherns, lutes, and all sweet instruments.
I would have young things merry. See the Lord!
A little baby playing with the birds;
And how the Blessed Mother smiles at him.

COUNTESS LINDA.

I think you are too happy, Agatha,
To care for heaven. Earth contents you well.

AGATHA.

Nay, nay, I shall be called, and I shall go
Right willingly. I shall get helpless, blind,
Be like an old stalk to be plucked away:
The garden must be cleared for young spring plants.
'T is home beyond the grave, the most are there,
All those we pray to, all the Church's lights, —
And poor old souls are welcome in their rags:
One sees it by the pictures. Good Saint Ann,
The Virgin's mother, she is very old,
And had her troubles with her husband too.
Poor Kate and Nell are younger far than I,
But they will have this roof to cover them.
I shall go willingly; and willingness
Makes the yoke easy and the burden light.

COUNTESS LINDA.

When you go southward in your pilgrimage,
Come to see me in Freiburg, Agatha.
Where you have friends you should not go to inns.

AGATHA.

Yes, I will gladly come to see you, lady.
And you will give me sweet hay for a bed,
And in the morning I shall wake betimes
And start when all the birds begin to sing.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You wear your smart clothes on the pilgrimage,
Such pretty clothes as all the women here
Keep by them for their best: a velvet cap
And collar golden-broidered? They look well
On old and young alike.

AGATHA.

Nay, I have none, —
Never had better clothes than these you see.
Good clothes are pretty, but one sees them best
When others wear them, and I somehow thought
'T was not worth while. I had so many things
More than some neighbors, I was partly shy
Of wearing better clothes than they, and now
I am so old and custom is so strong
'T would hurt me sore to put on finery.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Your gray hair is a crown, dear Agatha.
Shake hands; good-by. The sun is going do
And I must see the glory from the hill.

I stayed among those hills; and oft heard more
Of Agatha. I liked to hear her name,
As that of one half grandame and half saint,
Uttered with reverent playfulness. The lads
And younger men all called her mother, aunt,
Or granny, with their pet diminutives,
And bade their lasses and their brides behave
Right well to one who surely made a link
'Twixt faulty folk and God by loving both:
Not one but counted service done by her,
Asking no pay save just her daily bread.
At feasts and weddings, when they passed in groups
Along the vale, and the good country wine,
Being vocal in them, made them quire along
In quaintly mingled mirth and piety,
They fain must jest and play some friendly trick
On three old maids; but when the moment came
Always they bated breath and made their sport
Gentle as feather-stroke, that Agatha
Might like the waking for the love it showed.
Their song made happy music 'mid the hills,
For nature tuned their race to harmony,

And poet Hans, the tailor, wrote them songs
That grew from out their life, as crocuses
Grow in the meadow's moistness. 'Twas his song
They oft sang, wending homeward from a feast, —
The song I give you. It brings in, you see,
Their gentle jesting with the three old maids.

Midnight by the chapel bell!
Homeward, homeward all, farewell!
I with you, and you with me,
Miles are short with company.

*Heart of Mary, bless the way,
Keep us all by night and day!*

Moon and stars at feast with night
Now have drunk their fill of light.
Home they hurry, making time
Trot apace, like merry rhyme.

*Heart of Mary, mystic rose,
Send us all a sweet repose!*

Swiftly through the wood down hill,
Run till you can hear the mill.
Toni's ghost is wandering now,
Shaped just like a snow-white cow.

*Heart of Mary, morning star,
Ward off danger, near or far!*

Toni's wagon with its load
Fell and crushed him in the road
'Twixt these pine-trees. Never fear!
Give a neighbor's ghost good cheer.

*Holy Babe, our God and Brother,
Bind us fast to one another!*

Hark! the mill is at its work,
Now we pass beyond the murk,
To the hollow, where the moon
Makes her silvery afternoon.

*Good Saint Joseph, faithful spouse,
Help us all to keep our vows!*

Here the three old maidens dwell,
Agatha and Kate and Nell;
See, the moon shines on the thatch,
We will go and shake the latch.

*Heart of Mary, cup of joy,
Give us mirth without alloy!*

Hush, 't is here, no noise, sing low,
Rap with gentle knuckles — so!
Like the little tapping birds
On the door; then sing good words.

*Meek Saint Anna, old and fair,
Hallow all the snow-white hair!*

Little maidens old, sweet dreams !
 Sleep one sleep till morning beams.
 Mothers ye, who help us all,
 Quick at hand, if ill befall.

*Holy Gabriel, lily-laden,
 Bless the aged mother-maiden !*

Forward, mount the broad hillside
 Swift as soldiers when they ride.
 See the two towers how they peep,
 Round-capped giants, o'er the steep.

*Heart of Mary, by thy sorrow,
 Keep us upright through the morrow !*

Now they rise quite suddenly,
 Like a man from bended knee,
 Now Saint Märgen is in sight,
 Here the roads branch off—good night !

*Heart of Mary, by thy grace,
 Give us with the saints a place !*

UNCLE GABRIEL'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CAMPAIGNS.

FINDING that the autobiography, which I wrote out for Edmond Brook, has excited some interest among my friends, I sent for Gabriel Edwards, who is the very freedman to whom I paid a clock for planting our garden in turnips, and requested him to give me some account of his life, and of his campaigns in Virginia, with his two young masters, the Mosleys. Gabriel demurred for a time, maintaining that I had written down what Edmond Brook told me on his death-bed ; that I had in reality written it out so badly, that I had to get my father to write it over for me ; and yet, when it was liked, on account merely of the importance and excellence of Edmond Brook's character, I had taken to myself all the credit of it.

Gabriel therefore insisted that, if he now furnished me an account of his life and services in the late war, he alone should have the credit of the narration.

My feelings were also much affected, when he alleged, as an additional rea-

son for this demand, that a Western author had lately attempted to prove him and his fellows to be but beasts of the earth ; that even his friends at the North were not of opinion that any of his race could distinguish themselves by their literary ability ; and that therefore, feeling in himself consciousness of a talent for narrative, he must have the credit of his own efforts.

I therefore acknowledged my error with regard to Edmond Brook, and agreed to send forward this sketch, in the name of Gabriel Edwards, Violet merely correcting the language and transcribing, and confessing 'that she does that so poorly that it may probably have to be done over again.

I belonged to the estate of an heiress ; and one of the first circumstances which I can remember is seeing her mounted on a beautiful pony, and accompanying her father, who was my old master, round the cotton-fields. I was about twelve years old when I first saw

my young mistress; for I was a field hand, and lived half a mile distant from my master's house, in a village of cottages, which we had entirely to ourselves. Mother used to order me to keep out of the white people's sight; she was afraid they would find out that I was big enough to pick cotton. As the overseer owned a plantation near, and was not much on the place, thinking himself a great gentleman as well as master, I was twelve years old before I was called upon to do any work. At that time master went looking over his book one morning, in which he had set down the name and age of every negro. He there discovered five of us, between ten and twelve years of age, who were not doing any work. He knew that it was a practice among our people, on large plantations, to keep children out of the masters' sight as long as possible, as they grew up. So he did not trouble himself to scold, but only sent word to the overseer to put us five to picking cotton. About nine o'clock at night, the overseer, Mr. Williams, came along through the quarter. We would not one of us have been there had it been daytime. Every one was frightened when we saw him stop at our cabin-door. He called my father out and said, "Where is Gabriel? I wish to see him." I came, and he looked at my height, make, and size. "He will do very well," he said; "bring him with you to the field in the morning." "Yes, sir," said my father, and he rode on. We watched him stop at four other doors, and we knew very well what his errand was. Mammy began to grumble, but pa stopped her. "Mimy," he said, "Gabe has had his meal and meat and his woollen cloth from master ever since he was born; he has a right to call for him to work, and I have nothing to say against it." Mammy stopped grumbling, and the next morning pa washed and dressed me clean, and carried me to the field with him. I was given a large open bag tied round my neck, and my task was to fill it with cotton.

About ten o'clock, master and Miss

Flora came riding along. I stopped to stare; I thought I never had seen such a pretty creature and such a pretty pony. Miss Flora had a little basket of ginger-cakes on her arm, and she rode up to me and gave me a handful; the other children ran up to her too, and she gave all some. Thus I loved Miss Flora from the very first time I saw her.

After a while I used to finish my task early in the day, and go up to the great house, and linger about the kitchen. A great deal of company used to be always coming and going. Miss Flora was master's only child. The whole plantation and all of us would some day go to her, and so the young gentlemen of the town were always gathering round her, like bees after a honeycomb; and Miss Flora liked the fun amazingly: she used to keep them dangling after her, half a dozen at a time. Particular the young doctors, how they used to come around! There was one smart young fellow that could talk like a book. Miss Flora most run away with him once. I am sure she was engaged to him. Then there were two more that thought she liked them, and high fun it was to all of us as well as her. The way the silver quarters and halves used to fly round to them that held the horses was n't slow, and one feller used to give me silver to know what Miss Flora said when he was gone. I always told him she liked him the best, for her maid said so; and he always gave me a quarter for saying so.

After a while master bought a splendid new carriage for Miss Flora, on her birthday, and she chose me to go behind it. How we did use to flourish about. Miss Flora visited all the fashionable people in Edisto. She had a pair of horses that could travel ten miles an hour with ease. Miss Flora did not allow the driver to use a whip. They did nothing but take her about, and they had plenty to do at that.

Miss Flora had a fine time when she was a young lady, sure enough. We went to a great many balls and parties

constantly, and Miss Flora was so pretty and so rich, that there was always two or three young gentlemen goin' with her everywhere she went, and more waiting in the piazza to help her out.

But when I grew up myself, and fell in love, I did not think Miss Flora did altogether right by all these young men, for she encouraged every one of them.

One evening we were at a great ball. I was looking in the window, and I saw Miss Flora sitting on a sofa, talking to a young gentleman. No one was near them. Miss Flora had her eyes fixed on the floor, her cheeks were crimson. She looked both ashamed and vexed. At last I saw the tears running down her cheeks.

They rose up and came out on the piazza, not seeing me. "You have used your power ungenerously," said Mr. Cole. "You allowed me to cut a curl of your hair; you now wear my ring upon your finger. For a year my attachment has been declared you have given me every encouragement, and now you coolly tell me that you have changed your mind. No woman has a right thus to trifle with the affections of a man. Neither riches nor beauty can give you a right to be untrue. And therefore I have forced this interview. I tell you my mind: I would not now marry you, for you are untrue at heart."

Miss Flora could not help weeping. I heard her sob; but he left her, after speaking the last words.

I am sorry to say that this occurrence was reported all about the neighborhood. Several persons knew the circumstances, and had observed the tears which Miss Flora could not restrain.

After this, another gentleman, who had been coming to see Miss Flora for two years, came from Charleston to see her. Miss Flora gave orders that he should not be admitted; for though she had been receiving letters from him, she had just sent one to tell him not to come and not to write to her. I

told him at the door that Miss Flora could not see him; but he knew the parlor well, and he stalked in. There was Miss Flora and her aunt (for I forgot to tell that she had an aunt living with her). He stood up there half an hour, and he gave them both a piece of his mind, I tell you; and he blamed the aunt; but she said Miss Flora would not mind her. When I heard him talking so loud, and grumbling at them wonderful and powerful, I went to call master. Miss Flora ran away to her room, and master acknowledged that she was to blame. They talked and talked, and at last he went, and never came back.

This also was whispered about; but Miss Flora was not done with those slim gentlemen yet. A month after she was goin' to run away with another, and master caught her and stopped her, though I helped her all I could.

At last there came to Edisto a gentleman from Georgia. He was tall and straight, and he had the blackest eyes; he was really a handsome gentleman. His gentleman body servant told me afterwards that he had come to South Carolina expressly to look out for a rich wife.

Well, I cannot tell you how he got in so with master and Mrs. Gilbert (Miss Flora's aunt); but they thought there was nobody like him, from the first time he came into the house, and I think myself they over-persuaded Miss Flora to take him, and Miss Flora was getting so much talked about, at last she agreed to take him. People said at the time that they over-persuaded her, because they were afraid she would run away with Mr. Carter.

When I first saw Miss Flora, she was seventeen years old. She did nothing but spend money, and order dresses, and have her amusement for five years. She was twenty-two when she married Mr. Mosley; that was the name of the handsome gentleman.

I said that when I fell in love myself I knew that Miss Flora was not right to treat those gentlemen as she did, if they were most all young doc-

tors; even doctors have feelings when they are young.

I fell in love with my Nancy at the balls and parties given to Miss Flora when she was married. To be sure I was only seventeen then, but I thought that quite old enough to fall in love. Nancy was a beautiful girl, not darker than that you could see the color come in her cheeks. Her eyes were dark and beautiful, and her hair long and straight. Her mouth stuck out some, to be sure, but I was glad of that, because there would not look to be so much difference between us then; for I was so sorry that I was black and kinky-headed. But I made up the difference in goodness to Nancy. I never let her bring a bucket of water, nor tote a stick of wood, from the time I was engaged to her; and she had everything she wanted, even if I had to *lift* it for her.

Nancy's mistress gave us a grand wedding at our marriage, which was about two years after Miss Flora's, and Miss Flora gave us a fine wedding dinner at home. She took a great notion to Nancy, and wanted to buy her, but her mistress would not part with her.

And now, not to make my story too long, I will pass over some years rather briefly. In that time I had helped to lay in the grave three children of Miss Flora's, and she still had one living. Each had died just as it became old enough to be the darling and admiration of the whole place. The one who lived longest was a beautiful little girl named after Miss Flora. She lived to be three years old, and then took a sudden cold and died.

I did wonder, when I drove Miss Flora to the funeral of that child, with the little coffin on the front seat of the carriage, if she remembered how she used to do all those gentlemen.

Miss Flora looked broken by that time; and Mr. Mosley, when he once got everything in his power, did not care much how he treated her or what he said to her. She had to mind him.

When the war broke out, old master

had been dead a long time, and Miss Flora had two sons grown up and one daughter. These two sons took a notion that they must join the army. Miss Flora prayed and begged them not, and so did Mr. Mosley. They told them they should run the blockade, and go to see the curious countries on the other side of the great water, where the people can't talk our sensible talk, but talk all sort of outlandish talk, and can't even call a horse a horse, or meat and bread meat and bread.

Well, while they were talking about it, Mas' Harry ran off, and went to join the army. Mr. Mosley followed him to Charleston, and persuaded him to come back on condition that he should be allowed to go, and should have a splendid horse, and me to go with him.

Mr. Mosley was as good as his word. He did not persuade him any more; he bought him a fine horse, and me one to follow him; and he sent us off.

But poor Miss Flora was breaking her heart about Mas' Harry. I knew that when we left her, and I charged Nancy then, and all my family, to take care of my poor mistress, for she had been used to the sunshine, and now troubles were come to her.

Mas' Harry and I joined the 4th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. We went on the cars as far as a place in North Carolina, — I forget the name. Everywhere that we stopped, the ladies gathered with wreaths of flowers and baskets of refreshments. The pretty young ladies handed round tin buckets of milk and baskets of cakes, and helped all the young gentlemen themselves, and gave them bunches of flowers, and some of them made speeches and presented banners; and where we stopped at night there would be a dance got up for the young heroes, — all of them thought they were as grand heroes as General Jackson; him that fought all the Britishers, and run them all into their ships, — just himself and two aids and his battle-axe; and every one of these youngsters thought they was goin' to do like him,

and they all thought they were heroes before they got to a battle-field. If I was a nigger, I was much older than Mas' Harry, and I thought to myself, "They don't know yet what the fighting is going to do with them, — them poor children." But Mas' Harry thought there was nothing like going to the army, and hearing the pretty young ladies call him a hero.

We came to a place called Manassas Junction, where several roads joined together, and there they were expecting to have a fight. The Virginia Volunteers marched out to meet and to salute us, and the young ladies gave us a ball the next night.

Mas' Harry joined a mess with several other young men, and they had me to cook for them. Mas' Harry had a plenty of money. Poor Miss Flora had told me, almost the last thing she said to me, that if I did not take care of Mas' Harry she would haunt me when she died. I did my best to take care of her child for her, and I would have done it anyway. I got some fellows to help me, and I built Mas' Harry a real comfortable cabin with a good chimney to it; and, when he was on guard, he never came in, night or day, but there was dry clothes and hot coffee and victuals for him.

When the battle of Manassas came on, Mas' Harry had been sent some miles off by some of the officers, and I was so glad, when I heard the firing, that he was gone. The 4th Regiment was ordered to stop the advance of the enemy, — to keep them amused, they called it, — and one of the officers told me to call Mas' Harry.

"Poor amusement where that firing is," said I to myself; "I not goin' to call Miss Flora's child to no such amusement." So they marched on, and I stayed still. "Law, I'm so glad Mas' Harry gone!" I kept saying to myself.

About eleven o'clock here came Mas' Harry. "O Gabe! help me," said he; "give me your horse."

"Law, Mas' Harry," said I, "you listen to me; nobody knows you are

here; just stay here with me till the fighting is done, and then come out."

"No indeed, Gabe," says he; "I'm going to do my part. Don't you know how General Jackson run the Britishers? I'm going to do so, too."*

"Ah, Mas' Harry, if you git killed, what will Miss Flora say to me? She'll think I did n't take care of you."

"Get along, Gabe! I'm not a baby now"; and off Mas' Harry was gone. I followed him. I was determined, if he was wounded, to take care of him and bring him off. I and two other men-servants hid behind a haystack, and watched them. I saw Mas' Harry go right up to where General Bee was. His men were standing as stiff as if the bullets and cannon-balls were only rose leaves and summer breezes.

I saw General Evans send Mas' Harry about with orders. I did not thank him. Thinks I, "It's not you Miss Flora is going to scold if he gets hurt." He was done carrying orders for General Evans, and he was near General Bee when he fell. I was sorry for General Bee, but I kept trying to watch Mas' Harry through all the smoke and confusion.

At last I saw the enemy run. Then I came to follow Mas' Harry. All this time I could not see the 4th Regiment anywhere. I thought they were all killed. I saw dead bodies lying everywhere in piles. There would be five or six against one tree, and the wounded men groaning. Some were shot most to pieces, and yet living. The poor fellows begged me for water. I found Mas' Harry among them, giving them water too. Mas' Harry was no way hurt, so that one dreadful day to me was over.

Mas' Harry and I and all the camp-servants were taking up the wounded men, and bringing them in, and helping the doctors, till twelve o'clock that night. Then I put Mas' Harry in mind to write to his ma, and as soon as possible I took the letter and posted it myself, to let her know that Mas' Harry was safe.

* The young master uses this argument in jest, as the most likely to convince Gabriel.

I do not rightly remember the next battle in which Mas' Harry was engaged, but he was exceedingly praised and admired for carrying orders, as he had done for General Evans. I heard after this first battle, which I remember the name of, — Manassas, — that General Evans had sent away all his aids. He then called for some one to carry orders. For a few moments no one volunteered. Then Mas' Harry offered himself.

Though he was but eighteen years old, and though Manassas was his first battle, yet he had conducted himself with so much bravery and sense, that he was complimented and noticed by all the officers near him, and was placed on General Evans's staff for a while. But this very success of Mas' Harry's proved unfortunate. When Mas' Elias heard all this, he could not be kept at home. Here he came too, to join the army, and my brother Mike to wait upon him.

The night before the skirmish at Fairfax, there were twenty young men in and around our tent, drinking wine, and having a fine time. They all complimented Mas' Harry, so that at last he got a little too much set up. Mas' Elias, he thought his brother was going to be a greater man than Stonewall Jackson.

I heard Mas' Harry tell how General Bee had given this name to this new General Jackson. Just as Mas' Harry got near to him, he shouted to his men, who had begun to waver: "See Jackson, there! He stands as firm as a stone wall. Let us show that the South-Carolinians can stand fire as well." Poor General Bee, he fell directly afterwards; but he had given the name to Jackson by which he was known from that time.

But my poor Mas' Harry, he had now fought through several battles without receiving a scratch, and he had become quite used to it, and quite confident.

On this fatal morning of the skirmish, he and Mas' Elias had marched off with the rest of the white men, and Mike and I, and some more of us, were watching them from behind some pines. We saw Mas' Harry gallop towards us, with

orders from General Evans. A discharge of cannon took place just then, and we could not see him any more for the smoke. We got a spy-glass, but we still could not see him. After a dreadful time, at last Mas' Harry's horse came back without his rider.

If Mas' Harry had been my own child, I could not have cried any more. And yet I cried more for poor Miss Flora than for him. But we could not do anything until night, and we did not know what had become of Mas' Elias either. He belonged to Colonel Marshall's regiment from South Carolina. At last the troops began to come back, though the battle was not gained. They were going to fight the next day again. O, that was awful when they took to fighting two or three days before they were done! Mas' Elias was all right. We told him we had missed Mas' Harry ever since morning, but we knew the spot where he disappeared. He told us to give him a horse, and lead the way; we never spoke until we reached the spot. There was a heap of dead bodies right there. We had a lantern, and we turned them over searching for Mas' Harry. Poor Mas' Elias stood still and white as a stone figure. Boy as he was, not seventeen, he did not cry.

At last we came to poor Mas' Harry. There he lay, shot right through the body, — a hole blown through him big as my hand. O, there was no life in him! I threw myself on the body. I just screamed, "O, Miss Flora's child, and I was to take care of him! I rather have him died when he was a baby!" — O Miss Violet, it's not easy for me to talk about poor Mas' Harry now!

We made a litter of pine boughs, and we brought him to his tent. Mas' Elias walked behind, and then he began to cry.

Colonel Marshall gave Mas' Elias leave of absence that same night, and in the morning he came back with a coffin. We laid Mas' Harry in it. A pretty young lady, that had danced with him one week before, came with some others and brought flowers to

strew upon him. They kissed his poor, cold face, — for his mother, they said, — and then told me to tell her that none was so beloved and none so brave as he was. They scattered their flowers in the coffin. They cut locks of his hair; some they kept, and some they sent to his mother.

When they were gone, Mas' Elias took his last kiss. We closed the coffin and put it in an ambulance to go to Richmond. I was to take it home on the railroad. Mas' Elias had written to telegraph his father to be ready for it.

I sat in the baggage-car with poor Mas' Harry all the way. I would not leave his coffin until we came to his mother.

When we got to Charleston I took the steamer for Edisto, to carry him home the last time.

Mr. Mosley met us at the wharf. He never shed a tear, but Miss Flora and little Miss Annie, O how they did cry! The coffin was set on a lounge in the drawing-room.

They opened the coffin, and Mas' Harry lay there in his full uniform, looking quite natural. Miss Flora lay down by him, with her arm stretched out over him, until he was taken away to the funeral, the next evening.

Many people came in to see him, but Miss Flora never took notice of any one who came and went. She kept holding his hand in hers, and did not seem to know anything that passed, until they took away the coffin. Mr. Mosley had to hold her still when that was done.

There was not a servant on the place who did not crowd to the piazza, to have a last look at our young master. None of us had ever liked Mr. Mosley, nor ever called him master out of his own hearing;* but we all did love Miss Flora and her children, for they were our own master's flesh and blood like. We all cried afresh when we saw Mas' Harry, for the first time, not answer to any of us.

* It was usual for servants to feel and show a difference between an own mistress and her husband. They never willingly gave the title of *master* to one whom they did not like.

The grand carriages, full of all the relations and friends of the family, went first. Then came the wagons full of us servants, and many more followed behind on foot.

When the coffin was set down in the church, Mas' Harry's sash and sword were laid upon it. I never heard a word of the service; all I knew was that this was the last of him, — that we were going home without him.

They placed the last sod over the coffin, by the side of the little children whom I had so often carried about in my arms, and played with, and helped to bury. But I saw some of the people begin to talk all sorts of news as soon as they came out of the churchyard. Some of them called to me, as the last person from the seat of war. But I sent them word I did not know anything about the victory or the battle; I was not going to talk to them about anything, and Mas' Harry just laid in his grave.

A week afterwards Miss Flora sent for me; she was lying in her bed pale and wasted. Little Miss Annie sat on the bed by her, with a Bible in her hand. Miss Flora kept asking me, Did Mas' Harry read his Bible in camp? Did he say anything to me about going to heaven if he was killed? What did he say the last night?

Now Mas' Harry had been drinking wine late with all his young companions that night, and I am afraid he had never thought about getting killed.

But I looked at my poor mistress, who had always been good to me; I remembered the pretty young girl she was, when first I saw her; I looked at her now, so wasted and worn with trouble and grief. I said to myself, "Law, Miss Flora, I will do you one more service, if I never speak again."

So I told her that Mas' Harry had had a prayer-meeting in his tent the very night before he was killed, and that there was a colporteur in camp, who constantly read the Bible and prayed with him, and that he had been exhorting Mas' Elias to be good that very night.

Miss Flora stretched out her poor little thin hand and shook hands with me. "I thank you, Gabriel," she said. "O, what a comfort it is to me to know this! It is the greatest comfort you could have given me. O Annie, my daughter, and you, my faithful servant, I must say it! when I lay my children in the grave, I then remember how, in my vain and thoughtless youth, I used often to enter the house of God without a thought, save of my dress and jewels, and of the number of beaux by whom I was attended. O Annie, I must tell you not to be like your poor mother!"

Mis Flora could not speak any more for some moments, and I was going, but she stretched out her hand to keep me. She desired me to go back to Mas' Elias and to remain with him, and take care of him.

"Mr. Mosley has written to try and have Elias sent home," she said; "but if not, stay with him, and take care of him, and may God in mercy spare me this one."

I went back to Virginia to Mas' Elias. Mike was there with him, but I was determined to take care of him too. But the worst of it was, you could not do anything with these white young men. Mas' Elias had seen his brother killed before his eyes, you may say; yet when I wanted him to take sick, or to keep out of the way a little, he would say, "No, Gabe, I am fighting for my country, I will go forward and do my duty."

"Law, Mas' Elias, what your country going to do for you? Mind your poor mother; that is who you had better mind; and when Mike bring you word they are going to fight, just stay in your bed a little. If they get here to the tents, I will tell you in good time."

Mas' Elias just laughed in my face. "O Gabe," said he, "I would feel my honor and the honor of my family stained by such an idea."

"O Mas' Elias, you had better stay in your bed than get killed like Mas' Harry."

"No, Gabe," he said, "I was wrong

to insist on leaving my poor mother, and coming to the army; but now I am here, I will do my duty."

Well, Mas' Elias kept on fighting through several battles, and I got to thinking that he was not going to be hurt or killed, though I always watched his regiment all through the day.

Mas' Elias was much more serious after Mas' Harry was killed; he really did use to read his Bible, and listen to preaching, and buy books from the colporteur and read them.

At last came a night skirmish. Mas' Elias went with his company to make a reconnoissance, they called it. The company was driven back by some of the enemy, who were also spying around to see what we were about. But Mas' Elias did not come back among them. I asked his messmates where he was. They said they saw him fall, and were sure he was killed, and did not stop to bring him off. But two of them said they would go with Mike and me to find him, and show us the place. We took a white flag with us. But when we reached the exact spot where he fell, Mas' Elias was not there. I could not help it. I quarrelled and railed at the men for not bringing him off; for he had been sharing with them whatever he had. But in the midst of it, he knew my voice, and answered. He was behind a rock not far off. Though dreadfully wounded, he had crawled there. We ran to him, and we were so overjoyed to find him alive that we forgot we had been quarrelling. He was dreadfully wounded; his leg was shot through and his arm broken. When we raised him, to lay him on a blanket which we had brought, he fainted with pain. We passed some Yankee soldiers also taking up their dead and wounded; but each party carried a white flag, and was not molested by the other.

When we got the doctor to Mas' Elias, he was still insensible. The doctor examined his wounds. Some other poor fellows had been brought in, and were laid by Mas' Elias; for we had carried him to the hospital.

His leg was so shattered, that the doctor said it would have to be cut off, and perhaps his arm also. I told the doctor how rich Miss Flora was, and that she would give any money to the one who should save her son. I called some of the white men, who belonged to Mas' Elias's mess, and they agreed in all that I said. This doctor then called another, and after that Mas' Elias received particular attention. I used to send Mike away for everything that was wanted, and I never left him day or night. I saw some poor fellows brought into the hospital, shot all to pieces, one might say, and yet they would recover. I saw another, who had only a flesh wound in the calf of his leg; he died of gangrene the very day after Mas' Elias was brought there.

I noticed that the nurse washed all the wounds with the same sponge and basin and rags. I never let that nurse come near Mas' Elias. I bought everything separate for him. I washed his wounds myself, and I made Mike wash the sponges in running water every time I used them.

Mas' Elias never spoke, or seemed to know anything until after his leg was taken off, which they did the next day. It was cut off above the knee; his arm was dreadfully mangled; and O how hard it was to handle him and not hurt him! Sometimes he was cross; but Mike and I never minded it; he was not cross when he could help it. He took notice that there were two of us to attend him, and one nurse to a dozen others. He told us to help the others all we could; but they were mostly poor buckrah; we would not leave our mistress's child to attend to them. Day after day I watched beside his bedside in that hospital. The sweet spring came on, and the bright sunny days, but still I never left him, unless I left Mike with him, and then for a few moments only. Mike had every wish to be of service to Mas' Elias, but he never had the head-piece that I have, nor the natural understanding. So I always stayed myself, and sent him about.

Every day some poor fellow died and was carried out. They all looked for Mas' Elias to be the next one. A lady used to come and read the Bible to him, and write to his mother for him; he told us more than once that he felt quite willing to die, and that his mind was very quiet. This calmness of mind I think saved him, for at length he began to recover. As soon as he was able to be moved, the doctor ordered him to a private house near by.

The people made very much of him there, and the ladies watched over him as though he had been their own child; but as soon as he could sit up, he longed to get home to his mother.

The Sea Islands being in the hands of the enemy, we had received letters, that Miss Flora's family had taken refuge at a place in the up-country called Dark Corner. Mr. Mosley bought a cottage and farm in the country, near that village, and it was there we were to carry Mas' Elias, as soon as he could be moved.

But though he got well, and was in good health again, yet it always seemed most melancholy to me to see one whom I could remember so active and smart, with one leg cut off and one arm disabled.

Miss Flora did not seem to mind anything, so that her son was restored to her. Mr. Mosley had a good head of his own, and had bales and bales of cotton put by, and silver put up, so that we generally have had comforts all the time.

When the family went back to Edisto, Miss Flora gave me a deed in writing of a house and twenty-five acres of good land,—for my faithfulness, she said. Mas' Elias gave me a horse, plough, and wagon, and provisions for a year. So I and my wife and children live here as happy and comfortable as can be.

And all I hope for now is never to see another war, nor any more fighting; and I wish you to believe that one of my race can tell a history if we can get a writer to put it down.

GABRIEL EDWARDS.

THE "STRIKERS" OF THE WASHINGTON LOBBY.

AN incident that occurred in the second year of the war illustrated anew the danger there is in drawing an inference from an incomplete statement of facts. A large steamer with two thousand troops on board lay in Boston Harbor, with steam up, ready to sail for Ship Island, the rendezvous of the expedition against New Orleans. The island was already crowded with soldiers, and this ship-load was to be the last. The commander of the military part of the expedition was at a hotel in Boston that morning, and the captain of the steamer only awaited his coming on board to put to sea. The weather was fine; there was the usual crowd on the wharves to witness and cheer the departure of the vessel; everything was in readiness, even to the stationing of the sailors at their posts. But the general did not appear. The morning passed, the afternoon wore away, the sun set, and yet he came not. The next day passed, and still no general. A week, two weeks, three weeks, two days more than three weeks, elapsed before the general in command came on board and gave the order to sail; and during all that long period he gave no explanation of the delay, and seemed wholly indifferent with regard to it. Beyond taking minute and effectual precautions for the preservation of the health of the men on board, and running down to Washington now and then, he appeared to be doing nothing, and to enjoy his leisure. He went so far as to invite people to dinner, and took rides into the country, and was said even to indulge in the national game of euchre; but this last statement I believe to have been a slander. I have had the pleasure of seeing General Butler in almost every variety of circumstances, and in all moods, but never have I beheld him reduced to such a condition of mental vacuity as that would imply.

Now, this huge steamer, with her fires banked up and her dense population of twenty-two hundred men, lay during those twenty-three days in sight of Boston, and every newspaper that appeared mentioned the fact that she had not yet sailed. It was also made known to the public that the steamer was chartered at three thousand dollars a day. Every one asked, Why this delay? and, in the absence of knowledge, many men conjectured a reason. Human nature abhors a vacuum of this kind, and will be guessing, inferring, or, alas! inventing. Here was an incomplete exhibition of facts. Here was a fallow field prepared for a growth of falsehood.

And here I beg leave to suggest that, if ever there is another great book produced in this world, it should be a treatise upon the Natural History of Lies. Any one almost, who has occasion to handle the materials of which history or biography is made, will soon begin to suspect that there are *laws* which govern the generation, dissemination, and extinction of lies, just as there are laws which control the production and dissemination of thistles and weeds. An observing farmer knows very well what trees will spring up in an abandoned field, and what trees will take the place of a forest destroyed by a fire or laid low by the axe. He knows where to look for mushrooms and where for mullein-stalks, and in what circumstances clover may be expected. Science has in some degree explained these things, so that we now understand why, when a wood is cut down, the trees that spring up upon the vacant soil are of a different kind from those that stood there before; why the rich loam of the old farm-yard bubbles up into mushrooms, and the hot sand of the roadside produces mullein; and why watery melons thrive best in dry places, and dry grain in a soil that retains moisture.

After twenty years spent in trying to extract truth from the tangle of falsehood that usually surrounds it, I have the strong impression that lies do not start into being by chance, and that the laws governing their production could be, by a lifetime of well-directed study, ascertained. It would also be possible, perhaps, to show why one honest man is so credulous of evil that he believes readily, and repeats with alacrity and with exaggeration, every tale that blackens a human character; and why another honest man, no better than the other, should be so incredulous of evil that he shuts his mind against every accusation until irresistible testimony compels him to open it.

In the absence of any Philosophy of Falsehood, I will venture to assert that there is a general tendency in human nature *to believe the worst*. It is human to people the unknown with horrors. It belongs to the childhood of our race to think that there are things of terror hidden in the depths of the Druids' forest, and that mortals fall dead upon the shores of enchanted islands. The more ignorant a sect, the more horrible is its hell, and the more use it makes of it. It is said that peasants generally think that profound wickedness is committed in castles and mansions, and many of us know how grossly the mansion sometimes misconceives and undervalues the cottage. At the Bowery Theatre they often have plays in which what is called high life is misrepresented. Invariably the villain of the piece, the crafty seducer of innocence, is a person living in great splendor in a fashionable street, and the virtuous hero who delivers the damsel from his clutches is a workingman in a checked or a red shirt. The Bowery *knows* something about human nature in the Bowery, and believes it virtuous, — as it is; but it is ignorant of human nature in the Fifth Avenue, and thinks it wicked, — which it is not.

A popular explanation of the steamer's delay was, that the general in command had an interest in the charter, and was pocketing several hundred dollars a day

by keeping the ship, Admiral Farragut, the fleet, and the army waiting. It is not easy to grasp the stupendous improbability of this theory; and yet, such is the constitution of some minds, that there were people who believed it; educated people, too. If John Adams had been alive, he would have believed it, and put it down in his diary. It is, I repeat, the nature of some men to have minds wide open to injurious falsehood. I need hardly remind the reader, that the true reason why the steamer did not sail was, that the Mason and Slidell affair was pending, and the general was kept waiting by orders from Washington, until it was decided whether we were to have war with England or not. He could no more explain the reason than General Washington, in 1775, near the same Boston, could explain *his* five months' inactivity. British officers and Boston tories, of course, ascribed it to the cowardice of the provincial militia; and doubtless there were ill-natured patriots who whispered that the Virginia General had an "understanding" with General Gage, or sympathized with the Dickenson party in Congress. "It could not be for want of powder; for did not General Washington waste powder almost every week in vain salutes and useless cannonading?" But, you see, it *was* want of powder; and the purpose of the cannonading was to hide the fact from the enemy; as garrisons used to toss loaves of bread over the ramparts, to conceal from the besiegers that they were starving.

Another good case in point is that of Commodore Vanderbilt and his alleged "black-mailing," a few years ago, of the companies running steamships between New York and San Francisco. It is both amusing and instructive to read the testimony of witnesses, and observe how the blackness of the naked fact is mitigated as the reader's knowledge of the transaction increases. The naked fact, as given by a hostile witness, was, that the two companies paid Mr. Vanderbilt four hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year, for more

than three years, merely for not running an opposition. The witness, a director in one of the companies, pronounced the compact "illegal and unwarrantable," and a "robbery." It may have been unwarrantable; but notice how much less so it appears when we know all about it. Our first impression is, that Cornelius Vanderbilt was a grasping, unprincipled "striker," and we find ourselves asking, What opera-house did he buy with his booty? He *seems* to have extorted from the two mail companies, i. e. from the people of California, a million and a half of dollars, rendering in return absolutely nothing.

But another witness tells us that he bound himself to prevent all other men and companies from starting an opposition, which was something more than nothing. Another witness testified that, by leaving the field free to those two companies, he kept five of his own large sea-going steamers either idle or unprofitably employed; and that it was necessary for him to retain those steamers in his possession in order to be able to intimidate possible opposition. Californians may say that all this does but aggravate the offence. They will feel that this compact was, after all, an abominable conspiracy of millionnaires to cheat poor, homesick California when she went home to see her mother. But now the president of one of the companies takes the stand, and adds some facts which put a different face upon the matter. He stated that it cost (in 1860) one hundred thousand dollars to transport a load of passengers (five hundred) from New York to San Francisco; that the average life of a sea-going steamer was ten years; that, consequently, the companies must make money fast, and must seem to be making it *very* fast, in order not to lose; that the business was not sufficient to support two lines and two capitals; that, therefore, opposition was inevitable ruin to one of the parties; which being accomplished, the "monopoly" would be re-established, and the public no better off than before. For these reasons, the president was

of opinion that the arrangement was—but let him speak for himself and the directors: "We felt that it would be ruinous to our enterprise to permit that competition; and for the protection of the interests of the stockholders, we, representing two millions, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, representing three millions and a half, made this arrangement with Mr. Vanderbilt. He permitted his own ships to lie idle, or employed them in the Atlantic trade, at a loss at times; and it was considered, in view of the large capital which he had thus unprofitably employed, that a subsidy of forty thousand dollars a month was *about equitable*. The arrangement was perhaps beneficial all around."

The reader may not agree with this conclusion; but he perceives at least that increase of knowledge respecting the transaction changes it in character, from a foul conspiracy of wealthy men and corporations against the public, to an "arrangement" between capitalists, concerning the propriety of which there *can* be two opinions.

I was present in the House of Representatives last winter, when a most striking illustration was afforded in debate of the manner in which isolated facts can lie. In discussing the alleged Indian infamies, a member stated that at a quartermaster's sale at one of the Western forts, in 1868, two new steam saw-mills, one of which had cost the government ten thousand dollars, were sold for two hundred and fifty dollars. He also said that a quantity of good army trousers were sold for twenty cents a pair, excellent overcoats for twenty-five cents each, new seventy-dollar stoves for a dollar and a half each, and good forty-cent bacon for three cents a pound. "I have talked," said he, "with the purchaser *to-day*, and called his attention to these items, and he told me they were correct." The government realized from that sale four thousand five hundred dollars; but the persons for whom they were purchased sold them at the nearest large town for one hundred and twenty thou-

sand dollars. One man, he added, cleared sixty thousand dollars; and the two saw-mills were still running in Montana, doing a large business. This was an exhibition of facts damning to somebody, and it produced an effect even amid the bustle and resonance of the House of Representatives. But the next speaker was a member from the vicinity of the dismantled fort, who declared himself to be personally cognizant of the facts of the sale. The fort, he said, at the time of the sale, "was surrounded by thousands of hostile Indians," and the articles sold were all but valueless because of the difficulty of getting them to a place of safety. But there was one man at the fort, a half-breed, who had married a squaw of the hostile tribe, to whom the Indians were friendly, and who *alone* could get the merchandise through the infested region. By him and through him the goods were bought. "I believe," added the member, "that it would have been better for the government to have left everything that was sold at the fort, or to have burnt it up, than attempted to move it away with its own transportation."

This statement did not pass unquestioned. It is open to remark. But the incident showed, not the less, how necessary it may be to know the whole truth in order to judge of any part of it.

Congress has rather a bad name. The effect produced upon the country some weeks ago by certain tirades in the Senate shows how general is the feeling that the Congress of the United States is sliding down toward the bottomless pit of infamy, where the aldermen, councilmen, and supervisors of the city of New York are more than content to dwell. And yet those tirades were plainly untruthful. "In our late war," said the Senator who uttered them, "there was not one virtuous or high-toned principle animating the contestants. It was nothing but a struggle for place and power, which commenced right here in this chamber." This was mere rubbish; but, such is the fondness of some

minds for whatever justifies an ill opinion of human beings, it was not universally derided. The reputation of Congress is, to use the words of Henry Clay, "part of the moral property" of the nation. It is a precious right of the people to think as well of Congress as the truth respecting it allows.

Among the great mass of disinterested citizens, i.e. those who are out of politics, the desire that the government of the country should be pure, efficient, dignified, and simple, has the force of a passion. It is wonderful to a stranger in Washington, who happens to have an opportunity of seeing its more interior life, to observe how quick and general is the response of the country to anything good or hopeful that is done or said in either house, — how the letters and paragraphs come raining in to members from every point of the compass, from the most distant territories, applauding, criticising, questioning, suggesting. And in all Washington, what sight so impressive as those large galleries filled with people, most of them strangers, sitting in long rows, attentive, curious, watching their own member, proud of him, or blushing for him, and wondering, perhaps, where and how and when the wickedness is done of which they have heard so much!

The members do not look like aldermen or supervisors. I lived three weeks among them some time ago, and they appeared to my imperfect vision a laborious, able, and respectable body of men, intent on doing the best they could for the country. Congress, being composed of mortals, has its faults and its foibles; it does wrong sometimes; it fails often to do right; it has its weak members and its weak moments; there is need of some changes in the system on which business is carried on; and on all these points I may venture to discourse a little by and by. But I do not believe that Congress is, in any proper sense of the word, a corrupt body; nor do I believe there is in the world a national legislature more

pure, more patriotic, or containing a greater mass of ability. There are fewer false lights in Congress than there used to be, when Calhoun deluded the South, and Webster's august appearance and ancient reputation lent a semblance of power to utterances untrue or insignificant; and there is a greater quantity than ever of practical ability, and of the kind of understanding, the most precious of all, which arrives at correct conclusions and originates practical methods.

On a subject of so much importance, the opinion of an individual is of no consequence, unless he gives the facts upon which it is founded. Before attempting to point out the real faults and perils of Congress, I am to have the much more easy and agreeable task of showing some of the ways in which the country is made to think worse of it than it deserves.

During the session Washington swarms with people. At the Capitol, particularly, the crowd is generally great; it begins to gather early, reaches its maximum at ten minutes before noon, and holds its own pretty well until the House of Representatives adjourns, which usually occurs about four in the afternoon. Go where you will in that great labyrinth of the Western hemisphere, and you find a throng and bustle of people. In the rotunda, of course, there are always pleasure-seekers gazing at some of the worst paintings ever paid for by a government, or else looking up into that beautiful, airy dome, worthy to shelter the finest productions of genius. Everywhere else,—in the antechambers and lobbies, in the court-rooms, down in the interminable and numberless passages of the basement, and even in the newly discovered crypt, where a steam-engine of thirty-horse power supplies honorable members with their raw material, wind,—there are always a great many of the people whom Mr. Schenck described as "prowlers about the Capitol." Near the Senate Chamber there is a large parlor for the accommodation of those courageous ladies who send in cards

to Senators, requesting an interview. This elegant apartment is generally full of ladies waiting their chance. As to the splendid rooms appropriated to the President, Vice-President, and Speaker, are they not part of the show, and would any true American think he had done his whole duty to himself, to his family, and to his native town, if he neglected to inspect them? You might as well ask him to omit examining the carpet and curtains of the President's parlor at the other end of the avenue.

To get a lively idea of the crowd in and about the Capitol, follow or accompany an important member of Congress from his residence to his committee-room. After working off his regular morning complement of visitors, he succeeds, towards ten o'clock, in getting on his overcoat, and stepping out upon the pavement in front of his abode. A young lady accosts him, and says that she is in distressing need of an appointment in the treasury. *Will* he designate an hour when she can state her case? As soon as he has dismissed her, a motherly female approaches, and asks his aid in procuring something for her son, a fine lad of sixteen, willing to serve his country. Before he has gone a block farther, he is accosted by a constituent, who wants to know when he, the constituent, can meet the committee of which the member is chairman, with regard to "that bill," or that "little appropriation" wanted for something in the member's district. A few steps farther, he is hailed by a total stranger, an "admirer," who says, with great energy and enthusiasm, "General" (members are generally generals), "allow me to shake you by the hand. I am one of your warmest admirers. Permit me to introduce you to my friend, Major Smith, of our State." The member does what is requisite, and continues his walk. A little farther on, a recognized and important lobbyist takes him aside, and communicates something in a low tone. Then a gentleman steps forward, and inquires at what hour that evening it will be most convenient

to him to receive the delegation having in charge the pig-iron interest. On the steps of the Capitol there may be a lame soldier who wants admission to one of the government asylums, or a boy who has come to Washington to ask for a cadetship at West Point, and has formed the noble resolution to ask every member for the same until all have refused him. In the rotunda, a fellow-member hurries up, and asks, "Are you with us on the Puget Sound business?" At every step almost, the member is now addressed. Lobbyists having private claims in charge; lobbyists with a clause to get inserted in a tariff bill; men who want a patent extended; men who most particularly do *not* want it extended; women who are soliciting subscriptions for a periodical; correspondents in quest of an item for an evening paper, many hundreds of miles away; ladies who want to get their sons appointed pages to one of the Houses; admirers, pairs of admirers, groups of admirers; an influential constituent, six influential constituents; messengers from committees urging immediate attendance; men whose bill is coming up that very morning, their whole fortune and fate depending upon it; people on secret missions from somewhere, who want the United States to accept their country as a gift, and have pamphlets in their pockets showing that that country of theirs is the one place on earth which combines *every* desirable property, and yields every desirable product; men who think they have ideas as valuable as that of Professor Morse when he asked Congress for a grant to try a certain experiment which succeeded, and who want a similar sum to try their experiment; Oregon men, whose talk is of that line across the continent which Providence arranged expressly for a railroad, depositing all the materials for the same close to it; silver men who have a little scheme for draining a silver region in Nevada by boring a tunnel under it, and letting the water all out below:—all these and many more may accost, salute, exchange words or looks with

a member of Congress on his way through the Capitol, while a humming, bustling multitude swarms around.

Most of this crowd of people are in Washington upon legitimate errands of business or pleasure, having accomplished which, they go home. But there are many who stay through the session, and yet do not appear to have any particular business. Some of these are ladies who live quietly enough and excite no particular remark. Others are women of the kind called *dashing*, who receive company, and ride a good deal. Some of these mysterious waiters upon Providence explain their object at last by walking off with something valuable for themselves, or something for their dependants,—a contract, a consulate, or a cadetship. Others derive their subsistence from the row of small gambling-houses near Willard's Hotel, of which such exaggerated accounts are occasionally published. A considerable number of them, I think, must belong to the various orders of "Strikers,"—the class who profit by the ignorance and anxiety of claimants, and prey upon the good name of Congress.

A striker is one who sees a good thing that has fallen, is about to fall, or can by exertion be made to fall, into some one's possession, and *strikes* for a share of it. Among the multitudes of people who go to Washington every winter to seek things difficult of attainment, the striker finds abundant game; although he does not confine his operations to the capital of his country. The mode in which strikers operate are various. Often they sell an "influence" which they do not possess. Example: in the early part of the last session, a large number of assistant assessors and deputy collectors received a circular letter from Washington of which the following is a copy:—

"SIR: Certain influential parties, with myself, will undertake at the coming session of Congress to obtain the passage of a law securing for you the payment of the salary and fees you are properly entitled to for the time during

which you acted as collector for the eighth district of Kentucky, namely, from the 4th day of March, 1867, to the 27th day of March, 1867, but which the Treasury Department has now no authority in law to pay you. We shall require as our compensation fifty per cent of the amount due you, and will thank you to state to me as soon as may be whether you are willing to allow it to us. We desire to preserve this matter as much as possible from notoriety, as otherwise it might hinder our efforts."

A copy of this circular, duly signed, came to the hands of Mr. Schenck, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, the committee who would have to draw and report the bill referred to, and who, it was known to many, *had determined to do so*. The claim was undeniably just, and the committee made no secret of this intention to press its allowance upon the House. The signer of the epistle just given, being aware of this intention, and seeing that a large number of gentlemen all over the country were about to receive some money which they had begun to despair of ever getting, *struck* for a share. "We sent for the *gentleman*," said Mr. Schenck, "had him before the committee, interrogated him, found that he had acted, as he admitted himself, very wrongly; that he was penitent for it, and was willing and volunteered to write to every one to whom he had addressed this circular, confessing this wrong; and we found that he had been in other respects a good citizen deserved much from the government, — indeed, had received a medal of honor for his services all through the war, showing what his loyalty was. We therefore concluded, on the whole, to suppress the name."

This tenderness to a striker explains, in some degree, another observation of the honorable chairman. He said that this was an "old game"; and that it was a common practice for the prowlers around the Capitol "to find out what is likely to be done by a committee or by Congress, and then speculate upon it under pretence that it

was through their influence it was obtained to be done." He added: "I have personal knowledge of an instance in a former Congress, in which a man levied upon a claimant the large sum of ten thousand dollars, and actually received it, for influencing a member of a committee to obtain a particularly favorable report, when that member of Congress never knew or had heard of the rascal before in his life." And yet the Committee of Ways and Means "concluded, on the whole, to suppress the name" of the "gentleman" who struck the assessors and collectors for a modest half of their just claim. Mr. Schenck proceeded to descant upon "the systematic, fashionable abuse of Congress, all through the country, stimulated by letter-writers, for which occasion was given by these prowling agents." "I do not assume," said he, "that we are any better than the rest of the world, and I hope I ought not to confess that we are any worse than the same number of respectable gentlemen in public or private life anywhere." This was well and truly spoken. It expresses about the result of a candid inquirer's impressions. At the same time, letting off that "gentleman" with a private reprimand, was one of the numberless minor acts by which Congress assists its calumniators to damage its reputation. I should hardly suppose that the directors of any respectable railroad or bank would stand by and see its clerks and engineers struck at in this way, and not prosecute the striker.

I will give another example, derived from the member whom the matter immediately concerned. The name of the "gentleman" who performed the exploit about to be related is before me; but, following the seductive example of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, I suppress it. A certain distiller, who had not paid the tax on quite all the whiskey he had manufactured, and had been compelled to reveal this and other discreditable facts to an investigation committee, was extremely desirous to get his name left out of the report

of that committee. Coming to Washington on this errand, ignorant of the place, not a native of the country, morbidly anxious, and immensely rich, he fell into the hands of a striker, who agreed to get the thing done for twenty thousand dollars, — five thousand down, and fifteen thousand to be deposited in a bank, not to be touched until the report had appeared with the name omitted. The distiller ventured to intimate that this was a "big price." The striker replied that the affair concerned "big men." The chairman of the committee, he intimated, was an enormous being, whose very presence the striker could not enter, and who must be approached through a "friend," himself of great magnitude, only to be tempted by a sum of money proportioned to it. The distiller consented, paid the five thousand dollars, and deposited the fifteen thousand. The striker made no attempt of any kind whatever to induce the committee to omit the name. No member of the committee saw him, heard from him, or heard of him. The "friend" of the chairman, who was to be "seen" by the striker, was never seen by him, and knew not of his existence. The adventurer soon left Washington, and, on reaching the much larger city where the distiller lived, informed him that "it was all right."

The report was published. The name was not omitted. On the contrary, it figured frequently and not advantageously. The distiller demanded an explanation of the striker. That individual could only account for the mishap by saying that "those scoundrels in Washington had cheated him": he had paid them the money, and they had agreed to omit the name. To Washington came the distiller, furious, and there confronted the "friend" of the chairman of the committee, who was to have been "seen," but who was not. That friend denied the accusation and presented him to the member, who also declared the whole transaction a cheat. The distiller said to the friend, in his shame and misery, "Will you come to New York and face him?"

"I will, with pleasure." They found the man in New York, who confessed his villany. The fifteen thousand dollars were rescued, but the five thousand were lost, for the distiller was much more concerned to hush the matter up than recover a sum which, under Andrew Johnson, he could get back any week by a slight manipulation of revenue stamps and revenue officers.

Now, the committee *might* have thought it best, for some good reason or bad reason, to omit that man's name from their report. In that case, the striker would have quietly pocketed the other fifteen thousand, as well as the fervent gratitude of the distiller, who would have communicated to all his intimate friends that members of Congress were as purchasable as some of Andrew Johnson's assessors. And I am distinctly informed that speculations of this nature upon what members will probably do have frequently no more basis than in this instance. Sometimes, however, as we have seen, a striker obtains positive information of a member's or a committee's intentions, and founds upon that knowledge a scheme of spoliation more or less extensive.

Occasionally a man is a striker in spite of himself. The following case rests upon a great quantity of sworn testimony taken before the celebrated Covode Committee in 1860. Two young men — one a partisan, the other an opponent, of Lecompton — were joking together one day, in their common room at Washington, with regard to Mr. Buchanan's difficulty in getting the Lecompton bill passed. The opponent at length, as a crowning taunt, said, "I will take the contract for putting that measure through for ten thousand dollars." The other, in his zeal to serve the administration, reported this remark to the King of the Lobby, Cornelius Wendell, who was then spending a share of the profits of the public printing in helping the wretched Buchanan debauch the public conscience. Wendell sought an interview with the jocular young man, with whom he was

acquainted, supposing, from his connection with the press and politics of Ohio, that he might bring over a few of the Ohio members. He offered him five thousand dollars each for four votes, adding, "A bushel of gold is no object in this matter"; which was true. The young man protested that his remark to his room-mate was nothing but a joke, that he had no power over votes, and that he was not acquainted with any but Ohio members, not one of whom would he "dare approach with money." To which the tempter thus replied: "You damned little fool, you might as well make money out of this as anybody else."

Finally, the young man said he would think about it; and of course (for he who deliberates is lost) he was willing next morning to fall in with the wishes of Mr. Buchanan's corruptor-general. "Here is what I will do," said Cornelius Wendell, who then wrote upon a slip of paper these mysterious figures: "\$5^d — \$5^{so} — \$5^{so} — \$5^{so} —"; which, as afterwards explained by a witness, meant five thousand dollars each for four votes. The young man replied that he would prefer to receive five thousand dollars down for doing what he could, and not take the proposed contract; whereupon the tempter drew his check for that amount and gave it him.

He deposited the check in a bank in Washington, profoundly astonished, and even bewildered, to find himself the possessor of such a sum of money. He knew that he could do nothing to earn it, and he did nothing. For some time past, he had been urging the members whom he knew or met to "settle" the Kansas question in some way, and he continued to do so. So, at least, he swore, and his whole testimony wears a credible aspect, and is supported by the general character of the evidence bearing upon Wendell's operations at the time. "I never," said he, "ran after a single member; . . . I urged the settlement of that question as I had been doing before." Meanwhile, he was extremely uneasy with regard to

that mountain of money which had tumbled upon him out of the sky. He could not attain to a comfortable assurance that it was his own, and he feared he should go to the bank some day and find it gone, or paralyzed by an injunction, or in some other way placed beyond his control. At last he drew out most of it, sent it home to Ohio, and paid off old debts with it. "My object," said he, "in doing that, was to secure it; I was afraid they would find out I was not doing anything, and would stop payment upon it."

It would be difficult to believe that a man of Cornelius Wendell's experience would throw away money in this manner, if the fact were not established by a superabundance of credible testimony. But, with all his money, he could not buy a vote for Lecompton. Votes may have been bought, but if so the price paid was other than money.

If one class of strikers brings Congress into disrepute by pretending to deal in members, another class does the same thing by pretending to expose the infamy. As a *rule*, men disappointed by legislation raise the cry of corruption; often as a means of revenge; often for the purpose of being bought off, or "let in"; often in perfect sincerity, since they are truly unable to comprehend how an honest man can oppose a measure so necessary, so wise, so, — etc. It is of this class of prowlers about the Capitol that Mr. John D. Perry, President of the Union Pacific Railway Company, Eastern Division, wrote last winter, when he warned the House, by circular, against "the swarm of lobbyists and adventurers who, in Washington and elsewhere, had surrounded the original project at its birth," and were then "busily engaged in disseminating falsehoods about the road, by means of printed slips placed on the desks of members, and in other ways, and have approached the company with offers to give up their opposition if they can be employed in its behalf." He proceeded thus: "We claim that the prosecution of the enterprise embodied in the pro-

visions of the bill before the House is as honorable to the managers of the road as it is beneficial to the government and beneficent to the country. Nor would there probably have been a question of this, if suspicions and doubts had not been excited by the pertinacious lobbyists whose demands we have refused to comply with, and who have pursued it into the House of Representatives, to compel us to submit to their claims *in an extremity which they mean there to create*, or to still further harass this enterprise. Had we weakly paid the black-mail demanded, had we basely yielded to their proposals *to deliver us votes by States and sections even*, this road might have been saved from the clamor kindled against it."

I cannot say that this statement is correct; I know nothing about the construction of the road in question; but I know that the tactics described by Mr. Perry are employed. On the very morning in which I am writing these words, I have read a furious communication in a newspaper, denouncing a certain legislature as corrupt, its members as "bought and paid for like sheep in the market"; and, a little further on, the writer betrays the fact that the legislature had just decided against *his* scheme of a railroad, — a scheme respecting the wisdom of which the best-informed men might honestly differ in opinion, nay, *do* differ, as every one knows. If it is possible to calumniate the New York legislature,* — a body

that really has a corrupt minority, which, in the conflict of parties and interests, can often decide questions of the first importance, — how closely we should scrutinize anonymous denunciations of Congress!

The whole of the Alaska scandal was the work of unsuccessful strikers. I say this without reserve, because accident placed me in circumstances at different times to get trustworthy information both from the strikers and the stricken. Readers remember, probably, the publication of the paragraphs which asserted that the Russian Minister had only sent home five millions of dollars, and had expended the remainder — two millions two hundred thousand dollars, in gold — in subsidizing the press and buying votes. There were two atoms of truth in this huge, many-sided lie. The Russian government, I was informed by a person who could hardly be mistaken, had been obliged to anticipate the receipt of the money, having no more doubt of getting the gold at last than the Danish government had of receiving the price of the Danish islands. The Barings advanced five millions of dollars, and, consequently, the moment Baron Stoeckl received the money at the treasury of the United States, he was in haste to send the five millions to London. He did so; and this was one of the atoms of truth in the strikers' mountainous falsehood. And there was another. In Washington there are newspapers which may be described as organs of the lobby, — newspapers which will give publicity to almost any decent scheme or claim to which the attention of Congress is desired. These newspapers are a part of a bad system which has grown up, and which it is the purpose of these articles to exhibit. One of them, as is its way, advertised Alaska profusely, but inserted the advertisements, in the form of editorial articles, and omitted to send in a bill. Hence, when all was over, and the money paid, the gentleman who had the affair in charge handed the publisher of the paper three thousand dollars.

Three persons, and no others, re-

* The following is an extract from the Report of an Investigating Committee of the New York Senate, dated March, 1869: —

"The *Lansingburgh Gazette* contained an editorial article, charging that Senator Mattoon had received twenty thousand dollars from Jay Gould to sign a report in his favor, and 'had turned squarely round and made a different report.' Your committee called before them Mr. Kirkpatrick, the editor of this paper, who testified that he knew nothing of the transaction, and did not write the article, but that it was written by one F. B. Hubbell, then the clerk of a committee in the Assembly. Mr. Hubbell was afterwards called and examined, and admitted that he wrote the article, but testified that he had no knowledge on the subject, and no information except what was derived from some person who said he had got *his* information from a letter published in *The New York Tribune*.

ceived money for services in promoting the execution of the Alaska treaty, — two lawyers, and this one publisher, — and the whole amount expended was less than thirty thousand dollars in gold. It is barely possible that one member of Congress, or two members, or three, may have expected some indirect political good by voting for a measure that would give an agreeable gun contract to constituents. I do not believe, however, that one vote was changed by such a consideration. The House voted to pay that gold, first, because many members naturally and properly shrink from a refusal to execute a treaty which one branch of the government has negotiated and another ratified; and, secondly, because the country to receive the money was Russia. This latter consideration was the most influential. Some members the most opposed to the purchase could not bring themselves to do an act which Russia would have felt to be a slight.

While Alaska was pending, a rumor gained some currency among the prowlers about the Capitol that the Russian Minister was spending money, present and contingent, in aid of the measure. An enterprising person visited one of the lawyers engaged by Baron Stoeckl, and struck for a share; saying, in substance, "Let me in, or I'll defeat the bill"; and reminding the counsel that he corresponded with two newspapers, both daily, and had "friends" in Congress. His services were not needed, and he was not "let in." He and one or two confederates did what little they could to increase the opposition to the Alaska bill, and in their circle the enormous falsehood originated respecting the expenditure of the money that was not sent to the Barings. Mr. Robert J. Walker, who managed the business throughout, and who spent all the money that was spent, swore before the committee of investigation that, to the best of his belief, not one dollar of the purchase-money was paid to or for a member of Congress, or to or for a member of the press, excepting alone the sum given as

explained above. The gun and pistol makers of the United States received the greater part of the money of which the Russian Ambassador could dispose.

There has never been a case in which the inducements to spend money in carrying a measure have been more numerous or more strong than in that of the Danish treaty, which Congress adjourned without acting upon, and which, I presume, is therefore dead beyond resuscitation. I refer to Mr. Seward's treaty for the purchase of the two Danish islands, St. Thomas and St. John, which had to be ratified at the last session, or never. The sum involved was seven millions and a half in gold, and that was the least important consideration of all. The continuance in office of the Danish Cabinet was felt to depend upon its not receiving the blasting *snub* of a refusal by the Senate to act upon the treaty. The able man of that Cabinet was in Washington, a favorite with members, popular with the Cabinet, with the diplomatic corps, and with a large circle of influential Americans; for he had resided among us formerly as minister plenipotentiary, and he is a man to win friends and inspire confidence. But there was felt to be at stake far more than a few millions of dollars and the duration of a ministry.

The Danes are a prudent and thoughtful people. Their kingdom, during the last few years, has lost provinces, has been shorn of its not excessive proportions, has been deserted at critical moments by allies, has suffered deeply in its pride, and has lost something of that confidence in itself which is a source of national strength. If, in addition to such a series of misfortunes and slights, Denmark should incur the indignity of having such a treaty passed by unnoticed, just after a similar one with a *great* power had been executed, it would be for the Danes seriously to consider whether there is in the modern world a legitimate place for a power unable to defend all its rights and all its possessions. Not that Denmark is going out of existence merely because the

United States would not pay her for her islands; but the question involved was felt to touch the greater question, Is it best for Denmark to resist, or yield to, the tendency which is gathering kingdoms, states, towns, businesses, into enormous and overshadowing masses? The Danes are a people to think of this beforehand, and not wait till they shall have no choice in the matter.

If the ratification of that treaty could have been secured by the sacrifice of half a million or so of the purchase-money, few ministers would have hesitated to close the "contract" with any competent person disposed to undertake it. It so happened that I was acquainted with the gentlemen who were endeavoring to procure its ratification. I know what they did. I know how they felt. One of them was as well informed a person respecting the modes of influencing Congress as any one, perhaps, in Washington. But the understanding, in the small circle of the "Danish Ring," as a newspaper called it, was perfect, that money is powerless to procure the passage of any measure to which Congress is disinclined. No money was employed, except the little requisite in disseminating a knowledge of the case. No means were used or contemplated except such as were legitimate,—such as conversation with members, and the circulation of pamphlets. The only member of the press who took up the subject seriously (Mr. Andrews of the Boston Advertiser) was so scrupulous, that he would not accept an invitation to dinner from the Danish Minister until after his letters upon the treaty had been published.

A stranger will not be long in Washington before the rumor reaches him that members have discovered a way of quartering their mistresses upon the government. Some striker (as I conjecture), male or female, who wanted a clerkship, availed himself or herself of this report, and endeavored, by putting it in print, to create vacancies in the department which employs the greatest number of women. It is a common

trick with people who want places, to get letters and paragraphs inserted in newspapers, complaining that a certain department or bureau is full of fogies, or fossils, or Andy Johnson men, or ancient sires who have been in office since the time of Jackson. "Hannah Tyler," who wrote to the New York Independent a remonstrance against the employment of bad women in the Treasury Department, pretended to be herself employed therein. "*We*," wrote the virtuous Hannah, "ought not to be insulted by having the paramours and mistresses of members of Congress forced upon us, and be obliged to tolerate their society day by day. Let Mr. Boutwell clean out the riff-raff and pollution of his department. Let him appoint moral and competent women." She said also that the departments were "crowded with females" who were of no use whatever, and yet could not be got rid of by their official chiefs, because members of Congress kept them in. She declared she could mention "the names of scores and scores" of such. This last assertion alone ought to render the reader of the epistle incredulous, for there are very few persons in the whole world who can call to mind "scores and scores of names." There are but about three hundred members of Congress in all, and a very large number of them are elderly, married men, fathers of families, known to be strictly moral in their lives. A person really acquainted with Washington, and not morbidly credulous of evil, could not easily be convinced that, from the beginning of the government to the present day, there have ever been, at the same time, five members of Congress who had mistresses. It is not an American custom. We do our share of the human race's sum total of sin chiefly in other ways. Mistresses are kept in countries where there is a large class of rich young men, which is not yet the case with us. We are generally poor from twenty to thirty-five, and by the time we are rich enough to indulge in expensive vices, most of us have learned what a disappointing, ridiculous,

low delusion vice is. We have grown past it and above it. Some members of Congress do worse things; but very few keep mistresses.

The treasury building, too, is open to the public, and any one can walk over it, and enter all the rooms except those in which the national money is made. A few days after first hearing of the terrible state of morals in the departments, I visited the treasury, and was permitted to go even into the apartments consecrated to the manufacture, redemption, and destruction of greenbacks and stamps. I passed some hours there, and kept looking out for the paramours and mistresses. I saw no woman that was not earning her livelihood by hard, steady, and not very agreeable work. Is it *like* a kept mistress to labor eight hours a day, in a building in the construction of which everything was thought of except the health and dignity of those who were to work in it? There are single stones in that enormous edifice which, in cheap times, cost twenty-seven thousand dollars in gold; and a thousand human lives are daily shortened there by bad air. Every face almost in that endless basement is pale; and many are haggard and pallid with disease. Is it the custom of mistresses to go to such a place, hang up their hoop-skirts on the same peg with their bonnets and shawls, cover their hair with a paper cap, and stand all day at one of those presses, performing an unchanging movement? Our money is counted thirty-three times before it is packed in boxes and handed over to the treasurer. Perhaps those swift-fingered ladies, so respectable in appearance, so intent on their work, who do this counting, are thus expiating an improper way of life. Or, possibly, members station their mistresses in the upper rooms, where they sit very close together, copying, and doing sums. If these things are so, then may America boast that her very "riff-raff and pollution" are as industrious, as decorous, and as useful as the most virtuous women in "the down-trodden nations of the Old World."

But the charges have since been carefully investigated on the spot; particularly by the worthy and able editor of the *Ohio* (Columbus) *State Journal*, who was in Washington when the letter was published. He ascertained that there was no such name as Hannah Tyler upon the books of the department, and that every statement in the letter reflecting upon the character of the ladies was no better than a striker's lie. And yet there were two grains of truth in it. It is true that members urge the appointment of too many of their constituents, and that "a pretty face or a pretty foot" will occasionally get an appointment due only to a good handwriting and a capacity for adding up columns of figures. This is wrong, of course. The whole system of appointments and removals is thoroughly wrong. I am coming to that by and by. But in order to get, if possible, a more favorable hearing then, I begin by showing that Congress is not the body of reprobates and robbers which it is the occupation of some men to represent it.

Members of Congress are not all the immaculate, disinterested, and devoted men whom we could wish to see sitting in those cane-bottomed chairs. If they were, they would not represent us. I think that, as a body, they *do* represent us. Just at this moment, when several States cannot send to Washington their natural leaders, and some of the Western States and Territories are imperfectly organized, Congress may not, perhaps, be so accurately representative as it has been and will be. Nevertheless, the average of ability is much higher than that of the people generally, and the standard of morals not lower. Congress does wrong one hundred times from carelessness, indolence, ignorance, timidity, caprice, or good-nature, to once that it does wrong from a motive that so much as savors of corruption. And so do we, the people whom they represent, and so do all mankind.

"*Perhaps*," remarks a writer reviewing the last session, "not more than

one member in ten of the late Congress ever accepted money." If the writer of that sentence were summoned before a committee of investigation, could he give a tolerable reason for believing that *one* member of the late Congress sold a vote for money? Is any one justified in publishing such sentences unless they are founded upon something nearly equivalent to knowledge? Votes are sold, I admit. By and by I shall endeavor to show how, why, and for what "consideration"; but my conviction is strong that money is scarcely ever, if ever, the commodity for which votes are given.

The greatest triumph of the Washington lobby was the acquittal of Andrew Johnson. It was wholly the lobby's doing. His conviction was sure until the lobby went to work in earnest, and snatched him only branded from the burning. A person the least credulous of evil can hardly resist the impression that three or four Republican votes were bought and paid for, cash down, only a few hours before the votes were given. Some of the best-informed men in Washington—even the best informed—are convinced of it. They think they know who received twenty-five thousand dollars for a vote, who fifty thousand, who Indian contracts, and who railroad influences more valuable than both those sums united. They think they know at what house, at what time of night, and by what member of the lobby, the money was lost at cards to a Senator who voted next day for acquittal. All of which may be true. Much of the valuable testimony gathered by the select committee of the managers seems to confirm these conjectures. We know that the Johnson lobby, utterly devoid of principle and decency, had the money in their hands with which to buy the criminal off. We know that money was raised in custom-houses, and subscribed by distillers, and that a million of dollars could have been procured from those two sources alone, if it had been necessary. We know that the corruptibility of Senators was a topic of

conversation at the President's table, and that one of his confidants correctly predicted, five weeks before the test vote was taken, which seven Republican Senators would vote for acquittal. We know that two of those Senators, to within a day or two of the voting, continued to declare their intention to vote for conviction, and then suddenly changed their intention without any visible cause. We know that the lobby was in the fullest activity about Washington, rushing to and fro between New York and the capital, and telegraphing in cipher. I know that the strikers of the lobby were not idle, but rose to the occasion, and offered to sell to the managers votes enough to convict for a hundred and ten thousand dollars,—but the managers were up to the game. We know that the heads of the Johnson lobby were as sure of an acquittal before the vote was taken as they were after; and that they acted upon their knowledge in the gold-room and elsewhere.

Now the simplest explanation of all this is, that the three or four votes supposed to have been given against the convictions of the Senators who gave them, were bought with money; and yet the probability is, that they were not. I wish they had been. Probably, the crude, primitive wickedness of selling a vote for so much cash argues a shallower, a more manageable, perversity than that of which the testimony elicited by the select committee gives us glimpses. From that testimony we may infer that there were several distinct lobbies working for acquittal: the Johnson lobby proper, who wanted to get or keep places and chances under the President; the Chase lobby, who wished to place the President under such signal obligations that he would drop General Hancock, and take up Mr. Chase for the succession; the Pendleton lobby, whose aim was to secure the same advantage for Mr. Pendleton; the whiskey lobby, who wanted another year of impunity; and a "conservative" lobby, who had a very lively sense of what would happen if Mr.

Wade should change his quarters to the White House, and who did not like the prospect. These lobbies would have been glad enough, perhaps, to reduce the problem to a simple purchase; but their task was far more difficult.

Members of Congress, like members of the British Parliament, may be divided into two classes,—legislators and puppets. There are members who go to Congress, so hampered with obligations, that if you want their vote for anything with politics or money in it, you have to "see" the man or corporation who placed them there. It may pay a great railroad to send a Senator or two to Washington, or half a dozen carpet-baggers. It may also suit the wealthy corporation to leave to the members who serve it the barren glory of being pure; as great Tammany often permits its creatures to veto Tammany jobs, because it *must* have a respectable candidate, now and then, with whom to go before the people. It may want its mayor to be candidate for governor. It may be nursing its governor into a candidate for the Presidency.

It is, therefore, not necessary to believe that the Republican votes for acquittal were sold for money. It was to Mr. George H. Pendleton that Woolley so triumphantly and elegantly telegraphed, four hours *before* the vote was taken: "We have beaten the Methodist Episcopal Church North, hell, Ben Butler, John Logan, George Wilkes, and Impeachment. President Johnson will be acquitted if a vote is had to-day. Tell my wife." It were greatly to be wished that the wickedness of that acquittal had been a thing so little complicated, so obvious, so describable, as the giving of so much money for so many votes. If the truth were known, we should probably find that much of the money in the case was squandered among the strikers, and that the votes were paid for in commodities of another description.

There is no law of nature more universal than this: The strong govern

and possess the earth! No community has ever existed, from imperial Rome to a Democratic ward, from the Catholic Church to a Shaker village, which was not, in the long run, controlled by its strongest men. It is impossible to escape the operation of this principle. All that laws and institutions can do is to *limit* the rule of the strong,—to keep them limited monarchs, instead of absolute. Institutions determine whether the strong shall rule legitimately or illegitimately, by laws or by violence, in the House or in the lobby. Rule they will and must and ought. It is the office of institutions to make it for the interest and glory of the strong to rule so that men shall bless them as benefactors, instead of cursing them as plunderers. It is the office of institutions to decide whether the strong of the earth shall put forth their conquering energy inside or outside of the nominal government; whether they shall be kept within bounds, or work their own will upon us unrestrained,—like Brigham Young in Mormondom, like our gorged masters in New York. Institutions decide whether we shall have the great lawyers on the bench and the little lawyers at the bar, or the great lawyers at the bar and the little lawyers on the bench; and also, whether, after all, the powerful client shall not buy and command both. Institutions, in short, determine which shall be master, the House or the lobby.

The lobby gains upon the House, both here and in England; here more obviously than there, because everything here is more obvious, more candid, more talkative, more rapid than there. The purpose of this article, and some others which may follow it, is to call attention to the power and encroachments of the lobby, and to inquire whether the tendencies can be checked which put the weak inside and the strong outside of government. It seemed best to begin by showing how the good name and the moral ascendancy of Congress are lessened by a comparatively small class of lobbyists, the very nature of whose occupation

compels them to villify Congress continually.

As a body, Congress is well intentioned, incorrupt, and laborious. It contains a great mass of ability. But there has grown up with the lapse of years a Congressional standard of morals which certainly needs revision. The late Senator Douglas, of Illinois, was a very good example of conformity to this most defective and erroneous code. There was no artifice to which he would not resort to carry a measure or get a vote. He made not the smallest scruple of selling his own vote, or buying another man's vote, provided the price was of a nature which Congressional morality permits to be given. In other words, he would vote for a measure of which he was ignorant, in order to induce thereby another member to vote for a measure of which that member disapproved. He thought it quite regular and proper to create false impressions, and, in a pinch, to lie

outright. The narrative of some of his exploits of this nature has been written and published by an admiring friend, who dedicates the work to "the friends" of the deceased Senator.

But mark: one day when he was confined to his room after a surgical operation, and was reclining on a sofa, with crutches within easy reach, a man ventured to make a proposal to him which the Congressional standard does *not* recognize as proper. The proposal was, in substance, this: "Give *me* a certain document, instead of sending it home to the Secretary of State of Illinois, in whose custody it ought to be. Do this, and I will give you, in exchange, the deed of a tract of land, containing two and a half millions of acres, and worth twenty millions of dollars." Such was the proposal. The reply was prompt and clear. "I jumped for my crutches," Mr. Douglas used to say; "he ran from the room, and I gave him a parting blow on the head."

GABRIELLE DE BERGERAC.

PART II.

I REMEMBER distinctly the incidents of that summer at Bergerac; or at least its general character, its tone. It was a hot, dry season; we lived with doors and windows open. M. Coquelin suffered very much from the heat, and sometimes, for days together, my lessons were suspended. We put our books away and rambled out for a long day in the fields. My tutor was perfectly faithful; he never allowed me to wander beyond call. I was very fond of fishing, and I used to sit for hours, like a little old man, with my legs dangling over the bank of our slender river, patiently awaiting the bite that so seldom came. Near at hand, in the shade, stretched at his length on the grass, Coquelin read and re-read one of his half dozen Greek and Latin poets. If we had walked far from home, we used to go and ask for

some dinner at the hut of a neighboring peasant. For a very small coin we got enough bread and cheese and small fruit to keep us over till supper. The peasants, stupid and squalid as they were, always received us civilly enough, though on Coquelin's account quite as much as on my own. He addressed them with an easy familiarity, which made them feel, I suppose, that he was, if not quite one of themselves, at least by birth and sympathies much nearer to them than to the future Baron de Bergerac. He gave me in the course of these walks a great deal of good advice; and without perverting my signorial morals or instilling any notions that were treason to my rank and position, he kindled in my childish breast a little democratic flame which has never quite become extinct. He taught me the beauty of humanity, justice, and

tolerance; and whenever he detected me in a precocious attempt to assert my baronial rights over the wretched little *manants* who crossed my path, he gave me morally a very hard drubbing. He had none of the base complaisance and cynical nonchalance of the traditional tutor of our old novels and comedies. Later in life I might have found him too rigorous a moralist; but in those days I liked him all the better for letting me sometimes feel the curb. It gave me a highly agreeable sense of importance and maturity. It was a tribute to half-divined possibilities of naughtiness. In the afternoon, when I was tired of fishing, he would lie with his thumb in his book and his eyes half closed and tell me fairy-tales till the eyes of both of us closed together. Do the instructors of youth nowadays condescend to the fairy-tale pure and simple? Coquelin's stories belonged to the old, old world: no political economy, no physics, no application to anything in life. Do you remember in Doré's illustrations to Perrault's tales, the picture of the enchanted castle of the Sleeping Beauty? Back in the distance, in the bosom of an ancient park and surrounded by thick baronial woods which blacken all the gloomy horizon, on the farther side of a great abysmal hollow of tangled forest verdure, rise the long façade, the moss-grown terraces, the towers, the purple roofs, of a château of the time of Henry IV. Its massive foundations plunge far down into the wild chasm of the woodland, and its cold pinnacles of slate tower upwards, close to the rolling autumn clouds. The afternoon is closing in and a chill October wind is beginning to set the forest a-howling. In the foreground, on an elevation beneath a mighty oak, stand a couple of old woodcutters pointing across into the enchanted distance and answering the questions of the young prince. They are the bent and blackened woodcutters of old France, of La Fontaine's Fables and the *Médecin malgré lui*. What does the castle contain? What secret is locked in its

stately walls? What revel is enacted in its long saloons? What strange figures stand aloof from its vacant windows? You ask the question, and the answer is a long revery. I never look at the picture without thinking of those summer afternoons in the woods and of Coquelin's long stories. His fairies were the fairies of the *Grand Siècle*, and his princes and shepherds the godsons of Perrault and Madame d'Aulnay. They lived in such palaces and they hunted in such woods.

Mlle. de Bergerac, to all appearance, was not likely to break her promise to M. de Treuil, — for lack of the opportunity, quite as much as of the will. Those bright summer days must have seemed very long to her, and I can't for my life imagine what she did with her time. But she, too, as she had told the Vicomte, was very fond of the green fields; and although she never wandered very far from the house, she spent many an hour in the open air. Neither here nor within doors was she likely to encounter the happy man of whom the Vicomte might be jealous. Mlle. de Bergerac had a friend, a single intimate friend, who came sometimes to pass the day with her, and whose visits she occasionally returned. Marie de Chalais, the granddaughter of the Marquis de Chalais, who lived some ten miles away, was in all respects the exact counterpart and foil of my aunt. She was extremely plain, but with that sprightly, highly seasoned ugliness which is often so agreeable to men. Short, spare, swarthy, light, with an immense mouth, a most impertinent little nose, an imperceptible foot, a charming hand, and a delightful voice, she was, in spite of her great name and her fine clothes, the very ideal of the old stage *soubrette*. Frequently, indeed, in her dress and manner, she used to provoke a comparison with this incomparable type. A cap, an apron, and a short petticoat were all sufficient; with these and her bold, dark eyes she could impersonate the very genius of impertinence and intrigue. She was a thoroughly light creature, and later in life,

after her marriage, she became famous for her ugliness, her witticisms, and her adventures; but that she had a good heart is shown by her real attachment to my aunt. They were forever at cross-purposes, and yet they were excellent friends. When my aunt wished to walk, Mlle. de Chalais wished to sit still; when Mlle. de Chalais wished to laugh, my aunt wished to meditate; when my aunt wished to talk piety, Mlle. de Chalais wished to talk scandal. Mlle. de Bergerac, however, usually carried the day and set the tune. There was nothing on earth that Marie de Chalais so despised as the green fields; and yet you might have seen her a dozen times that summer wandering over the domain of Bergerac, in a short muslin dress and a straw hat, with her arm entwined about the waist of her more stately friend. We used often to meet them, and as we drew near Mlle. de Chalais would always stop and offer to kiss the Chevalier. By this pretty trick Coquelin was subjected for a few moments to the influence of her innocent *agaceries*; for rather than have no man at all to prick with the little darts of her coquetry, the poor girl would have gone off and made eyes at the scarecrow in the wheat-field. Coquelin was not at all abashed by her harmless advances; for although, in addressing my aunt, he was apt to lose his voice or his countenance, he often showed a very pretty wit in answering Mlle. de Chalais.

On one occasion she spent several days at Bergerac, and during her stay she proffered an urgent entreaty that my aunt should go back with her to her grandfather's house, where, having no parents, she lived with her governess. Mlle. de Bergerac declined, on the ground of having no gowns fit to visit in; whereupon Mlle. de Chalais went to my mother, begged the gift of an old blue silk dress, and with her own cunning little hands made it over for my aunt's figure. That evening Mlle. de Bergerac appeared at supper in this renovated garment,—the first silk gown she had ever worn. Mlle. de Chalais had also dressed her hair,

and decked her out with a number of trinkets and furbelows; and when the two came into the room together, they reminded me of the beautiful Duchess in Don Quixote, followed by a little dark-visaged Spanish waiting-maid. The next morning Coquelin and I rambled off as usual in search of adventures, and the day after that they were to leave the château. Whether we met with any adventures or not I forget; but we found ourselves at dinner-time at some distance from home, very hungry after a long tramp. We directed our steps to a little roadside hovel, where we had already purchased hospitality, and made our way in unannounced. We were somewhat surprised at the scene that met our eyes.

On a wretched bed at the farther end of the hut lay the master of the household, a young peasant whom we had seen a fortnight before in full health and vigor. At the head of the bed stood his wife, moaning, crying, and wringing her hands. Hanging about her, clinging to her skirts, and adding their piping cries to her own lamentations, were four little children, unwashed, unfed, and half clad. At the foot, facing the dying man, knelt his old mother—a horrible hag, so bent and brown and wrinkled with labor and age that there was nothing womanly left of her but her coarse, rude dress and cap, nothing of maternity but her sobs. Beside the pillow stood the priest, who had apparently just discharged the last offices of the Church. On the other side, on her knees, with the poor fellow's hand in her own, knelt Mlle. de Bergerac, like a consoling angel. On a stool near the door, looking on from a distance, sat Mlle. de Chalais, holding a little bleating kid in her arms. When she saw us, she started up. "Ah, M. Coquelin!" she cried, "do persuade Mlle. de Bergerac to leave this horrible place."

I saw Mlle. de Bergerac look at the curé and shake her head, as if to say that it was all over. She rose from her knees and went round to the wife, telling the same tale with her face. The

poor, squalid *paysanne* gave a sort of savage, stupid cry, and threw herself and her rags on the young girl's neck. Mlle. de Bergerac caressed her, and whispered heaven knows what divinely simple words of comfort. Then, for the first time, she saw Coquelin and me, and beckoned us to approach.

"Chevalier," she said, still holding the woman on her breast, "have you got any money?"

At these words the woman raised her head. I signified that I was penniless.

My aunt frowned impatiently. "M. Coquelin, have you?"

Coquelin drew forth a single small piece, all that he possessed; for it was the end of his month. Mlle. de Bergerac took it, and pursued her inquiry.

"Curé, have you any money?"

"Not a sou," said the curé, smiling sweetly.

"Bah!" said Mlle. de Bergerac, with a sort of tragic petulance. "What can I do with twelve sous?"

"Give it all the same," said the woman, doggedly, putting out her hand.

"They want money," said Mlle. de Bergerac, lowering her voice to Coquelin. "They have had this great sorrow, but a *louis d'or* would dull the wound. But we're all penniless. O for the sight of a little gold!"

"I have a *louis* at home," said I; and I felt Coquelin lay his hand on my head.

"What was the matter with the husband?" he asked.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said my aunt, glancing round at the bed. "I don't know."

Coquelin looked at her, half amazed, half worshipping.

"Who are they, these people? What are they?" she asked.

"Mademoiselle," said Coquelin, fervently, "you're an angel!"

"I wish I were," said Mlle. de Bergerac, simply; and she turned to the old mother.

We walked home together, — the curé with Mlle. de Chalais and me, and Mlle. de Bergerac in front with Coquelin. Asking how the two young girls had found their way to the death-bed we had just left, I learned from

Mlle. de Chalais that they had set out for a stroll together, and, striking into a footpath across the fields, had gone farther than they supposed, and lost their way. While they were trying to recover it, they came upon the wretched hut where we had found them, and were struck by the sight of two children, standing crying at the door. Mlle. de Bergerac had stopped and questioned them to ascertain the cause of their sorrow, which with some difficulty she found to be that their father was dying of a fever. Whereupon, in spite of her companion's lively opposition, she had entered the miserable abode, and taken her place at the wretched couch, in the position in which we had discovered her. All this, doubtless, implied no extraordinary merit on Mlle. de Bergerac's part; but it placed her in a gracious, pleasing light.

The next morning the young girls went off in the great coach of M. de Chalais, which had been sent for them overnight, my father riding along as an escort. My aunt was absent a week, and I think I may say we keenly missed her. When I say we, I mean Coquelin and I, and when I say Coquelin and I, I mean Coquelin in particular; for it had come to this, that my tutor was roundly in love with my aunt. I did not know it then, of course; but looking back, I see that he must already have been stirred to his soul's depths. Young as I was, moreover, I believe that I even then suspected his passion, and, loving him as I did, watched it with a vague, childish awe and sympathy. My aunt was to me, of course, a very old story, and I am sure she neither charmed nor dazzled my boyish fancy. I was quite too young to apprehend the meaning or the consequences of Coquelin's feelings; but I knew that he had a secret, and I wished him joy of it. He kept so jealous a guard on it that I would have defied my elders to discover the least reason for accusing him; but with a simple child of ten, thinking himself alone and uninterpreted, he showed himself plainly a lover. He

was absent, restless, preoccupied; now steeped in languid revery, now pacing up and down with the exaltation of something akin to hope. Hope itself he could never have felt; for it must have seemed to him that his passion was so audacious as almost to be criminal. Mlle. de Bergerac's absence showed him, I imagine, that to know her had been the event of his life; to see her across the table, to hear her voice, her tread, to pass her, to meet her eye, a deep, consoling, healing joy. It revealed to him the force with which she had grasped his heart, and I think he was half frightened at the energy of his passion.

One evening, while Mlle. de Bergerac was still away, I sat in his window, committing my lesson for the morrow by the waning light. He was walking up and down among the shadows. "Chevalier," said he, suddenly, "what should you do if I were to leave you?"

My poor little heart stood still. "Leave me?" I cried, aghast; "why should you leave me?"

"Why, you know I did n't come to stay forever."

"But you came to stay till I'm a man grown. Don't you like your place?"

"Perfectly."

"Don't you like my father?"

"Your father is excellent."

"And my mother?"

"Your mother is perfect."

"And me, Coquelin?"

"You, Chevalier, are a little goose."

And then, from a sort of unreasoned instinct that Mlle. de Bergerac was somehow connected with his idea of going away, "And my aunt?" I added.

"How, your aunt?"

"Don't you like her?"

Coquelin had stopped in his walk, and stood near me and above me. He looked at me some moments without answering, and then sat down beside me in the window-seat, and laid his hand on my head.

"Chevalier," he said, "I will tell you something."

"Well?" said I, after I had waited some time.

"One of these days you will be a man grown, and I shall have left you long before that. You'll learn a great many things that you don't know now. You'll learn what a strange, vast world it is, and what strange creatures men are—and women; how strong, how weak, how happy, how unhappy. You'll learn how many feelings and passions they have, and what a power of joy and of suffering. You'll be Baron de Bergerac and master of the château and of this little house. You'll sometimes be very proud of your title, and you'll sometimes feel very sad that it's so little more than a bare title. But neither your pride nor your grief will come to anything beside this, that one day, in the prime of your youth and strength and good looks, you'll see a woman whom you will love more than all these things,—more than your name, your lands, your youth, and strength, and beauty. It happens to all men, especially the good ones, and you'll be a good one. But the woman you love will be far out of your reach. She'll be a princess, perhaps she'll be the Queen. How can a poor little Baron de Bergerac expect her to look at him? You will give up your life for a touch of her hand; but what will she care for your life or your death? You'll curse your love, and yet you'll bless it, and perhaps—not having your living to get—you'll come up here and shut yourself up with your dreams and regrets. You'll come perhaps into this pavilion, and sit here alone in the twilight. And then, my child, you'll remember this evening; that I foretold it all and gave you my blessing in advance and—kissed you." He bent over, and I felt his burning lips on my forehead.

I understood hardly a word of what he said; but whether it was that I was terrified by his picture of the possible insignificance of a Baron de Bergerac, or that I was vaguely overawed by his deep, solemn tones, I know not; but my eyes very quietly began to emit a flood of tears. The effect of my grief was to induce him to assure me that he had

no present intention of leaving me. It was not, of course, till later in life, that, thinking over the situation, I understood his impulse to arrest his hopeless passion for Mlle. de Bergerac by immediate departure. He was not brave in time.

At the end of a week she returned one evening as we were at supper. She came in with M. de Chalais, an amiable old man, who had been so kind as to accompany her. She greeted us severally, and nodded to Coquelin. She talked, I remember, with great volubility, relating what she had seen and done in her absence, and laughing with extraordinary freedom. As we left the table, she took my hand, and I put out the other and took Coquelin's.

"Has the Chevalier been a good boy?" she asked.

"Perfect," said Coquelin; "but he has wanted his aunt sadly."

"Not at all," said I, resenting the imputation as derogatory to my independence.

"You have had a pleasant week, mademoiselle?" said Coquelin.

"A charming week. And you?"

"M. Coquelin has been very unhappy," said I. "He thought of going away."

"Ah?" said my aunt.

Coquelin was silent.

"You think of going away?"

"I merely spoke of it, mademoiselle. I must go away some time, you know. The Chevalier looks upon me as something eternal."

"What's eternal?" asked the Chevalier.

"There is nothing eternal, my child," said Mlle. de Bergerac. "Nothing lasts more than a moment."

"O," said Coquelin, "I don't agree with you!"

"You don't believe that in this world everything is vain and fleeting and transitory?"

"By no means; I believe in the permanence of many things."

"Of what, for instance?"

"Well, of sentiments and passions."

"Very likely. But not of the hearts that hold them. 'Lovers die, but love survives.' I heard a gentleman say that at Chalais."

"It's better, at least, than if he had put it the other way. But lovers last too. They survive; they outlive the things that would fain destroy them, — indifference, denial, and despair."

"But meanwhile the loved object disappears. When it is n't one, it's the other."

"O, I admit that it's a shifting world. But I have a philosophy for that."

"I'm curious to know your philosophy."

"It's a very old one. It's simply to make the most of life while it lasts. I'm very fond of life," said Coquelin, laughing.

"I should say that as yet, from what I know of your history, you have had no great reason to be."

"Nay, it's like a cruel mistress," said Coquelin. "When once you love her, she's absolute. Her hard usage does n't affect you. And certainly I have nothing to complain of now."

"You're happy here then?"

"Profoundly, mademoiselle, in spite of the Chevalier."

"I should suppose that with your tastes you would prefer something more active, more ardent."

"*Mon Dieu*, my tastes are very simple. And then — happiness, *cela ne se raisonne pas*. You don't find it when you go in quest of it. It's like fortune; it comes to you in your sleep."

"I imagine," said Mlle. de Bergerac, "that I was never happy."

"That's a sad story," said Coquelin.

The young girl began to laugh. "And never unhappy."

"Dear me, that's still worse. Never fear, it will come."

"What will come?"

"That which is both bliss and misery at once."

Mlle. de Bergerac hesitated a moment. "And what is this strange thing?" she asked.

On his side Coquelin was silent.

"When it comes to you," he said, at last, "you'll tell me what you call it."

About a week after this, at breakfast, in pursuance of an urgent request of mine, Coquelin proposed to my father to allow him to take me to visit the ruins of an ancient feudal castle some four leagues distant, which he had observed and explored while he trudged across the country on his way to Bergerac, and which, indeed, although the taste for ruins was at that time by no means so general as since the Revolution (when one may say it was in a measure created), enjoyed a certain notoriety throughout the province. My father good-naturedly consented; and as the distance was too great to be achieved on foot, he placed his two old coach-horses at our service. You know that although I affected, in boyish sort, to have been indifferent to my aunt's absence, I was really very fond of her, and it occurred to me that our excursion would be more solemn and splendid for her taking part in it. So I appealed to my father and asked if Mlle. de Bergerac might be allowed to go with us. What the Baron would have decided had he been left to himself I know not; but happily for our cause my mother cried out that, to her mind, it was highly improper that her sister-in-law should travel twenty miles alone with two young men.

"One of your young men is a child," said my father, "and her nephew into the bargain; and the other," — and he laughed, coarsely but not ill-humoredly, — "the other is — Coquelin!"

"Coquelin is not a child nor is made-moiselle either," said my mother.

"All the more reason for their going. Gabrielle, will you go?" My father I fear, was not remarkable in general for his tenderness or his *prévenance* for the poor girl whom fortune had given him to protect; but from time to time he would wake up to a downright sense of kinship and duty, kindled by the pardonable aggressions of my mother, between whom and her sister-in-law there existed a singular antagonism of temper.

Mlle. de Bergerac looked at my father intently and with a little blush. "Yes, brother, I'll go. The Chevalier can take me *en croupe*."

So we started, Coquelin on one horse, and I on the other, with my aunt mounted behind me. Our sport for the first part of the journey consisted chiefly in my urging my beast into a somewhat ponderous gallop, so as to terrify my aunt, who was not very sure of her seat, and who, at moments, between pleading and laughing, had hard work to preserve her balance. At these times Coquelin would ride close alongside of us, at the same cumbersome pace, declaring himself ready to catch the young girl if she fell. In this way we jolted along, in a cloud of dust, with shouts and laughter.

"Madame the Baronne was wrong," said Coquelin, "in denying that we are children."

"O, this is nothing yet," cried my aunt.

The castle of Fossy lifted its dark and crumbling towers with a decided air of feudal arrogance from the summit of a gentle eminence in the recess of a shallow gorge among the hills. Exactly when it had flourished and when it had decayed I knew not, but in the year of grace of our pilgrimage it was a truly venerable, almost a formidable, ruin. Two great towers were standing, — one of them diminished by half its upper elevation, and the other sadly scathed and shattered, but still exposing its hoary head to the weather, and offering the sullen hospitality of its empty skull to a colony of swallows. I shall never forget that day at Fossy; it was one of those long raptures of childhood which seem to imprint upon the mind an ineffaceable stain of light. The novelty and mystery of the dilapidated fortress, — its antiquity, its intricacy, its sounding vaults and corridors, its inaccessible heights and impenetrable depths, the broad sunny glare of its grass-grown courts and yards, the twilight of its passages and midnight of its dungeons, and along with all this my

freedom to rove and scramble, my perpetual curiosity, my lusty absorption of the sun-warmed air, and the contagion of my companions' careless and sensuous mirth,—all these things combined to make our excursion one of the memorable events of my youth. My two companions accepted the situation and drank in the beauty of the day and the richness of the spot with all my own reckless freedom. Coquelin was half mad with the joy of spending a whole unbroken summer's day with the woman whom he secretly loved. He was all motion and humor and resonant laughter; and yet intermingled with his random gayety there lurked a solemn sweetness and reticence, a feverish concentration of thought, which to a woman with a woman's senses must have fairly betrayed his passion. Mlle. de Bergerac, without quite putting aside her natural dignity and gravity of mien, lent herself with a charming girlish energy to the undisciplined spirit of the hour.

Our first thoughts, after Coquelin had turned the horses to pasture in one of the grassy courts of the castle, were naturally bestowed upon our little basket of provisions; and our first act was to sit down on a heap of fallen masonry and divide its contents. After that we wandered. We climbed the still practicable staircases, and wedged ourselves into the turrets and strolled through the chambers and halls; we started from their long repose every echo and bat and owl within the innumerable walls.

Finally, after we had rambled a couple of hours, Mlle. de Bergerac betrayed signs of fatigue. Coquelin went with her in search of a place of rest, and I was left to my own devices. For an hour I found plenty of diversion, at the end of which I returned to my friends. I had some difficulty in finding them. They had mounted by an imperfect and somewhat perilous ascent to one of the upper platforms of the castle. Mlle. de Bergerac was sitting in a listless posture on a block of stone, against the wall, in the shadow of the still surviv-

ing tower; opposite, in the light, half leaning, half sitting on the parapet of the terrace, was her companion.

"For the last half-hour, mademoiselle," said Coquelin, as I came up, "you've not spoken a word."

"All the morning," said Mlle. de Bergerac, "I've been scrambling and chattering and laughing. Now, by reaction, I'm *triste*."

"I protest, so am I," said Coquelin. "The truth is, this old feudal fortress is a decidedly melancholy spot. It's haunted with the ghost of the past. It smells of tragedies, sorrows, and cruelties." He uttered these words with singular emphasis. "It's a horrible place," he pursued, with a shudder.

Mlle. de Bergerac began to laugh. "It's odd that we should only just now have discovered it!"

"No, it's like the history of that abominable past of which it's a relic. At the first glance we see nothing but the great proportions, the show, and the splendor; but when we come to explore, we detect a vast underground world of iniquity and suffering. Only half this castle is above the soil; the rest is dungeons and vaults and *oubliettes*."

"Nevertheless," said the young girl, "I should have liked to live in those old days. Shouldn't you?"

"Verily, no, mademoiselle!" And then after a pause, with a certain irrepressible bitterness: "Life is hard enough now."

Mlle. de Bergerac stared but said nothing.

"In those good old days," Coquelin resumed, "I should have been a brutal, senseless peasant, yoked down like an ox, with my forehead in the soil. Or else I should have been a trembling, groaning, fasting monk, moaning my soul away in the ecstasies of faith."

Mlle. de Bergerac rose and came to the edge of the platform. "Was no other career open in those days?"

"To such a one as me,—no. As I say, mademoiselle, life is hard now, but it was a mere dead weight then. I know it was. I feel in my bones and

pulses that awful burden of despair under which my wretched ancestors struggled. *Tenez*, I'm the great man of the race. My father came next; he was one of four brothers, who all thought it a prodigious rise in the world when he became a village tailor. If we had lived five hundred years ago, in the shadow of these great towers, we should never have risen at all. We should have stuck with our feet in the clay. As I'm not a fighting man, I suppose I should have gone into the Church. If I hadn't died from an overdose of inanition, very likely I might have lived to be a cardinal."

Mlle. de Bergerac leaned against the parapet, and with a meditative droop of the head looked down the little glen toward the plain and the highway. "For myself," she said, "I can imagine very charming things of life in this castle of Fossy."

"For yourself, very likely."

"Fancy the great moat below filled with water and sheeted with lilies, and the drawbridge lowered, and a company of knights riding into the gates. Within, in one of those vaulted, quaintly timbered rooms, the châtelaine stands ready to receive them, with her women, her chaplain, her physician, and her little page. They come clanking up the staircase, with ringing swords, sweeping the ground with their plumes. They are all brave and splendid and fierce, but one of them far more than the rest. They each bend à knee to the lady—"

"But he bends two," cried Coquelin. "They wander apart into one of those deep embrasures and spin the threads of perfect love. Ah, I could fancy a sweet life, in those days, mademoiselle, if I could only fancy myself a knight!"

"And you can't," said the young girl, gravely, looking at him.

"It's an idle game; it's not worth trying."

"Apparently then, you're a cynic; you have an equally small opinion of the past and the present."

"No; you do me injustice."

"But you say that life is hard."

"I speak not for myself, but for others; for my brothers and sisters and kinsmen in all degrees; for the great mass of *petits gens* of my own class."

"Dear me, M. Coquelin, while you're about it, you can speak for others still; for poor portionless girls, for instance."

"Are they very much to be pitied?"

Mlle. de Bergerac was silent. "After all," she resumed, "they ought n't to complain."

"Not when they have a great name and beauty," said Coquelin.

"O heaven!" said the young girl, impatiently, and turned away. Coquelin stood watching her, his brow contracted, his lips parted. Presently, she came back. "Perhaps you think," she said, "that I care for my name,—my great name, as you call it."

"Assuredly, I do."

She stood looking at him, blushing a little and frowning. As he said these words, she gave an impatient toss of the head and turned away again. In her hand she carried an ornamented fan, an antiquated and sadly dilapidated instrument. She suddenly raised it above her head, swung it a moment, and threw it far across the parapet. "There goes the name of Bergerac!" she said; and sweeping round, made the young man a very low courtesy.

There was in the whole action a certain passionate freedom which set poor Coquelin's heart a-throbbing. "To have a good name, mademoiselle," he said, "and to be indifferent to it, is the sign of a noble mind." (In parenthesis, I may say that I think he was quite wrong.)

"It's quite as noble, monsieur," returned my aunt, "to have a small name and not to blush for it."

With these words I fancy they felt as if they had said enough; the conversation was growing rather too pointed.

"I think," said my aunt, "that we had better prepare to go." And she cast a farewell glance at the broad expanse of country which lay stretched out beneath us, striped with the long afternoon shadows.

Coquelin followed the direction of her eyes. "I wish very much," he said, "that before we go we might be able to make our way up into the summit of the great tower. It would be worth the attempt. The view from here, charming as it is, must be only a fragment of what you see from that topmost platform."

"It's not likely," said my aunt, "that the staircase is still in a state to be used."

"Possibly not; but we can see."

"Nay," insisted my aunt, "I'm afraid to trust the Chevalier. There are great breaches in the sides of the ascent, which are so many open doors to destruction."

I strongly opposed this view of the case; but Coquelin, after scanning the elevation of the tower and such of the fissures as were visible from our standpoint, declared that my aunt was right and that it was my duty to comply. "And you, too, mademoiselle," he said, "had better not try it, unless you pride yourself on your strong head."

"No, indeed, I have a particularly weak one. And you?"

"I confess I'm very curious to see the view. I always want to read to the end of a book, to walk to the turn of a road, and to climb to the top of a building."

"Good," said Mlle. de Bergerac. "We'll wait for you."

Although in a straight line from the spot which we occupied, the distance through the air to the rugged sides of the great cylinder of masonry which frowned above us was not more than thirty yards, Coquelin was obliged, in order to strike at the nearest accessible point the winding staircase which clung to its massive ribs, to retrace his steps through the interior of the castle and make a *détour* of some five minutes' duration. In ten minutes more he showed himself at an aperture in the wall, facing our terrace.

"How do you prosper?" cried my aunt, raising her voice.

"I've mounted eighty steps," he shouted; "I've a hundred more."

Presently he appeared again at another opening. "The steps have stopped," he cried.

"You've only to stop too," rejoined Mlle. de Bergerac. Again he was lost to sight and we supposed he was returning. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and we began to wonder at his not having overtaken us, when we heard a loud call high above our heads. There he stood, on the summit of the edifice, waving his hat. At this point he was so far above us that it was difficult to communicate by sounds, in spite of our curiosity to know how, in the absence of a staircase, he had effected the rest of the ascent. He began to represent, by gestures of pretended rapture, the immensity and beauty of the prospect. Finally Mlle. de Bergerac beckoned to him to descend, and pointed to the declining sun, informing him at the same time that we would go down and meet him in the lower part of the castle. We left the terrace accordingly, and, making the best of our way through the intricate passages of the edifice, at last, not without a feeling of relief, found ourselves on the level earth. We waited quite half an hour without seeing anything of our companion. My aunt, I could see, had become anxious, although she endeavored to appear at her ease. As the time elapsed, however, it became so evident that Coquelin had encountered some serious obstacle to his descent, that Mlle. de Bergerac proposed we should, in so far as was possible, betake ourselves to his assistance. The point was to approach him within speaking distance.

We entered the body of the castle again, climbed to one of the upper levels, and reached a spot where an extensive destruction of the external wall partially exposed the great tower. As we approached this crumbling breach, Mlle. de Bergerac drew back from its brink with a loud cry of horror. It was not long before I discerned the cause of her movement. The side of the tower visible from where we stood presented a vast yawning fissure, which explained the interruption of the stair-

case, the latter having fallen for want of support. The central column, to which the steps had been fastened, seemed, nevertheless, still to be erect, and to have formed, with the agglomeration of fallen fragments and various occasional projections of masonry, the means by which Coquelin, with extraordinary courage and skill, had reached the topmost platform. The ascent, then, had been possible; the descent, curiously enough, he seemed to have found another matter; and after striving in vain to retrace his footsteps, had been obliged to commit himself to the dangerous experiment of passing from the tower to the external surface of the main fortress. He had accomplished half his journey and now stood directly over against us in a posture which caused my young limbs to stiffen with dismay. The point to which he had directed himself was apparently the breach at which we stood; meanwhile he had paused, clinging in mid-air to heaven knows what narrow ledge or flimsy iron clump in the stone-work, and straining his nerves to an agonized tension in the effort not to fall, while his eyes vaguely wandered in quest of another footing. The wall of the castle was so immensely thick, that wherever he could embrace its entire section, progress was comparatively easy; the more especially as, above our heads, this same wall had been demolished in such a way as to maintain a rapid upward inclination to the point where it communicated with the tower.

I stood staring at Coquelin with my heart in my throat, forgetting (or rather too young to reflect) that the sudden shock of seeing me where I was might prove fatal to his equipoise. He perceived me, however, and tried to smile. "Don't be afraid," he cried, "I'll be with you in a moment." My aunt, who had fallen back, returned to the aperture, and gazed at him with pale cheeks and clasped hands. He made a long step forward, successfully, and, as he recovered himself, caught sight of her face and looked at her with fearful intentness. Then seeing, I suppose, that she

was sickened by his insecurity, he disengaged one hand and motioned her back. She retreated, paced in a single moment the length of the enclosure in which we stood, returned and stopped just short of the point at which she would have seen him again. She buried her face in her hands, like one muttering a rapid prayer, and then advanced once more within range of her friend's vision. As she looked at him, clinging in mid-air and planting step after step on the jagged and treacherous edge of the immense perpendicular chasm, she repressed another loud cry only by thrusting her handkerchief into her mouth. He caught her eyes again, gazed into them with piercing keenness, as if to drink in coolness and confidence, and then, as she closed them again in horror, motioned me with his head to lead her away. She returned to the farther end of the apartment and leaned her head against the wall. I remained staring at poor Coquelin, fascinated by the spectacle of his mingled danger and courage. Inch by inch, yard by yard, I saw him lessen the interval which threatened his life. It was a horrible, beautiful sight. Some five minutes elapsed; they seemed like fifty. The last few yards he accomplished with a rush; he reached the window which was the goal of his efforts, swung himself in and let himself down by a prodigious leap to the level on which we stood. Here he stopped, pale, lacerated, and drenched with perspiration. He put out his hand to Mlle. de Bergerac, who, at the sound of his steps, had turned herself about. On seeing him she made a few steps forward and burst into tears. I took his extended hand. He bent over me and kissed me, and then giving me a push, "Go and kiss your poor aunt," he said. Mlle. de Bergerac clasped me to her breast with a most convulsive pressure. From that moment till we reached home, there was very little said. Both my companions had matter for silent reflection, — Mlle. de Bergerac in the deep significance of that offered hand, and Coquelin in the rich avowal of her tears.

ON MR. FECHTER'S ACTING.

THE distinguished artist whose name is prefixed to these remarks proposes to leave England for a professional tour in the United States. A few words from me, in reference to his merits as an actor, I hope may not be uninteresting to some readers, in advance of his publicly proving them before an American audience, and I know will not be unacceptable to my intimate friend. I state at once that Mr. Fechter holds that relation towards me; not only because it is the fact, but also because our friendship originated in my public appreciation of him. I had studied his acting closely, and had admired it highly, both in Paris and in London, years before we exchanged a word. Consequently, my appreciation is not the result of personal regard, but personal regard has sprung out of my appreciation.

The first quality observable in Mr. Fechter's acting is, that it is in the highest degree romantic. However elaborated in minute details, there is always a peculiar dash and vigor in it, like the fresh atmosphere of the story whereof it is a part. When he is on the stage, it seems to me as though the story were transpiring before me for the first and last time. Thus there is a fervor in his love-making—a suffusion of his whole being with the rapture of his passion—that sheds a glory on its object, and raises her, before the eyes of the audience, into the light in which he sees her. It was this remarkable power that took Paris by storm when he became famous in the lover's part in the *Dame aux Camélias*. It is a short part, really comprised in two scenes, but, as he acted it (he was its original representative), it left its poetic and exalting influence on the heroine throughout the play. A woman who could be so loved—who could be so devotedly and romantically adored—had a hold upon the general sympathy with which noth-

ing less absorbing and complete could have invested her. When I first saw this play and this actor, I could not, in forming my lenient judgment of the heroine, forget that she had been the inspiration of a passion of which I had beheld such profound and affecting marks. I said to myself, as a child might have said: "A bad woman could not have been the object of that wonderful tenderness, could not have so subdued that worshipping heart, could not have drawn such tears from such a lover." I am persuaded that the same effect was wrought upon the Parisian audiences, both consciously and unconsciously, to a very great extent, and that what was morally disagreeable in the *Dame aux Camélias* first got lost in this brilliant halo of romance. I have seen the same play with the same part otherwise acted, and in exact degree as the love became dull and earthy, the heroine descended from her pedestal.

In Ruy Blas, in the Master of Ravenswood, and in the Lady of Lyons,—three dramas in which Mr. Fechter especially shines as a lover, but notably in the first,—this remarkable power of surrounding the beloved creature, in the eyes of the audience, with the fascination that she has for him, is strikingly displayed. That observer must be cold indeed who does not feel, when Ruy Blas stands in the presence of the young unwedded Queen of Spain, that the air is enchanted; or, when she bends over him, laying her tender touch upon his bloody breast, that it is better so to die than to live apart from her, and that she is worthy to be so died for. When the Master of Ravenswood declares his love to Lucy Ashton, and she hers to him, and when, in a burst of rapture, he kisses the skirt of her dress, we feel as though we touched it with our lips to stay our goddess from soaring away into the very heavens. And when they plight their troth

and break the piece of gold, it is we — not Edgar — who quickly exchange our half for the half she was about to hang about her neck, solely because the latter has for an instant touched the bosom we so dearly love. Again, in the Lady of Lyons; the picture on the easel in the poor cottage studio is not the unfinished portrait of a vain and arrogant girl, but becomes the sketch of a Soul's high ambition and aspiration here and hereafter.

Picturesqueness is a quality above all others pervading Mr. Fechter's assumptions. Himself a skilled painter and sculptor, learned in the history of costume, and informing those accomplishments and that knowledge with a similar infusion of romance (for romance is inseparable from the man), he is always a picture, — always a picture in its right place in the group, always in true composition with the background of the scene. For picturesqueness of manner, note so trivial a thing as the turn of his hand in beckoning from a window, in Ruy Blas, to a personage down in an outer courtyard to come up; or his assumption of the Duke's livery in the same scene; or his writing a letter from dictation. In the last scene of Victor Hugo's noble drama, his bearing becomes positively inspired; and his sudden assumption of the attitude of the headsman, in his denunciation of the Duke and threat to be his executioner, is, so far as I know, one of the most ferociously picturesque things conceivable on the stage.

The foregoing use of the word "ferociously" reminds me to remark that this artist is a master of passionate vehemence; in which aspect he appears to me to represent, perhaps more than in any other, an interesting union of characteristics of two great nations, — the French and the Anglo-Saxon. Born in London of a French mother, by a German father, but reared entirely in England and in France, there is, in his fury, a combination of French suddenness and impressibility with our more slowly demonstrative Anglo-Saxon way when we get, as we say, "our

blood up," that produces an intensely fiery result. The fusion of two races is in it, and one cannot decidedly say that it belongs to either; but one can most decidedly say that it belongs to a powerful concentration of human passion and emotion, and to human nature.

Mr. Fechter has been in the main more accustomed to speak French than to speak English, and therefore he speaks our language with a French accent. But whosoever should suppose that he does not speak English fluently, plainly, distinctly, and with a perfect understanding of the meaning, weight, and value of every word, would be greatly mistaken. Not only is his knowledge of English — extending to the most subtle idiom, or the most recondite cant phrase — more extensive than that of many of us who have English for our mother-tongue, but his delivery of Shakespeare's blank verse is remarkably facile, musical, and intelligent. To be in a sort of pain for him, as one sometimes is for a foreigner speaking English, or to be in any doubt of his having twenty synonymes at his tongue's end if he should want one, is out of the question after having been of his audience.

A few words on two of his Shakespearean impersonations, and I shall have indicated enough, in advance of Mr. Fechter's presentation of himself. That quality of picturesqueness, on which I have already laid stress, is strikingly developed in his Iago, and yet it is so judiciously governed that his Iago is not in the least picturesque according to the conventional ways of frowning, sneering, diabolically grinning, and elaborately doing everything else that would induce Othello to run him through the body very early in the play. Mr. Fechter's is the Iago who could, and did, make friends; who could dissect his master's soul, without flourishing his scalpel as if it were a walking-stick; who could overpower Emilia by other arts than a sign-of-the-Saracen's-Head grimness; who could be a boon companion without *ipso facto*

warning all beholders off by the portentous phenomenon; who could sing a song and clink a can naturally enough, and stab men really in the dark,—not in a transparent notification of himself as going about seeking whom to stab. Mr. Fechter's Iago is no more in the conventional psychological mode than in the conventional hussar pantaloons and boots; and you shall see the picturesqueness of his wearing borne out in his bearing all through the tragedy down to the moment when he becomes invincibly and consistently dumb.

Perhaps no innovation in Art was ever accepted with so much favor by so many intellectual persons pre-committed to, and preoccupied by, another system, as Mr. Fechter's HAMLET. I take this to have been the case (as it unquestionably was in London), not because of its picturesqueness, not because of its novelty, not because of its many scattered beauties, but because of its perfect consistency with itself. As the animal-painter said of his favorite picture of rabbits that there was more nature about those rabbits than you usually found in rabbits, so it may be said of Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, that there was more consistency about that Hamlet than you usually found in Hamlets. Its great and satisfying originality was in its possessing the merit of a distinctly conceived and executed idea. From the first appearance of the broken glass of fashion and mould of form, pale and worn with weeping for his father's death, and remotely suspicious of its cause, to his final struggle with Horatio for the fatal cup, there were cohesion and coherence in Mr. Fechter's view of the character. Devrient, the German actor, had, some years before in London, fluttered the theatrical doves considerably, by such changes as being seated when instructing the players, and like mild departures from established usage; but he had worn, in the main, the old nondescript dress, and had held forth, in the main, in the old way, hovering between sanity and mad-

ness. I do not remember whether he wore his hair crisply curled short, as if he were going to an everlasting dancing-master's party at the Danish court; but I do remember that most other Hamlets since the great KEMBLE had been bound to do so. Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, a pale, wo-begone Norseman with long flaxen hair, wearing a strange garb never associated with the part upon the English stage (if ever seen there at all), and making a piratical swoop upon the whole fleet of little theatrical prescriptions without meaning, or, like Dr. Johnson's celebrated friend, with only one idea in them, and that a wrong one, never could have achieved its extraordinary success but for its animation by one prevailing purpose, to which all changes were made intelligently subservient. The bearing of this purpose on the treatment of Ophelia, on the death of Polonius, and on the old student fellowship between Hamlet and Horatio, was exceedingly striking; and the difference between picturesqueness of stage arrangement for mere stage effect, and for the elucidation of a meaning, was well displayed in there having been a gallery of musicians at the Play, and in one of them passing on his way out, with his instrument in his hand, when Hamlet, seeing it, took it from him to point his talk with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

This leads me to the observation with which I have all along desired to conclude: that Mr. Fechter's romance and picturesqueness are always united to a true artist's intelligence, and a true artist's training in a true artist's spirit. He became one of the company of the Théâtre Français when he was a very young man, and he has cultivated his natural gifts in the best schools. I cannot wish my friend a better audience than he will have in the American people, and I cannot wish them a better actor than they will have in my friend.

CHARLES DICKENS.

JUBILEE DAYS.

I THOUGHT, Tuesday morning, as our horse-car drew near the Long Bridge, and we saw the Coliseum spectral through the rain, that Boston was going to show people representing other parts of the country her Notion of weather. I looked forward to a forenoon of clammy warmth, and an afternoon of clammy cold and of east wind, with a misty nightfall soaking men to the bones. But the day really turned out well enough; it was showery, but not shrewish, and it smiled pleasantly at sunset, as if content with the opening ceremonies of the Great Peace Jubilee.

The city, as we entered it, gave due token of excitement, and we felt the celebration even in the air, which had a holiday quality very different from that of ordinary workday air. The crowds filled the decorous streets, and the trim pathways of the Common and the Public Garden, and flowed in an orderly course towards the great edifice on the Back Bay, presenting the interesting points which distinguish a crowd come to town from a city crowd. You get so used to the Boston face and the Boston dress, that a coat from New York or a visage from Chicago is at once conspicuous to you; and in these people there was not only this strangeness, but the different oddities that lurk in out-of-way corners of society everywhere had started suddenly into notice. Long-haired men, popularly supposed to have perished with the institution of slavery, appeared before me, and men with various causes and manias looking from their wild eyes confronted each other, let alone such charlatans as had clothed themselves quaintly or grotesquely to add a charm to the virtue of whatever nostrum they peddled. It was, however, for the most part, a remarkably well-dressed crowd; and therein it probably differed more than in any other respect from the crowd which a holiday would have assembled in former times. There was little rusticity

to be noted anywhere, and either all these people were from cities and large towns, or else the uncouthness which has already disappeared from the national face is passing from the national wardrobe. Nearly all our visitors seemed to be Americans, but neither the Yankee type nor the Hoosier was to be found. They were apparently very happy, too; the ancestral solemnity of the race that amuses itself sadly was not to be seen in them, and, if they were not making it a duty to be gay, they were really taking their pleasure in a cheerful spirit.

There was, in fact, something in the sight of the Coliseum, as we approached it, which was a sufficient cause of elation to whoever is buoyed up by the flutter of bright flags, and the movement in and about holiday booths, as I think we all are apt to be. One may not have the stomach of happier days for the swing or the whirligig; he may not drink soda-water intemperately; pop-corn may not tempt him, nor tropical fruits allure; but he beholds them without gloom, — nay, a grin inevitably lights up his countenance at the sight of a great show of these amusements and refreshments. And any Bostonian might have felt proud that morning that his city did not hide the light of her mercantile merit under a bushel, but blazoned it about on the booths and walls in every variety of printed and painted advertisement. To the mere æsthetic observer, these vast placards gave the delight of brilliant color, and blended prettily enough in effect with the flags; and at first glance I received quite as much pleasure from the frescos that advised me where to buy my summer clothing, as from any bunting I saw.

I had the good fortune on the morning of this first Jubilee day to view the interior of the Coliseum when there was scarcely anybody there, — a trifle of ten thousand singers at one end, and

a few thousand other people scattered about over the wide expanses of parquet and galleries. The decorations within, as without, were a pleasure to the eyes that love gayety of color; and the interior was certainly magnificent, with those long lines of white and blue drapery roofing the balconies, the slim, lofty columns festooned with flags and drooping banners, the arms of the States decking the fronts of the galleries, and the arabesques of painted muslin everywhere. I do not know that my taste concerned itself with the decorations, or that I have any taste in such things; but I testify that these tints and draperies gave no small part of the comfort of being where all things conspired for one's pleasure. The airy amplitude of the building, the perfect order and the perfect freedom of movement, the ease of access and exit, the completeness of the arrangements that in the afternoon gave all of us thirty thousand spectators a chance to behold the great spectacle as well as to hear the music, were felt, I am sure, as personal favors by every one. These minor particulars, in fact, served greatly to assist you in identifying yourself, when the vast hive swarmed with humanity, and you became a mere sentient atom of the mass.

It was rumored in the morning that the ceremonies were to begin with prayer by a hundred ministers, but I missed this striking feature of the exhibition, for I did not arrive in the afternoon till the last speech was being made by a gentleman whom I saw gesticulating effectively, and whom I suppose to have been intelligible to a matter of twenty thousand people in his vicinity, but who was to me, of the remote, outlying thirty thousand, a voice merely. One word only I caught, and I report it here that posterity may know as much as we thirty thousand contemporaries did of

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

. (sensation.)
 . . . (cheers.) . . . refinement . . .
 (great applause.)

I do not know if I shall be able to give an idea of the immensity of this scene; but if such a reader as has the dimensions of the Coliseum accurately fixed in his mind will, in imagination, densely hide all that interminable array of benching in the parquet and the galleries and the slopes at either end of the edifice with human heads, showing here crowns, there occiputs, and yonder faces, he will perhaps have some notion of the spectacle as we beheld it from the northern hillside. Some thousands of heads nearest were recognizable as attached by the usual neck to the customary human body, but for the rest, we seemed to have entered a world of cherubim. Especially did the multitudinous singers seated far opposite encourage this illusion; and their fluttering fans and handkerchiefs wonderfully mocked the movement of those cravat-like pinions which the fancy attributed to them. They rose or sank at the wave of the director's baton; and still looked like an innumerable flock of cherubs drifting over some slope of Paradise, or settling upon it, — if cherubs *can* settle.

The immensity was quite as striking to the mind as to the eye, and an absolute democracy was appreciable in it. Not only did all artificial distinctions cease, but those of nature were practically obliterated, and you felt for once the full meaning of unanimity. No one was at a disadvantage; one was as wise, as good, as handsome as another. In most public assemblages, the foolish eye roves in search of the vanity of female beauty, and rests upon some lovely visage, or pretty figure; but here it seemed to matter nothing whether ladies were well or ill looking; and one might have been perfectly ascetic without self-denial. A blue eye or a black, — what of it? A mass of blond or chestnut hair, this sort of walking-dress or that, — you might note the difference casually in a few hundred around you; but a sense of those myriads of other eyes and chignons and walking-dresses absorbed the impression in an instant, and left a dim, strange sense of loss, as if all wo-

men had suddenly become Woman. For the time, one would have been preposterously conceited to have felt his littleness in that crowd; you never thought of yourself in an individual capacity at all. It was as if you were a private in an army, or a very ordinary billow of the sea, feeling the battle or the storm, in a collective sort of way, but unable to distinguish your sensations from those of the mass. If a rafter had fallen and crushed you and your unimportant row of people, you could scarcely have regarded it as a personal calamity, but might have found it disagreeable as a shock to that great body of humanity. Recall, then, how astonished you were to be recognized by some one, and to have your hand shaken in your individual character of Smith. "Smith? My dear What's-your-name, I am for the present the fifty-thousandth part of an enormous emotion!"

It was as difficult to distribute the various facts of the whole effect, as to identify one's self. I had only a public and general consciousness of the delight given by the harmony of hues in the parquet below; and concerning the orchestra I had at first no distinct impression save of the three hundred and thirty violin-bows held erect like standing wheat at one motion of the director's wand, and then falling as if with the next he swept them down. Afterwards files of men with horns, and other files of men with drums and cymbals discovered themselves; while far above all, certain laborious figures pumped or ground with incessant obeisance at the apparatus supplying the organ with wind.

What helped, more than anything else, to restore you your dispersed and wandering individuality was the singing of Parepa-Rosa, as she triumphed over the harmonious rivalry of the orchestra. There was something in the generous amplitude and robust cheerfulness of this great artist that accorded well with the ideal of the occasion; she was in herself a great musical festival; and one felt, as she floated down the stage with her far-spread-

ing white draperies, and swept the audience a colossal courtesy, that here was the embodied genius of the Jubilee. I do not trust myself to speak particularly of her singing, for I have the natural modesty of people who know nothing about music, and I have not at command the phraseology of those who pretend to understand it; but I say that her voice filled the whole edifice with delicious melody, that it soothed and composed and utterly enchanted, that, though two hundred violins accompanied her, the greater sweetness of her note prevailed over all, like a mighty will commanding many. What a sublime ovation for her when a hundred thousand hands thundered their acclaim! A victorious general, an accepted lover, a successful young author, — these know a measure of bliss, I dare say; but in one throb, the singer's heart, as it leaps in exultation at the loud delight of her applauding thousands, must out-enjoy them all. Let me lay these poor little artificial flowers of rhetoric at the feet of the divine singer, as a faint token of gratitude and eloquent intention.

When Parepa (or Prepper, as I have heard her name popularly pronounced) had sung, the revived consciousness of an individual life rose in rebellion against the oppression of all that dominant vastness. In fact, human nature can stand only so much of any one thing. To a certain degree you accept and conceive of facts truthfully, but beyond this a mere fantasticality rules; and having got enough of grandeur, the senses played themselves false. That array of fluttering and tuning people on the southern slope began to look minute, like the myriad heads assembled in the infinitesimal photograph which you view through one of those little half-inch lorgnettes; and you had the satisfaction of knowing that to any lovely infinitesimality yonder you showed no bigger than a carpet-tack. The whole performance now seemed to be worked by those tireless figures pumping at the organ, in obedience to signals from a very alert figure on

the platform below. The choral and orchestral thousands sang and piped and played; and at a given point in the *scena* from Verdi, a hundred fairies in red shirts marched down through the sombre mass of puppets and beat upon as many invisible anvils.

This was the stroke of anti-climax; and the droll sound of those anvils, so far above all the voices and instruments in its pitch, thoroughly disillusioned you and restored you finally to your proper entity and proportions. It was the great error of the great Jubilee, and where almost everything else was noble and impressive, — where the direction was faultless, and the singing and instrumentation as perfectly controlled as if they were the result of one volition, — this anvil-beating was alone ignoble and discordant, — trivial and huge merely. Not even the artillery accompaniment, in which the cannon were made to pronounce words of two syllables, was so bad.

The dimensions of this magazine bear so little proportion to those of the Jubilee, that I must perforce leave most of its features unnoticed; but I wish to express the sense of enjoyment which prevailed (whenever the anvils were not beaten) over every other feeling, even over wonder. To the ear as to the eye it was a delight, and it was an assured success in the popular affections from the performance of the first piece. For my own part, if one pleasurable sensation, besides that received from Pappa's singing, distinguished itself from the rest, it was that given by the performance of the exquisite Coronation March from Meyerbeer's "Prophet"; but I say this under protest of the pleasures taken in the choral rendering of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Closely allying themselves to these great raptures were the minor joys of wandering freely about from point to point, of receiving fresh sensations from the varying lights and aspects in which the novel scene presented itself with its strange fascinations, and of noting, half consciously, the incessant movement of the crowd as it revealed itself in

changing effects of color. Then the gay tumult of the fifteen minutes of intermission between the parts, when all rose with a *susurrus* of innumerable silks, and the thousands of pretty singers fluttered about, and gossiped tremulously and delightedly over the glory of the performance, revealing themselves as charming feminine personalities, each with her share in the difficulty and the achievement, each with her pique or pride, and each her something to tell her friend of the conduct, agreeable or displeasing, of some particular him! Even the quick dispersion of the mass at the close was a marvel of orderliness and grace, as the melting and separating parts, falling asunder, radiated from the centre, and flowed and rippled rapidly away, and left the great hall empty and bare at last.

And as you emerged from the building, what bizarre and perverse feeling was that you knew? Something as if all-out-doors were cramped and small, and it were better to return to the freedom and amplitude of the interior?

On the second day, much that was wonderful in a first experience of the festival was gone; but though the novelty had passed away, the cause for wonder was even greater. If on the first day the crowd was immense, it was now something which the imperfect state of the language will not permit me to describe; perhaps *awful* will serve the purpose as well as any other word now in use. As you looked round, from the centre of the building, on that restless, fanning, fluttering multitude, to right and left and north and south, all comparisons and similitudes abandoned you. If you were to write of the scene, you felt that your article, after all, must be a meagre sketch, suggesting something to those who had seen the fact, but conveying no intelligible impression of it to any one else. The galleries swarmed, the vast slopes were packed, in the pampa-like parquet even the aisles were half filled with chairs, while a cloud of placeless wanderers moved ceaselessly on the borders of the mass under the balconies.

When that common-looking, uncommon little man whom we have called to rule over us entered the house, and walked quietly down to his seat in the centre of it, a wild, inarticulate clamor, like no other noise in the world, swelled from every side, till General Grant rose and showed himself, when it grew louder than ever, and then gradually subsided into silence. Then a voice, which might be uttering some mortal alarm, broke repeatedly across the stillness from one of the balconies, and a thousand glasses were levelled in that direction, while everywhere else the mass hushed itself with a mute sense of peril. The capacity of such an assemblage for self-destruction was in fact but too evident. From fire, in an edifice of which the sides could be knocked out in a moment, there could have been little danger; the fabric's strength had been perfectly tested the day before, and its fall was not to be apprehended; but we had ourselves greatly to dread. A panic could have been caused by any mad or wanton person, in which thousands might have been instantly trampled to death; and it seemed long till that foolish voice was stilled, and the house lapsed back into tranquillity, and the enjoyment of the music. In the performance I remember nothing so delightful as the singing of Miss Philips, who certainly bore none of Parepa's proportion to the edifice, and who yet filled it in every part with the tender music of *Non più di fiori*. Was it all a delicious voice, that *petite* presence, which had clothed itself in white, merely that the eye might know it, and so drifted down to us, and was visible for a little while? This was the pleasantest thing I remember in the performance, but I recall nothing disagreeable, nothing that to my ignorance seemed imperfect, though I leave it to the wise in music to say how far the great concert was a success. I saw a flourish of the director's wand, and I heard the voices or the instruments, or both respond, and I knew by my programme that I was enjoying an unprecedented quantity of Hayden or

Handel or Meyerbeer or Rossini or Mozart, afforded with an unquestionable precision and promptness; but I own that I liked better to stroll about the three-acre house, and that for me the music was at best only one of the joys of the festival.

There was good hearing outside for those that desired to listen to the music, with seats to let in all the surrounding tents and booths; and there was unlimited seeing for the mere looker-on. At least fifty thousand people seemed to have come to the Jubilee with no other purpose than to gaze upon the outside of the building. The crowd was incomparably greater than that of the day before; all the main thoroughfares of the city roared with a tide of feet that swept through the side streets, and swelled aimlessly up the places, and eddied there, and poured out again over the pavements. The carriage-ways were packed with every sort of vehicle, with foot-passengers crowded from the sidewalks, and with the fragments of the military parade in honor of the President, with infantry, with straggling cavalry-men, with artillery. All the paths of the Common and the Garden were filled, and near the Coliseum the throngs densified on every side into an almost impenetrable mass, that made all the doors of the building difficult to approach and at times inaccessible.

The crowd differed from that of the first day chiefly in size. There were more country faces and country garbs to be seen, though it was still, on the whole, a regular-featured and well-dressed crowd, with still very few but American visages. It seemed to be also a very frugal-minded crowd, and to spend little upon the refreshments and amusements provided for it. In these, oddly enough, there was nothing of the march of mind to be observed; they were the refreshments and amusements of a former generation. I think it would not be extravagant to say that there were tons of pie for sale in a multitude of booths, with lemonade, soda-water, and ice-cream in pro-

portion; but I doubt if there was a ton of pie sold, and towards the last the venerable pastry was quite covered with dust. Neither did people seem to care much for oranges or bananas or peanuts or even pop-corn, — five cents a package and a prize in each package. Many booths stood unlet, and in others the pulverous ladies and gentlemen, their proprietors, were in the enjoyment of a leisure which would have been elegant if it had not been forced. There was one shanty, not otherwise distinguished from the rest, in which French soups were declared to be for sale; but these alien pottages seemed to be no more favored than the most poisonous of our national viands. But perhaps they were not French soups, or perhaps the vicinage of the shanty was not such as to impress a belief in their genuineness upon people who like French soups. Let us not be too easily disheartened by the popular neglect of them. If the daring reformer who inscribed French soups upon his sign will reappear ten years hence, we shall all flock to his standard. Slavery is abolished; pie must follow. Doubtless in the year 1900, the managers of a Jubilee would even let the refreshment-rooms within their Coliseum to a cook who would offer the public something not so much worse than the worst that could be found in the vilest shanty restaurant on the ground. At the recent Jubilee the unhappy person who went into the Coliseum rooms to refresh himself was offered for coffee a salty and unctuous wash, in one of those thick cups which are supposed to be proof against the hard usage of "guests" and scullions in humble eating-houses, and which are always so indescribably nicked and cracked, and had pushed towards him a bowl of veteran sugar, and a tin spoon that had never been cleaned in the world, while a young person stood by, and watched him, asking "Have you paid for that coffee?"

The side-shows and the other amusements seemed to have addressed themselves to the crowd with the same mistaken notion of its character and re-

quirements; though I confess that I witnessed their neglect with regret, whether from a feeling that they were at least harmless, or an unconscious sympathy with any quite idle and unprofitable thing. Those rotary, legless horses, on which children love to ride in a perpetual sickening circle, — the type of all our effort, — were nearly always mounted; but those other whirligigs, or whatever the dreadful circles with their swinging seats are called, were often so empty that they must have been distressing, from their want of balance, to the muscles as well as the spirits of their proprietors. The society of monsters was also generally shunned, and a cow with five legs gave milk from the top of her back to an audience of not more than six persons. The public apathy had visibly wrought upon the temper of the gentleman who lectured upon this gifted animal, and he took all inquiries in an ironical manner that contrasted disadvantageously with the philosophical serenity of the person who had a weighing-machine outside, and whom I saw sitting in the chair and weighing himself by the hour, with an expression of profound enjoyment. Perhaps a man of less bulk could not have entered so keenly into that simple pleasure.

There was a large tent on the grounds for dramatical entertainments, with six performances a day, into which I was lured by a profusion of high-colored posters, and some such announcement, as that the beautiful serio-comic danseuse and world-renowned cloggist, Mlle. Brown, would appear. About a dozen people were assembled within, and we waited a half-hour beyond the time announced for the curtain to rise, during which the spectacle of a young man in black broadcloth, eating a cocoanut with his penknife, had a strange and painful fascination. At the end of this half-hour, our number was increased to eighteen, when the orchestra appeared, — a snare-drummer and two buglers. These took their place at the back of the tent; the buglers, who were Germans, blew seriously and in-

dustriously at their horns, but the native-born citizen, who played the drum, beat it very much at random, and in the mean time smoked a cigar, while a humorous friend kept time upon his shoulders by striking him there with a cane. How long this might have lasted, I cannot tell; but, after another delay, I suddenly bethought me whether it were not better not to see Mlle. Brown, after all? Why should I not

"Keep one fair myth aloof
From hard and actual proof;

Preserve some dear delusions as they seem"?

I rose, and stole softly out behind the rhythmic back of the drummer; and the world-renowned cloggist is to me at this moment only a beautiful dream, — an airy shape fashioned upon a hint supplied by the engraver of the posters.

What, then, did the public desire, if it would not smile upon the swings, or monsters, or dramatic amusements that had pleased so long? Was the music, as it floated out from the Coliseum, a sufficient delight? Or did the crowd, averse to the shows provided for it, crave something higher and more intellectual, like, for example, a course of the Lowell Lectures? Its general expression had changed: it had no longer that entire gayety of the first day, but had taken on something of the sarcastic pathos with which we Americans bear all oppressive and fatiguing things as a good joke. The dust was blown about in clouds; and here and there, sitting upon the vacant steps that led up and down among the booths, were dejected and motionless men and women, passively gathering dust, and apparently awaiting burial under the accumulating sand, — the mute, melancholy sphinxes of the Jubilee, with their unsolved riddle, "Why did we come?" At intervals, the heavens shook out fierce, sudden showers of rain, that scattered the surging masses, and sent them flying impotently hither and thither for shelter where no shelter was, only to gather again, and move aimlessly and comfortlessly to and fro, like a lost child.

So the multitude roared within and

without the Coliseum as I turned homeward; and yet I found it wandering with weary feet through the Garden, and the Common, and all the streets, and it dragged its innumerable aching legs with me to the railroad station, and, entering the train, stood up on them, — having paid for the tickets with which the companies professed to sell seats.

How still and cool and fresh it was at our suburban station, when the train, speeding away with a sardonic yell over the misery of the passengers yet standing up in it, left us to walk across the quiet fields and pleasant lanes to Benicia Street, through groups of little idyllic Irish boys playing base-ball, with milch-goats here and there pastorally cropping the herbage!

In this pleasant seclusion I let all Bunker Hill Day thunder by, with its cannons, and processions, and speeches, and patriotic musical uproar, hearing only through my open window sweet Godminster chimes, and the note of the birds singing in a leafy coliseum across the street, and making very fair music without an anvil among them. "Ah, signor!" said one of my doorstep acquaintance, who came next morning and played me Captain Jenks, — the new air he has had added to his instrument, — "never in my life, neither at Torino, nor at Milano, nor even at Genoa, never did I see such a crowd or hear such a noise, as at that Colosseo yesterday. The carriages, the horses, the feet! And the dust, O Dio mio! All those millions of people were as white as so many millers!"

On the afternoon of the fourth day the city looked quite like the mill in which all these millers had been grinding; and even those unpromisingly elegant streets of the Back Bay showed mansions powdered with dust enough for sentiment to strike root in, and so soften them with its tender green against the time when they shall be ruinous and sentiment shall swallow them up. The crowd had perceptibly diminished, but it was still great, and on the Common it was allured by a greater variety of

recreations and bargains than I had yet seen there. There were, of course, all sorts of useful and instructive amusements, — at least a half-dozen telescopes, and as many galvanic batteries, with numerous patented inventions; and I fancied that most of the pedlers and charlatans addressed themselves to a utilitarian spirit supposed to exist in us. A man that sold whistles capable of reproducing exactly the notes of the mocking-bird and the guinea-pig set forth the durability of the invention. "Now, you see this whistle, gentlemen. It is rubber, all rubber; and rubber, you know, enters into the composition of a great many valuable articles. This whistle, then, is entirely of rubber, — no worthless or flimsy material that drops to pieces the moment you put it to your lips," — as if it were not utterly desirable that it should. "Now, I'll give you the mocking-bird, gentlemen, and then I'll give you the guinea-pig, upon this pure *India-rubber* whistle." And he did so with a great animation, — this young man with a perfectly intelligent and very handsome face. "Try your strength, and renovate your system!" cried the proprietor of a piston padded at one end and working into a cylinder when you struck it a blow with your fist; and the owners of lung-testing machines called upon you from every side to try their consumption cure; while the galvanic-battery men sat still and mutely appealed with inscriptions attached to their cap-visors declaring that electricity taken from their batteries would rid you of all aches and pains known to suffering humanity. Yet they were themselves as a class in a state of sad physical disrepair, and one of them was the visible prey of rheumatism which he might have sent flying from all his joints with a single shock. The only person whom I saw improving his health with the battery was a rosy-faced school-boy, who was taking ten cents worth of electricity; and I hope it did not disagree with his pop-corn and soda-water.

Farther on was a picturesque group of street-musicians, — violinists and harp-

ers; a brother and four sisters, by their looks, — who afforded almost the only unpractical amusement to be enjoyed on the Common, though not far from them was a blind old negro, playing upon an accordion, and singing to it in the faintest and thinnest of black voices, who could hardly have profited any listener. No one appeared to mind him, till a jolly Jack-tar with both arms cut off, but dressed in full sailor's togs, lurched heavily towards him. This mariner had got quite a good effect of sea-legs by some means, and looked rather drunker than a man with both arms ought to be; but he was very affectionate, and, putting his face close to the other's, at once entered into talk with the blind man, forming with him a picture curiously pathetic and grotesque. He was the only tipsy person I saw during the Jubilee days, — if he was tipsy, for after all they may have been real sea-legs he had on.

If the throng upon the streets was thinner, it was greater in the Coliseum than on the second day; and matters had settled there into regular working order. The limits of individual liberty had been better ascertained; there was no longer any movement in the aisles, but a constant passing to and fro, between the pieces, in the promenades. The house presented, as before, that appearance in which reality forsook it, and it became merely an amazing picture. The audience supported the notion of its unreality by having exactly the character of the former audiences, and impressed you, despite its restlessness and incessant agitation, with the feeling that it had remained there from the first day, and would always continue there; and it was only in wandering upon its borders through the promenades, that you regained possession of facts concerning it. In no other way was its vastness more observable than in the perfect indifference of persons one to another. Each found himself, as it were, in a solitude; and, sequestered in that wilderness of strangers, each was freed of his bashfulness and

trepidation. Young people lounged at ease upon the floors, about the windows, on the upper promenades; and in this seclusion I saw such betrayals of tenderness as melt the heart of the traveller on our desolate railway trains, — Fellows moving to and fro or standing, careless of other eyes, with their arms around the waists of their Girls. These were, of course, people who had only attained a certain grade of civilization, and were not characteristic of the crowd, or, indeed, worthy of notice except as expressions of its unconsciousness. I fancied that I saw a number of their class outside listening to the address of the agent of a patent liniment, proclaimed to be an unfailing specific for neuralgia and headache, — if used in the right spirit. “For,” said the orator, “we like to cure people who treat us and our medicine with respect. Folks say, ‘What is there about that man? — some magnetism or electricity.’ And the other day at New Britain, Connecticut, a young man he come up to the carriage, sneering like, and he tried the cure, and it did n’t have the least effect upon him.” There seemed reason in this, and it produced a visible sensation in the Fellows and Girls, who grinned sheepishly at each other.

Why will the young man with long hair force himself at this point into a history, which is striving to devote itself to graver interests? There he stood with the other people, gazing up at the gay line of streamers on the summit of the Coliseum, and taking in the Anvil Chorus with the rest, — a young man well-enough dressed, and of a pretty sensible face, with his long black locks falling from under his cylinder hat, and covering his shoulders. What awful spell was on him, obliging him to make that figure before his fellow-creatures? He had nothing to sell; he was not, apparently, an advertisement of any kind. Was he in the performance of a vow? Was he in his right mind? For shame! a person may wear his hair long if he will. But why not, then, in a top-knot? This young man’s long hair was not in

keeping with his frock-coat and his cylinder hat, and he had not at all the excuse of the old gentleman who sold salve in the costume of Washington’s time; one could not take pleasure in him as in the negro advertiser, who paraded the grounds in a costume compounded of a consular *chapeau bras* and a fox-hunter’s top-boots — the American diplomatic uniform of the future — and offered every one a printed billet; he had not even the attraction of the cabalistic herald of Hunkidori. Who was he? what was he? why was he? The mind played forever around these questions in a maze of hopeless conjecture.

Had all those quacks and pedlers been bawling ever since Tuesday to the same listeners? Had all those swings and whirligigs incessantly performed their rounds? The cow that gave milk from the top of her back, had she never changed her small circle of admirers, or ceased her flow? And the gentleman who sat in the chair of his own balance, how much did he weigh by this time? One could scarcely rid one’s self of the illusion of perpetuity concerning these things, and I could not believe that, if I went back to the Coliseum grounds at any future time, I should not behold all that vast machinery in motion.

It was curious to see, amid this holiday turmoil, men pursuing the ordinary business of their lives, and one was strangely rescued and consoled by the spectacle of the Irish hod-carriers, and the bricklayers at work on a first-class swell-front residence in the very heart of the city of tents and booths. Even the locomotive, being associated with quieter days and scenes, appealed, as it whistled to and fro upon the Providence Railroad, to some soft bucolic sentiment in the listener, and sending its note, ordinarily so discordant, across that human uproar, seemed to “babble of green fields.” And at last it wooed us away, and the Jubilee was again swallowed up by night.

There was yet another Jubilee Day, on the morning of which the thousands

of public-school children clustered in gauzy pink and white in the place of the mighty chorus, while the Coliseum swarmed once more with people who listened to those shrill, sweet pipes blending in unison; but I leave the reader to imagine what he will about it. A week later, after all was over, I was minded to walk down towards the Coliseum, and behold it in its desertion. The city streets were restored to their wonted summer-afternoon tranquillity; the Public Garden presented its customary phases of two people sitting under a tree and talking intimately together on some theme of common interest, —

“Bees, bees, was it your hydromel?” —

of the swans sailing in full view upon the little lake; of half a dozen idlers hanging upon the bridge to look at them; of children gayly dotting the paths here and there; and, to heighten the peacefulness of the effect, a pretty, pale invalid lady sat, half in shade and half in sun, reading in an easy-chair. Far down the broad avenue a single horse-car tinkled slowly; on the steps of one of the mansions charming little girls stood in a picturesque group full of the bright color which abounds in the lovely dresses of this time. As I drew near the Coli-

seum, I could perceive the desolation which had fallen upon the festival scene; the white tents were gone; the place where the world-renowned cloggist gave her serio-comic dances was as lonely and silent as the site of Carthage; in the middle distance two men were dismantling a motionless whirlingig; the hut for the sale of French soups was closed; farther away, a solitary policeman moved gloomily across the deserted spaces, showing his dark-blue figure against the sky. The vast fabric of the Coliseum reared itself, hushed and deserted within and without; and a boy in his shirt-sleeves pressed his nose against one of the painted window-panes in the vain effort to behold the nothing inside. But sadder than this loneliness surrounding the Coliseum, sadder than the festooned and knotted banners that drooped funereally upon its façade, was the fact that some of those luckless refreshment-saloons were still open, displaying viands as little edible now as carnival *confetti*. It was as if the proprietors, in an unavailing remorse, had condemned themselves to spend the rest of their days there, and, slowly consuming their own cake and popcorn, washed down with their own soda-water and lemonade, to perish of dyspepsia and despair.

RECENT TRAVELS.

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE'S description of the islands of the Malay Archipelago was of that unstinted and unhesitating character, which pleases so well in the narrative of the Arabian traveller Sindbad. “The isle of Java is well inhabited,” and “the king of that country,” who “hath many times overcome the great chan of Cathay in battle, who is the greatest emperor under the firmament,” has a very noble and wonderful palace, “with pavements and stairways of gold and silver.”

The king of another island “has as many wives as he will,” and is the father of above two hundred children, and the owner of forty thousand elephants, and the ruler over coasts invisible for three days in the year, on account of the quantities of fish which frequent them. One of the curiosities of this realm is “a kind of snails, so great that many persons may lodge in their shells as men would do in a little house”; while in an adjacent dominion a population of men and wo-

men with dog's heads offers a remarkable study to the scientist; and not so very far off is another island inhabited by a race of serpent-eaters, so strangely affected by their diet that "they speak naught, but hiss as serpents do."

It is now above five hundred years since Sir John made his run through the Orient, and the Malay Archipelago has changed with the rest of the world. Mr. Wallace,* the latest traveller in that region, says nothing of the wonders recounted by his predecessor, and we may fairly suppose that the dog-headed and serpent-eating natives have disappeared along with the magnificent potentate, who was a trifle mightier than "the greatest emperor under the firmament." Without absolutely denying that these things may once have been, the modern traveller devotes himself mainly to observation of the present life of the Archipelago, and his own adventures during a sojourn of six years among the Malays. He prefaces his whole work with a chapter on the physical geography of the islands, and to his accounts of the five groups into which he divides it he adds chapters on the natural history of each group. The character of the book, therefore, is scientific rather than popular, and it will not, we think, prove very amusing, save to such readers as like to take a great deal of instruction in their entertainment. Mr. Wallace apparently exhausts a very copious diary in the production of his book, and seems almost to have made it a point of conscience not to leave anything out. This would have done for Sir John Maundeville, but in the present age, we must have some regard to the telegraph, the railroad, and the other "ringing grooves of change." We hope we are not quite saying that Mr. Wallace's book is dull or too big, for we only mean something like this. It is sometimes characterized by diffuseness and exactness, — the most tedious qual-

ities; but it is perfectly sincere in spirit, and it is usually very agreeable in style. Mr. Wallace is a warm admirer of the Dutch colonial system as he has seen it in operation among the Javanese, which is merely an organization of the native despotism under foreign management. The Javanese chiefs are absolute over the people, and the Dutch president of each district is absolute over the chief. The government owns the coffee plantations, which the peasants cultivate, selling the product to the government at a low, fixed price, and dividing the net profits with their chiefs. Under this system, — which is certainly very simple, to say nothing else of it, — Mr. Wallace tells us the natives are acquiring habits of intelligent industry, and are proving their happiness and prosperity by increasing in number. In Menado, one of the Celebes group, where forty years ago the country was a wilderness, and the people murderous savages, the government and the missionaries have co-operated so well that the inhabitants are now "the best clothed, the best housed, the best fed," and the most industrious and peaceable in the Archipelago, living in pretty villages, surrounded by flourishing fields and gardens. Here, however, population fails to afford due evidence of material prosperity, and Mr. Wallace ascribes the fact to the women's habit of working in the fields. In Borneo, where there are rarely more than three or four children in a family, he attributes the same effect to the same causes, — the crushing toils of agriculture, and the neglect of young children carried afieid by their mothers; and he would doubtless be puzzled how to account for a like result here, under totally different circumstances. The Dyaks of Borneo still enjoy the government organized for them by Rajah Brooke, and seem as contented and civilized as their cousins under the paternal Dutch despotism; they are rather lazy, but are perfectly honest and truthful. In other islands, as Lombok of the Timor group, where there is a native government quite uninfluenced by European tradi-

* The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-utan, and the Bird of Paradise. A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York: Harper and Brothers.

tions, the people have attained a degree of prosperity as great as that of the inhabitants of Java or Menado, whom they rival in industry, and seem to surpass in skill. At Dobbo, a trading town of an island of the Papuan group, the population shows capacity for self-government, or rather a capacity to maintain a social state independent of all law, which astonished Mr. Wallace.

"I dare say there are now near five hundred people in Dobbo of various races, all met in this remote corner of the East, as they express it, 'to look for their fortune'; to get money any way they can. They are most of them people who have the very worst reputation for honesty, as well as every other form of morality, — Chinese, Bugis, Ceramese, and half-caste Javanese, with a sprinkling of half-wild Papuans from Timor, Babber, and other islands, — yet all goes on as yet very quietly. This motley, ignorant, bloodthirsty, thievish population live here without the shadow of a government, with no police, no courts, and no lawyers; yet they do not cut each other's throats, do not plunder each other day and night, do not fall into the anarchy such a state of things might be supposed to lead to. It is very extraordinary. It puts strange thoughts into one's head about the mountain-load of government under which people exist in Europe, and suggests the idea that we may be over-governed, that, if Dobbo has too little law, England has too much. Here we may behold in its simplest form the genius of commerce at the work of civilization. Trade is the magic that keeps all at peace, and unites these discordant elements into a well-behaved community. All are traders, and all know that peace and order are essential to successful trade, and thus a public opinion is created which puts down all lawlessness."

These are conditions and ideas from which we may draw some hope for the future of such anarchical communities as New York; though as yet the non-execution of law there does not seem attended with the civic prosperity which

distinguishes the absence of law in Dobbo. Mr. Wallace would perhaps explain this difficulty by saying that New York is made up of civilized elements. He is a firm believer, not in the noble, but the happy, savage, and, in closing his last chapter, — an interesting essay on the races of man in the Malay Archipelago, — he declares that we have not advanced *en masse* beyond the savages in morality, while in England, where one tenth of the population are paupers or criminals; where "money fines are retained as a punishment," and "the very first steps to obtain justice are a matter of expense," — in either case a denial of justice to the poor; where a great landholder may legally convert his property into a forest, and thus practically destroy his fellow-creatures, the tenants; where the manufacturing system, commerce, and crowded cities support and renew a mass of human misery and crime *absolutely* greater than ever existed before, — the average lot of man is harder than in a state of barbarism, as well as more immoral. "This is not a result to boast of, or to be satisfied with; and, until there is a more general recognition of this failure of our civilization, — resulting mainly from our neglect to train and develop more thoroughly the sympathetic feelings and moral faculties of our nature, and to allow them a larger share of influence in our legislation, our commerce, and our whole social organization, — we shall never, as regards the whole community, attain to any real or important superiority over the better class of savages."

There is sense in this; but if it is all true, we do not quite see why the Dutch are to be praised for their civilization of the Malays, who would have been so much happier as barbarians.

We have touched upon some points, out of a great many in Mr. Wallace's book, which interest the mere human being uncontaminated by science; and we cheerfully abandon to the learned or sophisticated man a vast amount of information relative to the animals and vegetation of the Archipelago, with the

single remark that the author is a Darwinist, and meets everywhere abundant evidence to sustain the famous Theory. He leaves us uncertain whether to pronounce the Malays greatly wronged by the popular impressions of their *amoking* and *krissing*, and general blood-thirstiness, or to believe that all their wickedness has not yet been found out. But a reasonable inference from what he says would be, that they are a race rather reckless than cruel, rather indifferent than destructive to human life. They are industrious and generally peaceable, taciturn, and somewhat melancholy, with a vein of heroism. It is this which inspires them in desperate turns of affairs to *amok*, and to take the consequence of being certainly killed in their murderous career, — with, however, all the poetical advantages of death on a battle-field. Mr. Wallace did not learn so much of their customs as he might have done, and once took a walk into the country in order to shun the sensation of beholding the fate of two erring lovers, who by the Malay law were to be thrown into the sea together. We are not sure that even a travelling journalist like Mr. Coffin,* who has seen something of the same race, would have reported the incident; but, if he had done so, we feel certain that we should all have read of it with avidity, in pages which suggest the newspaper in more ways than one. In fact, Mr. Coffin's book reads like letters written during his travels, and it retains, with certain marks of haste, the compensating freshness of first impressions. He is an observer alert to seize those points of Oriental life most likely to interest the largest class of readers; he philosophizes his facts without exhausting metaphysics; and it seems idle to say that Boston, not Dobbo, is his ideal of the social state. There is, of course, something conventional in his method of looking at things, — of taking it for granted that freedom, education, and Chris-

tianity, are good, and that people would everywhere be the better for them; but it is at least not affected, and we suspect it is sounder than any other, if we may say so without disrespect to different systems and conditions.

Mr. Coffin found his way round the world by the overland route to India through France, the Mediterranean, and Egypt, and from India through the Malayan Archipelago to China; then to Japan, and then to California, and overland home. A multitude of objects passed under his notice, of all which he has something interesting to tell, and often something new; but the most wonderful thing he has to tell of is the influence of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the East, on which he dwells more or less consciously throughout. Before the inspired stubbornness of this race the oldest customs bend and the oldest creeds break; and as in the cheap, pleasure-giving countries of Europe the whole apparatus of travel is conformed to the Englishman's prejudices and demands, in the East all traffic takes the impression of his principles and ideas. In the dominions of "the great chan of Cathay, the greatest emperor under the firmament," as among the subjects of Prester John, the Englishman is commercially all-powerful, and the example of his integrity and enterprise and ingenuity, and, above all, his success, is winning him more imitators among the Orientals than the missionaries have converts, — though Mr. Coffin tells us that missionary efforts are by no means so fruitless as they have been represented. The Nautch-girl, with her wicked dancing, has been banished from public performances, wherever they have established themselves, — only to reappear, we fear, in the American theatres, — and their schools are doing a great deal of good. In Calcutta, young India aspires to the material comforts and the intellectual life of England, and some of the Baboos, as we learn, have libraries containing "such works as Beeton's Universal Knowledge, Euclid,

* Our New Way Round the World. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Fully illustrated. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Algebra, and Blackstone, Selections from the British Poets, Cowper's Poems, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." Not all of us would envy the Baboos this mental fare, and if they are able to dispose of it comfortably there is nothing to fear for their future, unless it be that they are in some danger of adopting a vicious accent from the cockneys among them. At Cairo, Mr. Coffin says he heard an Anglo-Indian lady say, "hin han hice-'ouse," which, but for his word, we should not believe possible, for it is as little like ordinary cockney as Punch's American is like our national tongue. However, Mr. Coffin is not often incredible, and we have a natural right to misrepresent the English. He writes from a fair amount of reading concerning the countries he visits, and his inquiries are made and his conclusions presented with intelligence and clearness. You feel that he has lost no opportunity of informing himself from "reliable gentlemen" everywhere, and you are hard to please indeed, if you do not find much to like in his latest intelligence from the Orient.

We may say something like this of Mr. McClure's "Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains,"* which is a book collected from letters to two newspapers, and which has an occasional impressiveness from the reproduction of the same facts as addressed to both journals. One can read a good deal, without fatigue, about the curious life of the West, whither a sort of canned civilization is transported together with the preserved peaches and tomatoes from the older States, but where there is still enough of the wild flavor of native growths; and we have followed Mr. McClure in his travels with a fair degree of constancy and interest. He is a more agreeable writer than Mr. Coffin; he has a quicker sense of humor, and a keener relish for local character; and he has good store of Western anecdotes and sketches.

The two travellers seem to have fared pretty much alike in Salt Lake City, and there is a sad resemblance in their accounts of Brigham Young's domestic affairs, which betrays the futility of attempts to *interview* that celestially instructed diplomat,—at least in his *vie intime*. If we were to be perfectly candid, we should say that we note as great sameness in the accounts that all travellers give of the prophet's wives, as in the accounts of the big trees of California, of which we are very weary indeed. Even Mr. Brace,* who has nothing to say of Mesdames Young, will give us some chapters on the great pines, and we see no prospect of relief from them unless the Pacific Railroad, which is to abolish polygamy, shall turn the trees into cross-ties. The Domes of the Yosemite would, of course, remain, but perhaps human nature could endure them in books of Western travel, if once the pines were gone. Thanks to Mr. Brace, however, men are at last avenged upon the vine-culture in California. With a careful scrutiny, which distinguishes his treatment of all the conditions of California, and gives his book an absolute and almost peculiar value, he considers this subject, which has so long rioted over the imaginations of helpless readers, and shows it in its true proportions. He regards the vine-culture as nothing but an experiment, however vast, of which the success is by no means assured, and which has been so ill-conducted from the beginning that now the wine-producing interest not only has problems of soil, climate, and manufacture still to solve, but, has to overcome the bad reputation achieved by California wines wherever they have been carried. There is no question of the grape-growing capacity of California; but, as Mr. Brace points out, the country which California most resembles is Syria, and Syria, while producing the most delicious grapes in the greatest abundance, has never made a good wine. This is the defect of na-

* Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains. By A. K. McClure. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, & Co.

* The New West: or California in 1867, 1868. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

ture; and the Californians have made bad worse by the careless and dishonest preparation of their wines. In fact the greatness of California is shown to so much better advantage in her literature, that if only she will keep the Overland Monthly vigorous, we will never ask her for another bottle of her "champagne" or "hock." It is a little matter that half a million of people, now exist on a site where but five hundred lived twenty years ago; the world has got used to all that and rather tired of it; and it is no longer so very surprising that myriads of vines bear grapes, or that thousands of miles of corn-field and wheat-field flourish where was yesterday a wilderness; but it is a real wonder when a new land like California gives the world literature of prime quality, in a magazine which is not likely to be banished from "gentlemen's tables," though the "Angelica" and the "Mission" have ceased to flow there. There is something Attic in this sort of greatness that dwarfs bigness; and that suggests the difference between most American cities and Athens — or Frisco.

Mr. Brace, who does not fail to notice this aspect of California life, sticks to figures wherever he can; he holds to facts, too; but he also speculates very agreeably and very sensibly. It is his notion that on the seaboard the Californians grow to resemble Englishmen, and in the interior Arabs, and he insists upon the physical likeness of inland California to Syria. On the whole he finds a marked improvement in the American type throughout the State; but he sets off against the advantages of climate "the curse of overwork," which every man feels there. His account of the Chinese is peculiarly interesting in view of the fact that some of us in the old States are looking to the Mongols and Buddhism for our salvation from the Celts and their Papacy. Mr. Brace is no enthusiast, but he thinks well of the Chinese, and he is unsparing in his exposure of the barbarities to which they are subjected in California. One cannot read of their

treatment by the white ruffians, and their perfect helplessness before the law, without shame. The good old times when it was a virtue to hate and beat negroes survive in California with regard to the Chinese; and it is, of course, the Irish who lead off in the sins against them.

On the whole Mr. Brace's book is the most entertaining and useful that we have yet read about California. It touches nearly every problem of importance in the New West, — the dwindling and comparatively insignificant interest of mining, the vast agricultural interest, the young and flourishing manufacturing interest, the questions of education, religion, and social life, — and it shows all in some novel and instructive light.

We can only class Mr. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast"* with recent works of travel, in recognition of the quality which does not permit good literature to grow old; though, in fact the book will be new to many of a generation which has arisen since its first publication. If we did not feel the contrary pretension to be due to criticism, we should confess that we have ourselves read it here for the first time; in any case, we can easily imagine the delight it must give those who find it literally novel. It is still unique; there is no other book which treats of the same phases of life; and until Mr. Dana ships again, there is not likely to be any book about the sea at once so graphic, so simple, so touching, so full of manly cheerfulness and humor. Yet its range of facts is very narrow. A young collegian, whose sight has been impaired by study, goes to sea as a common sailor, and makes a voyage to California for hides, doubling Cape Horn, and seeing countries as sailors may. This is the scope of the book, but within these limits a whole world of character, of experiences, of feelings, utterly foreign to us, appears. The sea

* *Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative.* By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. New Edition, with subsequent Matter by the Author. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

itself is scarcely more different from the land than are seamen's usages from landsmen's; and, while we that dwell on shore advance through freedom to ease and comfort, those that go down to the sea in ships enslave themselves for years in a cruel bondage. Every vessel that floats is a despotism more or less brutal and remorseless; these prime agencies of civilization are in themselves images of a barbaric state, in which fear and force alone rule. Mr. Dana describes the outrage and endurance on shipboard with a surprising patience and temperance, but with a power that makes his stories of perilous toil and adventure a relief from the spell of the sombre and hopeless picture. The last touch of pathos is given when he hints that even he, a man protected by the highest influences of education and society, felt himself in danger from the degrading hardships that make a man once a sailor always a sailor. The seaman's constant dangers, his wearing labors, his poor, dull joys, are the recurrent themes of one who, without ever forgetting that he was not of their kind, never fails to feel for his shipmates a sympathy which they sometimes did not feel for each other; and a very pleasing portion of the "subsequent matter" is that in which he carefully traces their careers, and tells what he knows of their lives or deaths. There seems, to be sure, a want of poetical justice in the fate of that pitiless despot, Captain Thompson (he escapes signal retribution, and his death involves the loss of another life, as generous and compassionate as his own was cruel), which one finds hard to put up with, and which the consciousness that one is reading fact makes all the worse. But if the reader

cannot away with this conclusion,—in which, if the story were fiction, we might after all recognize an exquisite stroke of art,—he may compose himself with the scene of George Somerby's death, so simply and affectingly presented, and teaching so much mercifulness of judgment by the new light in which it shows the dying sailor's benefactor,—a man known widely enough for his tragical end, but not at all famed for kindness to the poor. As to the rest of the chapter, "Twenty-four Years After," we cannot say more of it than that in relating the experiences of a man who left California a semi-Spanish Catholic country,—so much more hopeless than a wilderness,—and went back to find it what it now is, this addition is worthy of the original book, to which it gives a fresh interest. Those who can almost believe themselves to have lived the author's life during his "Two Years before the Mast," will sympathize with his pleasure in discovering so many acquaintances of the old hide-droghing days still alive in different parts of California and enjoying a celebrity the book has given them, and with his frank satisfaction and sadness at finding himself honored in the splendid and populous cities of that new land as the oldest inhabitant and the sole historian of the past; and they will not fail to share the feeling, as of some strange enchantment, which attends the ex-seaman of the "Pilgrim" and "Alert" wherever he goes. It is a feeling that is hardly greater in the many places utterly changed since he saw them last than in the few scenes that have remained the same; and, subtly yet vividly imparted, it adds a charm far above that of romance to these final pages of a most fascinating book.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CXLII. AUGUST, 1869.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE.—Last month, during the progress of the musical festival in this city, Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. published in the leading Boston journals a record of the works issued by the house from January, 1868, to June, 1869. The catalogue attracted general attention. Though representing the business of but one publishing house during the brief period of eighteen months, the list embraced new works, or new editions of works already popular, by the following authors:—

H. W. LONGFELLOW,	CHARLES DICKENS,
ALFRED TENNYSON,	NATHL. HAWTHORNE,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,	W. M. THACKERAY,
GEORGE ELIOT,	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,	CHARLES READE,
ROBERT BROWNING,	LOUIS AGASSIZ,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,	WALTER SCOTT,
THOMAS HUGHES,	RICHARD H. DANA, JR.,
EDWARD EVERETT HALE,	OWEN MEREDITH,
JAMES PARTON,	T. W. HIGGINSON,
THE COUNTRY PARSON,	W. H. H. MURRAY.
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,	JOHN G. SAXE,
MRS. A. M. DIAZ,	DONALD G. MITCHELL,
CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN,	ANNA E. DICKINSON,
LUCY LARCOM,	J. W. PALMER,
EDMUND C. STEDMAN,	GAIL HAMILTON,
ISAAC I. HAYES,	WASHINGTON GLADDEN,
MOSES COIT TYLER,	JOHN BUMSTEAD,
HELEN S. CONANT,	WILLIAM J. LINTON,
SAMUEL BOWLES,	CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

Among the most recent books in this announcement were Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" (twenty-third thousand); Miss Phelps's "The Gates Ajar" (thirtieth thousand); Coffin's "Our New Way Round the World" (eighth thousand); the tenth edition of "Adventures in the Wilderness," by the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, and the ninth edition of George Eliot's poem, "The Spanish Gypsy." Each of these works has since had a more extended circulation.

In commenting, editorially, on the commercial and literary importance of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s advertisement, the *Boston Daily Advertiser* remarked:—

"The firm of Fields, Osgood, & Co., now almost as familiar to the public under the new name as under the old colors with which it sailed so long, has been a bulwark and a rallying point for our literature, on which book-buyers as well as book-writers depended for many years. It has always been active, but never so active as now. In another part of this paper this house advertises their principal publications for the past eighteen months. With little more amplification than a catalogue, the list fills a very considerable space; but it is when we come to appreciate quality as well as quantity that its full importance is realized. No other American house could bulletin such a list of American authors, beginning with Longfellow, and ranging along the varied types of our literature, from Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Hale, Holmes, and Lowell, to Parton, Higginson, and Agassiz. Nor can any house exhibit such a list of English writers, with

the added merit of the authors' sanction, as Tennyson, Browning, Hughes, Eliot, Dickens, and Reade. But it is not the policy of the firm to confine itself to pushing the works of established authors. New growth is essential to literature; and the fact that two of the most brilliantly successful books on this list, 'The Gates Ajar' and 'Adventures in the Wilderness,' are by authors wholly unknown to the general public a year ago, shows that some degree of dash as well as substantial solidity is a desirable qualification of a publishing house.

"Periodicals have come to be recognized as necessary tenders to the business of every book firm; but the monthlies and the quarterly of Fields, Osgood, & Co. are something more than tenders to the general business of the house, and compel recognition as leaders of literature in their respective departments."

The following leader, on the same subject, appeared in the *Evening Transcript*:—

"Our first page to-day is entirely devoted to a remarkable advertisement, which tells the story of rare business enterprise, and is filled to overflowing with attractive announcements. But it is for characteristics other than these that it will command attention and really deserve study. Within a year and a half Fields, Osgood, & Co. have given to the public works from the pens of two score of authors, American and English, almost all of them living and of widest popularity. To represent in print a half-dozen of the most prominent on the list might be the making of any firm; to take care of the whole of them would seem to be an embarrassment of riches. But the Tremont Street establishment has done and is doing this with unremitting energy and in good style; enriching our libraries weekly with their diversified 'Household' and other editions of works in all departments of literature. We need not take room to run over the long and brilliant catalogue; a glance at the eight columns will reveal a galaxy of shining names. Observe the poets, — Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, and Lowell, Whittier, and the rest; count up the novelists, — Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, George Eliot, Hawthorne, and others of the tribe; consider the array of essayists, travellers, and naturalists, men and women of mark; and then ask whether Fields, Osgood, & Co. are surpassed by any of their contemporaries in their numerous issues, taking quantity, quality, and variety into the account. In offering this broadside programme of their performances, as bookmakers and booksellers, to the crowds of Jubilee week, they put forth a statement of indisputable facts; give a transcript of the record of the volumes they have issued and their relations to eminent writers.

"Their achievements imply something more than an immediate and exclusive eye to the main chance. It is evident that the honorable pursuit of profit is not with them the sole consideration. They desire to connect their names with good literature, advanced thought, and the intellectual progress of the age. They would be known for their taste and liberal policy as well as for their mercantile success, acting upon the principle that character as well as money is worth earning in the pur-

suits of trade and commerce. Without entering into comparisons, thus much is fairly to be inferred from their extended advertisement. It tells of results which imply the existence of the qualities we have attributed to them; for without such qualities such results could not have been attained. The evidence of culture, judgment, sagacity, energy, boldness, tact, skill, and whatever else goes to the building up of a publishing house known at home and abroad for its magnitude and the extent and variety of its ventures, is literally such that he who runs may read and see that it is beyond controversy. This is not extravagant praise or mere compliment, but simply the statement of the truth as made manifest by the facts.

"In this general reference to Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., we must not, in passing, omit an allusion to their periodicals. To them the public are indebted for the maintenance of the oldest American quarterly, the agreeable and fresh weekly selections of *Every Saturday*, the wide circulation and high character for ability, diversity, and independence of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and that leading magazine of its class, *Our Young Folks*.

"In thus calling attention to a publishing house whose imprint is known wherever the English language is spoken or read, we are pointing to what is one of the leading concerns in a most important branch of the business of the city, of which others besides its proprietors may well be proud. Not only has it grown with the growing culture of the country, but it has encouraged home authors, and spread far and wide the best productions of the best writers on the other side of the Atlantic; thus giving it a claim to honorable consideration as holding a high place among the beneficent agencies of the advancing civilization of the world."

The *Boston Post* remarked, editorially:—

"The broadside advertisement with which the renowned publishing house of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. salute the country in this Jubilee time, on another page of this morning's *Post*, will excite universal attention and remark. It details the literary achievements of this enterprising firm during the last year and a half in a form that is both novel and impressive. Where are the publishers on this continent who, within that term, have presented to the reading public works from different authors, nearly all of whom are living celebrities? It would be glory enough for any firm to have announced original works from less than one fourth that number of well-known authors. Read the glittering roll of names as they are presented: In poetry, Longfellow, Tennyson, Lowell, Browning, and Whittier. Of novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Hawthorne, Higginson, Charles Reade, and George Eliot. And of essayists, travellers, writers on natural history and science, such a shining company of men and women of genius as will make book-shelves brilliant for all time to come. But these publishers have not compromised quality with quantity. They hold up to their high standard in every essay in which they engage. Nor are they in any sense such devotees of Mammon as to think it possible to build a lasting reputation on anything less substantial than true honor in dealing, as well as indisputable worth in selection.

"Their shelves and counters are an embarrassment of literary riches. And all is the exclusive product of their own prolific press. Such a display of the ripest fruits of culture, taste, judgment, enterprise, and business sagacity, cannot be surpassed. Their wonderful march to their eminent and leading position as publishers has given an excellent example to the country in refining and solidifying the common rules of business in their own field, and elevating and dignifying a branch of trade than which not one is clothed with nobler and purer associations. From this house, also, go forth a Quarterly, two Month-

lies, and a Weekly Magazine, any one of which would add lustre to the repute of the publishers. None but sound and sweet literature comes from hence. It is the aim of the firm to keep the fountain clear from which such incessant streams of influence are to flow. American authors contribute in large store to the rich treasury of its productions, while foreign, and especially British writers supply in large degree the stores of reading, which are the recreation and delight of cultivated people everywhere."

THACKERAY'S COMPLETE WORKS.—The signal success attending the HOUSEHOLD EDITION of Thackeray's Novels has induced Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. to add to the series the miscellaneous writings of the author, thus bringing together for the first time the complete works of Thackeray in an inexpensive, handsome, and uniform edition. The volumes will be reprinted from the last English edition, which embraces numerous choice papers never before collected. "The Roundabout Papers" are not to be found entire in any American edition, and only meagre selections from the essays have hitherto been published in this country. Many of Thackeray's most delightful essays and brief stories were contributed anonymously to the magazines. Several volumes of these articles still remain unfamiliar to the general reader. How well they are worth preserving is shown by the collection published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in 1867, under the title of "Early and Late Papers." It is the intention of the present publishers to include in their HOUSEHOLD EDITION the complete writings of the author so far as they are known.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.—The author of the best biography of Oliver Goldsmith has won fresh consideration from his countrymen for his admirable life of Landor. The London Examiner and Review, in a discriminating paper on Mr. Forster's work, remarks: "Whoever chooses to read the book itself—and no one who has the slightest sympathy with literature or any curiosity in studying extreme developments of character will fail to do so—will see at once that we have ample guaranty for all that we mean to say in its favor. He will find the vague misrepresentations and guesses that have hitherto hung about the interpretations of Savage Landor's life and character dispelled by a clear, accurate, and remarkably frank narrative, in which one is no less struck by the largeness and interest of the theme than by the courage and honesty of the narrator. At the outset there is one circumstance that must have favored Mr. Forster in his laborious task. Not many of Savage Landor's contemporaries survive. Although it is but a few years since the tidings of his death came over to us from Italy, the first day of this century saw him a young man of twenty-five. He belonged to the last generation,—to the period of Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, and their fellow-men of letters, whose names and lives have already become picturesque to us. A biographer, therefore, had much liberty in writing of the personal surroundings of a man who had thus outlived his contemporaries; and especially in the case of Landor some such liberty was highly desirable."

In the course of a second article on this work, the same journal remarks:—

"The record of his life which Mr. Forster, with admirable assiduity, patience, and judgment, has here compiled, shows two parallel lines of personal and literary activity, the former landing him in all manner of disputes and disappointments, the latter affording him perpetual delight. Whether it is the perplexity about the Llanthony estates,

with its attendant pecuniary difficulties, or the first quarrel with his wife, or the disagreements with his Italian neighbors, or that final rupture between his wife and himself, there are always his literary pursuits to fall back upon. The lack of immediate popularity, as we have seen, troubled him little; he had a perfect faith in the future, and he was justified in that faith by the opinion of many of the greatest men of his time. They were not only charmed by the fine and stately English which he wrote, but they could appreciate the great culture of his mind, and perceive the sterling English genius which, to the outside world, was partly hidden in classic dress. The manner in which Savage Landor has been ignored is a phenomenon in literary history; for, even if the general reading public were blind to the characteristics of his writing, how could they overlook the warm commendations of such men as Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Carlyle, and many other authorities? Yet how many of the readers of these authors have read 'Gebir,' or even the more famous 'Imaginary Conversations.' Landor outlived his best years; and, ere his death, it was the custom to consider him an erratic and incomprehensible old man, who was continually quarrelling with his friends, and writing epigrams upon them at the instigation of a violent temper. We cannot believe but that the present volumes will do much to set Savage Landor right with the world. They contain minute and intelligent analyses of his writings, and the most frank and fearless description of himself and his manner of living. Mr. Forster, as we have said in a previous notice, extenuates nothing, — he does not even omit the painful circumstances, yet fresh in the public mind, which necessitated Landor's flight from England. He has not idealized his subject; and the reader will be all the more gratefully inclined to look upon the better side of Landor's character when he sees its defects frankly stated. Few will rise from the perusal of this work without feeling that they have been looking upon the life of a very noble and generous, if eccentric man; and they will be strange and uncharitable critics if they do not find much more to praise and admire than to blame. We will venture to quote here a description of Landor in his later years, which is taken from a letter written by Mr. Charles Dickens: —

"We all conceived, before seeing him, a prepossession in his favor; for there was a sterling quality in his laugh, and in his vigorous healthy voice, and in the roundness and fulness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fur of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannons and hurt nothing. But we were hardly prepared to have it so confirmed by his appearance. . . . He was not only a very handsome old gentleman, upright and stalwart, as he had been described to us, with a massive gray head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double-chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite, his face was lighted up by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but showed himself exactly as he was, incapable of anything on a limited scale, and firing away with those blank great guns because he carried no small-arms whatever; that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed, or was led into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a bloodhound, and gave out that tremendous Ha! ha! ha!"

"We have only to repeat, in closing, the commendations we have incidentally dropped about the method and manner in which Mr. Forster has fulfilled his duties as biographer. The work is a monument which will take its place in English literature, as alike creditable to him who has raised it, and to him whom it commemorates."

DANA'S "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST,"

— It is scarcely necessary to speak of a book that has been for nearly thirty years without a rival. What was said of it at the time of its first appearance, in 1840, still remains true: "It is the most graphic picture of sea-life ever drawn." Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have issued the volume in a very handsome dress, for the benefit of a fresh generation of readers. The new edition has received the warmest welcome from all sources.

"We hardly know when we have been more pleased at the appearance of an old and favorite work in a new garb than of Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr.'s 'Two Years before the Mast,' which Fields, Osgood, & Co. have brought out in a revised and enlarged edition. For simplicity and intrinsic interest of narrative it will stand among books of sea-life as of the best. Following, nearly thirty years ago, the sea-stories of Cooper and Marryat, its then young author might well doubt if his book was wanted; but its voice, from the fore-castle, where theirs had come from the cabin and quarter-deck, at once took hold of the great sympathetic heart of the public, and stamped it as of rare genius. We advise all to peruse it, — those who have done so in the past to renew their original pleasure, — to be impressed with the power there is in simple, natural description, and enjoy a delightful chapter of personal experience." — *The Boston Commonwealth*.

"It is twenty-eight years, as we learn by the Preface to the present edition of this famous book of sea experience, since it was first given to the public. We believe it is nearly, if not quite, as long ago since we first read it ourselves; but we are sure that neither ourselves or any other boy enjoying that pleasure has ever forgotten the impression it made on him. 'Two Years before the Mast' is one of those works that have in them the inspiration of real descriptive genius. They never outlive their day, and never fail to fascinate each added generation that peruses them. They appeal vividly to the taste of youth, and though they are not exclusively youths' books, yet the early season of life is the one in which the enjoyment from them is most vivid. We are glad to meet this former friend and companion in its new and handsome garb, and the added matter which its author has furnished in his description of revisiting California (which was the haven of his first voyage), after a period of twenty-five years, adds materially to the interest of this latest edition." — *Suffolk County Journal*.

"This volume has long since attained to the rank of a genuine Anglo-Saxon classic. Its vivid and truthful pictures of the real life of a sailor have never been surpassed, and so strong a hold has it taken upon the reading public that it is read by a wider circle of readers to-day than it was twenty-four years ago, when it was originally published.

"It should not, however, be forgotten that Mr. Dana only described one particular phase of the seaman's life. His experience was confined to a single voyage to and from the coast of California. Of course his descriptions are perfectly reliable, but an accurate picture of the life of sailors on board a South-American trader gives us little idea of the daily life of the men who constitute the crews of a man-of-war, of a whaler, or of a Liverpool packet. 'Two Years before the Mast' is unsurpassed, as we have said, in the accuracy of its description, but the ground (or sea?) which it covers is of limited extent. If we wish to know how the 'Packetarian' lives we must read Melville's 'Redburn,' or if we crave acquaintance with the man-of-war's man the same picturesque writer offers us his 'White Jacket.'

A few years since Mr. Dana revisited California, and found flourishing cities where he had left a desolate wilderness. The additional chapters which he has added to this edition, describing his recent trip, are not the least interesting portion of the book." — *N. Y. Citizen*.

"Mr. Dana has here given us a new edition of a book that has long been a deserving and popular one. Nowhere else, perhaps, is the real life of the sailor so plainly, naturally, and graphically described as on these pages; for the instances have been very few in which a young and literary college graduate has chosen to go into the fore-castle as a common sailor and stay there through a two years' voyage, and been able to keep his scholarly taste thoroughly alive and active, while at the same time mingling in all the ludicrous and trying experiences of his shipmates with zest and satisfaction, and then come home to write out the story of his life on shipboard, and paint the portraits of his companions in a way that shows his

perfect freedom from exaggeration and his rare fidelity to the facts within and around him. Mr. Dana did all this, and so his book was a unique as well as a valuable one. The appendix consists, in the main, of an account of a visit to California made twenty-five years after the one described in the body of the work, and constitutes a fitting close of his record. It is one of those few books describing the life of a sailor that may be put into the hands of a boy in the confidence that its influence will be wholesome and valuable. For while it does not paint the forecastle as either paradise or purgatory, — while it will neither make boys crazy to become sailors nor terrify them with the imaginary horrors on shipboard, — it will cure the mere romance that struggles for freedom and pastime on the wave, and send the real sailor to his sphere and his duties too well instructed to render him the victim of serious disappointment." — *Morning Star*.

A BOOK FOR SUMMER READING. — Speaking of Mr. Coffin's "New Way Round the World," — one of the most entertaining and comprehensive volumes of travel lately published, — the Church Union says: —

"With that aptitude to understand things in foreign countries which is a characteristic peculiarity of the American traveller, — the nearest approach to a cosmopolitan, — Mr. Coffin has taken a running view of many lands, and dwells at some length on those which have been heretofore least known, the true Orient, as represented in the great Asiatic nations. And he gives us an insight into their characters and habits, not so much by description as by telling what they did and said, as he brought his driving, free Yankee spirit into collision with their unyielding ancient ways. We Americans, who have so proudly declined European entanglements, will find ourselves more and more intimately drawn into relations of the utmost consequence with the people of old Asia. The drift of human progress is ever westward, and, whether we will or not, we must take part, in the coming generations, in historical movements associated with the vast populations beyond the Pacific. If we are not quick to do our duty in impressing them with the benefits of a Christian civilization, and if, as a people, we do not extend to them a helping hand in solving the problems which crowd upon them, as they are just opening their eyes from a slumber of ages, they will presently overrun us with their barbarism. Even now some momentous questions are looming up in our western horizon. We may then welcome such a book as this as being timely, and commend its reading as having an eminently practical value. The print is excellent, and the illustrations abundant, adding greatly to the liveliness of the volume."

TOURISTS' EDITION OF MURRAY'S "ADVENTURES IN THE ADIRONDACKS." — Mr. Murray's spirited sketches of life in the North Woods have directed the attention of many summer wanderers to that picturesque locality. All persons who propose "camping out" in the Wilderness will find the TOURISTS' EDITION of Mr. Murray's Adventures an invaluable accession to their outfit. Several pages of preliminary matter have been added, giving the fullest information as to the best route to the Adirondack region, with time-tables, statistics, maps, etc. The volume is tastefully and substantially bound in portfolio covers, containing two carefully prepared maps, such as are usually sold at two dollars, — the price of the TOURISTS' EDITION of Murray's "Adventures in the Adirondacks."

MEN, WOMEN, AND GHOSTS, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, promises to become as popular as her previous book. "The immense and deserved popularity of 'The Gates Ajar,'" says the *Providence Press*, "will bring to Miss Phelps many admirers for any work which may come from her graceful and vigorous pen. The present volume is composed of ten articles, most of which have heretofore appeared in print, attracting attention and evoking deserved praise. There is nothing flashy or trashy in the stories, but they are each freighted with a solid and substantial lesson which brings with it and leaves behind it a blessing for the reader. There is at least an equal amount of the heart, with the intellect, in all that we have read from this gifted author; and in this

age of heartless fiction it is good to find the substantial orthodox virtues clothed in interesting life pictures, and so drawn as to soften the heart and make one better for the reading. Miss Phelps has a mission, and we trust the day is distant when she will retire from so important and successful a field of duty."

THE SECRET OF SWEDENBORG. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have in press, and will publish in September, a new work by Mr. Henry James, author of "Substance and Shadow," entitled "The Secret of Swedenborg, being an Explication of his Doctrine of the Divine NATURAL Humanity." The scope of the book is to secularize the Christian dogma of the Incarnation, or take it out of the category of miracle, where it is commonly placed, and show it to be the foundation-truth, on the contrary, both of nature and history. Mr. James has long been known as an independent student of Swedenborg, and this book gives the mature result of his investigations. It will doubtless be of especial interest to persons engaged in metaphysical inquiry, or exercised in the existing debates between faith and science; but many incidental questions of the greatest practical import to thoughtful students of human nature are treated by the author with so much freedom and apparent insight, that the book will be found equally interesting to the general reader. Those of Mr. James's readers especially who believe in the eventual redemption of human nature itself, or in the establishment of a perfect society among men on earth as a possibility of human destiny, will hardly fail to read his pages with sympathy and profit.

The work will be in octavo form, handsomely printed and bound.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have nearly ready for publication the "Diary, Reminiscence, and Correspondence" of the late Henry Crabb Robinson, selected and edited by Thomas Sadler. The work will be issued in two handsome volumes of five hundred pages each.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. will publish immediately a work with the above title, by James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," whose revelations of "A Night in a Workhouse" created so much excitement in England two or three years since. In "The Seven Curses of London" Mr. Greenwood will disclose many startling facts concerning the social life of the lower classes. The seven curses treated of by the author are, I. Neglected Children. II. Professional Thieves. III. Professional Beggars. IV. Fallen Women. V. The Curse of Drunkenness. VI. Betting Gamblers. VII. Waste of Charity.

ANNOUNCEMENT. — Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have in preparation two superbly illustrated volumes to be published in the autumn, — the *BALLADS* of John Greenleaf Whittier and *THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

HENRY ESMOND, AND LOVEL THE WIDOWER. By W. M. THACKERAY. *Household Edition.* 1 vol. 16mo. 367 pages. Morocco Cloth, \$1.25.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY. *Household Edition.* 1 vol. 16mo. 442 pages. Morocco Cloth, \$1.25.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. A Biography. By JOHN FORSTER. With Steel Portrait and Vignettes. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 693 pages. Cloth, \$3.50; Half Calf, \$6.00.

HYPERION. A Romance. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. New Edition. 1 vol. 16mo. 391 pages. Morocco Cloth, \$1.50.

These books can be procured of the Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.**Chickering & Sons'
GRAND, SQUARE, & UPRIGHT
PIANOS.**

We this day issue a New CATALOGUE, in which we print our VERY LOWEST PRICES, and from which we make no DISCOUNTS OR DEVIATION whatever.

Our object is to furnish to our Patrons THE VERY BEST PIANOS which can be manufactured, and at the VERY LOWEST PRICES which will yield us a fair remuneration.

ROSEWOOD FULL-SIZED SQUARE PIANOS,

7 OCTAVE,

WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS,

Fully Warranted, from 475 to 600 Dollars.

Our reputation as the FIRST MANUFACTURERS IN THE COUNTRY being fully established, and the SUPERIORITY OF OUR INSTRUMENTS being acknowledged by the VOLUNTARY TESTIMONY OF THE LEADING ARTISTS OF THIS COUNTRY AND EUROPE, and the AWARDS OF THE HIGHEST RECOMPENSES OVER ALL COMPETITION, at the different Industrial Exhibitions of Europe and America, we are confident that at the PRICES upon our New LIST, our Pianos will be found to be THE CHEAPEST; and we solicit a comparison of our PRICES with those of any other FIRST-CLASS MANUFACTURERS, after allowing the Discounts which they may offer.

It will be our aim, as it has been during the past FORTY-SEVEN YEARS, to make the VERY BEST POSSIBLE INSTRUMENTS in every respect. Our rules are: NEVER TO SACRIFICE QUALITY OF WORK DONE TO ECONOMY OF MANUFACTURE.

ROSEWOOD GRAND PIANOS,

7½ OCTAVE,

WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS,

Fully Warranted, from 1,050 to 1,200 Dollars.

Our PRICES are set as LOW as they possibly can be to insure the MOST PERFECT WORKMANSHIP, and the VERY BEST QUALITY OF MATERIALS used in every branch of the business.

EVERY PIANO MADE BY US IS FULLY WARRANTED, and satisfaction guaranteed to the purchaser.

In claiming a SUPERIORITY for the CHICKERING PIANOS OVER ALL OTHERS MADE, we would call special attention to THE PERFECT EVENNESS OF THE SCALES throughout the ENTIRE REGISTERS.

THE SINGING QUALITY OF TONE, so favorably noticed by all the GREAT ARTISTS.

THE POWER AND QUALITY OF TONE, DELICACY OF TOUCH, PERFECTION OF THE MECHANISM, DURABILITY AND GENERAL EXCELLENCE OF WORKMANSHIP, AND BEAUTY OF FINISH.

CHICKERING & SONS,

246 Washington St., Boston,

11 East 14th St., New York.

THE

HALFORD SAUCE

FOR

EVERY

GENTLEMAN'S

TABLE.

THE HALFORD**LEICESTERSHIRE****TABLE SAUCE.****ONLY FIFTY CENTS.**

FOR SALE BY

EVERY FIRST-CLASS GROCER.**MIDDLETOWN****HEALING SPRING WATERS.**

The attention of the public, and of invalids particularly, is directed to these WATERS, which are very highly recommended by physicians and others familiar with their wonderful effect on disease.

**They are Unrivalled as a Remedy,
Refreshing as a Beverage,
and pronounced**

Superior to all other Waters,**both Natural and Artificial.**

Sold by Druggists. Hundreds of testimonials and best references.

Send for Pamphlet. Address

GRAYS & CLARK,

Middletown, Vermont.

THE BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

IN THE WORLD IS THE



PRINCIPAL AMERICAN AGENCIES.

New York—505 Broadway;
Chicago—43 Madison Street;
Cincinnati—28 West Fourth Street;
Boston—141 Washington Street;
Milwaukee—410 Milwaukee Street;
Philadelphia—1123 Chestnut Street;
St. Louis—612 North Fourth Street;
Cleveland—43 Public Square;
Detroit—158 Jefferson Avenue.
Indianapolis—27 No. Pennsylvania Street;
Baltimore—140 Baltimore Street;
Hartford, Conn.—382 Main Street;
New Orleans—6 Chartres Street;
San Francisco—111 Montgomery Street.

Report of the Judges at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, 1867.

The whole number of Sewing Machines on exhibition is thirteen; of these, twelve are entered for competition. The article bearing the number 730 (FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE) is decided to be the best on exhibition. It must also be stated incidentally that

This is better than any of its class known to the Judges.

Its merits are:—

- 1st. — Good material and thorough workmanship.
- 2d. — More absolute novelty than marks the usual improvements in Sewing Machines.
- 3d. — The ingenious arrangement by a positive motion for adjusting the thread during the passage of the shuttle, and the gathering up of it in the finish of the stitch.
- 4th. — The reversible feed.
- 5th. — The variety of work that can be done upon it.

We therefore decide that it receive the award of first-class

(Signed)

WM. PRATT,
 IRA S. CADY,
 L. J. KNOWLES.

This is to certify, that the foregoing is a true extract from the Report of the Judges of Sewing Machines, at the 37th Annual Fair, 1867.

JOHN W. CHAMBERS, Sec'y Board of Managers.
 NEW YORK, NOV. 18, 1867.

BRAMAN, SHAW, & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PARLOR SUITS,

COVERED IN

English Hair-Cloth, Plush, Reps, Terry, and Brocatelle.

Salesroom, 27 Sudbury St., Boston.

STAMMERING

Permanently cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. They received Medals, etc., at the last London and Paris Exhibitions, and are favorably reviewed in the *Illustrated London News* and *Medical Times*. For Pamphlet, and drawings describing the same, address

SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, New York.

MENDELSSOHN

Musical Institute

Was established in 1856, since which time it has received over seven hundred pupils, nearly two hundred of whom have been, or are at present, teaching in various localities, with success and high commendation.

Every desirable facility is here afforded for acquiring a thorough education in every department of Music,

Instrumental, Vocal, and Theoretical,

after the best systems of instruction in Europe, where the Principal resided, as student and teacher, during several years.

The aim of this institution is to make the study of music thorough and comprehensive in the highest degree, by its peculiar method of instruction, making the most intricate portions of its science clear and attractive to the student, who becomes deeply interested, and realizes that with such knowledge the instrumentalist becomes a musician, while without it he is a mere machine.

Pupils are instructed *alone*, or in classes, by teachers of superior skill and experience.

Schools, Seminaries, and Families are provided with reliable and accomplished Teachers, on application to the Principal.

For Circulars, containing full information as to terms, references, etc., address

EDWARD B. OLIVER,

26 OXFORD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Refers, by permission, to MESSRS. FIELDS, Osgood, & Co.

STUDS

INSTEAD OF

EYELETS,

For Ladies',

Misses', and

Children's

Boots.



PATENT STUDDED BOOTS AND SHOES are now offered to the public by first class shoe dealers, with the full assurance that they supply a long acknowledged demand, and are stronger and better than any other style.

They are laced by simply winding the string from one stud to another, as shown in the illustration. The studs are turned from wire, and have solid heads and shanks.

Manufacturers can obtain Studs and Setting Machines, and Dealers all styles of Studded Goods, by addressing

BOSTON SHOE STUD & BUTTON CO.

99 Milk and 2 Pearl Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, Publishers, Booksellers, and Importers,

take pleasure in announcing that they have MOVED their New York business, and that of the General Protestant Episcopal Sabbath-School Union and Church Book Society, to the elegant store,

713 Broadway, Corner of Washington Place.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

(Successors to Ticknor and Fields)

have also transferred their New York Headquarters to our store, where we shall keep constantly on hand a large stock of all their Publications, in plain and fine bindings.

Their well-known Editions of the best American and English authors — LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HAWTHORNE, TENNYSON, DICKENS, READE, LOWELL, EMERSON, MRS. STOWE, WALTER SCOTT, HOLMES, AGASSIZ, BROWNING, and many others — will be fully represented.

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be received for *The Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review*, *Our Young Folks*, *Every Saturday*, and ALL FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

We shall also keep a large general stock of

STANDARD AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BOOKS,

in all departments of Literature, giving special attention, in addition to the above, to the publications of

Little, Brown, & Co.,

AND

Roberts Brothers, of Boston ;

Harper & Brothers,

C. Scribner & Co.,

Hurd & Houghton,

Geo. Routledge & Sons,

Thomas Nelson & Sons.

OXFORD AND LONDON EDITIONS OF BIBLES AND PRAYER-BOOKS, &c.

Special attention will be given to furnishing **Public and Private Libraries** at the lowest prices.

The best editions of **STANDARD BOOKS** will be kept in **Fine as well as Plain Bindings**.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR

WEBB'S ADDER,

The only Practical Adding Machine in the World. Prices, \$6, \$8, and \$10.

 CATALOGUES of all the leading Publishers FURNISHED FREE.

American Books sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of retail price.

 All are invited to call and examine our stock.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY,

**No. 713 BROADWAY, Corner of Washington Place,
NEW YORK.**

POPULAR NEW-CHURCH BOOKS,

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT

No. 20 Cooper Union, New York.

THE NATURE OF SPIRIT, AND OF MAN AS A SPIRITUAL BEING. By REV. CHAUNCEY GILES. One vol. 12mo. pp. 206. Tinted paper. Cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.25.

CONTENTS.—The Nature of Spirit and of the Spiritual World.—Man Essentially a Spiritual Being.—The Death of Man.—The Resurrection of Man.—Man in the World of Spirits.—The Judgment of Man.—Man's Preparation for his Final Home.—The State of Man in Hell.—Man in Heaven.

"The volume before us is wholly Swedenborgian. We think that nowhere can be found a book from which so clear and so compressed a view of the leading doctrines of this rapidly growing sect can be obtained."—*Historical Mag.*

"It adheres rigidly to the received principles of Swedenborg's teachings, but it surrounds them with lucid illustrations, clears up their apparent difficulties, enforces their logical applications, and exhibits their practical scope and bearing in a style remarkable for clearness of statement, as well as argumentative force."—*New York Tribune.*

"The discussion is conducted in the best possible spirit. It may fail to convince one who is not convinced already, but it cannot fail to interest any person who has ever thought upon these strange, intoxicating themes."—*The Nation.*

LIGHT ON THE LAST THINGS. By W. B. HAYDEN. One vol. 12mo. pp. 196. Tinted paper. Cloth, gilt top. Price, \$1.25.

CONTENTS.—New Truth for a New Age.—Reality and Extent of the other World.—Seership.—The Seers of the Old Testament.—The Spiritual Body withdrawn from the Natural Body at the Death of the Latter.—The "Sheol" of the Old Testament, and the Hades of the New, an Intermediate State.—That Intermediate World needed as a Place where the "Judgment" occurs.—History of that World from the Scriptures.—An important Part of our Lord's Work lay in Hades.—His Work on the Unclean Spirits—Redemption effected in Hades.—End of the World not foretold in Scripture.—The Symbolism of Prophecy.—The Stability of the Physical Earth and the Material Universe argued from Scripture and Physics.—The "Clouds" in which the Lord is to appear, the Symbols in the Letter of the Word.—The "Second Coming" a new and wonderful Disclosure of Heavenly Truth.—The New Jerusalem a New Church on Earth.—Its Platform of Catholic Doctrine.

"The author takes rank among the foremost theological writers of the times. His style is clear, perspicuous, and eloquent. He writes like one who has absolute and undoubting faith in the doctrines he holds, and he fortifies them by Scripture and logic. It is not for us to say whether he is right or wrong; but upon the investigation of the great problems relating to a future life, about which we are all compelled to soberly think whether we will or no, we feel assured that the serious searcher after truth cannot do a wiser thing than to read this thoughtful book."—*Press, Portland.*

"The Swedenborgian Church has made a valuable contribution to modern theology. . . . It has leavened the Church universal with a more living faith in the world of spirits, and has aided to restore the doctrine of regeneration to its proper prominence."—*New York Independent.*

"One point which Mr. Hayden particularly brings forward is the doctrine which teaches that the last judgment spoken of in the Bible has already taken place, and that the influx of spiritual light resulting thence is the cause of the sudden progress in art, science, philanthropy, and political and social improvement which has taken place within the last century."—*New York Sun.*

DEUS-HOMO. GOD-MAN. By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. One vol. Crown 8vo. pp. 455. Price, \$2.50.

"It bears marks of profound and honest thought, and a sincere desire to help the world on towards a fuller and clearer knowledge of absolute and eternal truth."—*Chicago Journal.*

"Apart from the interest of this volume to readers who share the convictions of the author, it presents no small attractions to a wider circle, by the excellence of its literary execution, its temperate and dignified tone, and the philosophical suggestiveness of its discussions."—*New York Tribune.*

"Perhaps no book has appeared from the scholars of the New Church that has promised more light to the inquirer, or bestowed more satisfaction upon the reader."—*Historical Magazine.*

"As a literary effort, Professor Parsons's book deserves notice. His exposition is made with a care that has not labored except long and patiently. His illustrations are apt, and his interpretations racy."—*The Round Table.*

A COMPLETE SET OF SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS. In Nineteen 8vo vols., bound in levant cloth, gilt top. Price, \$34.00.

THE NEW JERUSALEM MESSENGER—Weekly. \$3.00 per year.

☞ All the Writings of the Church constantly on hand.

JOS. R. PUTNAM, Manager.

WILCOX SILVER PLATE CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Finest Quality of Electro-Plate,

For the use of Hotels, Restaurants, Private Families, Churches, and for Wedding and Holiday Presents.

In addition to their usual line of goods they invite attention to their

Patent Porcelain-lined Ice Pitchers,**Porcelain-lined Baking Dishes, with Silver-plated Receivers,****Crockery Baking Dishes, with Silver-plated Receivers,****Glass-lined Dessert Sets, etc., etc.**

THE QUALITY OF ALL

TRADE-MARK



GOODS BEARING THEIR

IS GUARANTEED.

Factories at West Meriden, Conn.

Salesroom, 21 Maiden Lane, New York.

**The most Durable Knife known. Hot Water has no Effect upon it.**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN CUTLERY; AND MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY THE

MERIDEN CUTLERY CO., . . . 45 Beekman St., New York.**EVERY ONE WHO LOVES FRUITS, FLOWERS, OR GARDENING****SHOULD TAKE A GOOD HORTICULTURAL JOURNAL.****Read the Horticulturist, New York.**

THE STANDARD JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HORTICULTURE. Every Number contains valuable information and illustrations on all subjects connected with country life, calculated to please and instruct. VALUABLE PREMIUMS of choice Books, Newspapers, Roses, Lilies, and Flowers are given to new subscribers. Send Stamp for illustrated prospectus or specimen copy.

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Prop'r, 37 Park Row, New York.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY**For Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
Reopens September 15th.**

The best features of European and Home Schools. Especial attention to Modern Languages, Music, and Art. Mr. Walter R. Gilbert, Mus. Bac. Oxon., has charge of the department of Music. For prospectus, with references, address the Rector, REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A. M.

Read It! Read It! A Wonderful Book.**EXETER HALL.****A Theological Romance. American News Co. 75c.****AGE CARDS, AGE CARDS, AGE CARDS.**

How to tell the age of any one. More of a wonder than the Velocipede. Price, 25 cents per pack; 6 packs for \$1. Address ROBERTS & CO., 39 Park Row, New York.

\$9 a Day for all. Address A. J. FULLAM, New York.**\$20 A DAY to MALE and FEMALE**

Agents to introduce the BUCKEYE \$20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than \$40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. WE FURNISH FULL OUTFIT FREE. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

IMPORTANT TO FREEMASONS and GOOD

TEMPLARS. Send stamp for Circular. Address JOHN M. WILLIAMS, Readfield, Maine.

MUSKET SHOT GUNS WARRANTED

To shoot close and kill 60 yards. Price, \$2.50.

Wanted. — Army Guns and Revolvers. Send stamp for price list Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, to JOHNSTON'S GUN WORKS, Pittsburg, Pa.

\$10 PER DAY GUARANTEED

Agents to sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It makes the LOCK STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any Sewing Machine ever invented. Price, \$25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for Circular. Address JOHNSTON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

\$3,500 PER YEAR to sell "Wonder of the World." J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

SLOW HORSES MADE FAST, and fast horses made faster. Plain practical instructions for improving speed and style, and much other valuable information, in No. 19 of HANEY'S JOURNAL, only **Five Cents**, of any newsdealer, or JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau Street, New York. Has exposures of humbugs.

\$100 CASH for Original Puzzles will be given by MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY. See present number, of any newsdealer. FOUR different numbers as samples to new readers, sent post-paid, for 25 cents, — half price. Largest, best, and cheapest magazine of its kind. JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., New York.

HANEY'S Art of Training Animals tells all secrets of the most successful trainers, horse breaking, sporting dogs, and all animals, all Circus Tricks, snake charming, farm animals, &c. **200** large pages, **60** illustrations, only **50** cents, of booksellers or JESSE HANEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., New York. Only complete book.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP,

An Iron Tonic,

WITHOUT ALCOHOL.

Makes the Weak Strong.

Cures Chronic Diseases.

Invigorates the Brain.

Cures Dyspepsia and Debility.

Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood.

CAUTION.—All genuine has the name "PERUVIAN SYRUP" (not "Peruvian Bark") blown in the glass. A 32-page pamphlet sent free. J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor, 86 Dey St., New York.

WANTED,

100 000 "LITTLE WOMEN"
TO READ
Miss Louisa M. Alcott's New Story,

An Old Fashioned Girl

begun in the July Number of

MERRY'S MUSEUM,

(New Series,) an Illustrated Monthly,
edited by LOUISA M. ALCOTT, Author of "Little Women";
the Puzzle Drawer, by "AUNT SUE."

The cheapest and best Magazine for young folks published. Send two three-cent postage stamps for a specimen number, and judge for yourself. \$1.50 per year. Liberal Premiums and terms to clubs. Agents wanted. HORACE B. FULLER, Publisher, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

HOW IS IT DONE?

AN ADVERTISEMENT of 12 lines inserted ONE MONTH in 1235 NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES, including 82 DAILIES, also 12 WEEKLIES, each with a regular circulation of from 20,000 to 220,000, with a combined circulation of MILLIONS, and representing Thirty-one States, East, West, North, and South, all for \$1100, or less than Ninety Cents per Paper. Each additional line, \$85.

\$85 per Line per Month for 1235 Papers.

\$85 per Line per Month for 1235 Papers.

\$85 per Line per Month for 1235 Papers.

☞ SPECIAL RATES for longer time and space.

Do you ask how this can be done? We answer by systematic labor and the prompt fulfilling of all engagements. For further particulars inquire of

T. C. EVANS, Advertising Agent,
106 Washington St., Boston,

or send for his Circular.

PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

Taken Internally, Cures Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., Weak Stomach, General Debility, Nursing Sore Mouth, Canker, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Cramp or Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Asiatic Cholera, Diarrhoea, and Dysentery.

Taken Internally, Cures Felons, Boils, and Old Sores, Severe Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, and Sprains, Swelling of the Joints, Ringworm and Tetter, Broken Breasts, Frosted Feet and Chilblains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

The Pain Killer is by universal consent allowed to have won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medical preparations. Its INSTANTANEOUS EFFECT is the entire eradication and EXTINCTION OF PAIN in all its various forms incidental to the human family, and the unsolicited written and verbal testimony of the masses in its favor are its own best advertisements.

The ingredients which enter into the PAIN KILLER, being purely vegetable, render it a perfectly safe and efficacious remedy taken internally as well as for external application, when used according to directions. The slight stain upon linen from its use in external application is readily removed by washing in a little alcohol.

This medicine, justly celebrated for the cure of so many of the afflictions incident to the human family, has now been before the public ABOUT 30 YEARS, and has found its way into almost every corner of the world! and wherever it is used, the same opinion is expressed of its real medical properties.

In any attack where prompt action upon the system is required, the Pain Killer is invaluable. Its almost instantaneous effect in RELIEVING PAIN is truly wonderful; and when used according to directions, is true to its name, a Pain Killer.

Price, 25 cents and 50 cents.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Manufacturers and Proprietors,
74 High Street, Providence, R. I.

PURE SALERATUS

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

IMPURE SALERATUS A PUBLIC ENEMY—The destructive influence of which every housekeeper should beware, and always secure that which is generally acknowledged reliable.

PYLE'S SALERATUS has stood the test of time, and become the standard in New England. Ten years' experience has substantiated its claim to perfect purity, as well as the economy of its use. Yet many housekeepers, by reason of the grocerymen's determination to supply only that from which the largest profit is derived, are deprived of getting that which they know to be best adapted to their wants. Grocers, under such circumstances, do great injustice to all concerned. Their relation to the public is an important one, and duty demands that they should aim to supply articles that have merited unquestionable reputation. Housekeepers, too, should insist upon having their choice, and all who secure Pyle's Saleratus in pound packages will always be well compensated for the effort. The same may be said of Pyle's Cream Tartar and celebrated O. K. Soap, articles of established value. Nearly all first-class Grocers keep them.

JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,
Depot, 350 Washington St., New York.



ON THE WING:

A Book for Sportsmen. By JOHN BUMSTEAD. Fully Illustrated. 16mo. \$2.50.

"On the Wing" is the winsome title of a little sporting treatise which has the force and flavor of an experienced and youthful votary of the manly exercise so dear to Anglo-Saxon instincts. It is a pleasant *melange* of practical knowledge in field sports and of natural history. We are told all about guns, powder, and shot, the season for each game-bird, their habits and whereabouts, and how to proceed in bagging them. The book is full of information without being too technical or scientific; it is written in a clear, unaffected, and sympathetic tone. Many similar works have appeared of late years, but, so far as we know, this is the first which deals exclusively with sporting in New England. It is interesting even to such

readers as are not addicted to sporting. It has many charming local pictures, and many curious details. It is a model of beautiful type, binding, illustration, and paper." — *Boston Transcript*.

"Here is a practical book for sportsmen, by John Bumstead, a practical man, if we may judge from his writings, who knows of what he treats. It is a beautiful volume, — well printed, handsomely illustrated, — and all fond of sporting will find in it valuable suggestions as to selecting guns and caring for them, shooting woodcock, quail, grouse, snipe, rabbits, and all kinds of water-fowl, together with interesting details as to the manufacture of guns, gunpowder, etc." — *Rural New-Yorker*

* * For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., 124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

LAW, LOAN, AND BANKING OFFICE,

PITKIN C. WRIGHT, DeWitt, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges* paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years. Parties having money to invest, please notice. (138)

HYPERION.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Revised Edition. 1 vol. 16mo \$1.50.

A new edition of this standard romance, printed from new plates on tinted paper, and bound in morocco cloth.

* * For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

CHESTER SQUARE (Formerly Pemberton Square) **Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.** — The next School Year will begin September 21, 1869. For Catalogue and Circular address **REV. G. GANNETT, 69 Chester Square, Boston, Mass.**

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNA.,

N. College Ave. and 22d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FACULTY — ANN PRESTON, M. D., Prof. of Physiology and Hygiene; EMELINE H. CLEVELAND, Prof. Obst. and Diseases of Women; MARY J. SCARLETT, M. D., Prof. of Anatomy and Histology; RACHAEL L. BODLEY, M. L. A., Prof. Chemistry and Toxicology; ISAAC COMLY, M. D., Prof. Principles and Practice of Medicine; BENJ. B. WILSON, M. D., Prof. Principles and Practice of Surgery; CHARLES H. THOMAS, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica; HENRY HARTSHORNE, M. D., Prof. Hygiene and Dis. of Children.

The Twentieth Annual Session will commence on Thursday, October 14th, 1869, and continue five months.

Clinical Advantages of the most important character are now available, including, besides access to the wards and Clinics of the Women's Hospital of Philadelphia, admission to the Clinics of the principal hospitals of the city.

Address for Catalogue or further information, **EMELINE H. CLEVELAND, M. D., Secretary, 1800 Mt. Vernon St.**

LEE & SHEPARD'S MONTHLY BULLETIN

OF

NEW BOOKS.

The Supernatural in the Bible.

JUST READY.

C R E D O.

16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Gossip about Europe.

The American Woman in Europe.

The Journal of Two Years' Sojourn in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. By MRS. S. R. URBINO. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"How they live in Heaven."

The Gates Wide Open;

Or, Scenes in Another World. By GEO. WOOD, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America." 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Two Letters to J. Stuart Mill.

Causation and Freedom in Willing.

With an Appendix, on the Existence of Matter and our Notions of Infinite Space. By ROWLAND G. HAZARD, Author of "Language," etc. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

Mrs. Dall's New Book.

Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands.

A Series of Books for Children. By MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL. To be completed in six volumes. Per volume, \$1.25.

1. FROM BOSTON TO BALTIMORE.

A Strong Argument on the Woman Question.

Woman as God made her:

The True Woman. By REV. J. D. FULTON. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.

May Mannering's New Book.

Salt-Water Dick.

By MAY MANNERING. 16mo. Illustrated. \$1.00. Being the Fifth Volume of **HELPING-HAND SERIES**. To be completed in six volumes. Illustrated. Per volume, \$1.00.

A New Dotty Dimple.

Dotty Dimple at School.

By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy," &c. 24mo. Illustrated. 75 cents. Being the Fifth Volume of **DOTTY DIMPLE STORIES**. To be completed in six volumes. Illustrated. Per volume, 75 cents.

By the Author of "Three Years as a Negro Minstrel."

Gloverson and his Silent Partners,

By RALPH KEELER. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

National Sermons.

Sermons, Letters, and Speeches on Slavery and its War.

From the passage of the Fugitive-Slave Bill to the Election of President Grant. By REV. GILBERT HAVEN. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$3.00.

A New Sunday-School Song Book.

Sabbath Songs for Children's Worship.

By LEONARD MARSHALL, assisted by J. C. PROCTOR and SAMUEL BURNHAM. Boards, 35 cts.; paper, 30 cents.

New Edition of "Alice's Adventures."

Alice's Adventures in Wonder-Land.

By LEWIS CARROLL. 12mo. Tinted paper. Cloth, \$1.50. This is an exact reprint of this very popular English juvenile, and in paper, print, binding, and illustrations, is equal to the original.

The Pampas and the Andes.

A Thousand Miles' Walk

Across South America, over the Pampas and the Andes. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. 12mo. New Edition. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Western Adventure.

Twelve Nights in the Hunters' Camp.

By REV. W. BARROWS, D. D. 12mo. Illustrated. \$1.25. A thrilling Narrative of Hunting Adventure and Indian life in the Southwest, founded on the actual experience of "The General," a well-known Western character.

By the Author of "Sparticus."

The Ark of Elm Island.

By ELIJAH KELLOGG. 16mo. Illustrated. \$1.25. Being the Third Volume of **ELM ISLAND STORIES**.

Oliver Optic's New Story,

Switch off, or The War of the Students,

Commenced in Nos. 131 (July 3) **OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE**, offering an excellent opportunity to subscribe for this very popular Weekly Visitor to our Boys and Girls. Fully illustrated. Terms.—\$2.50 per year; \$1.25 for 6 months; 6 cents per number.

 Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

SEND FOR

THE BEST MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN EVER PUBLISHED,

The Nursery

A Monthly for youngest readers, now in its third year, with a large and constantly increasing circulation, is admitted to be the best work of the kind.

Each number contains from 25 to 30 illustrations, some of them filling entire pages, and all of them of a kind to delight the young and attract every lover of high art. The NURSERY was the first to introduce to the American public PLETSCU, FROLICH, FROMENT, and other artists renowned for their drawings of children. In addition to the designs of these celebrated foreign artists, original designs by our own artists, BILLINGS, CHAMPNEY, MISS HUMPHREY, etc., are given.

The reading matter is original, and by the most successful writers in the country, who make a specialty of writing for children.

Nothing to offend the most scrupulous taste, nothing that every intelligent parent will not approve, is ever admitted into this now famous little Magazine. It has been largely and successfully used in Primary Schools. Every teacher and every parent should have it.

As a new volume of THE NURSERY commences in July, now is the time to subscribe for this unique and highly successful little Magazine.

Terms.—\$1.50 a year, in advance. A sample No., containing Prospectus, Premium List, Club Terms, etc., mailed for 10 cents. Address the Publisher,

JOHN L. SHOREY,

13 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



THE NEW REGIME!

Exit potions, exit pills,
Exit rhubarb and blue mass;
See, for indigestion's ills
Nectar surges in the glass.
To the brim, like bright champagne,
See the rare Aperient mount;
Coolness for the fevered brain
Bubbles in that mimic fount.
Moisture dewes the arid skin,
Agony gives place to ease;
Biliousness and all its kin
Vanish, and "the end is peace."
Quiet sleep the draught invites,
Failing appetite renews.
Every function "puts to rights,"
Calms the pulse and cures the "blues."

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS;

Or, Camp-Life in the Adirondacks.

By REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

1 vol. 16mo. Eight full-page Illustrations. \$1.50.

TOURIST'S EDITION.

With Maps showing the Adirondack Region, and the Routes to and through it. \$2.00.

"In the little book before us, Mr. Murray describes the incidents of a summer's rambles in the Adirondacks, spent in fishing and hunting. To one immured within brick walls it comes as fresh and inspiring as the breeze blowing from the wooded hills. He not only tells you how to 'rig' a line, bait a hook, manage a gun, kill, cure, and cook game, with all the zest of the professional sportsman, but he enters right into the heart of Nature and pictures her in all her varying phases. To write so graphically, he must have written in the presence of nature. . . . We know of no sportsman who writes so lovingly and so graphically, unless it be immortal Kit North, and Mr. Murray's trout is worthy to rank with the latter's famous capture of the salmon. There is the same enthusiasm, the same graphic description of details, and the same dramatic interest in each."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Like Parson Bland, in Professor Tyler's 'Brawnville Papers,' Mr. Murray can 'out-walk, out-jump, out-skate, out-swim, out-fish, out-hunt, and out-preach any other man for twenty miles around.' His book will be read with intense interest by everybody; will take a place among the choicest treasures of the true sportsman, alongside of his rifle and his rod; and will bulge out the satchel of many a tourist the coming season."—*Correspondence N. Y. Times*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON, & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & CO.'s Publications.

OLDTOWN FOLKS,

BY

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

1 vol., Crown 8vo., 616 pages. \$2.00.

Twenty-fifth Thousand.

"The story itself, though interesting enough, is the least part of the attraction. It is the graphic sketches of New England life, the odd yet wondrously faithful portraits of New England characters, the bits of shrewd New England wisdom and the dry New England humor scattered through the pages that make the principal charm of the book, and render it a sharply defined photograph of old New England life, scenes, and manners. To this are added bits of genuine pathos, such as the readers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' well know that Mrs. Stowe is capable of."—*Cleveland Herald*.

"The scene of this story is laid in a village in the interior of Massachusetts, and the time is the close of the last and the earlier years of the present century. As its title indicates and as is avowed in the preface, the object of the author is rather to present studies of New England character and manners of that age, than to construct an artistic plot. These characters, Mrs. Stowe assures us, are drawn from nature, and they certainly have all the precision and apparent accuracy of portraits. The elegant and dignified Parson Lothrop, the shrewd, versatile, and good-natured, yet irredeemably shiftless ne'er-do-weel Sam Lawson, and his energetic and peppery wife Hepsy, Crab Smith, and his terribly hard-working and matter-of-act sister, Miss Asphyxia, are all delineated with unerring truthfulness and with that distinctness of touch, that abundant humor and pathos, and that wonderful command of the New England rustic dialect in which Mrs. Stowe has hardly any rivals."—*Worcester Spy*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON, & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O., & CO.'s Publications.

WEED "FAMILY FAVORITE" SEWING MACHINE

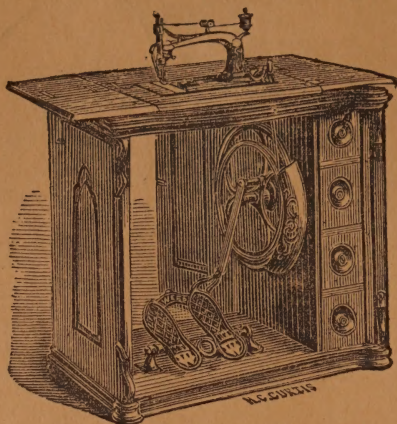
While other machines are good, the
WEED IS BETTER.

THEY WILL

Hem, Fell, Cord, Bind, Braid, Tuck,
Quilt, Ruffle, Gather,

AND

Sew on at the same time.



The Highest Prize.

AWARDED, OVER EIGHTY-TWO
COMPETITORS,

PARIS, 1867,

Exposition Universelle,

"SHUTTLE," "STRAIGHT NEEDLE," "STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES."
THE VERY BEST IN MARKET.

Agents wanted everywhere.

SALESROOMS,

349 Washington Street, Boston, . . . 613 Broadway, New York.

MANUFACTORY, HARTFORD, CONN.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS,

HOUSEHOLD EDITION,

Uniform, Compact, Legible, Handsome, Cheap.

Vanity Fair. With fine Portrait.	One vol.	The Virginians.	One vol.
Pendennis.	"	The Adventures of Philip.	"
The Newcomes.	"	Henry Esmond.	"
		Lovel the Widower. }	"

Price, per volume, in Cloth, \$1.25; Half calf, \$2.50.

"At last. Several times have the admirers of Thackeray been promised a good, uniform, and handy collection of his novels, and each time disappointment has been their lot. Irregular volumes, both as regards size and style, have appeared. The initial volumes of new editions, promising to be complete and uniform, have found ready purchasers, but an adverse influence prevented the fulfilment of these promises. We have suggested that the house which furnished editions of Scott, Dickens, and Reade, that were distinguished by neatness, uniformity, and cheapness, making these authors 'household treasures' in thousands of homes, should do the same for Thackeray, one of the greatest—and we hold the very greatest—of the nineteenth-century novelists. Others have pressed the same suggestion, and at last it has been heeded. The volumes are exactly uniform in size and style with the Household Edition of Charles Reade's collected works, and beautifully printed in clear legible type, and taste-

fully bound in green cloth, the whole set costing but seven dollars and a half."—*Cleveland Herald*.

"For him who wishes an edition of Thackeray for his library, there can be no question of the superiority of the Boston edition. Indeed, to our mind, the thing most praiseworthy in the policy of Fields, Osgood, & Co.,—next to the liberal encouragement of American literature by the payment of high copyrights for good books, and their courage in bringing out new authors,—is their attention to the needs of the numerous and respectable class of American readers who, with a good deal of taste and culture, have not the means to squander in luxurious editions of their favorite authors. Their editions of Dickens, Longfellow, Whittier, etc., and the high standard of bookmaking which they have always maintained, illustrate this. In thorough keeping with this high standard is the present edition of Thackeray, notwithstanding its moderate cost."—*Chicago Post*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., 124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES.

In consequence of the great popular favor accorded to the Household Edition of THACKERAY'S NOVELS, and in response to an urgent popular demand, MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co. will issue immediately

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS,

Uniform with the Novels, reprinting from the latest London Edition.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Electrotyped and Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Why Henry Jones did not go to Canada	261	Confucius and the Chinese, or the	
Was Reichenbach Right?	269	Prose of Asia	336
The Foe in the Household. VII. .	282	The First Cricket	351
The True Story of Lady Byron's Life	295	Gabrielle de Bergerac. III. . . .	352
Jacob Flint's Journey	313	Log-Rolling at Washington. . . .	361
My Comrade and I	326	The Genius of Doré	379
A Lone Woman's Trip to Omaha and beyond	327	A Poetical Lot	382

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$4.00.

CLUBS: Two Copies, \$7.00; Five Copies, \$16.00; Ten Copies, \$30.00,
and each additional Copy, \$3.00.

For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished gratis.

* Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" should have the name of the STATE as well as the Office from which it comes. Sons ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the old and the new address IN FULL. No e can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

"MRS. STOWE'S LAST AND GREATEST WORK."

OLDTOWN FOLKS.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

12mo. 616 pages. \$2.00.

"It exhibits actual New England life, in the ante-railway times, and while the element of pathos is not deficient, the volume abounds in racy humor. Above all, it is rich in delineations of character, — not mere sketches put here and there upon the canvas, in isolated situations, as if they had very little connection with the action of the story, but moving through it like things of life, and so peopling the various scenes that the most insignificant among them would be missed. This very high commendation, but Mrs. Stowe fully merits it. Her various personages are not portraits, but men, women, and children, with whom we became thoroughly acquainted as we went through the story. There is not a thing done nor a word said in this story that one can honestly affirm is not exactly in accordance with human nature, in such or such circumstances, of action and utterance. Even Sam, who talks a great deal, in a very peculiar *patois*, does not speak too much. Finally, with regret for being unable, from limited space, to give some extracts, we have to pronounce 'Oldtown Folks' a charming and very original story." — *Philadelphia Press*.

"If not as absorbing as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' as must needs result from its less exciting plot, it is still wonderfully interesting for the fidelity with which it portrays New England life in the transition period which followed the Revolution. It describes with wonderful power the last traces of colonial aristocracy, delineates with great skill the theological controversies which so agitated our grandfathers, and is, in short, an almost perfect reproduction of the spirit of the age to which it relates. It is the first novel which Mrs. Stowe has written since 1862; has enlisted its author's sympathies more than any other of her productions, and will commend itself to every person in whose veins the blood of New England flows, as a worthy tribute to the section from which he sprang." — *Cincinnati Gazette*.

"'Oldtown Folks,' the latest production of Mrs. Stowe's pen, will prove, we think, more popular than any other of her works since 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' took the country by storm. The criticism which was passed upon 'The Minister's Wooing' namely, that its title was a misnomer, will not be applied to the present book; for the reader will find that its story is entirely subordinate in interest to the characters which figure in it. The Oldtown folks give the novel its great charm. The picture of primitive New England life, the sharp pre-Raphaelite sketches of primitive New England character, are what one remembers, and thinks about when the book is finished and laid aside. The earlier chapters contain the very flower and essence of the qualities of authorship, — fine descriptive powers, keen Yankee wit, genial humor, with now and then a touch of the pathos which were first exhibited with such wonderful prodigality in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" — *New York Times*.

"As a picture of New England life it stands peerless." — *Chicago Tribune*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., 124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

"AFTER BOSWELL'S JOHNSON AND CARLYLE'S STERLING, THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE CONTAINS, PERHAPS, NO BIOGRAPHY OF A MAN OF LETTERS WHICH SURPASSES, OR EVEN EQUALS IN INTEREST THIS LIFE OF LANDOR." — *Boston Commonwealth*.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A BIOGRAPHY. With Portrait and Illustrations.

By JOHN FORSTER. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Nearly 700 pages. Cloth, \$3.50; Half Calf, \$6.00.

"No modern writer of English holds so unique a place in literature as Walter Savage Landor, who was more a writer for writers and a thinker for thinkers than any one of his time unless Carlyle be an exception. What he said will long remain. What he was will be long remembered.

"To help us know the whole man as he was, Mr. John Forster, one of his most trusted and loved friends, has written and compiled a voluminous biography. That it is worth reading, the name and fame of Mr. Forster afford sufficient guarantees. It covers the whole ground thoroughly, and brings Landor before us in all of his moods, through all of his eventful experience, and in all of his relations to the literary circles, in which such men as Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Southey, Carlyle, Emerson, Lamb, the Brownings, and a host of others were prominent." — *Rochester Democrat*.

"The book is a treasure of literary history and anecdote, such as few or no other biographies in the language can be, for it sweeps the field of a century, and covers the lifetime of three or four generations of scholars, poets, novelists, and statesmen." — *Springfield Republican*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

By RICHARD H. DANA, JR. *New and Enlarged Edition.* \$1.50.

"We are very glad to see an 'author's edition' of a well-known favorite. Some of our readers may, perhaps, need to be reminded that some thirty years ago Mr. Dana, then or later a student of Harvard University, went 'before the mast,' as he shipped himself as a common seaman on board of a trading brig bound from New York for the west coast of America, and that, happily coming back, he wrote a description, new and unique in its way, of life in the forecastle. In this lies the interest, and a very great and permanent interest it is, of book itself, but this particular edition has an interest of its own. The brig Pilgrim, which Mr. Dana joined, was engaged in the hide trade, and remained for months taking in cargo the bay of San Francisco, then, as he says, 'a vast solitary island, six miles from their anchorage on one side was a ruin, 'presidio,' three miles on the other an equally ruinous 'mission,' and near the landing a shanty of boards which a Yankee, in advance of his age, had set up. Other habitations there were none. Twenty-four years afterwards, in 1859, Mr. Dana visited the city of San Francisco, then numbering over a hundred thousand inhabitants, the growth of less than a quarter of a century on the shores of that desolate bay. Probably there are other men alive in America who have seen transformations equally wonderful; not a few of Mr. Dana's friends and associates in early life are alive, and can boast the same experiences; but the concurrent good fortune of seeing things and being able to describe them is very rare indeed, and deserves a special recognition. It would be impertinent to praise so well known a book as Mr. Dana's original work, we may say that his added chapter, 'Twenty-four Years after,' is of very rare interest." — *London Spectator*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

From Advance Sheets.

The Seven Curses of London.

By JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Amateur Casual." 1 volume. 12 mo.
350 pages. Morocco Cloth, \$1.50.

JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Amateur Casual," whose revelations of "A Night in a Workhouse" created so much excitement in England two or three years since, and who combines in a remarkable degree, penetration and persistency in obtaining information in spite of difficulties and discouragement with the power of embodying it so obtained in attractive and brilliant language, which renders interesting even the most unpromising subjects, has embodied in this book the results of his recent researches among the lower classes of London. By skilful and assiduous labor he has brought to light many startling facts, which, though gathered in London, are equally true of all our own great cities; the range and compass of which are well indicated by the following selection of a few of the subjects embraced in the volume.

I. NEGLECTED CHILDREN. — Pauper Children; Neglected Babies; The Infant Labor-Market; "Baby Farmers," and advertising "Child Adopters;" Working Boys, their Drudgery, Privations, Temptations and Amusements. The Problem of Deliverance.

II. PROFESSIONAL THIEVES. — Their Number and Difficulties, Homes and Haunts of the British Thief, Juvenile Thieves, Non-Professional Thieves, Criminal Suppression and Punishment, Adult Criminals and the Law for their Better Government.

III. PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS. The Beggar of Olden Time, The Work of Punishment and Reclamation, Begging Dodges, Genteel Advertising Beggars.

IV. FALLEN WOMEN. — Difficulty of Handling this Subject, The Question of its Recognition, The Argyle Rooms, Cremorne Gardens, The Plain Facts and Figures of Prostitution, Aristocratic Dens, Dress Lodgers, The present Condition of the Question, Suggestions.

V. THE CURSE OF DRUNKENNESS. — Its Power, Statistics, Attempts to arrest it, Advocates of Total Abstinence, Moderate Drinking, Hard Drinking.

VI. BETTING GAMBLERS. — "Advertising Tipsters" and "Betting Commissioners," Sporting "Spies," Turf Discoveries, The Road to Ruin.

VII. WASTE OF CHARITY. — Metropolitan Pauperism, Statistics, Scales of Relief, The Best Remedy, Last Words.

**** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 713 Broadway, New York. Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

Now Ready, from Advance Sheets.

DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,

Barrister-at-Law, F. S. A.

Selected and Edited by THOMAS SADLER, Ph. D. In Two Volumes,
12mo. Morocco Cloth, \$4.00. Half Calf, \$7.50.

These two Volumes contain the autobiographic record of the life of a man of scholarly tastes and acquirements, and who, though not specially prominent as an author, was yet for sixty years an intimate and valued companion of the leading authors and *literati* of England and the Continent.

A fine German scholar, and spending much of his time abroad, he has given here much that is interesting about Goethe, Schiller, and the German philosophers, of whom he was both a contemporary and an associate.

Living longer than even Landor (whose biography has appeared almost simultaneously with these volumes), and keeping a daily record of all that was noteworthy in his experience, he has left behind him in his Diary and Letters an almost inexhaustible fund of information, anecdote, and contemporary criticism upon the men and the society of his times.

A few years before his death he reviewed and annotated his Diaries, with a view to posthumous publication; and his concise and pertinent comments—in which his feelings are never suffered to outweigh his judgment—are as valuable in themselves as they are rare in autobiographic literature.

The book has been worthily edited by DR. T. SADLER, and contains an excellent steel portrait of ROBINSON, and a full and complete Index.

"The two books which are most likely to survive change of literary taste, and to charm while instructing generation after generation, are the 'Diary' of Pepys and Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' The day will come when to these many will add the 'Diary' of Henry Crabb Robinson. Excellences like those which render the personal revelations of Pepys and the observations of Boswell such pleasant reading abound in this work. . . . In it is to be found something to suit every taste and inform every mind. For the general reader it contains much light and amusing matter. To the lover of literature it conveys information which he will prize highly on account of its accuracy and rarity. The student of social life will gather from it many valuable hints whereon to base theories as to the effects on English society of the progress of civilization. For these and other reasons this 'Diary' is a work to which a hearty welcome should be accorded."—*London Daily News*.

* * * For Sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1869.—NO. CXLIII.

WHY HENRY JONES DID NOT GO TO CANADA.

I HAD a call from Colonel Fred the other day. Fred has been in the Southwest for the last three or four years. He went there as soon as his regiment was mustered out at the close of the war. I had not seen him since we parted at the Jersey City Ferry, before the battle of the Wilderness, — yes, before Gettysburg, before Antietam, before the seven days' fight near Richmond, away back in that dreary past which seems now so long ago, and is growing so dim and shadowy. The events which he brought to my mind are more dim and shadowy still.

We had been chatting together over a hundred matters, when I chanced to speak of Charleston, S. C., and asked him if he had been there.

"Yes, Ned, I was, when I came up the coast with Sherman after we took Savannah; and more than that, I found something there you may like to see."

He opened a well-worn pocket-book and took from it a scrap of newspaper. It was simply an obituary notice worded as follows: "Killed on the 13th, at Atlanta, Major James Seagrave, 21st S. C. Regiment." I read over one or two

lines which followed, about "dying in the arms of victory," "the Vandal hordes of the invader," and other like flowers of Confederate rhetoric, till my eye rested upon the concluding sentence: "Major Seagrave is the last of his family."

"Well?" said I, not at all knowing what to make of it. Then the Colonel took out of another division of his pocket-book a *carte de visite* which he handed me. It was the half-length photograph of an officer in Confederate uniform. The moment I saw the face I knew it (I had reason to), and the whole story I am about to tell came back to me.

"I thought you'd know it," said the Colonel. "It gave me a start when I came upon it, though I had been through almost everything and grown tolerably hardened against surprises."

"Where did you find it?" said I.

"O, in Charleston, in one of those fine old stately houses which our shells knocked so cruelly to pieces. I was strolling through the streets when the fancy took me to go into this house. It stood alone somewhat, and I hoped to get a

look out toward Sumter and Wagner from the roof. It was fearfully riddled, and the work of devastation had been completed by plunderers. Window-sashes, balusters, even the stairs, had been torn away for fuel, and I had to climb up by a sort of Jacob's ladder, more picturesque than convenient. However, I got aloft on to the roof and had my view. As I was coming down again, I looked into one of the large, dismantled rooms. Of course all the furniture was gone, but there was a heap of odds and ends on the floor, such as you would make by emptying a trunk of the rubbish one puts away. I just looked it over for a souvenir; I would n't take anything of value, — I never could do that, — but some abandoned trifle I like to pick up at such places. There was a little, shabby-looking book in the heap, — 'The Poetry of Flowers,' or some such title. The binding was all loose and some leaves had been torn out. I looked at the fly-leaf. It had, in a school-boy hand, this inscription: 'Lucy, from James, Christmas, 18—.' I was just about to throw it down, when these two, the photograph and the scrap of newspaper, dropped out. When I saw our friend's name here and his pleasant-looking countenance, I felt as if I had rather a right to those documents, if to nothing else. So I just took possession. I picked up a ragged veil also, which the owner could have had no further use for, — it was much more hole than veil, — but left it. I am sorry I did now; it was made of that very fine linen thread *which the Fayal women use*, and it afterwards occurred to me that it had a history in connection with the other trifles."

What that history was I then and there learned from Fred's lips; and the next day I bade the Colonel good by, and he went off to Omaha and I to my office in Jauncey Court, Wall Street.

After he had gone, I fell a-thinking over old times, and the matters which the sight of that picture had brought to mind. I do not think harm can come to any living being from my mentioning them now, but for a season they

were very religiously kept buried in secrecy.

Well, in the year when they happened, the Colonel was practising law in a seaport town in Massachusetts. I call it Massachusetts, for as that has the most people in it of any New England State, the reader who may happen to have an idea of the true facts in the case will not so readily guess what place I mean. If I should say Rhode Island, for example, it would be like crying, "You burn," when the hidden article is just under one's nose. So I say, in Massachusetts. I was a student in the Colonel's office. I do not like to say I was studying law with him, because I am not sure that I was. But I was in his office; and my status, profession, calling, style, or title was certainly "student"; i. e. one who has an opportunity of studying. I had an opportunity of doing many other things, that I liked equally well. The Colonel was not so much my senior as one might suppose from our relation; but he had gone early into the law school, where he graduated, while I travelled into various regions and saw "men and cities," till quiet and a seaside retreat like Russellville became a pleasant contrast. There was a charming society there then, and Fred had an unlimited right of entry into it. Of course as an old chum he took me with him, and a nice time I had. It makes me sad enough to go back there and see all the fine young fellows settling into middle-aged business men; and as for their wives, when they trot out for inspection certain miniature copies, who are already beginning to walk and talk like the lovely girls we used to dance with and drive to Aramouska and Hard-head Beach, why I feel my bachelor loneliness inexpressibly forlorn. So I go back there very seldom. But at this rate I never shall get to my story.

So to make a beginning; the time was just after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. That event created no little excitement in our place. As in most other New England towns, the antislavery sentiment was pretty decid-

ed there ; but there was another cause which made the new law especially obnoxious. Owing to the peculiar religious tenets of a large majority of the inhabitants, or to its out-of-the-way situation, it had become a sort of city of refuge for the errant black population. The *élite* of these went into domestic service. The rich merchants of the old families were never without a full retinue, — Hetty or Matilda presiding in the kitchen, Solomon or Augustus serving you in the dining-room with unrivalled dexterity, respectfulness, and zeal, and Tom or Edward as proud of the family turn-out as ever in his plantation days he had been of "Mas' Colonel Wilton's grays." There were many of them who had acquired considerable property, and, take them altogether, they were not a troublesome population. I think they suited the easy-going, unbustling habits of the place. A great many things were done well in Russellville, but nothing that I ever remember was done in a hurry. The chief business of the place was one which revolved in orbits of three or four years. There were spring and fall spasms of activity, but these were provided for by long and constant preparations. This suited the negro race well, for they, as a rule, do not like to be hurried. Another thing which suited them was that they encountered less of prejudice than elsewhere. The citizens had many of them sailed over distant seas and become familiar with all sorts of complexions. Even the stay-at-home inhabitants were wont to see the Maori of New Zealand and the Kanaka of Hawaii side by side in their streets with the hardly less swarthy Manuels and Josés of Fayal.

No wonder that the Fugitive Slave Bill caused a stir. With diabolical ingenuity its provisions seemed framed to afford the minimum of protection to the sought and to give the maximum of facility to the seekers. There was a good deal of wild talk among those most interested, especially when it was rumored that the law was to be first tested in our vicinity.

Fred and I debated the matter con-

stantly. I do believe that I got my first clear idea of a legal principle by the effort I made to find a loophole through which to drag any accused fugitive. I owe my present valuable practice mainly to the waking up it gave me. Fred felt as strongly as I did, but reasoned more coolly. However, days passed on. One or two public meetings were held, of which came only rather vague resolutions. The Russellville people were not given to very vehement talk, except when going alongside of eighty barrels of best sperm oil in that utterly unmanufactured state in which it might be met with on the off-shore ground. Even then they usually *did* more than they talked. They were commonly diffident on occasions when mere talk was the current commodity. Matters quieted down, not however till more than one man of property and standing had delivered the dictum that "on the whole it would not be *best* to try to take Paul Duffy or John Higgs away into slavery."

These things happened in the summer time, when we kept the office windows open and the blinds closed. I remember that, because I was looking through the blind toward the harbor, on the very morning of the day when my story begins. I saw that one of the government coast-survey steamers had come in and was anchored directly opposite our front windows. I suppose the same thing had happened a dozen times before, without our thinking twice of it. This time it made me uncomfortable. It did seem as if she had her broadside bearing right upon the very blind I was peeping through. I was afraid Fred would laugh at me if I said anything, but I could n't keep in, and at last I broke out with, "Fred, I say, *can* that survey steamer be in here for any mischief?"

"Nothing more than usual, I fancy. After standing off for a week near the old South Shoal, you would be glad to come even to Russellville, if you were a navy man."

"But, Fred," said I, "I do not like her looks."

"No more does any one else, especially old Wheeler, her captain. He confided to me the other day that an uglier old tub did n't float the seas, and that he was in mortal terror whenever the weather was heavy, lest she should n't float the seas any longer. She is bad as she is ugly, so you have warrant for your dislike."

"But, I say, I *do* feel that she means mischief about the F. S."

(We always used initials when speaking of the thing.)

"Nonsense, my boy! she has been in here a dozen times this month; just remember your law: *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. Things we don't see are in the same category as things that are not; so just compose your mind over Fearnie and do not bother me."

I made the required effort, but as my usual seat was where I *could* look out of the window if I *wished*, I managed to see a tall man, clad somewhat after an un-New England and anti-Russellville pattern, standing at the corner opposite. Then he lounged down the street to the wharf. In a little while he came back talking earnestly (I saw him gesticulate) with two of the naval officers, who had just come ashore. I was on the point of breaking out once more, when one of the sheriff's officers made his appearance in our doorway.

"You ain't a United States Commissioner are you, Mr. Clay?" said he to Fred.

"No, I'm a notary public and commissioner for several States, if that will do!" replied Fred.

"Not this hitch," said the constable, and was off again in something of a hurry. Our constables were the only Russellvillians who ever did hurry, and were notoriously slow in serving process and arresting rogues.

I was trying to put this and that together, when there glided, rather than walked, — she came so noiselessly, — a woman into our office. She shut the door behind her nervously, and looked first at Fred and then at me. She was a neatly dressed and well-looking colored girl,

what used to be called a bright mulatto; and she was manifestly in great agitation. She seemed to know us two, and to be reassured, though I did not recognize her. Fred laid down his book, and offered her a chair; and presently she found her tongue.

"O Mr. Clay," she said, "I've seen him, — Master Seagrave, with whom Henry used to live. Henry — Henry Jones was his boy, and he's below on the street. You know me, Mr. Clay, — Martha Jones, Henry's wife, — the waiter at Mr. C——'s. I lived next door to General Seagrave's until I came North with my mistress. They got me away from her at Newport, and that was why Henry came North too; and now Master James has come after him. I know he has, and I've come to you to see if you can help me; for I ca-can't let Henry go back." And here she broke down into a regular sobbing fit.

There was a red flush came to Fred's forehead and his lips were set in an ominous way; much as he must have looked when he led that charge at Mission Ridge, I fancy. He spoke very calmly and gently though, and told Martha to go directly up to Mrs. C——'s and take a note which he wrote on the spot. As soon as she was gone, he turned to me and said: "I want you to take this notice of trial in *Withers v. Sikes*, and find Carter as soon as you can. He is the only United States deputy marshal in town. Tell Carter he must serve it before six o'clock to-night on Sikes. That will require him to start immediately, in order to get to Mittemam, and that will put *him* out of the way. The other officers understand very well that they won't find it for their good to touch any United States writs. We shall gain twenty-four hours, and in that time a good deal may happen."

After I was gone, Fred started at once for the Ambler House, where Seagrave would be likely to put up. When I got back to the office, I found Fred gone. I was a little vexed, for I had seen Carter, and had the satisfaction of

hearing him say that he should not be able to return the notice into our office before the night of the next day. However, my business was to sit still and keep shop till one o'clock. So I picked up Fearn, but the "remainders" in my brain were very remotely "contingent," I fear. As the clock struck twelve I heard a step on the stairs. A tall man came into the office, and glanced about in a hesitating way. He looked like a sailor on shore; that is, he had that peculiar way of wearing the clothes of a landsman, which only a sailor has. First, he asked if I was Mr. Clay. Then he took a seat, and said perhaps I would do as well. I told him I would take any instructions necessary, if he would tell me his business. He wanted to make his will. He was going to sea to-morrow, — boat-steerer in the *Pallas*, on a three years' voyage. He had only one person to leave his property to, and that property consisted of his voyage. I said, "Why not give an order on the owners, in the usual way?" Then he told me his story. The intended devisee of his will was his sister. She was here in Russellville, living a life of shame in one of the low dance-houses with which the *Alsatia* of the town swarmed. He would not give her anything unless she reformed, and he was afraid to trust her with an order. He had arranged with the owners to have a certain amount paid her if she would break off her evil life, but now he wanted to give her his all if anything happened to him. Then he went into some provisions. She was to have all, out and out, if she reformed; otherwise, it was to go into the savings bank, and she to have it if she reformed later on. If she died first, then it was to go to the *Seamen's Bethel*. I did not feel quite up to such a will, but I took it all down carefully, and said I would put it in Mr. Clay's hands. He then asked me if I would bring the will to his boarding-house at nine that night for him to sign. He was going on board at eleven, for the ship was out in the stream, and would sail at daylight.

I had a good chance to study his

face well. He was tall and not bad-looking, only with a scar on his forehead, just over one eye, running down into the eyebrow. He looked as if he had been rather "hard," as we used to say. And he told me frankly of his own accord that he had been so, and that he should not go to sea any more, but for this sister. He had met her at Billy Brown's, and the shock had made him resolve to lead a straight life. He had run away from home as a lad, and this sister had been better educated than himself. She had an uncle who would receive and provide for her if she would go back. He seemed to have a wonderful regard for her, though he was evidently cut to the heart by her disgrace. Said he: "I told her if she would only go back to uncle's (he is her uncle, not mine; she is my half-sister), I would get work on a farm, and as soon as I could make a home she should come and live with me."

"But you've shipped for the voyage," I said.

"O I'll manage all that, — that's none of your affair. If I send back my advance to the owners, that's all right, and the bloody outfitter will make it up off the next ship."

So I let him go, and went up to the hotel to dinner. In the hall by the clerk's desk stood Fred, talking to a man the very image of the client I had just left. He was dressed differently, — as a gentleman, but rather "loud" in the pattern of his vest and pantaloons. But his face, hair, whiskers, and expression were just those of the man I had left. There was the very scar on his face, cutting down into the eyebrow and starting up toward the temple; only I thought over the right eye instead of the left. Fred merely nodded to me as much as to say he did n't care to speak to me now, and I took the hint, — being used to Fred's hints and ways, ever since we fraternized as *Sophs*, in *Stoughton 16*, in our college days.

When I got back to the office Fred was not there, but in about ten minutes he came in. I said at once, "Was that Seagrave?"

"Yes," said Fred, "it was"; and there he stopped.

I saw I was not to talk any more; so I gave him the paper of instructions for the will, answered the questions Fred put to me, and in wonderfully few words he got the matter all straight. Then he set to whistling and drawing the will. When he had finished he merely said: "You go with me to witness it, and we can pick up two others at the boarding-house."

Then he began to whistle again, till I got so nervous that I could stand it no longer, but went out for a walk. I came up behind two of the steamer's officers, and overheard one of them say: "It will come off, for Jim has telegraphed to Boston for the marshal to come down in the morning train. I wish we could get the steamer out into the shoals again, I don't like the business, but we shall have to obey orders. The old tub is enough of a prison-ship now without having to take runaway niggers." So I turned the corner and posted back to tell Fred. Fred merely nodded and said nothing. When we shut up at six, Fred said, "Call at my room at half past eight, for that will business, and don't be late; I'm not going up to tea."

I was n't late, on the contrary was rather early; and just as I got to Fred's door it opened, and out came two men I knew by sight. One was a colored boatman, who owned a very fast yacht sail-boat, and was one of the most daring men on the water we had in all the harbor, strong as a lion and taciturn as the sphinx. The other was the notorious Bill Brown, — dog-fancier, prize-fighter, gambler, and sailor dance-house keeper. Fred detained me for a moment, and then we started. He would not talk at first, but, as soon as I began to speak, interrupted me to give me instructions how to witness the will properly. I had witnessed dozens and knew all about it, but Fred went on laying down the law as minutely as if I had just come into the office, and was as green as a court satchel. I was beginning to be a little annoyed when we

reached River Street. However, I had my revenge when we went into the sailor boarding-house, and were shown up into our client's room. Fred had no sooner looked him in the face, than he turned perfectly pale. I had forgotten to tell him of the wonderful likeness to Seagrave. However, when Curwen — that was his name — spoke, the different sound of his voice seemed to reassure Fred. Sitting in the room with Curwen was a woman. She was tawdri-ly dressed, — like the women you see commonly about the low haunts of sailors, but was strikingly handsome. She had evidently been in tears. Curwen turned to us as we entered, and said huskily, "This is my sister, gentlemen," and then added: "I've gained my point at last, but O Helen, Helen, it is too late; I can't give them the slip; there's black Bill Baker and a dozen others of the sharks watching round this house, and I don't leave it except to go aboard the Pallas. If Helen had only come round an hour ago, we'd have been off where all the land-sharks in Russellville could n't find us. So just let me sign the will and I'll leave it with you, and poor Helen will know where to find a friend when I'm gone."

Fred produced the paper and then said: "I must have two more witnesses. Your sister here is a party and cannot sign. The witnesses must see you sign it and must sign it in your presence."

"What's to be done? There's nobody in the house I'd be willing to have sign this," Curwen said; "and the folks are all abed. As for having any shark up here, I'll go without first."

Then the sister spoke for the first time. "There is Charley Wilcox and Hank Smith both over at Bill's, and they are sober enough to sign. I can get them in a moment."

"What!" said Fred, like a flash, — "what! is there a way over to Bill Brown's place from here?"

"O yes, there's an alley-way easy enough as far as Bill's, but there's no road out of that for men that have to get on board ship at midnight. You

could n't get off that way if you tried. O John, John!" she cried, bursting into passionate weeping, and falling on his lap.

By the light of the candle on the table, I saw Fred's face all at once clear up wonderfully.

"Miss Curwen," he said, and he could not have addressed a duchess more courteously, "can we not get over to Bill's place and have a look into the dance-hall without being seen ourselves?"

"Yes," said she, — and she seemed to gather strength and meaning from his look, strangely, — "I can take you right into one of the bedrooms."

"And we can have any one in to sign that we please?"

"O yes."

"Then," said Fred, "show us over, please, and may be we'll see our way through this business."

She took the candle and led us down a back stairway, and along a covered alley-way, and up into Bill Brown's place. We could hear the sound of a fiddle and the shuffle and tramp of the dancers. The girl led us into a little bedroom, and blew out the candle as she did so. Then she opened a closet door, and opposite us was a window through which came the light from the dance-hall. It was covered with a thin stuff through which one could, unseen, see all that went on. The floor of the hall was some feet lower than that of the rooms, so that we looked down on the noisy crowd. At the other end was the bar, and in front of it stood Bill Brown, talking eagerly with a man whom I recognized as Seagrave. A fine bull terrier of pure breed was between Bill's feet, and was evidently the theme of discussion. Fred turned to Helen Curwen and led her back into the room, and then, shutting the closet door, said scarcely above his breath: "I want you to go into the hall, see that gentleman talking to Bill, and come back to me. Take a good full look at him, but keep perfectly cool; can you do it? Your brother's liberty and yours depends upon it."

She was gone in a moment. I slipped to the hall window and saw her come into the room by another door, saw her thread her way with perfect ease and grace among the dancers, repulsing one or two of the half-tipsy sailors who tried to draw her into the dance. She passed right before Seagrave, gave him a saucy smile and then drew Bill Brown aside and whispered to him a moment. Then lingering a little she contrived to catch Seagrave's eye again and give him another look. The next minute she was back in the room. She could not speak, she was almost fainting, and her breath came and went as if she would break into hysterics. Fred's voice calmed her.

"Do you see your way now?" he said.

"Yes, I do, but there is no time to lose. I swore to John on my bended knees to-night, that, if he would only get me out of this place and take me home, I would never go back to that awful life; but John, dear John, for both our sakes I'll do no wrong thing, but you must let me manage just this once more, and then I'll be just a child to do whatever you say."

"Let her go, Mr. Curwen," said Fred. "Men's lives are hanging on this thing."

She drew herself up, gave a sort of shudder, and the next minute she was back in the ball-room. I remained in the closet watching her. Fred drew Curwen into the outside passageway, toward the boarding-house. I saw her go up to Seagrave, and put a hand lightly on his shoulder. Of course I could not hear what was said, but after a moment she turned to the bar and made a sign to Bill. Two glasses of liquor were set before them. He sipped a little, but she made him empty the glass. I thought she would have gone on drinking with him; but no, she appeared to be simply talking. Presently she led him across the hall. I could see his face as he passed before my window, and his eyes were already vacant, and his step mechanical. By the time she got him into the room, he

fell helplessly upon the bed. Then she lighted the candle, and signed to me to leave the closet and close the door. She took a long look at his features as he lay there, and a shiver passed over her whole frame as she murmured, "So like John, — so like!" Then she summoned Fred and Curwen and me, and we just lifted him like a log, and carried him through the alley-way into the boarding-house, and up into the chamber. I think we all took in the situation, and there was hardly a word more uttered. "I'll go back to the room at Bill's; you won't keep me long, John, we must be quick," was all Helen Curwen said. The rest of us hardly spoke.

Then Fred and Curwen and I undressed the sleeper, — who lay like a log, the drugged liquor had such a hold upon him, — and dressed him up again in Curwen's suit. We laid him on the bed, and then made our way down stairs. Curwen's voice was heard bidding us good night. Then he called to the landlord to see the gentlemen out. These were his lawyers; he had been making his will, and now he was going back into Bill's for a spell, but when the boats went off, he'd be in his room.

It was then toward ten, and the clear air felt inexpressibly refreshing; the thought of it comes back to me as I write, — how good it was!

"Now," said Fred, "I've done with you, Ned, to-night; just stop at Brace's, the black boatman's, and tell him I'll not want him to-night, and then go up to the hotel, and if you're not too sleepy wait for me."

I did so, but I got tired of waiting, and went to bed at last. The next morning when Fred came down to breakfast, he asked for Mr. Seagrave. "Gone to Boston in the early train," was the answer, at which Fred expressed some astonishment. About noon, as we were walking up street, we met one of the owners of the Pallas.

"Do you get the Pallas off to-morrow?" said Fred, "I've a little matter of business with one of your boat-

steerers, Curwen, and should n't like to have him slip me."

"You'll have to wait a while, then," said the chuckling ship-owner, delighted at catching a lawyer napping. "The wind came out of the nor'-nor'-east this morning, and by ten o'clock the Pallas was clear of the land, and the pilot out of her. Curwen they had to take aboard drunk, though. By the time he turns out, he'll be off on blue water."

It was only the other day that I heard the *finale*. Fred never breathed a word of it till last week, when he told me all.

Helen Curwen took her brother out of the dance-hall as soon as the ship's company of the Pallas went off, at eleven. Bill Brown was as much deceived as any one; he never doubted but that it was Seagrave, and, as Curwen was shamming drunk, it was natural enough for Helen to insist on taking him home to his hotel. He only wondered why she did not return. She told him that she had got her brother shanghaied away to sea, because he would force her to return home, and I think, if Bill still lives, he supposes that she went away as Seagrave's mistress. They went together, John and she, and are now living happily in the West. Where, is no matter.

"But, Fred," said I, after he had told me all this, "why did Seagrave never come back to plague us. I have been in a cold sweat many a night at the bare thought of it."

"All that was cared for. I met the crew as they were going down to the boat that night. I told them that I had some papers belonging to Curwen to give him, and made one of the others pledge himself to watch the poor fellow, and give the letter to him as soon as he came to. I said he might do himself a mischief if he did not get it. I never heard the particulars, but the letter was to the effect that he, Seagrave, had killed a man in a brawl at Bill Brown's, and, as the man was very like him in size and face, he had been smuggled off to sea, and the man's

death concealed. He would get a letter at Fayal containing a draft, enabling him to get his discharge from the ship, and telling him if it would be safe for him to return home; but he must let nobody know that he was other than Curwen the murdered man. I also told him that Curwen was the brother of the girl he met at Bill Brown's, and had been trying to get her away from him when the affray occurred. I advised him to sail for England from Fayal, and then to go direct to Charleston. I did not sign this letter for obvious reasons, but it did its work. I told him again, in a P. S., on no account to let it be known that he was not Curwen till he was clear of the Pallas."

"But, Fred," said I, "how could you plan out the thing so skilfully?"

"My dear boy," said the Colonel, "I did n't. It was just like one of our battles, the thing did itself. My plan, up to the moment I saw the likeness between our client and Seagrave, was to get him made drunk at Bill Brown's, and then be taken to Noman's Land, and kept till we could get Henry Jones and his wife to Canada. I had ar-

ranged with Brace to take him, and had given Bill Brown a hint that Seagrave would pay up handsomely if he was made drunk at his house. I told him that a sporting bet between us rendered it necessary that he should be got out of the way for a week. I saw Bill that night, and told him that the bet was off, and Seagrave might go home when he got ready. My plan was a desperate one, but I was driven to it, for Seagrave had hinted to me that poor Henry was to be made an example of when taken back to Charleston, to stop any more running away.

"How Seagrave managed to pass for a boat-steerer I don't know; but he had been to sea in his own yacht a good deal, and could manage as a seaman indifferent well. When the Pallas came home, I put a question or two about Curwen; but all the officers seemed to remember was that he was ailing most of the run out, and they were glad to discharge him at Fayal when he paid up his advance."

I wish I could find out whether the Pallas was one of the stone fleet sunk in Charleston Harbor.

WAS REICHENBACH RIGHT?

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

DEAR SIR,—A manuscript, of which the following is an exact copy, was found among my late husband's papers a few weeks since. I have myself transcribed it, since some portions might have been quite illegible to any one else. He died on the night of November 14, 1867, after a painful illness of eleven months, beginning on the morning of December 20, 1866, when we found him in a swoon upon the floor of his laboratory, with the gem, or magnet, of which he speaks, clenched fast in his hand.

I know not whether his narrative is of any value to science; but the fact that the bare possibility of its being so induced him to give up to it all his brief intervals of ease from wearing pain, constrains me to make it public. The magnet is still in my possession; and, should any one wish to examine it, you are at liberty to give my address. By my husband's express desire no one except myself has been allowed to touch it: and, I feel bound to add, it has revealed to me—nothing.

The tale is certainly a strange one; yet my husband was never a credulous person; indeed I always thought him rather sceptical than otherwise, and I am positively sure, from my own knowledge, corroborated by the testimony of his physicians, that he was not, at the time of his death, or during his illness, insane or even delirious.

Very respectfully yours,

SARAH L—.

I HAVE a discovery to announce, or perhaps I should rather say, a revelation to make, of a nature so startling and strange that I feel, in common mod-

esty, almost constrained to bespeak for it the incredulity of a discriminating public.

Indeed, were not my secret too tre-

mendous for a mind of ordinary calibre to keep without danger to itself, I should be sorely tempted not to reveal it at all. But, as it is, I have been forced, in sheer self-defence, to choose the lesser horn of a terrible dilemma, and to brave the risk of being called a lunatic, rather than that of becoming one. For, reader, I am sane enough as yet. I see, as clearly as the most sagacious man among you, the utter incredibility of the tale I have to tell. I feel, as keenly as the most sensitive, its seeming absurdity. I can call to my lips at this moment the very smile, half-pitying, half-derisive, wholly sceptical, with which I should listen were you the narrator; yet let me beseech you to be wiser and to suspend your judgment, or if you must call me a lunatic, if you *will* write me down an ass, at least hear me to the end. With so many secrets clustering, loosely hidden, all above and around us, and so many eyes peering eagerly into the dark profound, what wonder if some eyes, more piercing, or more fortunate than the rest, should now and then catch glimpses of its marvels.

I am, as you may have already guessed, an amateur naturalist, — a simple student, not in any sense a master, of nature's mysterious lore, feeling always the keenest and most insatiable curiosity about all things in heaven and earth, yet possessing few books, compared with my wants at least, and fewer instruments of science, and therefore obliged to rely, in my researches, upon a vigilant system of keeping my eyes open.

In pursuance of this system I set myself, in common, I suppose, with many others, to look for meteors upon the night of 12–13th of November, 1866, with what success most will feelingly remember. *Amateur* naturalists, however, soon get accustomed to failures and disappointments; and so, though I found myself the butt of the breakfast-table upon the morning of the 13th, I yet persevered, somewhat drowsily indeed, and with a slightly diminished expectation, though with undiminished

curiosity and interest, in watching the stars out again upon the evening of that day.

My post of observation was a good one, — a small, isolated structure which I had built, for the sake of quietness and safety, upon an eminence in my little park; for the reader must know that I am blest — and bothered — with a wife, a mother, and a maiden sister, each of whom outvies the others in the possession and exercitation of sensitive nerves, delicate olfactories, and a horror of dust, and neither of whom, though regarding a Leyden jar as an infernal machine, and sulphuretted hydrogen as an intolerable stench, would yet feel the slightest hesitation about scrubbing out a powder-magazine, or “putting to rights” a package of nitro-glycerine.

So in pity to the nerves and the olfactories, and in wholesome dread of the dusting, I had built this little hermitage, — “office,” my good country neighbors called it, — with a room at the base for my small stock of chemicals and apparatus, and an observatory at the top for my small telescope, and tabooed even the door-key from the touch of feminine fingers. It was christened, with a touch of malice, the “Blue Chamber”; but Bluebeard took good care that Fatima should never get in.

It is solemn work always, this watching the stars alone at midnight. I could never do it upon the commonest occasion without a subduing sense of awe and reverence akin to devotion; but now (whether it were a prescience or no I cannot tell) there came over me, at the very outset, a strange thrilling acceleration and accumulation of this feeling. The radiant stars blazed momentarily with a sublimer radiance, the solemn depths of space spread deeper and more solemn, the faint far nebulae dawned more awfully mysterious, till I was fain to cry out, with the dreamer of the German poet, “Hide me! O, hide me, from the persecution of the Infinite!”

As the night wore on, and constellation after constellation rose grandly above the bare tree-tops, I was not,

perhaps, the only watcher who turned with swimming brain and bounding pulse and eager gaze towards the charmed region of Gamma Leonis; but I was, probably, the only one, on this side of the ocean, who was not doomed to turn away again, when the first streaks of dawn put out the stars, in bitter disappointment. For, from those immeasurable depths, into which my eyes were seeking with such aching intensity of gaze to penetrate, there came to me, with the faint gray of that unwelcome dawn, a swift and sudden messenger.

A distant point of light, a nearer flash, a hiss, a roar, a stunning concussion, and there lay, half-buried in the earth beneath my window, a strange gray mass, glowing at its surface with the intense heat evolved by the sudden cessation of its motion, chilled at its core with the insufferable cold of the drear abyss in which for ages it had moved, and holding, locked up in its weird bosom, the secret which the whole scientific world was at that moment breathlessly seeking to penetrate.

What was it? Whence had it come, and how? If the dumb matter could but speak, what problems might it not solve, what mysteries reveal! And matter could speak, somehow, to those who had ears to hear. It spoke to Galileo, and assured him that the earth did move; to Copernicus, and taught him the true theory of the solar system; to Newton, and revealed to him gravitation. Perhaps it was speaking now, telling with dumb, awful tongue the story of the birth or death of worlds. O for the mysterious sixth sense of genius, with which to hear and understand!

It was several hours before the stone — a small aerolite of from twenty-five to thirty pounds' weight — could be with safety lifted from its bed; and meanwhile I was consumed with impatience to examine it, — impatience for which, even in this view of the subject, I could scarcely account. I had often seen and examined meteorolites before, and knew, or supposed I knew, just what I should

find; but there was a strange, almost uncanny influence about this one, which seemed to draw and hold me like a magnet.

An eager, passionate curiosity, at once stimulated and held in check by an awe which amounted almost to terror, possessed me. To seize upon the stone, to break it up and subject every minutest atom to the most rigid scrutiny and analysis, to wring from it, as it were, by every ingenious and persevering torture which chemistry could invent its mighty secret, was the impulse of one moment; to shrink from it, as from some unknown, unutterable horror, was the impulse of the next.

If it were possible for a medical student, not yet completely inhumanized, to dissect a living human body, — to pursue the fleeing life through shrinking nerve and bleeding artery, through panting lungs and throbbing heart and quivering brain, to its last, inmost citadel, resolved with pitiless unflinching hand to strip off every covering till he could cry, in remorseful triumph, "*Eureka! here is the spirit!*" — I suppose he might set about his task with much the same mingling of curiosity, horror, and compunction with which I shut myself up in my laboratory and began my investigation.

For, singular and superstitious as it may appear, I had come by this time, almost unawares, to look upon the stone as a living, even in some sense a sentient being, and to refer the weird influence which seemed to pervade it rather to a person than to a thing. And, strangely enough, as I pursued my analysis, though I found only the substances combined in the proportions common to aerolites, this feeling deepened and strengthened. Day after day I set about my task with an intenser awe and a keener curiosity. Bit by bit I examined the stone; had it been possible I would have taken it atom by atom, so sure was I that this dread something lurked there, so fearful lest, for all my pains, it should elude my vigilance.

And, stranger still, it was no longer

the establishment or refutation of any theories about the meteors which engaged my attention; it was no longer even the meteors themselves which interested me. They might be generated in the earth's atmosphere, or projected from the volcanoes of the moon; they might be the residuum of creation, swept aside and left to float at random, or the stokers of the universe, appointed to keep up the sidereal heats by perpetual concussions, — the wrecks of elder worlds, or the primordial utricles of worlds unborn, — I cared not which. A more momentous subject seemed to engage my attention, a nearer, more thrilling, I could almost have thought more *human*, revelation, to await me.

Slowly, with infinite care and pains, I approached the completion of my task, till but a single fragment of the meteorolite remained for examination. This, with a certain unreasoning impulse, akin perhaps to that which prompts a child to put aside its choicest sweetmeats till the last, I had purposely reserved.

It was a small, irregular piece broken off from one side of the mass, of an ashy-gray color, sprinkled all over with shining metallic points, and covered on one side with the dingy black enamel which had formed the coating of the whole. Piercing this enamel and running diagonally nearly through the fragment was a small round orifice, perhaps half an inch in diameter, lined apparently with a vitreous coating, but having its edge clear and sharp as if cut with a drill. This orifice would of itself have attracted my attention, and the added fact that some particles of iron from its vicinity proved very strongly magnetic, will sufficiently account for my feeling that here, if at all, would be found the key I sought.

Dreading alike success and disappointment, I spent several hours in irresolution, and finally decided, about five o'clock upon a stormy December afternoon, to make a night of it, and settle the question once for all. Out of regard for the weak nerves of my feminines, I seldom visited my labora-

tory after dark, and indeed had never done so since the fall of the aerolite. Possibly, therefore, this may not have been the first occasion of its exhibiting the singular property I am about to describe, though the fact stated may account for my never having noticed the exhibition before.

If my reader has studied Reichenbach, and believes in him, he will not, perhaps, be surprised. I had got a smattering of Reichenbach, as of most things, but felt, and rather prided myself upon feeling, a profound contempt for mesmerism and all the other "pseudo-sciences." Judge, therefore, of my astonishment, upon returning to the laboratory about eight o'clock in the evening, to find it illuminated by a pale, lambent, auroral light, which seemed to find its source and centre in the fragment of aerolite upon the table.

A vague sentiment of apprehension and terror seized me. For weeks I had been expecting something out of the common way, — watching and waiting for some unusual phenomenon with a craving which *would* not be denied; yet the Witch of Endor herself could scarcely have been more amazed when Samuel responded to her incantations than was I when the wonder came.

Man of science, quintessence of the nineteenth century, and therefore superior to all forms of superstition though I felt myself to be, it is nevertheless a fact that the old, unreasoning dread and horror of the supernatural — in the very form too which Homer, and Job before him, so graphically described — came over me: "the hair of my flesh stood upright," and my knees shook under me.

But, after a moment's struggle, the "spirit of the age" triumphed, the amateur naturalist asserted himself and began to ask questions. Was Reichenbach right after all? *Was* man really in sympathy with all the great secret forces of nature? And was I one of the favored "sensitive" few to whom the demonstration of this sympathy was permitted? It was worth prov-

ing at any rate. I closed the door, locked it, according to my wont; and, with a resolute effort, walked deliberately up to the table.

A delicate lambent flame, like far-off summer lightning, played above the surface of the stone, and — it proceeded from the orifice. Curiosity mastered fear. I took up my mallet, and with one sharp blow shivered the fragment into a hundred pieces. A vivid coruscation blinded me; a swift, sudden thrill, like an electric shock, ran through every nerve; and again that shuddering horror crept over me like a paralysis.

I know not how long it may have been before I recovered myself sufficiently to investigate the startling phenomenon. When I did, I saw lying upon the granite slab before me, amid the gray bits of crumbling stone, what seemed a jewel of marvellous clearness and brilliancy, sparkling and gleaming with opalescent light, and illuminating the whole room with a strange, unearthly radiance.

A nearer view showed that the gem was cut or moulded into the likeness of a human head; and also that the metallic dust around was gathering itself into magnetic figures. The jewel was, then, as I had suspected when first I saw the light, a magnet, moulded, upon Knight's principle, from some unknown crystalline substance of wonderful power into this whimsical shape. By whom, and where?

The face lay upturned towards me, — a glorious face, instinct with beauty and intellect, ineffable, yet wearing a weird, awful, lost expression, — the face of an archangel ruined. Was it a likeness of the maker? Who, what, where was he?

A mad, tumultuous curiosity overcame the last remnant of awe. I snatched up the magnet to look closer: again that strange, electric thrill, a thousand times intensified; then a swift, intolerable pang, followed as quickly by a vague, numb nothingness, as if the living *I* were being somehow blotted out, — a dizzy, dreadful sense of whirling mentally backward through

incomputable ages, of drawing æons of æons nearer to the dim, awful dawn of time, of rising through immeasurable heights, of sinking again in depths unfathomable; and I — or rather not I, but some strange entity which enveloped and pervaded and usurped me — awoke in another world.

Yes, reader, another world. "Whether in the body or out of the body," as the rapt apostle phrases it, I know not; but certainly in the spirit, and with other bodily organs, if not my own; as clearly, as vividly, as *wesentlich*, as — I cannot say as at the present time, for since this strange experience I have seemed to be living in a world of shadows, — but as ever in my earthly days I saw and felt and heard the things and people of earth, I now saw and felt and heard the things and people of another world.

I said "awoke"; yet there was really no break in the conscious continuity of my existence, only a swift darkening and fading out of the things visible, as happens to one in a sudden vertigo, followed by as swift a shining forth of the things invisible, — things so new and yet so old, so strange, yet so familiar, that in speaking of them, I feel straitened for language in which to express myself.

If I could but talk to you as those strange beings talked to each other! But vagueness in all things is, I believe, a condition of our earthly existence. Let me, then, — clearly if I can, vaguely if I must, — convey to you some of the impressions which this world, these people, this phase of existence, made upon my mind.

First, and most puzzling perhaps of all, was an odd sense of double consciousness, a conception of myself as a sort of inner self, dead, for the most part, to all feeling save the intense curiosity which had been its last earthly emotion, watching with cool, keen, passionless scrutiny the workings of another nature, itself yet not itself, endowed with higher powers and more varied capacities, instinct with intenser life, thrilling with more potent energy,

scheming, working, hoping, despairing, enjoying, and suffering, after a fashion which, by comparison, dwarfed my grandest earthly experiences into the merest child's play.

This strange duality at first absorbed me completely. My connection with this other nature was so perfect that I could not at once determine whether I were the possessed or the possessor, yet so subtle as to defy all my attempts at understanding it. All sensation, all perception of outward things, came to me, as it were, sifted through an outer consciousness; yet I still felt my own personal identity most clearly and sharply defined, was conscious of thinking my own thoughts, drawing my own conclusions, and even in a certain stocial, passionless way of living my own life, and comparing it with its past.

The barest possibility of such an awful nearness to another spirit would once have filled me with horror, while the reality now seemed only to inspire me with keener curiosity. It was as if the emotional part of my nature were blotted out, and the intellectual alone remained; as if the man were dead, and the amateur naturalist alone survived; or rather, as I presently came to think, as if the other nature were too near akin to inspire awe.

And this latter feeling linked itself strangely with a vague, tormenting suggestion that I held within myself the key to all this mystery; and that by one vigorous effort of will, or possibly of memory, I might clear it up forever.

But the vigorous tide of life into which I was plunged, surging on so resistlessly, the strange, new world around, pressing in by such broad and easy avenues, and appealing so urgently to my ruling passion, left little time for merely introspective speculation.

With regard to these, as indeed, to everything within the reach of human ken, I soon found I had the power of drawing upon the knowledge and experience, vast beyond all previous conceptions of the strange *Mitgeist*, whom, lacking a better name, I shall call, in Socratic style, my demon.

Through this channel mysteries were opened to my cognizance — physical, psychical, spiritual — the mere remembrance of which at this time causes my flesh to creep, and my very inmost soul to shrink and tremble. Beyond the threshold of these dread arcana, I do not propose to penetrate; pausing there, I shall still, I feel, tax your credulity and my own overtasked strength almost beyond endurance. Thus much I have said by way of explaining the source of a knowledge which else could have been attained, by human faculties, only with the most patient, long-continued, and laborious research.

Yet when I came to exercise the new faculties so suddenly conferred, and to separate and examine the sensations they conveyed, I found them, as I have hinted above, not altogether new, but rather the expansion of powers and the refinement of sensations already familiar.

I was conscious, for instance, of breathing an atmosphere composed of pure oxygen in some unknown allotropic form; and the certainty that it was oxygen, together with the knowledge of its chemical differentiation from either the common form or ozone, was conveyed to me in some way through the sense of smell, though not as an odor.

Again I could have pronounced with absolute certainty upon the truth of the undulatory theory of light, from an impression produced upon the optic nerve, though this perception was something quite distinct from an act of vision. And this same perception, by the by, revealed itself, to my great delight, as a link whereby to grasp the whole chain of subtle connection between light, heat, electricity, motion, gravitation, &c., and to enable me to perceive, with the clearness of positive experience, that these are, in reality, what our men of science are even now attempting to demonstrate, one force, (*force* is the word, gentlemen, unless you dare substitute WILL,) exhibiting itself in so many differing yet perfectly interchangeable modes.

I needed no proof at the time of a fact as patent to my senses as the existence of matter; and, even now, I think, did time and strength permit, I could supply Messrs. Tyndall and Faraday* with a hint or two from my experience; but that must wait.

I could multiply instances, through all the round of sensational experience, to show you how this life, which seemed, and was too, so much broader, fuller, and more perfect than our own, — fresh as infancy, ardent as youth, vigorous as manhood, experienced as age, — was yet as familiar to my human cognizance as manhood or youth; how this strange new world, so facile and friendly, laying open its secrets at a touch, yielding up its treasures at a wish, seemed, after all, only an older, a vaster and better educated earth.

Metaphysicians, I believe, are accustomed to consider a man's inability to conceive of a mode of intelligent existence essentially and totally unlike his own as an infirmity, — a proof that he is not endowed with the creative faculty. That man lacks, and will always lack, this faculty I should be the last to deny; but, in the light of my own strange experience, I have come to regard this supposed proof of it as rather the instinctive acknowledgment of a great truth, the intuitive recognition of the fact that all created intelligences are in reality formed, corporeally and spiritually, after one perfect model, — a model dimly hinted at in all mythologies, and more perfectly revealed to Moses in his sublime vision of our earthly Genesis. "Let US make man in OUR image, after OUR likeness"; and if man, the inhabitant of a world comparatively obscure and insignificant, how much rather the dwellers in nobler and vaster orbs.

Yet, evident as this appears to me in theory, I found, it must be confessed, something altogether startling and strange in its realization; and I remember recalling, with a queer feeling of patronizing corroboration, a passage I had met with somewhere in my read-

ing to this effect: "Perhaps, if transported to another planet, we should feel more amazement at meeting there with beings like ourselves than in encountering the strangest and most grotesque forms that could be conceived of."

And, certainly, this was my own experience. The familiarity was at first far more astonishing, as well as more puzzling, than the strangeness. Gorgons and chimeras would scarcely have surprised and confounded me so much as these exaggerated likenesses of my kind; the "desolate tracts of space," upon which Dr. Whewell so admiringly expatiates, would scarcely have seemed so eerie as the wonted, earth-like aspect of the world around.

And yet there were not wanting modifications, sufficiently startling, of what we are accustomed to consider the laws and conditions of nature. A foreign country is queer enough; fancy a foreign planet, — a world from which the sun shrinks away a hundred millions of miles farther into space, where Jupiter swells to the size of our full moon, and the rings of Saturn parade their majestic splendor for the unassisted eye; a world where gold is as hard as steel, and mercury as dense as gold; where water supersedes glass, and is, in its turn, superseded by peroxyd of hydrogen (HO_2), no longer nauseous and abominable, but to the adapted taste and need of its consumers wholesome and refreshing; a world where the most numerous class of mammals is a sort of cetaceous pachyderm; where the prevailing type of fish life is, to speak Erinically, crustacean, and by far the larger proportion of vegetables diatomaceous.

Fancy, O shade of Cuvier, if thou hast not already beheld it, an animal with the fur and blubber of a seal, the frame and strength of an elephant, and the intelligence and docility of a horse. Fancy, O dear and revered Agassiz, another and a vaster Amazon, swarming with innumerable and enormous species of Entomostraca, — Cyclops rivalling in size and strength the "obscene giant" from whom they take their name, and

* Faraday was living when my husband wrote this. — SARAH L.—

Daphnia as large as snapping turtles ! Fancy, O patient Carpenter, forests of Limnophoræ waving their quaintly graceful fans forever to and fro, and fleets of Naviculæ which might serve for literal ferry-boats.*

Such, reader, was this world in which I found myself,—a world quaint and strange in all these minor details, yet familiar in the grand general features of plant and animal, of atmosphere and continent and ocean; beautiful, far beyond my feeble power of description, with the exquisite, consummate beauty of order and fitness and proportion; yet seeming, withal, to my unwonted sense a little tame,—lacking—educated out of, as it were—a certain savage freedom and piquancy of expression which our little planet still possesses. For nature, with us, is still the teacher, the tyrant, the mistress, the sphinx—gracious and beneficent in the main, turning on us the bewildering sweetness of her woman's face, yet crushing back presumption with an iron hand, setting up relentlessly in the path of the too aspiring her stern "thus far and no farther," revealing ever and anon her brute's claws, and avenging her outraged majesty with strange vindictiveness; while nature, with them, was the servant, the slave, the beast of burden,—obedient, submissive, obsequious, curbed and harnessed and driven about at will, yet, after all, wearing her fetters with a certain sinuous, mocking grace—as who should say, "They bind me only while I will be bound"—which made even her tameness terrible.

But, if the world was wonderful, what shall I say of its inhabitants? How

* With regard to these last, I was interested to discover abundant confirmation of a pet theory of my own,—that they are really vegetable magnets, and their strange mechanical motions due to the passage of electric currents. I also learned that there had been observed through a course of ages a gradual deterioration in some of the higher forms of organic life, and a total extinction of many species in others; but, though this fact, with an inquiry into its causes, would once have interested me greatly, so absorbed was I in consideration of the dominant race,—of their intense vitality, their marvellous intelligence, and exhaustless energy,—that I could give to it but a momentary attention.

shall I describe to you a race, human, if one may say so, and mortal too, as we ourselves, yet possessing an organization exquisite and enduring far beyond our happiest experience, with every faculty trained to what seemed its highest perfection, and every sense educated to its subtlest refinement; a race to whom our most strenuous exertions would have been as the mere involuntary instincts and intuitions of their transcendent powers, our highest attainments the mere alphabet of their magnificent lore, our noblest aspirations the mere forgotten taken-for-granted *faits accomplis* of their grand achievements?

And yet I pitied them!

Magnificent creatures, though they were, glorious alike in physique and in intellect, dazzling and abashing my feebleness at every turn, with the variety and perfection of their powers and attainments, amazing me with their almost absolute mastery of nature, bewildering me with their apparent annihilation of the bounds of time and space,—I was yet touched with an awful, inexpressible feeling of compassion to observe in them, looming through the brightness like the first faint shadow of a coming eclipse, the same subtle, inexplicable, thrilling prophecy of ruin and desolation which I had noticed in the features of the magnet and *felt* in the body and the spirit of my demon.

And this sad prophecy I found again reiterated in the name which, with some horrible foreboding instinct, they had given, or been made to give, to their planet; a name conveying, I know not what eerie, unutterable idea of destruction and perdition, best rendered, perhaps, though untranslatable, by the Greek word *Ἀπολεία*; a name than which none could have been chosen more seemingly inappropriate, since nothing could have been imagined more apparently fixed and stable than the state of the world to which it was applied.

With us it has passed into a proverb, that "extremes meet." I know not how far the rules of earth may apply in matters super-mundane; but if it is

possible for order to trench upon the confines of disorder anywhere, I should say it may have done so here, for certainly the one extreme had been produced to its farthest limit. We call mathematics, mechanics, &c., exact sciences. The Apoleians had reduced all science to exactness; or, at least, so nearly so that they were enabled in nearly all matters, purely intellectual or scientific, to make use of a language of symbols as universal and as accurate as that of algebra or the calculus; with what result in the way of time and brain saving can be better imagined than described. If Comte and Cousin could express themselves as clearly as Newton and Leibnitz, who knows but they might agree as well? And what an enormous economy of "gray matter" would accrue to their bewildered followers.

Time and strength would alike fail me in the attempt to describe to you a tithe of the triumphs over difficulties — social, scientific, intellectual, and practical — which these wonderful beings had achieved. We call ourselves lords of creation, whilst we are still the playthings of the elements and the victims of the very reptiles which crawl at our feet. We boast of chaining the lightning and harnessing the vapors, because with painful effort and clumsy contrivance we can coax the one to carry a message and the other to drive a wheel. They had asserted the rights we only claim, and made themselves in very deed and truth the lords of creation, by conquering the brutes and subduing the elements. They had reduced the whole animal kingdom, including even their own grosser nature, to a state of the most abject submission; established a system of inter-zonal ventilation, by which the climates of their planet were equalized, and the showers and dew dispensed almost at pleasure; utilized upon a grand scale the motion of the winds and tides; taught the magnetic currents to bear their messages without the hindering help of batteries and wires; and compelled the great physical forces of electricity,

gravitation, &c., to do for them the drudgery we clumsily and painfully exact from men and brutes.

Released thus from the manual, and even to a great extent from the supervisory, labor which still absorbs us so completely, they were left free to attack the great social, political, and scientific problems, which with us are still in abeyance; to strike the even balance of supply and demand; to devise and establish a system of self-government which admitted no chance of degenerating into either anarchy or absolutism; to demonstrate how the greatest good to the greatest number is still perfectly consistent with the pursuit of individual happiness and the freedom of individual will; to acquaint themselves with the laws of their own physical, psychical, and spiritual being; to study the past history and present condition of their own planet; and even to make some acquaintance with their neighbors.

Newton immortalized himself by discovering gravitation; indeed, I believe he gets credit with half the world for inventing it. Somebody is losing a grand chance of doing the like with its opposite; for the scientific world in general is already beginning dimly to suspect the existence of a force — as potent and all-pervading — hitherto disguised under the names, or rather the adjectives, centrifugal, negative, expansive, explosive, and elastic.

In Apoleia I found the existence of this force clearly recognized, and its methods so thoroughly understood that it was made the agent of some of the grandest operations there, and especially used as a medium of communication with the three beautiful satellites by which the planet was attended.

Calculating with the nicest exactness the amount of repulsion required to take them within the sphere of lunar gravitation, the Apoleians had constructed machines for its generation, or rather development (which I understood about as clearly as the Camanches do the Pacific Telegraph), and invented a system of ethereal navigation, as regular

and reliable as our ocean steamers, and apparently far safer. By this means the satellites, being in physical constitution very like their primary, had become mere outlying provinces, one of which, I was amused to learn, had been used for ages as an asylum for incurable egotists, egotism being regarded in Apoleia as the most dangerous and disagreeable form of insanity. Would Luna be available for any such use, I wonder?

The extension of this system of ethereal navigation to more distant worlds — with some of which what was styled a "magnetic sympathy" had already been established — was, I learned, one of the great problems of the age. The chief difficulties in the way of its solution consisted, so far as I was able to understand, in the immense amount of repulsive force required, and the intense darkness and cold of the interstellar spaces, coupled with some apprehended difference in the electrical condition of the planetary photospheres, which would make their passage, by beings un — what shall I call it? We have no word but unacclimated — dangerous, if not impossible.

Now, whatever I may do myself, I do not of course expect my readers to receive anything merely upon Apoleian testimony; and, though I seemed to understand it at the time, I confess I do not now see clearly how the hypothesis of planetary photospheres can be reconciled with the recent discoveries in spectrum analysis; but these beings certainly spoke of theirs as familiarly as we do of our atmosphere; and doubtless, upon the mere ground of credibility, a belief in the existence of gaseous envelopes intensely susceptible to electric influences, surrounding all the suns and planets, and exchanging, so to speak, their light and heat, is quite as tenable as the notion of millions of millions of globes of incandescent matter can be.

And, certainly, whether the Apoleians were right or wrong about photospheres, their knowledge of the laws and relations of light was far in advance of

ours, and the perfection and power of their optical instruments such, that they were even enabled to become tolerably conversant with the condition of their sister planets.

When I became aware of this, I was of course very curious to learn the extent of their acquaintance with the state of things upon earth, — a curiosity I was instantly enabled to gratify. And here let me say, though I was as perfectly cognizant of these beings as of the men and women now around me, they seemed to be quite unconscious of me; and even in regard to my demon, whose faculties I could use, and upon whose knowledge and experience I could draw at pleasure, I never could be quite sure whether he was aware of me or not. As, for instance, now, when, at the instant I wished for it, a telescope (I suppose I must call it a telescope, though it seemed much more like a pair of spectacles) was adjusted and my native planet singled out for observation, I could not positively determine whether he was obeying my suggestion, or following a coincident impulse of his own.

But my native planet — the third from the sun, with its one satellite, — there could be no mistaking *its* identity; yet what had befallen it? This world of waters, with its dank, hot, vapory atmosphere, its long, low reaches of sandy beach, in lieu of continents, its wave-washed islands without inhabitant, — so barren, so desolate, so drearily unfamiliar to my sight, and yet so strangely familiar to my thought, — where had I seen it? what was it like? could this be Earth? Slowly and with a terrible effort, — an effort which, explain it how you will, was distinctly one of *memory*, — the truth dawned upon me; and, with a thrill of inexpressible awe and wonder I recognized it. It *was* Earth, indeed; but, reader, it was the Earth of the Devonian period! And those æons of ages teeming with life and beauty and enjoyment, whither had they flown? what had become of them? Was the great clock of time tolling its hours over again?

Was the past repeating itself? Or had Eternity, Saturn-like, devoured its own offspring?

Turning in hopeless bewilderment from a problem I dared not attempt to solve, I essayed to gain some further knowledge of the pursuits of the Apoleian *savans*; and here again my demon, though himself intensely absorbed in another occupation, seemed to obey instinctively my slightest suggestion.

Astronomers and mathematicians I found intently occupied in computing the elements and determining the orbits of some recently discovered members of a *system of universes*, in which our *Via Lactea* was believed to hold a conspicuous place; and I further learned that the existence of numerous similar systems, indeed of a system of systems, had been fully demonstrated.

Chemists and physicists were all absorbed in the attempted resolution of primordial elements, and the recombination of the ultimate atoms into new forms, in imitation of a process which had recently been detected, by a method analogous to spectrum analysis, in the light of some nascent nebulae; and the successful termination of their experiments was expected to herald a new era in the agricultural condition of the planet.

Physicians and physiologists were exploring the innermost recesses of the living Apoleian body by the aid of a sort of photo-microscope which enabled them to witness, and even, in some degree, to regulate, the most delicate processes of vital action, without the slightest inconvenience to the subject,—a vast improvement, certainly, upon Monsieur Magendie's dying puppies.

As to the scientific *dilettanti* of the planet, I found them, as is common with these gentry, somewhat ponderously amusing themselves—in this case by means of incomprehensible paraphernalia of lenses, batteries, and magnets—in playing tricks upon the inhabitants of adjacent worlds. Have we any such mischievous neighbors, I wonder, and may the superhuman phenomena of spiritualism be charged

to the amateur naturalists of Venus or Mars?

But the problem of problems, the solution of which all Apoleia awaited breathlessly, as we but lately awaited the laying of the ocean cable, was one the nature and object of which I found myself, at first, totally incompetent to understand.

And yet I was, as it were, enveloped, surrounded, permeated by it; for my demon seemed to be the very soul and centre of the undertaking, literally to live and move and have his being in it. I have no words to describe to you the indomitable will, the unwearied patience, the exhaustless energy, the unflagging zeal, the utter and intense consecration and cumulation of every faculty, which this strange being brought to bear upon it; and when, dimly and by slow degrees, the nature and intention of the stupendous project dawned upon me, language would be equally powerless to express my amazement and consternation.

A mad, presumptuous, hopeless, heaven-daring scheme, it yet seemed to be, somehow, the very outgrowth and culmination of Apoleian civilization. For the Apoleians were, emphatically, what we should style, in modern earthly parlance, a race of humanitarians. If I were to attempt to convey to you a notion of their sociology, I should describe it, in a word, as philanthropy run mad. Every possible and impossible scheme, for the removal or amelioration of every conceivable and inconceivable ill which Apoleian flesh was heir to, seemed to have been tried. All systems of religion, politics, and philosophy were brought to this test, and accepted or rejected as they stood or fell before it; and no Apoleian *savant*, statesman, or theologian might presume to rest in peace upon his couch of compressed hydrogen, while so much as a crumpled rose leaf, real or metaphorical, disturbed the repose of the merest boor upon the planet. And the Apoleians were still more emphatically a race of theorists and experimenters. As no problem was

counted by them too difficult for solution, so no hypothesis was deemed too improbable for experiment and no experiment too daring for attempt. Theories the wildest, schemes the most illusory, were coolly submitted to this crucial test, and exploded without causing in their projectors a visible tremor. And the Apoleians were also, in the fullest acceptance of the word, a race of re-formers. Prying with curious eyes into the very innermost of Nature's secret laboratories, their busy brains essayed to improve upon her most ingenious processes, and their itching fingers to remodel her most intricate machinery. The equilibrium of climates and the resolution of elements are but samples of the heights they aspired to scale, and the depths they attempted to sound, in these daring efforts at readjustment.

And this new scheme, furnishing, as it did, ample room and verge enough for the broadest philanthropy, the wildest hypothesis, the most daring experiment, the most radical and far-reaching reform, seemed, as it were, to have taken the race by storm. Its *modus operandi* I never even attempted to investigate, but its nature and object I may, perhaps, be able to make clear to you.

In Apoleia the sun was considered, not, as with us, the mere torch and fire-place of the system, but the glorious centre and source of all light and life and beauty and enjoyment, — the home of immortal youth, eternal vigor, unending felicity. Gazing upward, day by day, at its ineffable splendors, rapt Apoleians deemed themselves to be looking straight into heaven. And such a heaven! No shadow ever dimmed the glory of those radiant plains; no tempest ever ruffled the clear serene of that calm atmosphere; no sting of pain, no blighting breath of care, no pang of sorrow, ever pierced those battlements of light to wound the happy dwellers there. That glorious sun-life was the motive of endeavor, the goal of aspiration, the ultimatum of desire, — a fruitful theme for the profoundest speculation of sages, the fairest dreams of poets,

the loftiest inspiration of prophets and divines.

Good Apoleians were believed to reach it, when they died; but death in Apoleia was not the near and patent thing it is with us. Methuselah, in his thousandth year, would have passed for a youth among those ancients. Death was a very angel, making his visits few and far between; and so, in place of regarding him, as we do, with alternate horror and forgetfulness, they would have come to watch for him with a ceaseless longing, but for one thing, — low be it spoken, — *all Apoleians were not good*.

Here was the respect which made calamity of what had else been a happy release. Here was the rub, but for which they might have become a race of suicides.

Looking upon the sun as the visible heaven of the system, they had come by a natural consequence to regard heaven as a place rather than a state; and yet that glorious sun-life, as it was a life of physical, must be also a life of moral and spiritual, purity and perfection; and if so, many of the race would be excluded from it even after death.

Here was a flaw in the creative scheme, calling loudly for the exercise of Apoleian philanthropy, challenging boldly the attacks of Apoleian reform. The manifest remedy, of course, was to *make* everybody good; but how? Legislation they had tried *ad nauseam*, and it had failed them utterly; moral suasion they had also tried, with little better success; they had small hope from the "foolishness of preaching"; and so they put them all aside for a scheme in which there were only physical impossibilities to encounter.

The problem was briefly this: to neutralize or overcome by slow degrees the action of the repulsive (centrifugal) force, and so let the planet down by easy stages, in gradually narrowing circles, to the sun!

The nearer contemplation of that glorious life, the closer and more direct action of that subtle vivifying magnetism, would surely work a change in

the spiritual nature (for the Apoleians held that the spiritual was only a refinement of the physical) of the whole race; and the final passage of that radiant sea of purest matter, the sun's photosphere, would purge and purify, like a refiner's fire, the grosser elements of both the planet and its inhabitants, and fit them respectively for absorption into the substance and participation in the life of the central orb.

And, after all, it was but anticipating the final inevitable catastrophe; for the Apoleians held both our nebula hypothesis and our Spencerian theory of a chain of sequences (with the slight improvement of tying the two ends together, and thus manufacturing a miniature infinity); and having, moreover, an Encke of their own, reasoned thus: "Apoleia had sprung from the bosom of the sun; all events moved in circles, eternally repeating themselves; the known existence of a resisting medium involved such a necessity; therefore Apoleia was destined to return again to the place from whence it came. It was a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the more imminent the more devoutly; but it might be ages in arriving. The resisting medium was, certainly, fearfully attenuated, the circle of sequences tediously slow in its revolutions. Why wait for them?"

The effect of such reasoning upon such minds may be imagined, but scarcely described. The whole people set themselves, as one man, to solve the mighty problem; and it was counted a happy augury that none were more eager in their interest, or more strenuous in their exertions, than the ne'er-do-weels for whose benefit it was proposed.

Hypothesis after hypothesis was framed and exploded; plan after plan was projected and abandoned; experiment after experiment was tried and proved abortive; the brains of the race were racked to the verge of insanity; the nerves of the race were strung to their utmost tension. It was a very war of the Titans, — intellect *versus* force, i. e. WILL *versus* WILL; and the

struggle had been going on for ages, when my demon suddenly came forward with a scheme, which, certain conditions fulfilled and certain dangers avoided, was conceded on all hands to offer a reasonable prospect of success.

From that hour he was the acknowledged autocrat of the planet. Kings bowed before him and nations did him reverence, sages were his slaves, and statesmen the veriest creatures of his will; all wit and wisdom, all power and wealth, were placed at his command, and right royally did he use them. Clear-headed and single-eyed, without a sign of self-assertion, or a thought of self-aggrandizement, he held resolutely, utterly, magnificently to his purpose.

The details of the scheme, as I said, I never attempted even to investigate. The slightest effort in this direction utterly bewildered and confounded me.

Thus much only I know, that its successful prosecution involved, at the outset, the necessity of tunnelling the planet; and that for this end, as might be supposed, machinery the most elaborate, forces the most potent, care the most vigilant, energy the most unflagging, watchfulness the most incessant, were required and employed.

Ponderous engines ripped open the very bowels of the planet, powerful acids noiselessly dissolved its firm foundations, mephitic gases extinguished its nether fires; and thus day after day, year after year, as it seemed to me, the work went on, until at last, suddenly, unexpectedly, as it appeared, to every one, the supreme moment for testing the success of this part of the experiment arrived.

Some powerful agent was to be employed, some potent energy released, which had never been tried before. All Apoleia held its breath, and awaited, in speechless, agonized suspense, the dictum of its presiding genius. *He* had never been so calm, never so confident. Coolly, almost gayly, he gave the final orders; and I, his other, inner self, could *feel* the thrill of triumphant exultation with which he hailed in advance the victorious result. It came, —

with a roar which might have startled the universe, with a shock which must have shaken the system to its centre, with an explosion which shattered Apoleia and her satellites into fragments, and sent them wandering forever and forever, in helpless, hopeless, aimless, useless confusion, through the realms of space !

Was Reichenbach right ? Had I — through the agency of some strange being who, ages before, had formed and informed that magnet — witnessed the catastrophe which produced the asteroids ? Or, was it indeed an act of memory, — memory which had slumbered for ages ? Was he — was I — some previous existence ? — or —

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER the funeral of Rosa it was as if but a ripple had been made by the casting of a pebble in the stream of Swatara life. Everybody returned to work as if nothing had happened. Yet Max Boyd shed tears in secret when he had rendered the little service he could render the afflicted family. There were flowers ordered by him from the city with which the coffin was garnished without and within ; he seemed to himself to have come quite near to Mrs. Holcombe in her sorrow, and the thought did him good. He stood in greater need than Christopher of sustained human relations. He liked to think of Mrs. Holcombe as a mother, and the sympathy he gave her was of special service to himself.

Mr. Elsdén's plans and operations could not, of course, be in the least degree disturbed by an event like Rosa's death. He sat in his office, and made his calculations as though THE CALL could never come to him, and he did not withdraw from John Edgar the encouragement of his expectation. It was impossible that any person or influence bearing in the least degree on the life of John should be regarded with indifference by him, and he was aware, of course, that the event which had happened might in some unforeseen way affect the future of Miss Edna.

He was more mindful therefore of John ; his self-confidence was to be sustained, his self-respect increased, his hope encouraged, the evidences of his success multiplied. So it was that the machinist had honor of the superintendent before his fellow-workmen, and was seen by Max Boyd walking arm in arm with Mr. Elsdén. Edna's lover, it was to be observed, was worthy of her, and his worthiness must be attested amply, before his aspiration became publicly known. It would then occasion no surprise.

It was not immediately after the death of Rosa that John felt himself capable of resuming work with the same spirit which had urged him on before. Nevertheless the treatment of Mr. Elsdén proved to have been the best, for it was successful. Edgar began to think of himself, habitually, as an inventor and a gentleman. A change for the better was perceived even in his person. He cared for himself more and more, and as intelligently as it was possible for him to care. But though he was constantly in the workshop, his thoughts were always wandering to the bishop's house, and thence to the house not made with hands which had received the fair child. It was not difficult for him to think of Rosa as living under the conditions of an angel.

Strange though it may seem, how-

ever, it now appeared to him that the work he had assigned to himself could more readily be performed than it could have been while Rosa was living. For he had felt, from the moment when his thoughts were directed in the channel through which they now constantly passed, that there was something like hostility in his heart towards the guardians of Edna. Anything like an endeavor on his part to secure her rights to her, if rights she had, must seem to them the work of an enemy.

He determined still to speak to Doctor Detwiler, who, at least, knew about her life with Annie Gell, and with this intention went one day to the doctor's office at an hour when he would be most likely to find him there.

A conversation with John Edgar was the thing which the doctor greatly desired, for he had perceived indications which troubled him, in the workshop and in the parsonage. He had seen John poring over the books which Edna had lent him, studying Rolfe's notes by the way. And Edna had told him, when he asked who was going to be her market-man and dispose for her of the stores she had gathered, that John had promised to do it. When he asked, "Why did you employ him?" she had answered, "There was nobody else to do it"; and on his suggestion that it was strange she should have gone up to the mines in search of an assistant, he had been surprised by the spirit with which she answered that he had proved her friend before now, and that she had no better. These trifles of speech, with the notable fact of the box of materials presented by Mr. Elsdén through Edgar, had made him desirous of a quiet talk with the latter, and so he considered it fortunate that he was in his office when John came down.

The doctor shook him by the hand cordially, and said: "What is the matter with you, my good fellow? You look as hearty as a bear."

"I am," said John, "only there was n't much doing, so I thought I would loaf."

"Good. Sit down. Mr. Elsdén gives a first-rate report of you, so I suppose you are on the high road to fortune. Keep straight ahead, then, and don't slip off into by-ways."

"That's the road for me to travel, I know it well enough," said John, expanding, in the genial atmosphere of the office, in a noticeable manner.

"You feel sure of yourself, then. Keep a sharp lookout, and you'll make a good drive, I don't doubt."

"I don't know about that, sir, but I've got the reins in my own hands, I know."

"All the better, then, since you're on the up-hill road, and a pretty rough one at that."

"But I should hate to think I was n't ever coming to a smooth road, Doctor."

"Nonsense," said Detwiler; "what do you want of smooth roads? Well and good if you happen to strike one, but you're not a girl. You have something to do, I take it, besides looking out for an easy way."

"I should hope I would n't be so beggarly poor as I am just now, much longer," said John, conscious of uprising antagonism. The doctor, in fact, was treating him as though he were not in Mr. Elsdén's confidence, and had not won the heart of Edna Gell, — two circumstances which made him Detwiler's equal any day.

The doctor, thinking that it was quite too probable that his suspicions in regard to the way in which matters stood between Edna and John were warrantable, answered with the greatest deliberation, intending that his words should convey the utmost meaning possible. "Don't you know, Edgar, that poverty is the very best thing in the world for you?"

"I know it is not," he answered, curtly.

"I devoutly hope that you will never find out a short cut to wealth," said Detwiler.

"Why?" The doctor had spoken so kindly that John would have felt ashamed to betray the anger he felt. He had learned that he must control

himself if he would be the companion of gentlemen.

"Because you would get lazy. And there would be plenty of harpies around to suck the blood out of you then. You can guess what would follow."

"You think," said John, reddening, "that I'm never going to conquer that cursed —"

"I know that you are going to fight like a hero, and that you will be obliged to fight, probably, as long as you live. Is n't that occupation enough for a man? I think you will carry the day, for you are a born fighter."

"You have as good as taken my head off," said John; "only you have n't!" he added, with a self-assertion that would have been absurd, had it not been pitiful.

"I have told you the truth, though," returned the doctor, drily; then he stopped. John should himself direct the conversation, for it was evident that he had come to talk.

"Have you seen that little picture of Miss Rosa," he asked, advancing bravely.

"Yes, and how good it is!" The doctor took a quill from his pen-rack, and dusted his writing-desk therewith.

"I have been fooling away with my pencil to see if I could do anything like it. I can't; yet I taught Miss Edna all she knows about drawing."

"You!" The exclamation probed John's vanity, and touched a nerve of pride.

"She says so," he answered quickly.

"O, of course she says so! But you do not suppose that she sees the facts as we do,—as I do, I mean, for it seems you do not agree with me."

"I never thought that I could do much for her, or that I had done much. But she — It makes no difference who taught her, or who did n't; if she chooses to feel grateful to me, I am not going to complain, sir."

"I don't like the way you talk, John," said the doctor; "it would be insufferable in any young man. It sounds exactly as if you might be capable of making *use* of the silly, kind feeling she

is perhaps generous enough to express to you."

"I don't think it would be likely, sir, I would be saying anything to you about her that she'd think insufferable."

"No matter what she would think about it. I'm old enough to be father to both of you, and that's what I think."

"It is a great pity that she lost her father so young," said John, quickly, thankful that the doctor had assisted him by introducing that word.

"On the contrary," said Detwiler, "she has suffered no loss. Better guardianship she could not possibly have had than she has found in Bishop Holcombe and his wife."

"You think poverty a fine thing, doctor, by the way you talk about fortunes lost."

The words were spoken with so much significance that, although the doctor abhorred the necessity, he felt himself compelled to ask John what he meant.

"If a thing is your own you want it, I suppose. If you don't ask for it, most likely you are ignorant that it belongs to you. Your crust, if it's *yours*, is sweeter to you than another man's loaf, though he says you're welcome."

The doctor reflected, and dared not ask this time to what all this talk might have reference. He determined to ignore for the present the possibility of any hidden meaning in the words.

"Any one of us," he said, "would be glad to help a woman, especially, if she was young and pretty; particularly to a better fortune, if we felt we had the right. But even if we felt that we had it, we might be greatly mistaken. Very few of us really have the right to seek the portion we might choose."

"I suppose you are right, sir," John said, stiffly.

"Yes, for that would imply a divine right, which nothing short of a divine power could confer."

John was silent.

"Even she herself could not give it. There are two sides to every such question."

This subject must not be dropped at its present stage; the doctor was manifestly bent on pushing it.

"I don't understand you, sir," John looked about uneasily, and wished that Detwiler could know exactly how things stood between himself and Edna; he felt also that he had lost an opportunity of asking at the right moment, "Who was Edna's father? Tell me, if you know."

"I understand you, though, I'm afraid," the doctor said. "I am afraid that you have the greatest hope in your heart that can enter it. No, I should not say that. There is a greater hope even than that,—one that will make you take hold of life, sir, with nobler determination. I am not blind; I can see all that you see, and a great deal beyond."

"Has she—told you anything?"

"No. I wish—I wish she had!"

"Well, if you know all, sir, what do you think of it?"

"Badly."

"You think I am such a poor devil!" said John, breaking out passionately, after a brief silence. "You will not see that I—I am not what I was."

"I believe you will be an honorable, upright man, sir. But do you know where you are? You are in Eden, and you must go out." There was pity, tenderness, authority, in the voice of Detwiler speaking these words. He added in another tone, as if suddenly he was himself rising to a height he had never attained before, "Poor fellow! you will have plenty of company outside."

What was the doctor thinking? what was he about to require? Edgar waited, alarmed and awed, to know.

"You have been thinking that you would marry this dear girl, some day. Speak, 'fore God!"

"Yes, I have."

The doctor turned his eyes away from the young face before him. Not often had his strong heart been so troubled; rarely had his face expressed so much as was now visible upon it.

"I dare say that, for anything like the future before you which you could

clearly see, you would be willing to work," he said. "And I know you would n't count dear any labor or pain. I know to what a noble pitch such a prospect would keep you tuned. You had a right to aim high, John; no right to aim low. But what would be right for you to do if your interest were the only thing to be considered, don't you see it would be damnably wrong when somebody else was to be thought of?"

John looked at the doctor without speaking. He felt as if the life were being crushed out of him. Springing to his feet he walked across the office with rapid strides. He gasped for breath.

Detwiler went on, as if heartlessly regardless of all he saw.

"You thought that you were getting saved yourself," said he, his face paling with emotion and his voice betraying it; "but dare you look forward and face what may arise in another generation, and call you cursed? What have you felt since you were able to understand your feelings but this, that there was a chained devil in you which you must watch, hour by hour, never knowing the moment when he might spring upon you? And there's a young girl,—a child I have always considered her till now,—she sees what your trouble is, and because it is in her to help every weak, suffering thing she sees, she is ready, before she could possibly have what she for her part might need, to give herself to you. And you—you are willing to accept such a gift! Look here! Are you willing that twenty years from now a son of hers should go through what you've gone through, and must go through, for you have n't finished your fight yet, and you know it! Are you such a dastard that you are willing? I tell you plainly, Edgar, you have no more right to marry *any* girl, I don't care who she is, or how low down you go to find her, than if you had leprosy. A man's fitness for a relation so sacred is n't determined entirely by his desires."

"Go on, sir," cried John, white with rage.

"I intend to do so. You have no more right than—I have. I told you

you would have company outside of Eden. I went out years ago. If I had dared (listen to me! no man but yourself has ever heard this of me),—if I had dared, there was a lady whom I would have asked to marry me. I do not know what she would have answered; but I should at least have had the satisfaction of letting her know that she was all woman could be to man. That is as much as any girl can be to you; yes, and a thousand times more, for you have many chances and ambitions where I had n't one. I came and buried myself in these hills, as you might say, to save my life. In more ways than one I've saved it. No woman whom I love, I said, shall suffer as my mother suffered, killed outright by anxiety. I tell you, as surely as Jesus conquered his temptations, you may conquer this."

It was evident that the doctor's words, so rapidly spoken in that low voice of his, which was so powerful in carrying conviction, had produced an effect. But what effect? Edgar did not reply, and he went on.

"Have I given the death-blow to your hopes, poor fellow? See, then, how unworthy you would have been in this respect to unite her fortune with yours. Be all that you would have been for Edna's sake, and much more for her sake. Show your love for her by forbearing to curse her children's children."

"I am not going to make a fool of myself," Edgar began.

"You shall not tell me to-day what you will do. I am not prepared to think you are ready to take all that the Almighty has prepared for those who defy him."

"I don't see that it's a question between the Almighty and me," replied Edgar, sullenly, preparing to leave the office, for the doctor had risen with the evident intention of going about his business.

"You must settle it with Him then. He has made his laws; break them if you think you'll gain anything by it. But I'll answer that you find it a losing business in the end. Good by, then. If I have said the cruellest things you

ever heard, I am still your best friend, Edgar. I'm no harder on you than I have been on myself. Let's do the best we can with what we have, and thank God if he has taught us anything that will make us better doctors of other poor mortals."

If John Edgar could go away and forget the voice that spoke those words, and the steady gaze of the doctor's eyes, he was a poorer mortal even than he deemed himself.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN had gone but two thirds of his way home when he heard himself called; it was a well-known and a well-liked voice that startled him with, "Hallo, there!"

It was Max Boyd who called. When he saw Edgar hurrying along with that dark look on his face, he thought it a sufficient reason for arresting him. There was an imperious spirit in Max which needed no more than to see a person bent on a mode of action to make him insist on being told the why.

"What is your hurry? How are things working, Edgar?" he asked.

"O, fine! Is that you, Mr. Boyd?" and then John walked on all the faster that he had been hindered.

"But wait a moment, will you? I have something you would like to see. You were telling me about that picture. See! I have one—two."

He took the drawings from his wallet, as he spoke: one was of Rosa Holcombe, the other of himself.

Edgar's eyes had an ugly, amazed glare. He took the drawings, and his first impulse was to tear them into fragments; but he gave them back, after a moment, unharmed. A glance had sufficed him.

"How much did you pay for them?" he asked.

The poor girl had turned in this direction, had she, seeking to make money which should diminish her debt? He would soon put an end to all this. But though he accounted for the work instantly in this manner, he was sur-

prised when Maxwell answered: "Dirt cheap, I think. Ten dollars apiece."

"Twenty dollars!" said Edgar.

"She's a deuced proud little girl, though, John."

"Working for your money is a proof of it," he answered, bitterly.

"Good as any. If she had n't been so proud she would have insisted on making me a present of the pictures. I knew it when she sat working that way."

"She is n't rich," said Edgar; "but I would n't have expected her to sell Rosa's picture."

"I would pay. Else they would have thought that I expected to be remembered because I happened to be mixed up in that dreadful accident. You can't tell what folks will think. I consider such a picture as that cheap at any price."

"Ah! I am going home this way, sir," said John; "it's a short cut, and I feel too tired for anything. Good night."

"That's an unsociable trick," Max called after him; but John, without waiting for an answer, had already plunged among the elder-bushes, and was out of sight.

And now concerning these pictures.

Maxwell Boyd had preserved some of the flowers which had lain on Rosa's coffin; he had arranged them in a wreath, and placed them under glass, and had brought them thus preserved to Mrs. Holcombe. In other ways he had shown his sympathy, so that he was gratefully remembered in the bishop's house.

Not many days after the funeral, he was walking in the neighborhood, when he met Edna. She carried a basket and a spade, and had evidently been planting some prized shrub or vine beside Rosa's grave.

Max asked if he might carry the spade, and then, as he walked along with her, he talked about Rosa. *One of the hands*, he said, had told him about the excellent likeness she had made of her sister. She was then a real artist, for none but a true artist

could have done so much without instruction. He would like very much to see the portrait if Miss Edna would be so kind as to show it to him.

There were two points presented in these words which made an impression on Edna: first, the manner in which young Mr. Boyd spoke of John Edgar,—"one of the hands"; second, that in speaking of herself he had called her an artist.

Of course John *was* one of the hands. And certainly, if any one had a right to speak of him so, it was one of the gentlemen in whose service he was employed. She had heard him spoken of also as an artisan. Mr. Boyd called her an artist; and she felt the difference implied in these words.

"Who was it told you?" she asked, although she knew so well who must have told him.

"Edgar," he said. "He ought to be considered a very good judge; don't you think so? He draws well himself."

"Yes."

"Things a good deal more complicated than faces though," he said. "He brought me a very elaborate drawing one day, and I was completely taken in by it. He knows a great deal. It was an engine, and, I supposed, as complete as anything could be; but he told me it would n't go, and could n't be made to go, any more than a wooden horse if it was built. Then he added a line and a curve or too, and said that, made up on that pattern, there was n't anything running that could equal it for power."

Edna's eyes shone with pleasure to hear this praise. "I can believe it," she said.

"I wish I could see that drawing of yours," said he.

"I have one here which I made this afternoon," said Edna. She stopped to take the paper from her pocket. They were standing under the shadow of a great pine-tree. It seemed to Max the perfect hour of a perfect day. He stood there to examine the picture, then he sat down on the mossy bed which covered the old tree's roots. Edna had drawn Rosa as they had so often seen

her, running like a fawn across the bridge. The figure was full of life and motion; the breeze was in her hair.

"O, this is perfect!" exclaimed Max; "but how could you bear to draw her — there?"

"It is just as I see her all the time," said Edna. "I thought maybe if I put it on paper I — The other one, the one he told you about, was finished from something begun in sport before we — lost her."

Then — it seemed at first as if to divert her thoughts — Max asked her if she had tested her skill in trying to produce other faces, and ended by saying that he would give a great deal to know what she could do with his. When she seemed surprised at his words, he explained that he had promised to send his classmates photographs of himself, but the negative from which copies were to have been made for them had been destroyed by fire. There had been no artist at Emerald all summer; if she should succeed, he could send the drawing to town, and copies could be made from it.

Edna reflected, and presently said, "I will try it." She had thought, "He will pay well; the practice will do me good. I shall have all the more to give to Mr. Holcombe when I go away."

"To-day?" he asked, delighted at his success in obtaining her consent.

"I don't believe my hand is steady enough to-day," she said. "I have been digging with the spade, and the ground was stony. I will try to-morrow, if you like. You might come to Mrs. Holcombe's."

But Max thought it unlikely they would want the work going on at the house at this time, and suggested the church. No, Edna said, it could not be there; Mrs. Holcombe would not be as well pleased. But she was thinking less of Delia than of John Edgar when she said this.

"Very well, at the house then, if Mrs. Holcombe is willing. I will pay you ten dollars for the picture. Shall I pay now?"

He was very ready indeed, but Edna

said not till the work was finished, and thought it was a very high price to pay for a small piece of work like that.

But Max said he had n't specified the size. Then he added that she might finish it in three lines if she could. "Only be true," he said. "I wish I owned this lovely little picture," he added, studying it line by line.

"If you would like you may have it," Edna said, with hesitation, thinking again of John.

"Thank you; at the same price?"

"That is dear Rosa's face. But I do not think they would want to see her so. I would be glad to give it to anybody who ever saw and loved her. I think it must do any one good to have it; as I am sure it did everybody good just to look at her."

"I must pay for it though," Max said, as he laid the leaf in his wallet. "And I will come to-morrow afternoon, if that is convenient to you."

"Yes." Inaudibly Edna continued, "And so I shall be paid like one of the hands."

Perhaps something like this thought was passing through Maxwell's mind, for he said, awkwardly enough: "Perhaps you don't like to think of my giving you money for the work. I have some grand books which I would like to share with you, if you would accept them."

It seemed as if Edna had a little surprise to master before she could answer.

"No, no," she said, "money will be better than anything, just now, for me. I am much obliged to you for wanting a picture, though it will be a poor one." As she spoke she seemed to resolutely put down the confusion she felt, and to ignore it as she looked at Max with a critic's eyes.

"I dare say it will be a poor one for the reason that it will be a good likeness," he said.

"I think I may do pretty well, because it is so necessary I should feel sure of my ground," said she.

"And you do feel sure of it?"

"I could draw your face, without a sitting."

"But you will let me come?"

"You had better come," said she, picking up her basket and spade, and looking homeward.

"You have capital practice," said he, rising and taking the spade from her hand and swinging it over his shoulder. "There's Edgar himself,—you might draw him a dozen times and get a different likeness each time. He is more like a chameleon than any living animal I have seen. I know him pretty well, but I suppose if I should say what I thought of him, the men who have known him all his life would laugh in my face."

"Don't they understand him?"

"No."

"Could n't they be made to?"

"Honestly, I should hope not. There are too many things left at loose ends in him. When they're all caught up and secured, he will do to talk about, if that ever happens."

A crimson glow overspread the face of Edna Gell.

"He makes fun for you," she said.

"He does, indeed. But he will come out right one day."

"I must leave you," said Edna.

They had approached the bridge when she thus dismissed him. He gave her back the spade. "To-morrow, then?"

She hesitated a moment, thought of the patron he was like to prove, and said: "Yes, to-morrow."

But going homewards alone she thought: "Poor John! he has nobody to stand by him but me. Well then, he has me."

When Maxwell sat down in Mrs. Holcombe's best room on his return from the bank the next afternoon, he had that lady for company, and a very serious artist to perform the stipulated work. If he had engaged Edna's services simply for his own entertainment, because he was curious to learn the extent of her skill and had little to amuse him in those rather dull days, Edna had undertaken the work with the intention to do her best and take the wages stipulated. And if there was any em-

barrassment to be felt in the progress of the work, she was not the one to feel it. It might have been a block of wood, or any other inanimate object, that she was portraying. Surprised at this, he presently fell into a deeply reflective mood, which made her say, "Talk to — mother."

Thereupon he did so. He had picked up several odd names in the neighborhood recently, and of these he began to speak, one after another. They were like so many signs in a book, he said, which he did not understand. Delia, who did understand them, explained, and so an hour and a half passed on, and the work was done. Edna had succeeded in making a spirited sketch, and was satisfied that Mr. Boyd should take it with him when he rose to go.

"You have paid ten times what it is worth," said Mrs. Holcombe, when he presented Edna with the stipulated price.

"A small sum to pay for so good a picture, and a small sum to pay for the privilege of the hour I have spent here."

As Max said this, he felt a sudden moisture in his eyes. He had no sweet home memories; his childhood had been bleak, dark, and cold, his remembrance of his mother was full of pain. The kind words, the kind voice, the noble presence of the bishop's wife, the thought of that moment when it had fallen to his lot to make known to her the death of her child, drew him irresistibly towards her. He went away thinking more seriously than he had thought before of the good service it was within his power to render this household, of the means of education he might put within Edna's reach, of the adornments he would like to bring into the little house so fragrant with mignonette, of the pictures he would fain hang upon the walls.

As he walked homeward, he remembered John Edgar; and, as he told him later, when John was returning from the doctor's office, wanted to show him at once the likeness of himself which Edna had drawn. It would give

John a pleasure to see such good work; and he was curious to know the expression that satisfaction would find. He did not show his purchase to Christopher on his return; — Christopher would not care for such a trifle. If it had been his own work, however, he would have been quite sure that his brother would not have considered it a trifle. Maxwell was in fact quite certain, and well might be, that he sufficed for the heart, as business did for the brain, of Christopher.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE path which John Edgar took, when he left Max on his way home from Emerald, led him half a mile out of his way, but it brought him near to Mr. Holcombe's.

There was an evening meeting in the meeting-house, and he thought that he might possibly meet Edna on the road. He hardly knew why he wanted to see her just then. He was thoroughly angry with the doctor, and with Boyd, — and perhaps with Edna also. But for one thing, he would ask her about these drawings she had sold Max. Though he knew she was working for money, it displeased him that she should have been willing to take Maxwell's portrait. She had sat and studied him sufficiently to make his picture lifelike. That was in fact the chief cause of his displeasure. If he should meet her, because of this displeasure he would find it more easy to ask her about that mystery of her parentage, and to place her under a great debt of discovery to him.

As he walked along thinking of Edna she suddenly stood in the path before him. She had come from the meeting-house before the service was over, — it was so warm there, and her head ached, she said. But the truth was she had become uneasy in thinking about John; he might need her, and she had come out on purpose to seek for him. Her sense of the fact that he did need her, that since she had given herself to him things were going well with him, whereas before that they

had for the most part gone wrong (he was constantly telling her so, and the evidence of her own eyes corroborated his words), had made her life seem more important, had given it a new significance; and when she saw that he was not in the congregation she was troubled, and so finally walked out to learn where he was, and almost at once came upon him.

It warmed her heart to see him, for she thought he could not have come in that direction at that hour unless it was to find her. By the dim light she eagerly scanned his face, and saw that, though it looked disturbed, his eyes were not drunken. And so she was doubly glad.

"Are you going to the meeting?" she asked him.

"No," he said, "I am going to walk with you, if you will let me."

"Not down here, then; I don't like to walk by the creek. It makes me sick even to hear the sound of the water."

"Then we will go up the road. Will you take my arm? it is rough walking. Are you tired?"

"I could walk all night." So she took took his hand, and they walked along together.

"You must tell me one thing, Edna," said John, after they had gone a short distance, for he had a great deal to say, and no time to lose; "what have you been drawing Maxwell Boyd for?"

"O, have you seen it? I was going to tell you. For pay, of course; just as you work for him. You are one of the hands; well, so am I."

"It is n't the same thing at all," said he, "and I wish you had not done it. I wish he had his ten dollars back. You can't ask him for the picture, I suppose, but you can return his money."

"Why do you wish me to do it, John?"

"Because, I think it is the right thing to do. If you are in need of the money, why should you not ask me for it? I have more than I shall use. And besides, if you do not wish to ask me, though all I have is yours, dear Edna,

it would be better for you to ask for your own."

"Ask for my own, John! what do you mean?"

"I am going to tell you. But it is not an easy thing to say. Come in here; this is the mouth of Pit Hole; we can sit here and rest, and I will tell you all about it."

But at the entrance of the old mine Edna hesitated. What was he going to tell her? Something that she did not know about herself?

"Will you come in?" he said. "I made a seat in here, and was going to tell you if you found yourself tired away from home, up here, you could step in and rest."

That acknowledgment of his thoughtfulness of her led Edna in.

"What is it you are going to tell me?" she asked, sitting down beside him. "Is it about myself?"

"Partly. But first I will tell you of a piece of good fortune I have had myself," said Edgar, finding it difficult to advance on the other line of speech. "I have a prospect of being taken into partnership in business by a gentleman. It depends on myself altogether, — on what I am able to do; so you see I shall be very hard at work now all the time. I can't tell you more about it just now, but I shall be able to pay every debt which you feel has been contracted for you by the kindness of other people."

"O John, how good you are!"

"But you know it is all I am living for, Edna, to serve you," he said, recollecting the doctor's words, which had implied that it was Edna's pity for him which had made her willing to live for him.

A few weeks before Edna would have answered, "And you are all I have to live for"; but since Rosa's death it had been revealed to her that there was a great deal in Mr. Holcombe's house for which she could and must live.

"If it had been me instead of Rosa, though, John, you would have borne it, and done just as well," said she. "And after a while, when all these good things

came to pass which you expect, you would have found somebody else, just as dear and a great deal better than I."

"Do you really believe that? Don't you know better? Don't you know that you are my angel? that I'm not the same man that I was before — before you promised? Edna, you must stand by me, and I will stand by you. You know what I am; you knew what I was that morning."

"John, John, do not talk so. I always see you when I look forward. There is nobody else in the world for me but you."

"Do you love me, Edna?"

"Yes, John, I do love you."

"Will — you kiss me Edna, as a sign that you do love me, and that nothing shall come between us?"

She bent down and kissed his hard hand.

"Nothing shall come between us," she said. She was so quiet, so composed, that he in turn became so. "You were going to tell me something about myself, John," she said. "What is it? what have I to ask for that is mine?"

"You have your father to ask for, Edna, and the property which belongs to you."

"I do not understand you, John. Whom shall I ask? Do you know? Shall I ask you?"

"I only know that you would be likely to get what you asked for. Mrs. Holcombe, I should think, would be the one to ask. She would be likely to know more about it than anybody. Annie was her friend, — was n't she?"

"Yes, her friend. But, John, if there was anything belonging to me, they would have told me. They would have told me long ago."

"Perhaps not. If they would, why did n't they, or why don't they?"

"Do *you* think they would keep back anything from me that was mine?" exclaimed Edna, after a short pause, in which her surprise had been growing into amazement. "Annie would have known, they would all have known, if

there was anything. Do you expect me to believe that they have all cheated me and wronged me? I do not, I cannot."

"I don't know what to think about it, that is the honest fact; ask Mrs. Holcombe, and then *perhaps* you will know more than I do; but, if you fail, I shall feel bound to go on with the investigation, as the guardian of your rights."

"Go on where? what with? Tell me all, tell me everything, dear John. You can't think how you have surprised me."

"I'll tell you that your father was a gentleman," said he.

"Do you suppose I did not know that?"

Nothing could have pleased John as did these words. How near the girl who was convinced that her father was a gentleman had allowed him to come to her!

"If you were my wife I should have everything made clear," said he. "I would ask questions of persons I thought most likely would be able to answer them. But you see, my darling, I can't go very far now even for you; people might think I was doing it for myself. But I know better. I know that if you had your rights, everything would be changed between us. Money changes everything."

"Not hearts."

"They say, hearts most."

"I don't believe it. But if you think there is a danger of that John, I shall never ask any questions. I don't want my heart to be changed about you. I know that nothing but you yourself could ever change it. And if I ask any question, it will be for you. I ought to go home. They will wonder where I am."

"But, Edna, before you go, promise me that you will ask."

"About my father?"

"Yes."

"Of Mrs. Holcombe?"

"Yes."

"But I could not ask for rights which I know nothing about."

"Well, ask that question and see what comes of it."

Edna reflected. At last she said, leading the way out of the mine: "John, if I do, it will be the hardest thing I ever did, and for your sake. I never could ask her to tell me what she has not thought best to tell me for my own sake. I think you could not ask me to do anything I ought not to do. If you should be mistaken, and I should let her think that I suspected she had kept back what she ought to have told me, it would be a great affliction to me. But I am going to trust you, dear."

Those last words John did not like to hear; they implied that the trust was an effort on Edna's part.

"My girl, you may," he said; and as they came out under the starlight he kissed her, not modestly on the hand, but bravely on the cheek, and so saw himself justified, and the day's humiliations atoned for.

All night Edna was thinking: "He could not have been so much in earnest about it if he had not known enough to make him sure. And he would not have urged me to ask, if he had not seen it was the best thing to do. I will do it for his sake."

And the next morning, while Delia was packing dried fruit in a jar and Edna was arranging the dishes on the kitchen shelves, she asked about her parents, and said that she would like to visit the place where she was born, that she might see the people who remembered her father and mother. Did Mrs. Holcombe ever see them? And did she remember them well? And did she, Edna, favor either of them?

Yes, — her father, Delia told her. Edna had always felt, she said, that she was more like her father than her mother; and Delia told her she was right, that she did much more resemble him. And he was a gentleman? O, yes.

As Delia answered these questions, she thought, "The child perhaps already knows all that I could tell her!"

"He must have been a poor man,

though," said Edna. "But then," she added, repenting that she had given her doubt even this much expression,—"but then he was a gentleman, and I always believed he was. O, I forgot"; and she walked hastily out of the room, as if she had left some work which must be at once attended to.

When she came back again, she made no further allusion to this subject; other thoughts had occupied her since she went. The doctor, on the lookout for her, had seen her as he drove past on the opposite bank of the stream, and had called to her, "Get your bonnet and come with me a mile or two," and she had gladly accepted his invitation. After what she had said to Mrs. Holcombe, the one desirable thing seemed to be to get away out of sight, the further the better. If there was nothing to tell, she had wronged her best friends by consenting to adopt the suspicions of others; if there was anything to tell, she did not want to know that the telling cost Mrs. Holcombe anything.

The doctor was in his usual cheery mood; it was exaltation of desire and purpose to ride by his side in the early morning along the mountain road. They had not gone far when he began to talk about her speculations,—wanted to know how they prospered, and she told him about the drawings. She told him, chiefly because she was a little disturbed by what John had said last night about taking money of Mr. Boyd, and she wished to know how the doctor would look at the transaction. He seemed greatly pleased, and said he should ask Boyd to let him look at the drawing, and was interested to know what she had made out of his handsome face. Then he told her that he had great expectations in regard to Faulkner and the sale of her little farm; he thought the last time he saw him Faulkner seemed inclined to close at seven hundred. That was the highest he would go. "Suppose we just drive round that way and see if he has gone to sleep over it," said the doctor.

"Do!" exclaimed Edna; and all the rest of the way she was from time to

time thinking what she would do supposing Faulkner should pay her seven hundred dollars for her land. But she had other thoughts too, that occupied her during that drive.

They visited Faulkner, and he haggled with the doctor for an hour, but finally came to terms; for the day had arrived when he must go to work on those fields of Edna's if he intended them to give him a crop the next year. The doctor urged him up to six hundred and ninety-five, and there he stopped, and could be urged no further.

"Take it," said Edna to the doctor; and so the bargain was sealed, and Faulkner promised to come down for the papers which the doctor, Annie Gell's executor, would have ready for him next day; he would bring the payment with him in full, he said, or else Boyd's bank would cash his note.

Going home the doctor asked her what she would do with so much money, and she answered, so promptly as to prove to him that the point had been for some time settled in her own mind, "Give it to Mrs. Holcombe."

"Well, we must see about that. I am your guardian, you know," he said.

"But you know," she answered, "I owe them everything."

"Yes, I know that. Well, we'll see about it," he said again.

Edna did not tell him that it seemed to her a small thing to give all she had into Mrs. Holcombe's hands, since she had, urged by a suspicion, asked her those questions in the morning.

"There's one thing I wanted to ask you," he said; "do you see much of John Edgar nowadays?"

"I saw him last evening."

Edna was glad that the doctor had asked the question, and, if he went a great deal further than this, she resolved she would answer him. She would feel easier if he knew all that had passed between John and herself.

"Is he doing well? I hear he is,—better at least than he was."

"O, yes," said Edna; "he is doing very well."

"I know he says so; but we cannot always take a person's testimony in such a matter. He has had such a poor record so far, that really it would be almost a miracle if he reformed entirely. I don't know that it is possible for him to reform. Such a fever in the blood as he has is likely to break out at any time."

"But good nursing and care keeps down a fever, and breaks it up, I have heard you say. It is better than medicine and all the doctors."

"That is true," said the doctor, gravely, "but I don't know what kind of nursing he would be likely to get."

"He might have a friend who could serve him."

"No, Edna, it is not likely; he will gang his ain gait, now straight, and now crooked, and all the watching of the best nurse that ever was would n't hinder that fever from getting the upper hand of him now and then."

It seemed a long time that the doctor drove along in silence; at last he said, "Edna, look in my face."

His eyes filled with tears as she did so. "Tell me all about it, darling," said he. But she was silent.

"Well, I cannot pry into your secrets, but *he* has told me that he means to marry you. I can't believe it, though. I don't see how it could happen. I don't intend to believe it, for he was never very careful about what he said since I knew him. If it is really true, you will tell me when you want me to know; meantime, I shall dismiss a thing so incredible from my mind."

"Why is it so incredible?" asked Edna.

"Why? Because you are Edna."

"But is there any other reason?" She was thinking that, if there was any secret to be told which she had a right to know, the doctor might be able to divulge it.

"There are more reasons than I can give just now. But you shall know them yet." The doctor gave Lightfoot a cut, and then occupied himself in restraining her. "You must have felt very lonely, and longed for a friend," said he. "But, my child, the thing I do not understand is how you should ever have allowed him to see that he had any right whatever to speak to you as — as a lover, if he has."

"Can I help it if you do not understand it?" said Edna. "It is not a mystery to me. If he seems worthless to you, he does not seem more so than I have appeared to myself."

"But your worthlessness is becoming less and less apparent to you, and will do so. You are a child; you have been in a dream. Think of Mrs. Holcombe the wife of old Lawson! what kind of marriage do you suppose that would be? Well this one would be about equal to that, according to my way of looking at things. Six months ago John would have told you I was his best friend. I know I am his friend. I know I am yours. I shall keep your secret. But there is one thing you must promise, Edna; you will invite me to your wedding. You will hide nothing from me. Everything shall be aboveboard."

He repeated that question, and came back to it when he saw that she had not answered it, until she had given him her promise. "Now I can rest," he thought. "Edna will not deceive me."

THE TRUE STORY OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

THE reading world of America has lately been presented with a book, which is said to sell rapidly, and which appears to meet with universal favor.

The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated: the mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slanders and aspersions cast on him by his wife. The story of the mistress *versus* wife may be summed up as follows: —

Lord Byron, the hero of the story, is represented as a human being endowed with every natural charm, gift, and grace, who by the one false step of an unsuitable marriage wrecked his whole life. A narrow-minded, cold-hearted precisian, without sufficient intellect to comprehend his genius or heart to feel for his temptations, formed with him one of those mere worldly marriages common in high life, and, finding that she could not reduce him to the mathematical proprieties and conventional rules of her own mode of life, suddenly and without warning abandoned him in the most cruel and inexplicable manner.

It is alleged that she parted from him in apparent affection and good-humor, wrote him a playful, confiding letter upon the way, but, after reaching her father's house, suddenly and without explanation announced to him that she would never see him again; that this sudden abandonment drew down upon him a perfect storm of scandalous stories, which his wife never contradicted; that she never in any way or shape stated what the exact reasons for her departure had been, and thus silently gave scope to all the malice of thousands of enemies. The sensitive victim was actually driven from England, his home broken up, and he doomed to be a lonely wanderer on foreign shores.

In Italy, under bluer skies and

among a gentler people, with more tolerant modes of judgment, the authoress intimates that he found peace and consolation. A lovely young Italian countess falls in love with him, and breaking her family ties for his sake, devotes herself to him, and in blissful retirement with her he finds at last that domestic life for which he was so fitted.

Soothed, calmed, and refreshed, he writes *Don Juan*, which the world is at this late hour informed was a poem with a high moral purpose, designed to be a practical illustration of the doctrine of total depravity among young gentlemen in high life.

Under the elevating influence of love, he rises at last to higher realms of moral excellence, and resolves to devote the rest of his life to some noble and heroic purpose, becomes the savior of Greece, and dies untimely, leaving a nation to mourn his loss.

The authoress dwells with a peculiar bitterness on Lady Byron's entire *silence* during all these years, as the most aggravated form of persecution and injury. She informs the world that Lord Byron wrote his autobiography with the purpose of giving a fair statement of the exact truth in the whole matter, and that Lady Byron bought up the manuscript of the publisher and insisted on its being destroyed unread, thus inflexibly depriving her husband of his last chance of a hearing before the tribunal of the public.

As a result of this silent, persistent cruelty on the part of a cold, correct, narrow-minded woman, the character of Lord Byron has been misunderstood, and his name transmitted to after ages clouded with aspersions and accusations which it is the object of this book to remove.

Such is the story of Lord Byron's mistress, — a story which is going the length of this American continent and

rousing up new sympathy with the poet, and doing its best to bring the youth of America once more under the power of that brilliant, seductive genius from which it was hoped they had escaped. Already we are seeing it revamped in magazine articles, which take up the slanders of the paramour and enlarge on them and wax eloquent in denunciation of the marble-hearted, insensible wife.

All this while it does not appear to occur to the thousands of unreflecting readers that they are listening merely to the story of Lord Byron's mistress and of Lord Byron, and that even by their own showing their heaviest accusation against Lady Byron is that *she has not spoken at all*; her story has never been told.

For many years after the rupture between Lord Byron and his wife, that poet's personality, fate, and happiness, had an interest for the whole civilized world, which we will venture to say was unparalleled. It is within the writer's recollection, how, in the obscure mountain town where she spent her early days, Lord Byron's separation from his wife was for a season the all-engrossing topic.

She remembers hearing her father recount at the breakfast-table the facts as they were given in the public papers, together with his own suppositions and theories of the causes.

Lord Byron's "Fare thee well," addressed to Lady Byron, was set to music and sung with tears by young school-girls, even in this distant America.

Madame de Staël said of this appeal, that she was sure it would have drawn her at once to his heart and his arms: *she* could have forgiven everything; and so said all the young ladies all over the world, not only in England, but in France and Germany, — wherever Byron's poetry appeared in translation.

Lady Byron's obdurate cold-heartedness in refusing even to listen to his prayers or to have any intercourse with him which might lead to reconciliation, was the one point conceded on all sides.

The stricter moralists defended her,

but gentler hearts throughout all the world regarded her as a marble-hearted monster of correctness and morality, a personification of the law unmitigated by the gospel.

Literature in its highest walks busied itself with Lady Byron. Wilson, in the character of the Ettrick Shepherd, devotes several eloquent passages to expatiating on the conjugal fidelity of a poor Highland shepherd's wife, who, by patience and prayer and forgiveness, succeeds in reclaiming her drunken husband and making a good man of him; and then points his moral by contrasting with this touching picture the cold-hearted, pharisaical correctness of Lady Byron.

Moore, in his "Life of Lord Byron," when beginning the recital of the series of disgraceful amours which formed the staple of his life in Venice, has this passage: —

"Highly censurable, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame * * *, it was (with pain, I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of license to which, when weaned from that connection, he so unrestrainedly and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself. Of the state of his mind on leaving England, I have already endeavored to convey some idea, and among the feelings that went to make up that self-centred spirit of resistance which he then opposed to his fate, was an indignant scorn for his own countrymen for the wrongs he thought they had done him. For a time *the kindly sentiments which he still harbored toward Lady Byron, and a sort of vague hope, perhaps, that all would yet come right again*, kept his mind in a mood somewhat more softened and docile, as well as sufficiently under the influence of English opinions to prevent his breaking out into open rebellion against it, as he unluckily did afterward.

"*By the failure of the attempted mediation with Lady Byron*, his last link with home was severed; while, notwithstanding the quiet and unobtrusive life

which he led at Geneva, there was as yet, he found, no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character; the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which had tracked his every step at home, having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile."

We should like to know what the misrepresentations and slanders must have been, when this sort of thing is admitted in Mr. Moore's *justification*. It seems to us rather wonderful how anybody, unless it were a person like the Countess Guiccioli, could misrepresent a life such as even Byron's friend admits he was leading.

During all these years, when he was setting at defiance every principle of morality and decorum, the interest of the female mind all over Europe in the conversion of this brilliant prodigal son was unceasing, and reflects the greatest credit upon the faith of the sex.

Madame de Staël commenced the first effort at evangelization immediately after he left England, and found her catechumen in a most edifying state of humility. He was metaphorically on his knees in penitence, and confessed himself a miserable sinner in the loveliest manner possible. Such sweetness and humility took all hearts. His conversations with Madame de Staël were printed and circulated all over the world, making it to appear that only the inflexibility of Lady Byron stood in the way of his entire conversion.

Lady Blessington, among many others, took him in hand five or six years afterward, and was greatly delighted with his docility and edified by his frank and free confessions of his miserable offences. Nothing now seemed wanting to bring the wanderer home to the fold, but a kind word from Lady Byron. But, when the fair Countess offered to mediate, the poet only shook his head in tragic despair; "he had so many times tried in vain; Lady Byron's course had been from the first that of obdurate silence."

Any one who would wish to see a specimen of the skill of the honorable poet in mystification will do well to

read a letter to Lady Byron, which Lord Byron, on parting from Lady Blessington, enclosed for her to read just before he went to Greece. He says:—

"The letter which I enclose *I was prevented from sending, by my despair of its doing any good.* I was perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still. But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand provocations on that subject which both friends and foes have for seven years been throwing in the way of a man whose feelings were once quick, and whose temper was never patient.

"TO LADY BYRON, CARE OF THE HON.
MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.

"PISA, NOVEMBER, 17, 1821.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of 'Ada's hair,' which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word, 'Household,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons: firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her;—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period,

rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding everything, I considered our reunion as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and forever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connections. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember that, *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things, viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you

also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

"Yours ever,

"NOEL BYRON."

The artless Thomas Moore introduces this letter in the "Life," with the remark:—

"There are few, I should think, of my readers, who will not agree with me in pronouncing that, if the author of the following letter had not *right* on his side, he had at least most of those good feelings which are found in general to accompany it."

The reader is requested to take notice of the important admission that *the letter was never sent to Lady Byron at all*. It was, in fact, never *intended* for her, but was a nice little dramatic performance, composed simply with the view of acting on the sympathies of Lady Blessington and Byron's numerous female admirers; and the reader will agree with us, we think, that in this point of view it was very neatly done and deserves immortality as a work of high art. For six years he had been plunging into every kind of vice and excess, pleading his shattered domestic joys, and his wife's obdurate heart, as the apology and the impelling cause; filling the air with his shrieks and complaints concerning the slanders which pursued him, while he filled letters to his confidential correspondents with records of new mistresses. During all these years the silence of Lady Byron was unbroken, though Lord Byron not only drew in private on the sympathies of his female admirers, but employed his talents and position as an author in holding her up to contempt and ridicule, before thousands of readers. We shall quote at length his side of the story, which he published in the first Canto of Don Juan, that the reader may see how much reason he had for assuming the injured tone which he did in the letter to Lady Byron quoted above. That letter never was sent to her, and the unmanly and indecent caricature of her, and the indelicate exposure of the

whole story on his own side which we are about to quote, were the only communications that could have reached her solitude.

In the following verses, Lady Byron is represented as Donna Inez, and Lord Byron as Don Jose; but the incidents and allusions were so very pointed, that nobody for a moment doubted whose history the poet was narrating.

"His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known —
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equalled by her wit alone:
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groaned,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way, by all the things that she did.

"Her favorite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy, — her morning-dress was dimity,
Her evening, silk, or in the summer, muslin
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

"Some women use their tongues, — she looked a
lecture,
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,
And all in all sufficient self-director,
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly;

"In short she was a walking calculation —
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their
covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or Cæleb's wife set out in quest of lovers.
Morality's prim personification,
In which not envy's self a flaw discovers.
To others' share 'let female errors fall,'
For she had not even one, — the worst of all.

"O, she was perfect, past all parallel
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Har-
rison.
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her
Save thine 'incomparable oil,' Macassar.

"Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insipid in this naughty world of ours, —
Don Jose like a lineal son of Eve
Went plucking various fruits without her leave.

"He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dreamed his lady was concerned;
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'turned,
Whispered he had a mistress, some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

"Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities,
Neglect indeed requires a saint to bear it,
And such indeed she was in her moralities;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mixed up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

"This was an easy matter with a man
Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard,
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days so unprepared,
That you might 'brain them with their lady's fan,'
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

"T is a pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education;
Or gentlemen, who, though well-born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation.
I don't choose to say much upon this head;
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?

"Don Jose and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward sign of inward strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of doubt.

"For Inez called some druggists and physicians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*;
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad*.
Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct, which seemed very odd.

"She kept a journal where his faults were noted,
And opened certain trunks of books and letters,
All which might, if occasion served, be quoted.
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who doted):
The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

"And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes;
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses killed, and nobly chose
Never to say a word about them more.
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaimed, 'What magna-
nimity!'"

This is the longest and most elaborate version of his own story that Byron ever published; but he busied himself with many others, projecting at one time a Spanish Romance, in which the same story is related in the same

transparent manner; but this he was dissuaded from printing. The booksellers, however, made a good speculation in publishing what they called his domestic poems, — that is, poems bearing more or less relation to this subject.

Every person with whom he became acquainted, with any degree of intimacy, was made familiar with his side of the story. Moore's biography is from first to last, in its representations, founded upon Byron's communicativeness and Lady Byron's silence; and the world at last settled down to believing that the account so often repeated and never contradicted must be substantially a true one.

The true history of Lord and Lady Byron has long been perfectly understood in many circles in England, but the facts were of a nature that could not be made public. While there was a young daughter living, whose future might be prejudiced by its recital, and while there were other persons on whom the disclosure of the real truth would have been crushing as an avalanche, Lady Byron's only course was the perfect silence in which she took refuge, and those sublime works of charity and mercy to which she consecrated her blighted earthly life.

But the time is now come when the truth may be told. All the actors in the scene have disappeared from the stage of mortal existence, and passed, let us have faith to hope, into a world where they would desire to expiate their faults by a late publication of the truth.

No person in England, we think, would as yet take the responsibility of relating the true history which is to clear Lady Byron's memory. But, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, all the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to sleep, no public use would have been made of them; but

the appearance of a popular attack on the character of Lady Byron calls for a vindication, and the true story of her married life will, therefore, now be related.

Lord Byron has described, in one of his letters, the impression left upon his mind by a young person whom he met one evening in society, and who attracted his attention by the simplicity of her dress, and a certain air, of singular purity and calmness, with which she surveyed the scene around her.

On inquiry, he was told that this young person was Miss Milbanke, an only child, and one of the largest heiresses in England.

Lord Byron was fond of idealizing his experiences in poetry, and the friends of Lady Byron had no difficulty in recognizing the portrait of Lady Byron, as she appeared at this time of her life, in his exquisite description of Aurora Raby.

"There was

Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her class, —
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

"Early in years, and yet more infantine

In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.
All youth, but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline;
Mournful, but mournful of another's crime,
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more.

"She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,

As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne,
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength, most strange in one so young!"

Some idea of the course which their acquaintance took, and of the manner in which he was piqued into thinking of her is given in a stanza or two.

"The dashing and proud air of Adeline

Imposed not upon her; she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine;
Then turned unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

"His fame, too, for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the deuce with woman-kind,

A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being combined ;
Faults which attract because they are not tame ;
Follies tricked out so brightly that they blind ;
These seals upon her wax made no impression,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

"Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a *preux* chevalier, — as it ought.
Of all offences that 's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.

"To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as urbanity
Required. Aurora scarcely looked aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The Devil was in the girl ! Could it be pride ?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity ?

"Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight, but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more than less.
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than guess)
So far relaxed her thoughts from their sweet prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

"But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which showed such deference to what females say,
As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, tempered him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free.
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

"Aurora — who, in her indifference,
Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flatterers, though she deemed he had more sense
Than whispering foplings, or than wittlings loud —
Commenced (from such slight things will great
commence)
To feel that flattery which attracts the proud,
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

"And then he had good looks ; that point was carried
Nem. con. amongst the women, . . .
Now though we know of old that looks deceive,
And always have done somehow, these good looks
Make more impression than the best of books.

"Aurora, who looked more on books than faces,
Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.
But virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age ;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Owned to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty."

The presence of this high-minded, thoughtful, unworldly woman is described through two cantos of the wild, rattling "Don Juan," in a manner that shows how deeply the poet was

capable of being affected by such an appeal to his higher nature.

For instance, when Don Juan sits silent and thoughtful amid a circle of persons who are talking scandal, the poet says : —

"'T is true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence ; she perhaps mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe,
But seldom pay, the absent.

"He gained esteem where it was worth the most,
And certainly Aurora had renewed
In him some feelings he had lately lost
Or hardened ; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine that I must deem them real.

"The love of higher things and better days,
The unbounded hope and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world and the world's ways,
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindled manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

"And full of sentiments sublime as billows
Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his. . . ."

In all these descriptions of a spiritual, unworldly nature, acting on the spiritual and unworldly part of his own nature, every one who ever knew Lady Byron intimately must have recognized the model from which he drew and the experience from which he spoke, even though nothing was further from his mind than to pay this tribute to the woman he had injured, and though, before these lines, which showed how truly he knew her real character, had come one stanza of ribald, vulgar caricature, designed as a slight to her.

"There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's
sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seemed the cream of equanimity
'Till skimmed, — and then there was some milk
and water.
With a slight shade of blue too, it might be
Beneath the surface ; but what did it matter ?
Love 's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
And, being consumptive, live on a milk diet."

The result of Byron's intimacy with Miss Milbanke and the enkindling of his nobler feelings was an offer of marriage, which she, though at the time deeply interested in him, declined with many expressions of friendship and interest.

In fact, she already loved him, but had that doubt of her power to be to him all that a wife should be, which would be likely to arise in a mind so sensitively constituted and so unworldly. They however continued a correspondence as friends; on her part the interest continually increased, on his the transient rise of better feelings was choked and overgrown by the thorns of base, unworthy passions.

From the height at which he might have been happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society.

From henceforth, this damning guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Milbanke, his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed marriage upon him.

Marriage has often been represented as the proper goal and terminus of a wild and dissipated career, and it has been supposed to be the appointed mission of good women to receive wandering prodigals, with all the rags and disgraces of their old life upon them, and put rings on their hands and shoes on their feet, and introduce them, clothed and in their right minds, to an honorable career in society.

Marriage was therefore universally recommended to Lord Byron by his numerous friends and well-wishers; and so he determined to marry, and, in an hour of reckless desperation, sat down and wrote proposals to two ladies. One was declined. The other, which was accepted, was to Miss Milbanke. The world knows well that he had the gift of expression, and will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter, and that the woman who had already learned to love him fell at once into the snare.

Her answer was a frank, outspoken

avowal of her love for him, giving herself to him heart and hand. The good in Lord Byron was not so utterly obliterated that he could receive such a letter without emotion, or practise such unfairness on a loving, trusting heart without pangs of remorse. He had sent the letter in mere recklessness; he had not seriously expected to be accepted, and the discovery of the treasure of affection which he had secured was like a vision of lost heaven to a soul in hell.

But, nevertheless, in his letters written about the engagement, there are sufficient evidences that his self-love was flattered at the preference accorded him by so superior a woman and one who had been so much sought. He mentions with an air of complacency that she has employed the last two years in refusing five or six of his acquaintance; that he had no idea she loved him, admitting that it was an old attachment on his part; he dwells on her virtues with a sort of pride of ownership. There is a sort of childish levity about the frankness of these letters, very characteristic of the man who skimmed over the deepest abysses with the lightest jests. Before the world, and to his intimates, he was acting the part of the successful *fiancé*, conscious all the while of the deadly secret that lay cold at the bottom of his heart.

When he went to visit Miss Milbanke's parents, as her accepted lover, she was struck with his manner and appearance; she saw him moody and gloomy, evidently wrestling with dark and desperate thoughts, and anything but what a happy and accepted lover should be. She sought an interview with him alone, and told him that she had observed that he was not happy in the engagement, and magnanimously added that, if on review he found he had been mistaken in the nature of his feelings, she would immediately release him, and they should remain only friends.

Overcome with the conflict of his feelings, Lord Byron fainted away.

Miss Milbanke was convinced that his heart must really be deeply involved in an attachment with reference to which he showed such strength of emotion, and she spoke no more of a dissolution of the engagement.

There is no reason to doubt that Byron was, as he relates in his *Dream*, profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic; yet it was not the memory of Mary Chaworth, but another guiltier and more damning memory that overshadowed that hour.

The moment the carriage doors were shut upon the bridegroom and the bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair — unrepentant remorse and angry despair — broke forth upon her gentle head.

"You might have saved me from this, madam! you had all in your own power when I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a *devil*!"

In Miss Martineau's *Sketches*, recently published, is an account of the termination of this wedding journey, which brought them to one of Lady Byron's ancestral country-seats, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Miss Martineau says: —

"At the altar she did not know that she was a sacrifice; but before sunset of that winter day she knew it, if a judgment may be formed from her face and attitude of despair when she alighted from the carriage on the afternoon of her marriage-day. It was not the traces of tears which won the sympathy of the old butler who stood at the open door. The bridegroom jumped out of the carriage and walked away. The bride alighted, and came up the steps alone, with a countenance and frame agonized and listless with evident horror and despair. The old servant longed to offer his arm to the young, lonely creature, as an assurance of sympathy and protection. From this shock she certainly rallied, and soon. The pecuniary difficulties of her new home

were exactly what a devoted spirit like hers was fitted to encounter. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathizing and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterward called her cold and mathematical, and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, as far as she was concerned.

"Silent she was even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnanimously spared. She did not act rashly in leaving him, though she had been most rash in marrying him."

Not all at once did the full knowledge of the dreadful reality into which she had entered come upon the young wife. She knew vaguely, from the wild avowals of the first hours of their marriage, that there was a dreadful secret of guilt, that Byron's soul was torn with agonies of remorse, and that he had no love to give to her in return for a love which was ready to do and dare all for him. Yet bravely she addressed herself to the task of soothing and pleasing and calming the man whom she had taken "for better or for worse."

Young and gifted, with a peculiar air of refined and spiritual beauty; graceful in every movement, possessed of exquisite taste; a perfect companion to his mind in all the higher walks of literary culture, and with that infinite pliability to all his varying, capricious moods which true love alone can give; bearing in her hand a princely fortune, which with a woman's uncalculating generosity was thrown at his feet, — there is no wonder that she might feel for a while as if she could enter the lists with the very Devil himself, and fight with a woman's weapons for the heart of her husband.

There are indications scattered through the letters of Lord Byron which, though brief indeed, showed that his young wife was making every effort

to accommodate herself to him, and to give him a cheerful home. One of the poems that he sends to his publisher about this time, he speaks of as being copied by her. He had always the highest regard for her literary judgments and opinions, and this little incident shows that she was already associating herself in a wifely fashion with his aims as an author.

The poem copied by her, however, has a sad meaning which she afterwards learned to understand only too well.

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it
takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay ;
'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone
that fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone e'er youth
itself be past.

"Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck
of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
excess ;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points
in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never
stretch again."

Only a few days before she left him forever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron's handwriting, of the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*, and wrote : —

"I am very glad that the handwriting was a favorable omen of the *morale* of the piece ; but you must not trust to that, for my copyist would write out anything I desired, in all the ignorance of innocence."

There were lucid intervals in which Lord Byron felt the charm of his wife's mind and the strength of her powers. "Bell, you could be a poet too, if you only thought so," he would say. There were summer hours in her stormy life, the memory of which never left her, when Byron was as gentle and tender as he was beautiful ; when he seemed to be possessed by a good angel, and then for a little time all the ideal possibilities of his nature stood revealed.

The most dreadful men to live with are those who thus alternate between angel and devil. The buds of hope and love called out by a day or two of

sunshine are frozen again and again till the tree is killed.

But there came an hour of revelation, — an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this infamy.

Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure ; some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime. Lady Byron did neither. When all the hope of womanhood died out of her heart, there arose within her, stronger, purer, and brighter, that immortal kind of love such as God feels for the sinner, — the love of which Jesus spoke and which holds the one wanderer of more account than the ninety and nine that went not astray. She would neither leave her husband nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin ; and hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He repudiated Christianity as authority, asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called "the impulses of nature." Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reasoning by which he justified himself in incest.

In the drama of *Cain*, Adah the sister and the wife of Cain thus addresses him : —

"Cain ! walk not with this spirit,
Bear with what we have borne, and love me — I
Love thee.

Lucifer. More than thy mother and thy sire ?

Adah. I do. Is that a sin too ?

Lucifer. No, not yet ;

It one day will be in your children.

Adah. What !

Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch ?

Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.

Adah.

O, my God !
Shall they not love and bring forth things that love
Out of their love ? have they not drawn their milk

Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,
 Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour
 With me? did we not love each other? and
 In multiplying our being multiply
 Things which will love each other as we love
 Them? — And as I love thee, my Cain! go not
 Forth with this spirit, he is not of ours.

Lucifer. The sin I speak of is not of my making,
 And cannot be a sin in you, — whate'er
 It seems in those who will replace ye in
 Mortality.

Adam. What is the sin which is not
 Sin in itself? can circumstance make sin
 Of virtue? if it doth, we are the slaves
 Of — ”

Lady Byron, though slight and almost infantine in her bodily presence, had the soul, not only of an angelic woman, but of a strong, reasoning man. It was the writer's lot to know her at a period when she formed the personal acquaintance of many of the very first minds of England; but, among all with whom this experience brought her in connection, there was none who impressed her so strongly as Lady Byron. There was an almost supernatural power of moral divination, a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive. No doubt this result was wrought out in a great degree from the anguish and conflict of these two years, when, with no one to help or counsel her but Almighty God, she wrestled and struggled with fiends of darkness for the redemption of her husband's soul.

She followed him through all his sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored, in the name of his better nature, and by all the glorious things that he was capable of being and doing; and she had just power enough to convulse and shake and agonize, but not power enough to subdue.

One of the first of living writers, in the novel of “*Romola*,” has given, in her masterly sketch of the character of Tito, the whole history of the conflict of a woman like Lady Byron with a nature like that of her husband. She has described a being full of fascinations and sweetnesses, full of generousities and of good-natured impulses; a nature that could not bear to give pain, or to

see it in others, but entirely destitute of any firm moral principle; she shows how such a being, merely by yielding step by step to the impulses of passion, and disregarding the claims of truth and right, becomes involved in a fatality of evil, in which deceit, crime, and cruelty are a necessity, forcing him to persist in the basest ingratitude to the father who has done all for him, and hard-hearted treachery to the high-minded wife who has given herself to him wholly.

There are few scenes in literature more fearfully tragic than the one between *Romola* and Tito, when he finally discovers that she knows him fully, and can be deceived by him no more. Some such hour always must come for strong, decided natures irrevocably pledged, one to the service of good and the other to the slavery of evil. The demoniac cried out: “What have I to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to torment me before the time?” The presence of all-pitying purity and love was a torture to the soul possessed by the demon of evil.

These two years, in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self, were a series of passionate convulsions.

During this time, such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were ten executions for debt levied on their family establishment; and it was Lady Byron's fortune each time which settled the account.

Toward the last she and her husband saw less and less of each other, and he came more and more decidedly under evil influences and seemed to acquire a sort of hatred of her.

Lady Byron once said significantly to a friend who spoke of some causeless dislike in another: “My dear, I have known people to be hated for no other reason than because they impersonated conscience.”

The biographers of Lord Byron and all his apologists are careful to narrate how sweet, and amiable, and obliging he was to everybody who approached

him; and the saying of Fletcher, his man-servant, that "*anybody* could do anything with my Lord, except my Lady," has often been quoted.

The reason of all this will now be evident. "My Lady," was the only one fully understanding the deep and dreadful secrets of his life who had the courage resolutely and persistently and inflexibly to plant herself in his way and insist upon it that, if he went to destruction, it should be in spite of her best efforts.

He had tried his strength with her fully. The first attempt had been to make her an accomplice by sophistry; by destroying her faith in Christianity, and confusing her sense of right and wrong, to bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard the marriage tie only as a friendly alliance to cover license on both sides.

When her husband described to her the continental latitude, — the good-humored marriage, in which complaisant couples mutually agreed to form the cloak for each other's infidelities, — and gave her to understand that in this way alone she could have a peaceful and friendly life with him, she answered him simply: "I am too truly your friend to do this."

When Lord Byron found that he had to do with one who would not yield, who knew him fully, who could not be blinded and could not be deceived, he determined to rid himself of her altogether.

It was when the state of affairs between herself and her husband seemed darkest and most hopeless, that the only child of this union was born. Lord Byron's treatment of his wife during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of this child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only possible charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. Moore sheds a significant light on this period, by telling us that about this time Byron was often drunk day after day with Sheridan. There had been insanity in the family, and this was the plea which

Lady Byron's love put in for him. She regarded him as, if not insane, at least so nearly approaching the boundaries of insanity as to be a subject of forbearance and tender pity and she loved him with that love resembling a mother's, which good wives often feel when they have lost all faith in their husbands' principles, and all hopes of their affections. Still she was in heart and soul his best friend, true to him with a truth which he himself could not shake.

In the verses addressed to his daughter, Lord Byron speaks of her as

"The child of love, though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion."

A day or two after the birth of this child, Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was only one of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her. A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him, in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go, — that he could not and would not longer have her about him; and, when her child was only five weeks old, he carried this threat of expulsion into effect.

Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account — the only one she ever gave to the public — of this separation. The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting.

Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed forever in this world. Moore's "Life" had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent this version to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon it. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him, — the first and only one that had come from her during all the years of the separation, and which appears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet of being the instigators of the separation.

In this letter she says, with regard to their separation:—

"The facts are: I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. LORD BYRON HAD SIGNIFIED TO ME IN WRITING, JANUARY 6TH, HIS ABSOLUTE DESIRE THAT I SHOULD LEAVE LONDON ON THE EARLIEST DAY THAT I COULD CONVENIENTLY FIX. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure it had been strongly impressed upon my mind that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunity than myself for observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself.

"With the concurrence of his family, I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend, January 8th, respecting the supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that, in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the conduct of Lord Byron toward me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest at that moment a sense of injury."

Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not *leave* her husband, but *was driven* from him,—driven from him that he might give

himself up to the guilty infatuation that was consuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers.

For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room, and stopped to caress his favorite spaniel, which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into the room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good by," offering at the same time her hand.

Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantel-piece, and, looking round on the two that stood there with a sarcastic smile, said, "When shall we three meet again?" Lady Byron answered, "In Heaven, I trust;" and those were her last words to him on earth.

Now, if the reader wishes to understand the real talents of Lord Byron for deception and dissimulation, let him read, with this story in his mind, the "Fare thee well," which he addressed to Lady Byron through the printer:—

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Thou canst never know again.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?"

The reaction of society against him at the time of the separation from his wife was something which he had not expected, and for which, it appears, he was entirely unprepared. It broke up the guilty intrigue, and drove him from England. He had not courage to meet or endure it. The world, to be sure, was very far from suspecting what the truth was, but the tide was setting

against him with such vehemence as to make him tremble every hour lest the whole should be known; and henceforth it became a warfare of desperation to make his story good, no matter at whose expense.

He had tact enough to perceive at first that the assumption of the pathetic and the magnanimous, and general confessions of faults, accompanied with admissions of his wife's goodness, would be the best policy in his case. In this mood he thus writes to Moore:—

"The fault was not in my choice (unless in choosing at all), for I do not believe and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable, agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself."

As there must be somewhere a scapegoat to bear the sin of the affair, Lord Byron wrote a poem called "A Sketch," in which he lays the blame of stirring up strife on a friend and former governess of Lady Byron's, but in this sketch he introduces the following just eulogy on Lady Byron:—

"Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind
Which flattery fooled not, baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not, near contagion soil,
Indulgence weaken, nor example spoil,
Nor mastered science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown,
Nor genius swell, nor beauty render vain,
Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain,
Nor fortune change, pride raise, nor passion bow
Nor virtue teach austerity, — till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness, — to forgive.
Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
She deemed that all could be like her below.
Foe to all vice, yet hardly virtue's friend,
For virtue pardons those she would amend."

In leaving England, Lord Byron first went to Switzerland, where he conceived and in part wrote out the tragedy of "Manfred." Moore speaks of his domestic misfortunes, and the sufferings which he underwent at this time, as having an influence in stimulating his genius, so that he was enabled to write with a greater power.

Anybody who reads the tragedy of

"Manfred" with this story in his mind will see that it is true.

The hero is represented as a gloomy misanthrope, dwelling with impenitent remorse on the memory of an incestuous passion which has been the destruction of his sister for this life and the life to come; but which, to the very last gasp, he despairingly refuses to repent of, even while he sees the fiends of darkness rising to take possession of his departing soul. That Byron knew his own guilt well, and judged himself severely, may be gathered from passages in this poem, which are as powerful as human language can be made. For instance, this part of the "Incantation," which Moore says was written at this time:—

"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art rapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

"From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which had strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatched the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lips I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;
In proving every poison known
I found the strongest was thine own.

"By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy,
By the perfection of thine art
Which passed for human thine own heart,
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell!"

Again, he represents Manfred as saying to the old Abbot, who seeks to bring him to repentance:—

"Old man, there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony, nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself,
Would make a hell of heaven, can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense

Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself : there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
He deals on his own soul."

And when the Abbot tells him,

"All this is well,
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors,"

he answers,

"It is too late."

Then the old Abbot soliloquizes : —

"This should have been a noble creature ; he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
It is an awful chaos, — light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts
Mixed, and contending without end or order.

The world can easily see, in Moore's biography, what, after this, was the course of Lord Byron's life, — how he went from shame to shame, and dishonor to dishonor, and used the fortune which his wife brought him in the manner described in those private letters which his biographer was left to print. Moore, indeed, says Byron had made the resolution not to touch his lady's fortune, but adds that it required more self-command than he possessed to carry out so honorable a purpose.

Lady Byron made but one condition with him. She had him in her power, and she exacted that the unhappy partner of his sins should not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. Her inflexibility on this point kept up that enmity which was constantly expressing itself in some publication or other, and which drew her and her private relations with him before the public.

The story of what Lady Byron did with the portion of her fortune which was reserved to her is a record of noble and skilfully administered charities. Pitiiful and wise and strong, there was no form of human suffering or sorrow that did not find with her refuge and help. She gave not only systematically, but also impulsively.

Miss Martineau claims for her the honor of having first invented practical schools, in which the children of the poor were turned into agriculturists, artisans, seamstresses, and good wives for poor men. While she managed with admirable skill and economy permanent institutions of this sort, she was always ready to relieve suffering in any form. The fugitive slaves, William and Ellen Crafts, escaping to England, were fostered by her protecting care.

In many cases, where there was distress or anxiety from poverty among those too self-respecting to make their sufferings known, the delicate hand of Lady Byron ministered to the want with a consideration which spared the most refined feelings.

As a mother, her course was embarrassed by peculiar trials. The daughter inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother's life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother.

During her early girlhood, her career was a source of more anxiety than of comfort. She married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant course as a gay woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease.

In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick-room, the daughter came wholly back to her mother's arms and heart ; and it was on that mother's bosom that she leaned, as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Saviour.

To the children left by her daughter she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel ; and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are among the best and noblest of mankind.

The person whose relations with By-

ron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, felt Lady Byron's loving and ennobling influences, and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help.

There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though her task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the object of her cares, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, till death took the responsibility from her hands.

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron would finally conquer was unshaken.

To a friend who said to her, "O, how could you love him!" she answered, briefly, "My dear, there was the angel in him." It is in us all.

It was in this angel that she had faith. It was for the deliverance of this angel from degradation and shame and sin that she unceasingly prayed. She read every work that Byron wrote, — read it with a deeper knowledge than any human being but herself could possess. The ribaldry and the obscenity and the insults, with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the world, fell at her pitying feet unheeded.

When he broke away from all this unworthy life to devote himself to a manly enterprise for the redemption of Greece, she thought that she saw the beginning of an answer to her prayers. Even although one of his latest acts concerning her was to repeat to Lady Blessington the false accusation which made Lady Byron the author of all his errors, she still had hopes, from the one step taken in the right direction.

In the midst of these hopes came the news of his sudden death. On his death-bed, it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him, "Go to my sister — tell her — go to Lady Byron — you will see her and say" —

Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the names of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. He then said, "Now, I have told you all."

"My Lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying."

"Not understand me!" exclaimed Lord Byron with a look of the utmost distress, "what a pity! — then it is too late — all is over!" He afterwards, says Moore, tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "my sister — my child."

When Fletcher returned to London, Lady Byron sent for him, and walked the room in convulsive struggles to repress her tears and sobs, while she over and over again strove to elicit something from him which should enlighten her upon what that last message had been; but in vain, — the gates of eternity were shut in her face, and not a word had passed to tell her if he had repented.

For all that, Lady Byron never doubted his salvation. Ever before her, during the few remaining years of her widowhood, was the image of her husband, purified and ennobled, with the shadows of earth forever dissipated, the stains of sin forever removed, — "the angel in him," as she expressed it, "made perfect, according to its divine ideal."

Never has more divine strength of faith and love existed in woman. Out of the depths of her own loving and merciful nature, she gained such views of the Divine love and mercy as made all hopes possible. There was no soul of whose future Lady Byron despaired. Such was her boundless faith in the redeeming power of love.

After Byron's death, the life of this delicate creature — so frail in body that she seemed always hovering on the brink of the eternal world, yet so strong in spirit and so unceasing in her various ministries of mercy — was a miracle of mingled weakness and strength.

To talk with her seemed to the writer

of this sketch the nearest possible approach to talking with one of the spirits of the just made perfect.

She was gentle, artless, approachable as a little child, with ready, outflowing sympathy for the cares and sorrows and interests of all who approached her, with a naïve and gentle playfulness, that adorned, without hiding, the breadth and strength of her mind, and, above all, with a clear, divining, moral discrimination, never mistaking wrong for right in the slightest shade, yet with a mercifulness that made allowance for every weakness and pitied every sin.

There was so much of Christ in her, that to have seen her seemed to be to have drawn near to heaven. She was one of those few whom absence cannot estrange from friends, whose mere presence in this world seems always a help to every generous thought, a strength to every good purpose, a comfort in every sorrow.

Living so near the confines of the spiritual world, she seemed already to see into it. Hence the words of comfort which she addressed to a friend who had lost a son:—

“Dear friend, remember, as long as our loved ones are in *God's* world, they are in *ours*.”

It has been thought by some friends who have read the proof-sheets of the foregoing, that the author should state more specifically her authority for these statements.

The circumstances which led the writer to England at a certain time originated a friendship and correspondence with Lady Byron, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit.

On the occasion of a second visit to England, in 1856, the writer received a note from Lady Byron, indicating that she wished to have some private, confidential conversation upon important subjects, and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country-seat near London.

The writer went and spent a day with

Lady Byron alone, and the object of the invitation was explained to her. Lady Byron was in such a state of health that her physicians had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and retrospections which every thoughtful person finds necessary, when coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life.

At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's works in contemplation, intended to bring his writings into circulation among the masses, and the pathos arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes was one great means relied on for giving it currency.

Under these circumstances, some of Lady Byron's friends had proposed the question to her, *whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth; whether she did right* to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods.

Lady Byron's whole life had been passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and she had now to consider whether one more act of self-denial was not required of her before leaving this world,—namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her own feelings.

For this reason it was her desire to recount the whole history to a person of another country, and entirely out of the sphere of personal and local feelings which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as to her own duty.

The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Lady Byron stated the facts which have been embodied in this article, and gave to the writer a paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole, with the dates affixed.

We have already spoken of that singular sense of the reality of the spiritual world which seemed to encompass Lady Byron during the last part of her

life, and which made her words and actions seem more like those of a blessed being detached from earth than of an ordinary mortal. All her modes of looking at things, all her motives of action, all her involuntary exhibitions of emotion were so high above any common level, and so entirely regulated by the most unworldly causes, that it would seem difficult to make the ordinary world understand exactly how the thing seemed to lie before her mind. What impressed the writer more strongly than anything else was Lady Byron's perfect conviction that her husband was now a redeemed spirit; that he looked back with pain and shame and regret on all that was unworthy in his past life; and that, if he could speak or could act in the case, he would desire to prevent the farther circulation of base falsehoods, and of seductive poetry, which had been made the vehicle of morbid and unworthy passions.

Lady Byron's experience had led her to apply the powers of her strong philosophical mind to the study of mental pathology, and she had become satisfied that the solution of the painful problem which first occurred to her as a young wife was, after all, the true one, — namely, that Lord Byron had been one of those unfortunately constituted persons in whom the balance of nature is so critically hung that it is always in danger of dipping towards insanity, and that in certain periods of his life he was so far under the influence of mental disorder as not to be fully responsible for his actions.

She went over, with a brief and clear analysis, the history of his whole life as she had thought it out during the lonely musings of her widowhood. She dwelt on the ancestral causes that gave him a nature of exceptional and dangerous susceptibility. She went through the mismanagements of his childhood, the history of his school-days, the influence of the ordinary school course of classical reading on such a mind as his. She sketched boldly and clearly the internal life of the young men of the time as she with

her purer eyes had looked through it, and showed how habits, which with less susceptible fibre and coarser strength of nature were tolerable for his companions, were deadly to him, unhinging his nervous system, and intensifying the dangers of ancestral proclivities. Lady Byron expressed the feeling, too, that the Calvinistic theology, as heard in Scotland, had proved in his case, as it often does in certain minds, a subtle poison. He never could either disbelieve or become reconciled to it, and the sore problems it proposes embittered his spirit against Christianity.

"The worst of it is, *I do believe*," he would often say with violence, when he had been employing all his powers of reason, wit, and ridicule upon these subjects.

Through all this sorrowful history was to be seen, not the care of a slandered woman to make her story good, but the pathetic anxiety of a mother who treasures every particle of hope, every intimation of good, in the son whom she cannot cease to love. With indescribable resignation, she dwelt on those last hours, those words addressed to her never to be understood till repeated in eternity.

But all this she looked upon as forever past; believing that, with the dropping of the earthly life, these morbid impulses and influences ceased, and that higher nature which he often so beautifully expressed in his poems became the triumphant one.

While speaking on this subject her pale, ethereal face became luminous with a heavenly radiance; there was something so sublime in her belief in the victory of love over evil, that faith with her seemed to have become sight. She seemed so clearly to perceive the divine ideal of the man she had loved and for whose salvation she had been called to suffer and labor and pray, that all memories of his past unworthiness fell away and were lost.

Her love was never the doting fondness of weak women; it was the appreciative and discriminating love by which a higher nature recognized godlike capa-

bilities under all the dust and defilement of misuse and passion ; and she never doubted that the love, which in her was so strong that no injury or insult could shake it, was yet stronger in the God who made her capable of such a devotion, and that in Him it was accompanied by power to subdue all things to itself.

The writer was so impressed and excited by the whole scene and recital that she begged for two or three days to deliberate, before forming any opinion. She took the memorandum with her, returned to London and gave a day or two to the consideration of the subject. The decision which she made was chiefly influenced by her reverence and affection for Lady Byron. She seemed so frail, she had suffered so much, she stood at such a height above the comprehension of the coarse and common world, that the author had a feeling that it would almost be like violating a shrine, to ask her to come forth from the sanctuary of a silence where she had so long abode and plead her cause. She wrote to Lady Byron that while this act of justice did seem to be called for, and to be in some respects most desirable, yet, as it would involve so much that was painful to her, the writer con-

sidered that Lady Byron would be entirely justifiable in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all the facts necessary should be put in the hands of some person, to be so published.

Years passed on. Lady Byron lingered four years after this interview, to the wonder of her physicians and all her friends.

After Lady Byron's death the writer looked anxiously, hoping to see a memoir of the person whom she considered the most remarkable woman that England has produced in the century. No such memoir has appeared on the part of her friends ; and the mistress of Lord Byron has the ear of the public, and is sowing far and wide unworthy slanders, which are eagerly gathered up and read by an indiscriminating community.

There may be family reasons in England which prevent Lady Byron's friends from speaking ; but Lady Byron has an American name and an American existence, and reverence for pure womanhood is, we think, a national characteristic of the American ; and, so far as this country is concerned, we feel that the public should have this refutation of the slanders of the Countess Guiccioli's book.

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.

IF there ever was a man crushed out of all courage, all self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been neither he nor any one else could have explained ; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refinements of torture which boys seem to get by the direct inspiration of the Devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not

experience. He was born under a fading or falling star, — the inheritor of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast color to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighborhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy ; and thus

the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbors believed, had been unhappily married, and, though the mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the 1st of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest upon a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in vain for a neighbor-smoke when they began to grow warm of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill there was a log tenant-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who, in the course of years, had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incomings and outgoings of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake, and there was no sharp eye to criticise her sweeping, dusting, and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

In all the neighborhood there was but one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease, — but one who never joined in the general habit of making his name the butt of ridicule or contempt. This was Mrs. Ann Pardon, the hearty, active wife of Farmer Robert Pardon, who lived nearly a mile

farther down the brook. Jacob had won her good-will by some neighborly services, something so trifling, indeed, that the thought of a favor conferred never entered his mind. Ann Pardon saw that it did not; she detected a streak of most unconscious goodness under his uncouth, embarrassed ways, and she determined to cultivate it. No little tact was required, however, to coax the wild, forlorn creature into so much confidence as she desired to establish; but tact is a native quality of the heart no less than a social acquirement, and so she did the very thing necessary without thinking much about it.

Robert Pardon discovered by and by that Jacob was a steady, faithful hand in the harvest-field, at husking-time, or whenever any extra labor was required, and Jacob's father made no objection to his earning a penny in this way; and so he fell into the habit of spending his Saturday evenings at the Pardon farm-house, at first to talk over matters of work, and finally because it had become a welcome relief from his dreary life at home.

Now it happened that, on a Saturday in the beginning of haying-time, the village tailor sent home by Harry a new suit of light summer clothes, for which Jacob had been measured a month before. After supper he tried them on, the day's work being over, and Sally's admiration was so loud and emphatic that he felt himself growing red even to the small of his back.

"Now, don't go for to take 'em off, Mr. Jake," said she. "I spec' you're gwine down to Pardon's, and so you jist keep 'em on to show 'em all how nice you *kin* look."

The same thought had already entered Jacob's mind. Poor fellow! it was the highest form of pleasure of which he had ever allowed himself to conceive. If he had been called upon to pass through the village on first assuming the new clothes, every stitch would have pricked him as if the needle remained in it; but a quiet walk down

the brook-side, by the pleasant path through the thickets and over the fragrant meadows, with a consciousness of his own neatness and freshness at every step, and with kind Ann Pardon's commendation at the close, and the flattering curiosity of the children, — the only ones who never made fun of him, — all that was a delightful prospect. He could never, *never* forget himself, as he had seen other young fellows do ; but to remember himself agreeably was certainly the next best thing.

Jacob was already a well-grown man of twenty-three, and would have made a good enough appearance but for the stoop in his shoulders, and the drooping, uneasy way in which he carried his head. Many a time, when he was alone in the fields or woods, he had straightened himself, and looked courageously at the butts of the oak-trees or in the very eyes of the indifferent oxen ; but, when a human face drew near, some spring in his neck seemed to snap, some buckle around his shoulders to be drawn three holes tighter, and he found himself in the old posture. The ever-present thought of this weakness was the only drop of bitterness in his cup, as he followed the lonely path through the thickets.

Some spirit in the sweet, delicious freshness of the air, some voice in the mellow babble of the stream, leaping in and out of sight between the alders, some smile of light, lingering on the rising cornfields beyond the meadow and the melting purple of a distant hill, reached to the seclusion of his heart. He was soothed and cheered ; his head lifted itself in the presentiment of a future less lonely than the past, and the everlasting trouble vanished from his eyes.

Suddenly, at a turn of the path, two mowers from the meadow, with their scythes upon their shoulders, came upon him. He had not heard their feet on the deep turf. His chest relaxed, and his head began to sink ; then, with the most desperate effort of his life, he lifted it again, and, darting a rapid side glance at the men, hastened

by. They could not understand the mixed defiance and supplication of his face ; to them he only looked "queer."

"Been committin' a murder, have you?" asked one of them, grinning.

"Startin' off on his journey, I guess," said the other.

The next instant they were gone, and Jacob, with set teeth and clinched hands, smothered something that would have been a howl if he had given it voice. Sharp lines of pain were marked on his face, and, for the first time, the idea of resistance took fierce and bitter possession of his heart. But the mood was too unusual to last ; presently he shook his head, and walked on towards Pardon's farm-house.

Ann wore a smart gingham dress, and her first exclamation was : "Why, Jake ! how nice you look. And so you know all about it, too?"

"About what?"

"I see you don't," said she. "I was too fast ; but it makes no difference. I know you are willing to lend me a helping hand."

"O, to be sure," Jacob answered.

"And not mind a little company?"

Jacob's face suddenly clouded ; but he said, though with an effort : "No — not much — if I can be of any help."

"It's rather a joke, after all," Ann Pardon continued, speaking rapidly ; "they meant a surprise, a few of the young people ; but sister Becky found a way to send me word, or I might have been caught like Meribah Johnson last week, in the middle of my work ; eight or ten, she said, but more may drop in ; and it's moonlight and warm, so they'll be mostly under the trees ; and Robert won't be home till late, and I *do* want help in carrying chairs, and getting up some ice, and handing around ; and, though I know you don't care for merry-makings, you *can* help me out, you see —"

Here she paused. Jacob looked perplexed, but said nothing.

"Becky will help what she can, and while I'm in the kitchen she'll have an eye to things outside," she said.

Jacob's head was down again, and,

moreover, turned on one side, but his ear betrayed the mounting blood. Finally he answered, in a quick, husky voice: "Well, I'll do what I can. What's first?"

Thereupon he began to carry some benches from the veranda to a grassy bank beside the sycamore-tree. Ann Pardon wisely said no more of the coming surprise-party, but kept him so employed that, as the visitors arrived by twos and threes, the merriment was in full play almost before he was aware of it. Moreover, the night was a protecting presence: the moonlight poured splendidly upon the open turf beyond the sycamore, but every lilac-bush or trellis of woodbine made a nook of shade, wherein he could pause a moment and take courage for his duties. Becky Morton, Ann Pardon's youngest sister, frightened him a little every time she came to consult about the arrangement of seats or the distribution of refreshments; but it was a delightful, fascinating fear, such as he had never felt before in his life. He knew Becky, but he had never seen her in white and pink, with floating tresses, until now. In fact, he had hardly looked at her fairly, but now, as she glided into the moonlight and he paused in the shadow, his eyes took note of her exceeding beauty. Some sweet, confusing influence, he knew not what, passed into his blood.

The young men had brought a fiddler from the village, and it was not long before most of the company were treading the measures of reels or cotillons on the grass. How merry and happy they all were! How freely and unembarrassedly they moved and talked! By and by all became involved in the dance, and Jacob, left alone and unnoticed, drew nearer and nearer to the gay and beautiful life from which he was expelled.

With a long-drawn scream of the fiddle, the dance came to an end, and the dancers, laughing, chattering, panting, and fanning themselves, broke into groups and scattered over the enclosure before the house. Jacob was sur-

rounded before he could escape. Becky, with two lively girls in her wake, came up to him and said: "O Mr. Flint, why don't you dance?"

If he had stopped to consider, he would no doubt have replied very differently. But a hundred questions, stirred by what he had seen, were clamoring for light, and they threw the desperate impulse to his lips.

"If I *could* dance, would you dance with me?"

The two lively girls heard the words, and looked at Becky with roguish faces.

"O yes, take him for your next partner!" cried one.

"I will," said Becky, "after he comes back from his journey."

Then all three laughed. Jacob leaned against the tree, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Is it a bargain?" asked one of the girls.

"No," said he, and walked rapidly away.

He went to the house, and, finding that Robert had arrived, took his hat, and left by the rear door. There was a grassy alley between the orchard and garden, from which it was divided by a high hawthorn hedge. He had scarcely taken three paces on his way to the meadow, when the sound of the voice he had last heard, on the other side of the hedge, arrested his feet.

"Becky, I think you rather hurt Jake Flint," said the girl.

"Hardly," answered Becky; "he's used to that."

"Not if he likes you; and you might go further and fare worse."

"Well, I *must* say!" Becky exclaimed, with a laugh; "you'd like to see me stuck in that hollow, out of *your* way!"

"It's a good farm, I've heard," said the other.

"Yes, and covered with as much as it'll bear!"

Here the girls were called away to the dance. Jacob slowly walked up the dewy meadow, the sounds of fiddling, singing, and laughter growing fainter

behind him. "My journey!" he repeated to himself,—"my journey! why should n't I start on it now? Start off, and never come back?"

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his first generous confidence: "When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place!"

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenue of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighborhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more keenly than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke (as the people supposed it to be) had been perpetuated, until "*Jake Flint's Journey*" was a synonyme for any absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive; for almost any other man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against himself and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. "He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark!

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building, just touched by the moonlight, behind the swaying shadows of the weeping-willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

"If I knew what to do!" he said to himself, rocking backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped over his knees,— "if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax: he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up, like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror; but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand upon Jacob's knee, and said, with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what it is that troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly burst forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I did n't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father, almost deprecatingly. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends? Devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "O, what have I done,— what is there so dreadful about me, that I should always be laughed at, and despised, and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father: what do you see in me? Tell me what it is, and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon his heart, as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke, but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I could n't sleep," he said: "I got up again, and came out o' doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the cornfield. I thought it was that, maybe, but still your—your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I

saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once — ”

Here he paused, and was silent for a minute. Then he said, in a grave, commanding tone : “ Just let me know the whole story. I have that much right yet.”

Jacob related the history of the evening, somewhat awkwardly and confusedly, it is true ; but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of “ Whitney's place,” a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face.

“ Do you love Becky Morton ? ” he asked bluntly, when all had been told.

“ I don't know,” Jacob stammered : “ I think not ; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her.”

“ It's lucky that you're not sure of it ! ” exclaimed the old man with energy ; “ because you should never have her.”

“ No,” said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence, “ I can never have her, or any other one.”

“ But you shall ! — and will when I help you. It's true, I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like ; but this I say : I'll not stand by and see you spit upon ! ‘ Covered with as much as it'll bear ! ’ *That's* a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into *my* doors. But, first of all, you must make your journey ! ”

“ My journey ! ” repeated Jacob.

“ Were n't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump ? A little more, and you'd have gone clean off, I reckon.”

Jacob was silent, and hung his head.

“ Never mind ! I've no right to think hard of it. In a week we'll have finished our haying, and then it's a fortnight to wheat ; but, for that matter, Harry and I can manage the wheat by ourselves. You may take a month, two months, if anything comes of it.

Under a month I don't mean that you shall come back. I'll give you twenty dollars for a start ; if you want more, you must earn it on the road, any way you please. And, mark you, Jacob ! since you *are* poor, don't let anybody suppose you are rich. For my part, I shall not expect you to buy Whitney's place ; all I ask is that you'll tell me, fair and square, just what things and what people you've got acquainted with. Get to bed now : the matter's settled ; I will have it so.”

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the new prospect suddenly opened to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds ; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterwards he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider which course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untried hazards ; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle, denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow, and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighborhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods, an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft, graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the squirrels over the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech-tree and tried to think; but the thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured: all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon men and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful, "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon, he stopped at a farm-house by the roadside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at that moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with goodwill, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in five minutes," said she; "won't you stay and take something?"

Jacob stayed and brake bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw that they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Towards night he reached an old country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there was anything which Jacob understood, to the extent

of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer, "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's best graces. The latter said, "Well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed, he was surprised on reflecting that he had not only been talking for a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking the people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and help look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that now nobody knew him as "Jake Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech, he saw, nevertheless, that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him, but he soon hit upon answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region,—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another, deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation.

He seemed to be very far from home, — about forty miles, in fact, — and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the opposite side. There was but one house in view, — a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside in the rear. A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay clear before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him, a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing-machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off, a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay-cart, drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin on his shirted arms, leaned on the fence, and watched the haymakers. As the woman came down the nearer side, she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round, she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who, leaving his team, met her half-way. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow, directly towards him.

When within a few paces of the fence, she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you!"

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh, girlish face, that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed, he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"You are a stranger, I see," she added.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said, at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he colored a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I'll tell you at once we want help. Our hay *must* be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you, at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please," said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day, and found?"

"All right!" and with the words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"'Jake!' Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could have expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her! I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl, detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them and led the other to the barn. At the supper table, the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily

answered. "I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer; "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and blushed a little, with a smile on his face which it was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least as a stranger: they discussed their family interests and troubles and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked! How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the hay-mow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But ah! the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer, finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor, and can't afford it. Perhaps you could —"

He hesitated; but Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "O yes, I can! I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe!"

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried. "I like — all of you!"

"We *do* seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family. And that reminds me, we've not heard your family name yet."

"Flint."

"Jacob *Flint*!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scared and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories? Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot summer days came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly, as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet, as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarce knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so forever.

They were in the wheat-field, busy with the last sheaves, she raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but, when they had reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here?"

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I'm very sorry to go."

"I — *we* don't want you to go, if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could —" he brought out, and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with the oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll

be welcome ! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word ? ”

“ I do, indeed,” said she, looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at the time ; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day, Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made, yet, if any of the neighbors had seen him, they would never have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son ; but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, “ And so you love this Susan Meadows ? ”

“ I'd — I'd do anything to be with her.”

“ Are you afraid of her ? ”

“ No ! ” Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

“ Ah, well ! ” said the old man, lifting his eyes and speaking in the air, “ all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test.” Then he was silent for some time.

“ I have it ! ” he finally exclaimed. “ Jacob, you must go back for the oats harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But, — pay attention to my words ! — you must tell her that you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father, but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away ; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so.”

“ But, father, — ” Jacob began.

“ Not a word ! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me ? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage,

if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more ! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her.”

“ I am afraid,” said Jacob, “ that she could not leave home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor.”

“ Tell them that both your wages, for the first year, shall go to them. It'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her — must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back ! ”

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed ; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan, as she had stood before him in the wheat-field, was continually present to his eyes, and ere long he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook, and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlor. Enough ; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm, but the younger children recognized him in the dusk, and their cry of “ O, here's Jacob ! ” brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said ; even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this, and her eyes seemed to answer, “ I said nothing, but I knew you would come.” Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning, before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come down stairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a

milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He waylaid her, took the pails in his hand and said, in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy, sweet consent seemed to run through her heart. "O Jacob!" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said, presently, "I am a poor man, — only a farm-hand, and must work for my living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me, too, at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told her the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy as she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing vision. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw fulfilment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighbor cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not commenced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlor. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labor together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise

was over all gradually became cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties somehow resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding, — at home, on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half-way on their journey, to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farm-house in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So, this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as your husband does."

"I'll do my best, sir," said she; "but you must have patience with me for a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name.

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is, Jacob and I are a sort of relations."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways, and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of a week, the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken, when Susan burst into the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we did n't expect them, you know, for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:—

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence; then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, "Lucy Meadows now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes. "Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said: "my son has married your daughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel, turning to Susan's father, said: "And this is your husband, Lucy. I am glad to make his acquaintance."

"Your father, Jacob!" Susan cried; "what does it all mean?"

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. "I think we shall all feel better when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlor, which had already been transformed by Susan's care, so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated, and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

"Three of us here are old people," he began, "and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it cannot be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart, and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows, and that everybody talks about

except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so, too, for a while," said she, very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know, that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man, who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me from my first love, and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I kept the knowledge of the injury to myself; I quickly got rid of the money which had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this, the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighborhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me: she was, if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done (I learned all that too late), and she never complained, though the change in me slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to *him* there was one way to make amends. 'I will help him to a wife,' I said, 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake.' I forced him, against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place, and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan, I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you, — Lucy first, for she has most cause;

Jacob next; and Susan, — that will be easier; and you, Friend Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's, and said, in a broken voice: "Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and I ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan, dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide in his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick, intelligent sympathy. The Pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighborhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer so lonely; the nearest neighbors began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up, and they got a fair view of his face, they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October, the Whitney place, which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had outlived his local attachments, and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and, when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former: "Of course *you* 've come to buy, Jacob." But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered: "I'm afraid I can't do that; but I've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

"Jake's no fool, after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slacking off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighboring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, whom nobody knew. After the usual long pauses and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, "What name?"

"Jacob Flint!"

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumb-founded as the rest.

The stranger walked coolly through the midst of the crowd to Samuel Flint, and said, "When shall I have the papers drawn up?"

"As soon as you can," the old man replied; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words, "Let's go home now!" he hurried him off.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighborhood ever makes use of the phrase "Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence, and shrewdness.

MY COMRADE AND I.

WE two have grown up so divinely together,
 Flower within flower from seed within seed,
 The sagest astrologer cannot say whether
 His being or mine was first shaped and decreed.
 In the life before birth, by inscrutable ties,
 We were linked each to each; I am bound up in him:
 He sickens, I languish; without me he dies;
 I am life of his life, he is limb of my limb.

Twin babes from one cradle, I tottered about with him,
 Chased the bright butterflies, singing, a boy with him;
 Still as a man I am borne in and out with him,
 Sup with him, sleep with him, suffer, enjoy with him.
 Faithful companion, me long he has carried
 Unseen in his bosom, a lamp to his feet;
 More near than a bridegroom, to him I am married,
 As light in the sunbeam is wedded to heat.

If my beam be withdrawn, he is senseless and blind;
 I am sight to his vision, I hear with his ears;
 His the marvellous brain, I the masterful mind;
 I laugh with his laughter and weep with his tears
 So well that the ignorant deem us but one:
 They see but one shape and they name us one name.
 O pliant accomplice! what deeds we have done,
 Thus banded together for glory or shame!

When evil waylays us, and passion surprises,
 And we are too feeble to strive or to fly,
 When hunger compels or when pleasure entices,
 Which most is the sinner, my comrade or I?
 And when over perils and pains and temptations
 I triumph, where still I should falter and faint,
 But for him, iron-nerved for heroical patience,
 Whose then is the virtue, and which is the saint?

Am I the one sinner? of honors sole claimant
 For actions which only we two can perform?
 Am I the true creature, and thou but the raiment?
 Thou magical mantle, all vital and warm,
 Wrapped about me, a screen from the rough winds of Time,
 Of texture so flexible to feature and gesture!
 Can ever I part from thee? Is there a clime
 Where Life needeth not this terrestrial vesture?

When comes the sad summons to sever the sweet
 Subtle tie that unites us, and tremulous, fearful,
 I feel thy loosed fetters depart from my feet;
 When friends gathered round us, pale-visaged and tearful,

Beweep and bewail thee, thou fair earthly prison !
And kiss thy cold doors, for thy inmate mistaken ;
Their eyes seeing not the freed captive, arisen
From thy trammels unclasp'd and thy shackles downshaken ;

O, then shall I linger, reluctant to break
The dear sensitive chains that about me have grown ?
And all this bright world, can I bear to forsake
Its embosoming beauty and love, and alone
Journey on to I know not what regions untried ?
Exists there, beyond the dim cloud-rack of death,
Such life as enchants us ? O skies arched and wide !
O delicate senses ! O exquisite breath !

Ah, tenderly, tenderly over thee hovering,
I shall look down on thee empty and cloven,
Pale mould of my being ! — thou visible covering
Wherefrom my invisible raiment is woven.
Though sad be the passage, nor pain shall appall me,
Nor parting, assured, wheresoever I range
The glad fields of existence, that naught can befall me
That is not still beautiful, blessed, and strange.

A LONE WOMAN'S TRIP TO OMAHA AND BEYOND.

FLATTERING myself that in these days of Woman's Rights it would be safe and proper for me, a lone woman, to take a pleasure trip nearly two thousand miles in extent, with no protection save the five redoubtable initials of my name on my trunk, I started on the first of September for a small town in Nebraska.

Resolved that the whole expedition should be conducted by my own woman's wisdom and will, — that not a jot of the credit of its success should be claimed by any of the lords and usurpers of creation, — I went, at the close of a short stay in New York, to the railroad office in Broadway, bought my tickets, and deposited them in my *portemonnaie*, with the air of a man who triumphantly pockets the proceeds of his first doubtful venture. For mine had been distressingly doubtful to some of my immediate friends, whose san-

guinary visions of Apaches, Camanches, and Sioux forbade a surrender to my will until the last moment, when, as I confronted them with my railroad tickets in my pocket, remonstrance seemed no longer a virtue.

Offers from gentlemen to accompany me to the cars and see me off were rejected with as much disdain as was consistent with good breeding, and the companionship of a lady friend accepted, who kindly volunteered to perform the farewell office. I meant to make a thoroughly feminine job of it from beginning to end.

By some miscalculation, to be sure, we reached the Jersey Ferry, from Fifty-first Street, at about 10 A. M., instead of 4 A. M., as we ought to have done ; but this was an inadvertence which had nothing to do with the question of final success.

After the first amazement was over,

I consoled myself with a book (for my friend was obliged to return), and with the thought that sitting upon my trunk in the gangway — for there was no ladies' room on the New York side, and I didn't know that there was on the other — was a good preliminary lesson in travel without the fatigue of jolt and jar. Passers-by, especially those who crossed the ferry to Jersey and returned again, finding me still there, looked somewhat interrogatively at me, but I knew my own business, and this secured my self-possession.

Starting at 5 P. M. from Jersey City, I felt as if the circumference of the earth had suddenly and indefinitely expanded for me; for had I not, at last, cut adrift from dependence upon men and dashed into an independent arena, where a blunder in the beginning often makes a good ending? From New York to Harrisburg and Pittsburg all went merry as a railroad bell, everybody seeming bound to entertain and care for me as watchfully as if I had been labelled "Glass — with care."

One gentleman, in particular, who was bound for St. Joseph, Missouri, commenced with kindly inquiries about my journey, assuring me that he should have known me anywhere to be a Boston woman, which might be complimentary or not, depending somewhat upon his own latitude and longitude when at home, — on the question whether he were himself a Bostonian or a New-Yorker.

"You are, of course, going to Chicago, and intend to take the short cut across the State of Iowa to the Missouri River?"

I answered: "No; there is a new branch of the railroad, I believe, which takes me by the most direct route from St. Louis."

"How?"

I did not exactly know how, but I believed it had been recently built to or from St. Louis, or from somewhere.

"You ought not to go to St. Louis at all."

"Not if my tickets say so?"

"But do they?"

Reluctant to exhibit them, I said: "I bought them in Broadway, of a man who said this was the shortest, safest, and best route to my destination."

"If you please, I should like to look at your tickets. Perhaps I can help you."

The slow, incredulous way in which he took the little envelope and opened it brought a flush to my face, as if he were responsible for any mistake about them.

Since Cleopatra's day (if not before) it has "never been good to bring bad news."

"Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt."

"I am very sorry for you, madam, but —"

"I'll take my tickets, if you please, sir," I said, very curtly, extending my open palm.

"I am very sorry for you, madam, but these tickets" — still holding them provokingly in his hand — "take you to St. Louis, thence to St. Joe, which involves four days added unnecessarily to your journey, and an additional expense in proportion. Besides it also involves steamboating from St. Joe to Omaha; and as the waters of the Missouri are very low at this time, what with sand-bars and snags it will be too tedious for you to bear in such insufferably hot weather as this."

"I will take my tickets!" and, as I deposited them hastily in my *portemonnaie*, I muttered: "I might have known that any projected route between the Atlantic coast and the Pacific which left Chicago out must be a swindle."

"There is some truth in your remark, madam. Probably the man who sold you the tickets in New York was in the interests of this route."

"Probably," I replied, not yet restored to my first state of self-complacency and self-reliance, and willing to change the responsibility of the blunder to New York. "I always expect to be cheated in New York, but this is the first time I was ever caught napping there."

I was assured that there was now no way of escape from St. Louis, and it began to look doubtful whether I should even survive snags and Sirius. This, then, was my first attempt to fly an independent flag in strange waters!

Perhaps I could n't bear the journey in this insufferable weather; but I would try the experiment, I thought, though it were exchanging my right of suffrage for a life exile on a Missouri sand-bar. There would be no taxation there, and no complications about representation.

On the way from Cincinnati to St. Louis, my informant, seeing that I did not choose to take a sleeping-car, proposed to occupy a seat behind me, with a young gentleman from Annapolis, Md., whose acquaintance I had made the day before, — advising me to make a pillow of my travelling-shawl and water-proof, and sleep if possible, lest, with such a circuitous journey before me, I should be utterly exhausted before its close.

Somewhat humbled by my ticket experience, I tacitly consented to sleep, wishing I might not awaken until I reached Nebraska. I did awake, however, to find the passengers all astir around me; and starting up and peering over and through the crowd, I discovered that my young Maryland friend, stretched apparently lifeless upon the seat, was the cause of the excitement. His sister, who, with her husband, Dr. M——, a surgeon in the Regular Army, had been indefatigable in their attentions to me, I saw was on the spot, which precluded the necessity of my offering my services, for the present at least; so I sat down to await the event.

My St. Joe friend — or St. Joe, as I shall call him — showed himself skilful and ready in the art of nursing. I could not help thinking how delightful it was to have made such an acquaintance, and how much people lost who did not travel.

The doctor soon discovered that his young brother-in-law had been drugged by some person or persons to him unknown, and that his wallet, containing

five hundred dollars, — all the money he had with him, — was missing. St. Joe, ready for any exigency, promptly advised the doctor to run back, on an expected train, to the last station but one, where several well-dressed but doubtful-looking Virginians had left the cars. They had elicited the Marylander's sympathy by claiming to have been, as well as he, in the late Rebel Army, and to have served in the same division. They and the young man had taken a parting cup together, and St. Joe was sure they were the guilty parties. But the suggestion was unheeded by the doctor, who determined to press on to St. Louis, where he could find comfortable quarters for his brother-in-law.

Revolving the matter in my own mind, I lamented the lack of shrewdness and wisdom perceptible in a man who was willing to eat or drink with a stranger on the highways of travel, and concluded with the supposition that this young man was unaccustomed to travelling. I had occasion to remember this afterward.

Wearied out with nursing, and anxiety as to the fate of the sick man, in whom symptoms of returning consciousness were at last manifest, the sister consented to retire to rest. Toward morning the brother became quiet and slept, though delirious whenever he awoke. After some persuasion, the doctor was induced by St. Joe to follow his wife and leave him in charge of his brother. A moment previous to his leaving, St. Joe stepped for a moment to a rear car to speak to the conductor, and on his return, he discovered under one of the recently vacated seats of our own car an empty wallet, which proved to be the sick man's, thus surprising us all, and proving beyond a doubt that the contents were now irrecoverable, and that St. Joe was indispensable.

About this time I had found that a very valuable cameo which I wore in my travelling-sack was also missing. I remembered that as I prepared for sleep, the air being oppressively warm in the car, I had unfastened my sack at the throat,

and thrown it back, with the cameo fastened for safe-keeping on the loose edge of the garment.

St. Joe seemed more disturbed, if possible, at my loss than I was myself, averring that it must have been taken of course during his absence, in the hurly-burly of excitement about our Maryland friend. He resorted to every means which his brain could conceive for its recovery, and so energetic was he in my behalf that the centre of attraction was soon changed to me, giving me a pleasant little episode of notoriety for the time. I began to suspect that people who did travel *might* lose something, as well as those who did not. But public attention was now diverted from me to yet another centre of attraction. St. Joe — innocent saint! — had, in the commencement of the *mêlée* placed his portmanteau and travelling-shawl in charge of a gentleman (for were they not all gentlemen, all honorable men?) whose acquaintance he claimed to have made only that morning, and the new acquaintance had been left — by mistake? — at a back station, and St. Joe remained minus all his baggage.

By way of illustrating a subsequent event, let me say that I had failed in my attempts at Cincinnati to get a one hundred-dollar bank-note converted into more available funds, which left me penniless, in the practical sense of the word, and unable, of course, to procure any refreshments on the journey, as I would not make my emergency known to my travelling companions, comparative strangers as they were. I have no doubt that St. Joe would have been very happy to "change" it, as there were advantages connected with such a brokerage which, it proved afterwards, were all in his line.

We did not reach St. Louis until one in the morning, though due at midnight.

"Where did I intend to stop?" St. Joe inquired, just as "Express" made his appearance. I replied that Dr. and Mrs. M — had kindly taken me under their protection, and they proposed stopping at the "Planters' House."

This was always his hotel, and he should accompany us.

"Express" was unable to make change, and St. Joe came to the rescue; but "Express" was in a hurry, and would call for a settlement at the hotel, and I had no doubt that he would be as good as his word. There are some things in which men are true to their promises.

During my interview with "Express," St. Joe sat in the seat before me; but, on the disappearance of this energetic functionary, he took the vacant one beside me. All was still in the car, our drugged friend sleeping, with only spasmodic starts and groans once in a long while.

St. Joe informed me that we should be unable to procure supper at St. Louis, so unseasonable would be the hour of our arrival, and, if I would share his lunch with him, — a very nice one, prepared on the way, — it would afford him great pleasure. No doubt of it.

As he opened a very neat-looking lunch-box, how tempting were the fresh cake and fruit to me after my long fast! I culled as daintily as possible a choice square of the cake, and tasted it. I imagined a peculiar taste and odor in it, which caused me to remember my previous wonder that any one should eat or drink with travelling strangers; and, in order to be consistent, I stealthily lowered my left hand, holding the cake, down at my left side, next to the window, and dropped the cake on the floor, not, of course, wishing for more.

After this impertinent interference of my bump of caution (small people are said to be impertinent) all my senses were wide awake. St. Joe, not dreaming that I had not eaten the cake, immediately took a sleepy sort of position, with his left elbow on the back of the seat, and, resting his head upon the bend as if for a nap, he swung his right arm carelessly round upon the seat, and brought his hand quite near my pocket, containing the note I had unavoidably exposed in my dealings with "Express."

My vigilant senses were all in arms now, and I coolly put my hand in my pocket, and, openly taking my purse from it, securely placed it in another portion of my dress; then, rising, I asked St. Joe's permission to pass into the next seat, which was unoccupied.

Just before we reached St. Louis, he disappeared, I being in full possession of all my faculties and my money. I saw nothing more of him until the next morning, when, as Mrs. M—— and I were hurrying through the hall of the Planters' Hotel, at St. Louis, for the omnibus which was to take us to the cars, — the doctor and his brother preferring to walk, — an officer stalked authoritatively up to our friend and his "day's acquaintance" who had decamped with his baggage, but who now stood by his side, and arrested them both. We could not wait to learn the result, but a gentleman who afterwards joined us in the cars informed us that the two men were accomplices, and notorious swindlers, pickpockets, and *druggists*, and that the detectives had been on their track for some time.

Between St. Louis and St. Joseph, where the doctor and his wife took their leave of me, nothing occurred to disturb the complacency of my self-gratulation at my shrewd escape from Western saints; and I embarked on board the steamer Colorado, at nine o'clock on Saturday night, having left New York on Monday evening.

Reflecting that, but for my mistake, — which was real, if my saint did prove to be spurious, — I might have been at the end of my journey two days before, I did not receive very graciously the announcement that the water was so low, and the leviathan backs of the sand-bars making such uncertain channels for the tricky Missouri, that the captain would not venture to commence navigation against the current until daylight.

I was tired and sleepy. But where was I to sleep? That was the next question. The passengers had mostly come on board at dark and secured sleeping-

places, and there was not to be found a vacant berth or cot or strip of the floor sufficient for my purpose, if I had been willing to accept it. The clerk of the boat led me through the close, hot, sickly atmosphere of the cabin, navigating as crookedly between cots and stragglers asleep on the floor as if each were a snag or a "bar," and brought me to a passage-way at the stern of the boat, where the stewardess improvised a bed for me, the clerk apologizing in a gentlemanly way for not being able to do better for me that night. It was a pretty forlorn prospect; but as I ascertained that an outer door could be opened from the passage-way, and that I could at least get plenty of air, — such as it was, — in spite of the clerk's remonstrances and reminders of fever and ague, I threw it open, and cast myself, without undressing, upon nothing more than a square heap of old bedclothes, thankful that I was permitted to have even this to myself.

The mercury stood through the day at 89°, and could not have been much lower at this hour; a slight breeze drew in from the south, and almost parched my cheek with its hot breath charged with the light sand that came whirling in from the river bank.

I was so exhausted that I must have dropped immediately into a profound sleep, for I neither heard nor saw anything until I opened my eyes, just after daylight, to discover that my door was shut close, and that a black woman, weighing at least two hundred pounds, was sleeping innocently at my side. I rushed for the door with such a desperate movement, that a looker-on would have supposed I intended instant suicide. But the waters of the "Big Muddy," as the Indians call the Missouri, are not of a kind calculated to leave a clean record or restore one's self-respect.

"Good mornin', missis! Scuse me, but I had to gib up my bunk las' night, and so I jis lays down here to rest me leastest bit. I reckon yer Boston, — hey?"

So Boston had done it, — that land of

all sorts of liberties to the Southern negro.

We dropped passengers at the first and second landings, and now I could have a state-room. But by this time the thermometer had marked 91°, and the dry, yellow sand was blowing in drifts from the shore and the sand-bars, and sifting into every nook and cranny. It was impossible for us to remain in our close, hot state-rooms, and we all sat upright about the dusty saloon, speechless, and almost hopeless, the perspiration meandering in streams down our grimy faces, as muddy as the Missouri itself. Luckily, the large mirrors were so obscured that we could not see ourselves, but sat looking at each other, thanking our stars that we were not as our grimy neighbors were.

The water for drinking stood in the goblets on the table, like so many pretty mud-puddles; the food was grittier than we were; and as for edibility, it might as well have been all touched by the finger of Midas himself. Those large grasshoppers which are the pest of Western farmers were driving on board in swarms, from sand-bar and shore; and, as they attached themselves to the viands on the table, many of us surrendered unconditionally. I heard one sensible man say, that he had been over the plains twice to Colorado, had been wrecked among the savages of the African coast, had travelled barefoot over the burning sands, and had served in McClellan's preliminary campaign, but he had never experienced such a siege as this. It is consoling to know, when we are suffering, that we are bearing off the heaviest of the martyrs' crowns, else the glory is inadequate; and I was lifted up to such a pitch of gratitude to the man, that I should have been tempted to ask him for his photograph, if the sand and grasshoppers had permitted me to open my mouth.

Although we were detained by snags and "bars," yet, being successfully pried off with long poles, we did at last arrive at Omaha on Tuesday morning, — as woe-begone, unwashed, and unkempt a set of emigrants as ever de-

barked from a ship's steerage. The soap and water of the Cozzens House will live in my memory always.

On Wednesday morning, at half past five, I took the stage, my destination being off the line of the great Pacific Railroad, and seventy miles beyond Omaha. The weather promised to be fair and hot, as on the preceding day, and I attired myself accordingly. When the stage rolled up to the hotel door, I found it to be a great, square, lumbering box, without springs, and with a square hole in it for a door. To this I was obliged to climb over wheels large enough for an ox-cart, which, reaching above the lower edge of the door, obstructed in a measure what place of ingress and egress there was. However, I climbed up the wheel and dragged myself into the instrument of torture, with the helping hand of a strong man within, who exclaimed at the top of his voice: "*Hallo, if here ain't one of our boat passengers! Hal-lo, marm!*"

It was the voice of — I judged — a burly farmer whom I remembered to have seen among the sands and grasshoppers of the steamer; and, calling to mind Mr. Emerson's words about the expressiveness of slang phrases, I almost longed, in my lone-womanness, to return the farmer's cheery salutation in kind; but, remembering my Alma Mater, I subsided into a very proper, "How do you do, sir?" I was glad, before I reached the end of my journey, that I had not rustled the starch of my dignity in his face in return for his honest familiarity, for I had need of him.

A seventy miles' ride over a prairie, with only one log hut and two other human habitations for shelter and cheer, — with six unknown men in and on the stage, and with no other woman for companionship, — was not the most inviting prospect. How did I know who or what these men were, and what might become of me? Besides, we had been enlivened by the driver, as he dismounted to water his horses on the outskirts of Omaha, with the details

of an occurrence which had taken place on a trip over this very route only the week before. The express and mail were carried by this same conveyance, and a band of highway robbers, who probably had ascertained this fact, waylaid the stage one night and demanded a general and particular surrender. As no one was armed, the passengers came to the conclusion that they had nothing to do but deliver up their money. It so happened that there was little of value in the express that night, though only on the trip before there had been twenty thousand dollars. One man, less wise than the others, as he reluctantly handed over his money, said very vehemently, "I know you and will expose you!" "You will never have a chance!" replied the leader of the robbers, and, drawing a revolver from his pocket, shot him dead. He then grasped each of the others by the shoulder, and turning them on the way of their route said: "Go! and the first man of you who looks behind him until he reaches that point yonder will be shot."

I had nothing to do now that I was fairly launched upon the prairie, but to sustain my position of an independent woman as well as an indifferent air could do it. We had not been many hours on our way, before heavy drops of rain began to patter about us, which, in my ignorance of consequences, I rejoiced in, as the air would be cooled thereby and the dust laid. I watched the effects for a time with refreshing cogitations on the change, until I saw that the black mud was becoming so adhesive as to resemble a mixture of tar, charcoal, and Spalding's glue, in equal proportions, and that it must soon be too much for our horses, especially on those steep, long pitches we were constantly ascending and descending. It was a rolling prairie, for I saw one of our passengers, who attempted to climb one of the pitches on foot, lose his hold and roll from top to bottom like a log.

It soon became necessary for all but me to leave the stage and walk up the "bluffs," as they call them; and as on every such occasion each man accumu-

lated about a "quarter-section" of government land upon his large, heavy boots, and brought it with him into the stage, you may imagine the condition of the floor and of my garments. Worst of all, in my certainty as to the signs of the weather in the morning, seeing it was but a day's ride, I had packed my rubbers in my trunk and wore only thin gaiters! I was quite helpless now, and, sitting in the stage, I eyed with no great cheerfulness the unrailled, rough, rickety-looking bridges, over "gulches" seventy feet deep in some places, while I reflected that I had no companions but those rude pioneers and the driver, of whom I knew nothing.

In this state I arrived at about half past four at a half-way house (Knouldes's Hotel), which proved to be a log shanty with two rooms. The stage-wheels had become thickly tired with mud, that adhered in spite of the driver's efforts to remove it, and the step being in an equally slippery condition, a consultation was held as to the best method of getting me out. Nothing feasible offering at once, my burly friend came to my assistance. I had been impressed that he would be of use to me before I got through. He proposed drawing me through the square, ill-contrived stage-door, which did not swing on hinges, but slid up and down like a car-window. Fortunately for one of my weight, he was a man of magnificent proportions, and I saw no other way but to submit *gracefully* to the operation. Accordingly, as my receiver stood with open arms, I thrust out my head, and as much of my body as was consistent with equilibrium, and he pulled me through the opening and over the muddy wheels, — dragging skirts, boots, and all.

The Hotel Knouldes, kept by Missourians, contained a family with two heads, as I supposed; for a tall, bony, sharp-looking woman was certainly one head, and it was but fair to conclude that a robust-looking man who sat smoking a pipe in the corner, and whom she called her "old man," was the other, though the woman was plainly

dominant that day. Six rather soiled, soggy-looking boys made up the remainder of the occupants of the two rooms of the Hotel Knoudles. As I had fasted since five in the morning, or rather since the night before, I hoped to find something here to sustain me on the rest of my dreary way, which bade fair to be, without any extraneous aid from imagination, a perilous one. I was wet and thoroughly chilled, and as I drew towards the stove I asked — being unaccustomed to either tea or coffee — if I could have a teaspoonful of ginger in a cup of hot water.

"Hain't got no ginger," replied the landlady, in a piping voice.

"Have you any pepper?"

"Hain't got none of that neither. Can't you eat such victuals as other folks does?" — still louder and shriller. "Set up 't the stove nigher," — almost in a shriek. And she betook herself to stirring the fire so sturdily that stove, "old man," and pipe were threatened with instant overthrow, and the men instinctively broke the circle around them, and stood back panic-struck. After this stirring interlude, she planted herself before me, as near as she could well approach, and, with hands upon her hips and arms akimbo, she shouted once more, as if hailing a distant sail: "Say! we've got some pickled peppers. Them'll warm yer up." And she grasped the back of my chair as if she intended to shake me out of it upon the floor. "Ef yer 'l *hist* (hoist) I'll fotch yer cheer up ter the table."

However unintelligible her language was, I had no difficulty in discovering that she wanted my chair, and so I arose. When I was seated at the board, — or two boards placed side by side on four barrels, two at each end, and covered with an unbleached cotton cloth, which probably served for a sheet by night and table-cloth by day, — I found that the woman had by some witchcraft discovered my antipathies, and placed before me three articles which I never taste, — liver, onions, and potatoes fried in the same pan with the first two

articles. In despair, I saw I must betake myself to dry bread, if I could find any; for the cows had not "come up" yet, and there was no sweet milk in the house. I found, on examination of the pile, a "job lot" of Indian crusts, nibbled in scallops — probably by the boys or the mice — on all sides, and I presumed to ask if she had no other bread.

"No: we hain't got no more meal in the house. Can't you eat such victuals as other folks eats, *no* how? My old man oughter gone to mill to-day, but he's skeered of rain and too shiftless to airt his salt."

The driver, who sat on one side of me, told me in an undertone, that she was lovely compared with an unmarried sister of hers.

Spying from the window in front of me two handsome roosters in the yard, dripping like weeping willows in the rain, I concluded their families were not far off, and, as a last resort in my extremity, inquired if there were any eggs in the house. She hesitated, and while I was expecting an earthquake or a volcano in answer to my question, my burly friend, who had by this time become furious, suddenly dropped his knife and fork, and, turning round, shouted in the most unexpected and peremptory manner: "Cook some eggs for this lady! Quick! If you don't, I'll search the house. I know you've got some. Come, be quick about it!" To my great joy, a dozen eggs appeared, boiled very palatably, and on these and pickled peppers I made my first and last meal for the day.

Climbing once more through the door of that lumbering box, which threatened to loosen my flesh from my bones, by the shaking it gave me, I reflected tremblingly on the night before us, and the darkness which would soon shut out the world, and wondered if I should ever see the light of another earthly morning.

We had not ridden many miles before we came, just after passing a shaky bridge, to one of those formidable hills, which made it imperative that the men should all dismount and scramble up

on foot. There was no danger, such as one might have supposed there would be, of the stage running back into the ravine below, for the horses stuck too fast in the mud to allow of this (such was my theory); but there was danger that the coach could not be drawn to the top, and I began to be afraid that I might have to be pulled through that fearful hole again, and made to walk in thin prunellas, in the deep mud, up the hill from base to summit. But, after many unavailing attempts, the horses started, seemingly to the great satisfaction of the men.

Just at dusk, as we slipped and slid down the steepest hill yet, before going up another, on the verge of an intermediate bridge, the driver stopped his steaming horses and announced that my time had come. I had better not risk riding over the bridge; it was bad enough at best, the rain and a recent train of freight wagons had displaced one or two of the planks, and this was the deepest "gulch" of all. Having passed so many gulches seventy feet deep, I could not help thinking that a few feet more would n't make much difference; but my friend placed himself once more at my service, and, alighting, I hurried across the bridge as fast as the sticky and slippery mud on and under my soles would permit, and stood aside at the foot of the hill to see how the horses would make out. The driver had found a piece of board, fortunately dropped from a freight wagon and brought here by some passer who knew the emergencies of the place, for the first that should occur, and replaced one missing plank with it. The horses were sagacious enough to scent danger, and pricked their ears, pawed, and snuffed at the doubtful place as they came to it; but, as if conscious that there was no alternative, they gave a spring, clearing the place and reaching land in safety, while the board,

which broke in the middle, flew up at each end.

This was an adventure which added horror to the darkness that was enveloping us like a funereal pall. I never before knew darkness so thick and substantial. The driver acknowledged that he literally could not see his hand before him, and that he must trust entirely to the instinct of his horses. True, they travelled over the road twice a week; but, although they might possibly keep the path with their own feet, how could we know when they were keeping the centre of the bridges, and when the wheels were on the very verge, within an inch of instant destruction? Not a word was spoken, except by an uncouth Englishman, who said it was the first time in his life he had ever prayed.

We arrived, almost exhausted with fear and fatigue, at a station within fifteen miles of our journey's end; it seemed to me that nothing upon earth would induce me to travel farther, and every passenger endeavored to his utmost to dissuade the driver from any attempt to proceed until daylight; but the stage carried Uncle Sam's mail, and the man's orders were imperative. I was assured that the remainder of the road was not so rough, and was told by the new driver, whom we took here with a relay of horses, that he had driven over this portion of the road for three years, and that he never travelled without lanterns on his coach; and so after a good supper, but with a heavy heart and weary head, I started again with all but one of the passengers with whom I had left Omaha.

I reached Bainbridge, our final stopping-place, at three after midnight—instead of nine before, when we were due,—much to the amazement of my friends, who were not expecting a lone woman at that hour of the darkest night ever known there.

CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE, OR THE PROSE OF ASIA.

IN qualifying the Chinese mind as prosaic, and in calling the writings of Confucius and his successors *prose*, we intend no disrespect to either. Prose is as good as poetry. But we mean to indicate the point of view from which the study of the Chinese teachers should be approached. Accustomed to regard the East as the land of imagination; reading in our childhood the wild romances of Arabia; passing, in the poetry of Persia, into an atmosphere of tender and entrancing song; then, as we go farther East into India, encountering the vast epics of the Mahá-Bhárata and the Rámáyana;—we might naturally expect to find in far Cathay a still wilder flight of the Asiatic Muse. Not at all. We drop at once from unbridled romance into the most colorless prose. Another race comes to us, which seems to have no affinity with Asia, as we have been accustomed to think of Asia. No more aspiration, no flights of fancy, but the worship of order, decency, propriety, and peaceful commonplaces. As the people, so the priests. The works of Confucius and his commentators are as level as the valley of their great river, the Yangtse-kiang, which the tide ascends for four hundred miles. All in these writings is calm, serious, and moral. They assume that all men desire to be made better, and will take the trouble to find out how they can be made so. It is not thought necessary to entice them into goodness by the attractions of eloquence, the charm of imagery, or the fascinations of a brilliant wit. These philosophers have a Quaker style, a dress of plain drab, used only for clothing the thought, not at all for its ornament.

And surely we ought not to ask for any other attraction than the subject itself, in order to find interest in China and its teachers. The Chinese Empire, which contains more than five

millions of square miles, or twice the area of the United States, has a population of five hundred millions, or half the number of the human beings inhabiting the globe. China proper, inhabited by the Chinese, is half as large as Europe, and contains about three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants. There are eighteen provinces in China, many of which contain, singly, more inhabitants than some of the great states of Europe. But on many other accounts this nation is deeply interesting.

China is the type of permanence in the world. To say that it is older than any other existing nation, is saying very little. Herodotus, who has been called the Father of history, travelled in Egypt about 450 B. C. He studied its monuments, bearing the names of kings who were as distant from his time as he is from ours, — monuments which even then belonged to a gray antiquity. But the kings who erected those monuments were posterior to the founders of the Chinese Empire. Porcelain vessels, with Chinese mottoes on them, have been found in those ancient tombs, in shape, material, and appearance precisely like those which are made in China to-day; and Rosellini believes them to have been imported from China by kings contemporary with Moses, or before him. This nation and its institutions have outlasted everything. The ancient Bactrian and Assyrian kingdoms, the Persian monarchy, Greece and Rome, have all risen, flourished, and fallen, — and China continues still the same. The dynasty has been occasionally changed; but the laws, customs, institutions, all that makes national life, have continued. The authentic history of China commences some three thousand years before Christ, and a thousand years in this history is like a century in that of any other people. The oral language of China has continued

the same that it is now for thirty centuries. The great wall bounding the empire on the north, which is twelve hundred and forty miles long, and twenty feet high, with towers every few hundred yards, — which crosses mountain ridges, descends into valleys, and is carried over rivers on arches, — was built two hundred years before Christ, probably to repel those fierce tribes who, after ineffectual attempts to conquer China, travelled westward till they appeared on the borders of Europe five hundred years later, and, under the name of Huns, assisted in the downfall of the Roman Empire. All China was intersected with canals at a period when none existed in Europe. The great canal, like the great wall, is unrivalled by any similar existing work. It is twice the length of the Erie Canal, is from two hundred to a thousand feet wide, and has enormous banks built of solid granite, along a great part of its course. One of the important mechanical inventions of modern Europe is the Artesian well. That sunk at Grenoble was long supposed to be the deepest in the world, going down eighteen hundred feet. One at St. Louis, in the United States, has since been drilled to a depth, as has recently been stated, of more than four thousand. But in China these wells are found in tens of thousands, sunk at very remote periods to obtain salt water. The method used by the Chinese from immemorial time has recently been adopted instead of our own, as being much more simple and economical. The Chinese have been long acquainted with the circulation of the blood; they inoculated for small-pox in the tenth century; and about the same time they invented printing. Their bronze money was made as early as 1100 B. C. and its form has not been changed since the beginning of the Christian era. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, and the art of printing were made known to Europe through stories told by missionaries returning from Asia. These missionaries, coasting the shores of the Celestial Empire in Chinese junks, saw a little box

containing a magnetized needle, called Ting-nan-Tchen, or "needle which points to the south." They also noticed terrible machines used by the armies in China, called Ho-pao or fire-guns, into which was put an inflammable powder, which produced a noise like thunder and projected stones and pieces of iron with irresistible force.

Father Huc, in his "Christianity in China," says that "the Europeans who penetrated into China were no less struck with the libraries of the Chinese than with their artillery. They were astonished at the sight of the elegant books printed rapidly upon a pliant, silky paper by means of wooden blocks. The first edition of the classical works printed in China appeared in 958, five hundred years before the invention of Guttenberg. The missionaries had, doubtless, often been busied in their convents with the laborious work of copying manuscript books, and the simple Chinese method of printing must have particularly attracted their attention. Many other marvellous productions were noticed, such as silk, porcelain, playing-cards, spectacles, and other products of art and industry unknown in Europe. They brought back these new ideas to Europe; 'and from that time,' says Abel Remusat, 'the West began to hold in due esteem the most beautiful, the most populous, and the most anciently civilized of all the four quarters of the world. The arts, the religious faith, and the languages of its people were studied, and it was even proposed to establish a professorship for the Tartar language in the University of Paris. The world seemed to open towards the East; geography made immense strides, and ardor for discovery opened a new vent for the adventurous spirit of the Europeans. As our own hemisphere became better known, the idea of another ceased to appear a wholly improbable paradox; and in seeking the Zipangon of Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus discovered the New World.'"

The first aspect of China produces that impression on the mind which

we call the grotesque. This is merely because the customs of this singular nation are so opposite to our own. They seem morally, no less than physically, our antipodes. Their habits are as opposite to ours as the direction of their bodies. We stand feet to feet in everything. In boxing the compass they say "westnorth" instead of northwest, "eastsouth" instead of southeast, and their compass-needle points south instead of north. Their soldiers wear quilted petticoats, satin boots, and bead necklaces, carry umbrellas and fans, and go to a night attack with lanterns in their hands, being more afraid of the dark than of exposing themselves to the enemy. The people are very fond of fireworks, but prefer to have them in the daytime. Ladies ride in wheelbarrows, and cows are driven in carriages. While in Europe the feet are put in the stocks, in China the stocks are hung round the neck. In China the family name comes first, and the personal name afterward. Instead of saying Benjamin Franklin or Walter Scott, they would say Franklin Benjamin, Scott Walter. Thus the Chinese name of Confucius, Kung-fu-tsee, means the Holy Master Kung; — Kung is the family name. In the recent wars with the English, the mandarins or soldiers would sometimes run away, and then commit suicide to avoid punishment. In getting on a horse, the Chinese mount on the right side. Their old men fly kites, while the little boys look on. The left hand is the seat of honor, and to keep on your hat is a sign of respect. Visiting-cards are painted red, and are four feet long. In the opinion of the Chinese, the seat of the understanding is the stomach. They have villages which contain a million of inhabitants. Their boats are drawn by men, but their carriages are moved by sails. A married woman while young and pretty is a slave, but when she becomes old and withered is the most powerful, respected, and beloved person in the family. The emperor is regarded with the most profound reverence, but the empress mother is a

greater person than he. When a man furnishes his house, instead of laying stress, as we do, on rosewood pianos and carved mahogany, his first ambition is for a handsome camphor-wood coffin, which he keeps in the best place in his room. The interest of money is thirty-six per cent, which, to be sure, we also give in hard times to stave off a stoppage, while with them it is the legal rate. We once heard a bad dinner described thus: "The meat was cold, the wine was hot, and everything was sour but the vinegar." This would not so much displease the Chinese, who carefully warm their wine, while we ice ours. They understand good living, however, very well, are great epicures, and somewhat gourmands, for, after dining on thirty dishes, they will sometimes eat a duck by way of a finish. They toss their meat into their mouths to a tune, every man keeping time with his chop-sticks, while we, on the contrary, make anything but harmony with the clatter of our knives and forks. A Chinaman will not drink a drop of milk, but he will devour bird's-nests, snails, and the fins of sharks, with a great relish. Our mourning color is black, and theirs is white; they mourn for their parents three years, we a much shorter time. The principal room in their houses is called "the hall of ancestors," the pictures or tablets of whom, set up against the wall, are worshipped by them; we, on the other hand, are very apt to send our grandfather's portrait to the garret.

Such are a few of the external differences between their customs and ours. But the most essential peculiarity of the Chinese is the high value which they attribute to knowledge, and the distinctions and rewards which they bestow on scholarship. All the civil offices in the Empire are given as rewards of literary merit. The government, indeed, is called a complete despotism, and the emperor is said to have absolute authority. He is not bound by any written constitution, indeed; but the public opinion of the land holds him, nevertheless, to a strict respon-

sibility. He, no less than his people, is bound by a law higher than that of any private will,—the authority of custom. In China, more than anywhere else, “what is gray with age becomes religion.” The authority of the emperor is simply authority to govern according to the ancient usages of the country, and, whenever these are persistently violated, a revolution takes place and the dynasty is changed. But a revolution in China changes nothing but the person of the monarch; the unwritten constitution of old usages remains in full force. “A principle as old as the monarchy,” says Du Halde, “is this, that the state is a large family, and the emperor is in the place of both father and mother. He must govern his people with affection and goodness; he must attend to the smallest matters which concern their happiness. When he is not supposed to have this sentiment, he soon loses his hold on the reverence of the people, and his throne becomes insecure.” The emperor, therefore, is always studying how to preserve this reputation. When a province is afflicted by famine, inundation, or any other calamity, he shuts himself in his palace, fasts, and publishes decrees to relieve it of taxes and afford it aid.

The real power of the government is in the literary class. The government, though nominally a monarchy, is really an aristocracy. But it is not an aristocracy of birth, like that of England, for the humblest man's son can obtain a place in it; neither is it an aristocracy of wealth, like ours in the United States, nor a military aristocracy, like that of Russia, nor an aristocracy of priests, like that of ancient Egypt, and of some modern countries,—as, for instance, that of Paraguay under the Jesuits, or that of the Sandwich Islands under the Protestant missionaries; but it is a literary aristocracy.

The civil officers in China are called mandarins. They are chosen from the three degrees of learned men, who may be called the bachelors, licentiates, and

doctors. All persons may be candidates for the first degree, except three excluded classes,—boatmen, barbers, and actors. The candidates are examined by the governors of their own towns. Of those approved, a few are selected after another examination. These again are examined by an officer who makes a circuit once in three years for that purpose. They are placed alone in little rooms or closets, with pencils, ink, and paper, and a subject is given them to write upon. Out of some four hundred candidates fifteen may be selected, who receive the lowest degree. There is another triennial examination for the second degree, at which a small number of the bachelors are promoted. The examination for the highest degree, that of doctor, is held at Pekin only, when some three hundred are taken out of five thousand. These are capable of receiving the highest offices. Whenever a vacancy occurs, one of those who have received a degree is taken by lot from the few senior names. But a few years since, there were five thousand of the highest rank, and twenty-seven thousand of the second rank, who had not received employment.

The subjects upon which the candidates are examined, and the methods of these examinations, are thus described in the *Shanghai Almanac* (1852).*

The examinations for the degree of Keujin (or licentiate) takes place at the principal city of each province once in three years. The average number of bachelors in the large province of Keang-Nan (which contains seventy millions of inhabitants) is twenty thousand, out of whom only about two hundred succeed. Sixty-five mandarins are deputed for this examination, beside subordinate officials. The two chief examiners are sent from Pekin. When the candidates enter the examination hall they are searched for books or manuscripts, which might assist them in writing their essays. This precaution is not superfluous, for many

* Quoted by Mr. Meadows, who warrants the correctness of the account. “The Chinese and their Rebellions,” p. 404.

plans have been invented to enable mediocre people to pass. Sometimes a thin book, printed on very small type from copperplates, is slipped into a hole in the sole of the shoe. But persons detected in such practices are ruined for life. In a list of one hundred and forty-four successful candidates, in 1851, thirteen were over forty years of age, and one under fourteen years; seven were under twenty; and all, to succeed, must have known by heart the whole of the Sacred Books, besides being well read in history.

Three sets of themes are given, each occupying two days and a night, and until that time is expired no one is allowed to leave his apartment, which is scarcely large enough to sleep in. The essays must not contain more than seven hundred characters, and no erasure or correction is allowed. On the first days, the themes are taken from the Four Books, on the next from the older classics; on the last miscellaneous questions are given. The themes are such as these: "Choo-tsze, in commenting on the Shoo-King, made use of four authors, who sometimes say too much, at other times too little; sometimes their explanations are forced, at other times too ornamental. What have you to observe on them?" "Chin-show had great abilities for historic writing. In his Three Kingdoms he has depreciated Choo-ko-leang, and made very light of E and E, two other celebrated characters. What is it that he says of them?"

These public-service examinations are conducted with the greatest impartiality. They were established about a thousand years ago, and have been gradually improved during the intervening time. They form the basis of the whole system of Chinese government. They make a good education universally desirable, as the poorest man may see his son thus advanced to the highest position. All of the hundreds of thousands who prepare to compete are obliged to know the whole system of Confucius, to commit to memory all his moral doctrines, and to

become familiar with all the traditional wisdom of the land. Thus a public opinion in favor of existing institutions and the fundamental ideas of Chinese government is continually created anew.

What an immense advantage it would be to our own country, if we should adopt this institution of China! Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service Bill proposes to do this. Instead of making offices the prize of impudence, political management, and party services, let them be competed for by all who consider themselves qualified. Let all offices now given by appointment be hereafter bestowed on those who show themselves best qualified to perform the duties. Each class of offices would of course require a different kind of examination. For some, physical culture as well as mental might be required. Persons who wished diplomatic situations should be prepared in a knowledge of foreign languages, as well as of international law. All should be examined on the Constitution and history of the United States. Candidates for the Post-Office Department should be good copyists, quick at arithmetic, and acquainted with book-keeping. It is true that we cannot by an examination obtain a certain knowledge of moral qualities; but industry, accuracy, fidelity in work, would certainly show themselves. A change from the present corrupt and corrupting system of appointments to that of competitive examinations would do more just now for our country than any other measure of reconstruction which can be proposed. The permanence of Chinese institutions is believed, by those who know best, to result from the influence of the literary class. Literature is naturally conservative; the tone of the literature studied is eminently conservative; and the most intelligent men in the empire are personally interested in the continuance of the institutions under which they hope to attain position and fortune.

The highest civil offices are seats at the great tribunals or boards, and the positions of viceroys, or governors, of the eighteen provinces.

The boards are : —

Ly Pou, Board of Appointment of Mandarins.

Hou Pou, Board of Finance.

Lee Pou, Board of Ceremonies.

Ping Pou, Board of War.

Hing Pou, Board of Criminal Justice.

Kong Pou, Board of Works, — canals, bridges, &c.

The members of these boards, with their councillors and subordinates, amount to twelve hundred officers. Then there is the Board of Doctors of the Han Lin College, who have charge of the archives, history of the empire, &c.; and the Board of Censors, who are the highest mandarins, and have a peculiar office. Their duty is to stand between the people and the mandarins, and between the people and the emperor, and even rebuke the latter if they find him doing wrong. This is rather a perilous duty, but it is often faithfully performed. A censor, who went to tell the emperor of some faults, took his coffin with him, and left it at the door of the palace. Two censors remonstrated with a late emperor on the expenses of his palace, specifying the sums uselessly lavished for perfumes and flowers for his concubines, and stating that a million of taels of silver might be saved for the poor by reducing these expenses. Sung, the commissioner who attended Lord Macartney, remonstrated with the Emperor Kiaking on his attachment to play-actors and strong drink, which degraded him in the eyes of the people. The emperor, highly irritated, asked him what punishment he deserved for his insolence. "Quartering," said Sung. "Choose another," said the emperor. "Let me be beheaded." "Choose again," said the emperor; and Sung asked to be strangled. The next day the emperor appointed him governor of a distant province, — afraid to punish him for the faithful discharge of his duty, but glad to have him at a distance. Many such anecdotes are related, showing that there is some moral courage in China.

The governor of a province, or viceroy, has great power. He also is chosen

from among the mandarins in the way described. The only limitations of his power are these : he is bound to make a full report every three years of the affairs of the province, *and give in it an account of his own faults*; and if he omits any, and they are discovered in other ways, he is punished by degradation, bamboeing, or death. It is the right of any subject, however humble, to complain to the emperor himself against any officer, however high; and for this purpose a large drum is placed at one of the palace gates. Whoever strikes it has his case examined under the emperor's eye, and, if he has been wronged, his wrongs are redressed, but, if he has complained unnecessarily, he is severely punished. Imperial visitors, sent by the Board of Censors, may suddenly arrive at any time to examine the concerns of a province, and a governor or other public officer who is caught tripping is immediately reported and punished.

Thus the political institutions of China are built on literature. Knowledge is the road to power and wealth. All the talent and knowledge of the nation are interested in the support of institutions which give to them either power or the hope of it. And these institutions work well. The machinery is simple, but it produces a vast amount of happiness and domestic virtue. While in every other part of Asia the people are oppressed by petty tyrants, and ground down by taxes, — while they have no motive to improve their condition, since every advance will only expose them to greater extortion, — the people of China are industrious and happy. In no part of the world has agriculture been carried to such perfection. Every piece of ground in the cultivated parts of the empire, except those portions devoted to ancestral monuments, is made to yield two or three crops annually, by the careful tillage bestowed on it. The ceremony of opening the soil at the beginning of the year, at which the emperor officiates, originated two thousand years ago. Farms are small, — of one or two

acres,—and each family raises on its farm all that it consumes. Silk and cotton are cultivated and manufactured in families, each man spinning, weaving, and dyeing his own web. In the manufacture of porcelain, on the contrary, the division of labor is carried very far. The best is made at the village of Kiangsee, which contains a million of inhabitants. Seventy hands are sometimes employed on a single cup. The Chinese are very skilful in working horn and ivory. Large lanterns are made of horn, transparent and without a flaw. At Birmingham, men have tried with machines to cut ivory in the same manner as the Chinese, and have failed.

Of this nation the great teacher for twenty-three centuries has been Confucius. He was born 551 B. C., and was contemporary with Ezra, Pythagoras, and Thales. About his time occurred the return of the Jews from Babylon, and the invasion of Greece by Xerxes. His descendants have always enjoyed high privileges, and there are now some forty thousand of them in China, seventy generations and more removed from their great ancestor. His is the oldest family in the world, unless we consider the Jews as a single family descended from Abraham. His influence, through his writings, on the minds of so many millions of human beings is greater than that of any man who ever lived, excepting the writers of the Bible; and in saying this we do not forget the names of Mohammed, Aristotle, St. Augustine, and Luther. So far as we can see, it is the influence of Confucius which has maintained, though probably not originated, in China, that profound reverence for parents, that strong family affection, that love of order, that regard for knowledge and deference for literary men, which are fundamental principles underlying all the Chinese institutions. His minute and practical system of morals, studied as it is by all the learned, and constituting the sum of knowledge and the principle of government in China, has exerted and exerts

an influence on that innumerable people which it is impossible to estimate, but which makes us admire the power which can emanate from a single soul.

To exert such an influence requires greatness. If the tree is to be known by its fruits, Confucius must have been one of the master minds of our race. The supposition that a man of low morals or small intellect, an impostor or an enthusiast, could thus influence the world, is a theory which is an insult to human nature. The time for such theories has happily gone by. We now know that nothing can come of nothing,—that a fire of straw may make a bright blaze, but must necessarily soon go out. A light which illuminates centuries must be more than an *ignis fatuus*. Accordingly we should approach Confucius with respect, and expect to find something good and wise in his writings. It is only a loving spirit which will enable us to penetrate the difficulties which surround the study, and to apprehend something of the true genius of the man and his teachings. As there is no immediate danger of becoming his followers, we can see no objections to such a course, which also appears to be a species of mental hospitality, eminently in accordance with the spirit of our own Master.

Confucius belongs to that small company of select ones whose lives have been devoted to the moral elevation of their fellow-men. Among them he stands high, for he sought to implant the purest principles of religion and morals in the character of a whole people, and succeeded in doing it. To show that this was his purpose, it will be necessary to give a brief sketch of his life.

His ancestors were eminent statesmen and soldiers in the small country of Loo, then an independent kingdom, now a Chinese province. The year of his birth was that in which Cyrus became king of Persia. His father, one of the highest officers of the kingdom, and a brave soldier, died when Confucius was three years old. He was a studious boy, and when fifteen years

old had studied the five sacred books called Kings. He was married at the age of nineteen, and had only one son by his only wife. This son died before Confucius, leaving as his posterity a single grandchild, from whom the great multitudes of his descendants now in China were derived. This grandson was second only to Confucius in wisdom, and was the teacher of the illustrious Mencius.

The first part of the life of Confucius was spent in attempting to reform the abuses of society by means of the official stations which he held, by his influence with princes, and by travelling and intercourse with men. The second period was that in which he was recalled from his travels to become a minister in his native country, the kingdom of Loo. Here he applied his theories of government, and tested their practicability. He was then fifty years old. His success was soon apparent in the growing prosperity of the whole people. Instead of the tyranny which before prevailed, they were now ruled according to his idea of good government, — that of the father of a family. Confidence was restored to the public mind, and all good influences followed. But the tree was not yet deeply enough rooted to resist accidents, and all his wise arrangements were suddenly overthrown by the caprice of the monarch, who, tired of the austere virtue of Confucius, suddenly plunged into a career of dissipation. Confucius resigned his office, and again became a wanderer, but now with a new motive. He had before travelled to learn, now he travelled to teach. He collected disciples around him, and, no longer seeking to gain the ear of princes, he diffused his ideas among the common people by means of his disciples, whom he sent out everywhere to communicate his doctrines. So, amid many vicissitudes of outward fortune, he lived till he was seventy-three years old. In the last years of his life he occupied himself in publishing his works, and in editing the Sacred Books. His disciples had become very numerous, historians esti-

imating them at three thousand, of whom five hundred had attained to official station, seventy-two had penetrated deeply into his system, and ten, of the highest class of mind and character, were continually near his person. Of these Hwuy was especially valued by him, as having early attained superior virtue. He frequently referred to him in his conversations. "I saw him continually advance," said he, "but I never saw him stop in the path of knowledge." Again he says: "The wisest of my disciples, having one idea, understands two. Hwuy, having one, understands ten." Another of the select ten disciples, Tsze-loo, was rash and impetuous like the Apostle Peter. Another, Tsze-Kung, was loving and tender like the Apostle John; he built a house near the grave of Confucius, wherein to mourn for him after his death.

The life of Confucius was thus devoted to communicating to the Chinese nation a few great moral and religious principles, which he believed would insure the happiness of the people. His devotion to this aim appears in his writings. Thus he says: —

"At fifteen years, I longed for wisdom. At thirty, my mind was fixed in the pursuit of it. At forty, I saw clearly certain principles. At fifty, I understood the rule given by heaven. At sixty, everything I heard I easily understood. At seventy, the desires of my heart no longer transgressed the law."

"If in the morning I hear about the right way, and in the evening I die, I can be happy."

He says of himself: "He is a man who through his earnestness in seeking knowledge forgets his food, and in his joy for having found it loses all sense of his toil, and thus occupied is unconscious that he has almost reached old age."

Again: "Coarse rice for food, water to drink, the bended arm for a pillow, — happiness may be enjoyed even with these; but without virtue both riches and honor seem to me like the passing cloud."

The great principles which he taught were chiefly based on family affection and duty. He taught kings that they were to treat their subjects as their children, subjects to respect the kings as parents; and these ideas so penetrated the national mind, that emperors are obliged to seem to govern thus, even if they do not desire it. Confucius was a teacher of reverence, — reverence for God, respect for parents, respect and reverence for the past and its legacies, for the great men and great ideas of former times. He taught men also to regard each other as brethren, and even the golden rule, in its negative if not its positive form, is to be found in his writings.

Curiously enough, this teacher of reverence was distinguished by a remarkable lump on the top of his head, where the phrenologists have placed the organ of veneration.* Rooted in his organization, and strengthened by all his convictions, this element of adoration seemed to him the crown of the whole moral nature of man. But, while full of veneration, he was absolutely deficient in the sense of spiritual things. A personal God was unknown to him; so that his worship was directed, not to God, but to antiquity, to ancestors, to propriety and usage, to the state as father and mother of its subjects, to the ruler as in the place of authority. Perfectly sincere, deeply and absolutely assured of all that he knew, he said nothing he did not believe. His power came not only from the depth and clearness of his convictions, but from the absolute honesty of his soul.

Lao-tsze, for twenty-eight years his contemporary (born 604, B. C. died 523, B. C. aged eighty-one), founder of one of the three existing religions of China, — the Tao-ssé, — was a man of perhaps equal intelligence. But he was chiefly a thinker; he made no attempt to elevate the people; his purpose was to repress the passions, and to preserve

the soul in a perfect equanimity. He was the Zeno of the East, founder of a Chinese stoicism. With him, virtue is sure of its reward; everything is arranged by a fixed law. His disciples afterwards added to his system a thaumaturgic element and an invocation of departed spirits, so that now it resembles our modern Spiritism; but the original doctrine of Lao-tsze was rationalism in philosophy, and stoicism in morals. Confucius is said, in a Chinese work, to have visited him, and to have frankly confessed his inability to understand him. "I know how birds fly, how fishes swim, how animals run. The bird may be shot, the fish hooked, and the beast snared. But there is the dragon. I cannot tell how he mounts in the air, and soars to heaven. To-day I have seen the dragon."

But the modest man, who lived for others, has far surpassed in his influence this dragon of intelligence. It certainly increases our hope for man, when we see how these qualities of perfect honesty, good sense, generous devotion to the public good, and fidelity to the last in adherence to his work, have made Confucius during twenty-three centuries the daily teacher and guide of a third of the human race.

*Here are some more of his sayings, selected as throwing light on his opinions and character.

"A good man regards the ROOT; he fixes the root, and all else flows out of it. The root is filial piety, the fruit brotherly love."

"There may be fair words and an humble countenance when there is little real virtue."

"I daily examine myself in a three-fold manner: in my transactions with men, if I am upright; in my intercourse with friends, if I am faithful; and whether I illustrate the teachings of my master in my conduct."

"Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things."

"When you transgress, do not fear to return."

"Learn the past and you will know the future."

* On the top of his head was a remarkable formation, in consequence of which he was named Kew. Legge, Vol. I. Chap. VI. (note).

"Grieve not that men know not you; grieve that you know not men."

"To rule with equity is like the North Star, which is fixed, and all the rest go round it."

"The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance."

"Worship as though the Deity were present."

"If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshipped not."

"Formerly, in hearing men, I heard their words, and gave them credit for their conduct; now I hear their words, and observe their conduct."

"A man's life depends on virtue; if a bad man lives, it is only by good fortune."

"Some proceed blindly to action, without knowledge; I hear much, and select the best course."

He was once found fault with, when in office, for not opposing the marriage of a ruler with a distant relation, which was an offence against Chinese propriety. He said: "I am a happy man; if I have a fault, men observe it."

Confucius was humble. He said: "I cannot bear to hear myself called equal to the sages and the good. All that can be said of me is, that I study with delight the conduct of the sages, and instruct men without weariness therein."

"The good man is serene," said he, "the bad always in fear."

The last years of the life of Confucius were devoted to editing the Sacred Books, or Kings. As we now have them, they come from him. Authentic records of Chinese history extend back to 2357, B. C. while the Chinese philosophy originated with Fuh-he, who lived about 3327, B. C. He it was who substituted writing for the knotted strings which before formed the only means of record. He was also the author of the Eight Diagrams, — each consisting of three lines, half of which are whole and half broken in two, — which by their various combinations are supposed to represent the active and passive princi-

ples of the universe in all their essential forms. Confucius edited the Yih-King, the Shoo-King, the She-King, and the Leke, which constitute the whole of the ancient literature of China which has come down to posterity.* The Four Books, which contain the doctrines of Confucius and of his school, were not written by himself, but composed by others after his death.

One of these is called the "Immutable Mean," and its object is to show that virtue consists in avoiding extremes. Another — the Lun-Yu, or Analects — contains the conversation or table-talk of Confucius, and somewhat resembles the Memorabilia of Xenophon and Boswell's Life of Johnson. The Four Books have been translated into French, German, and English. Dr. Marshman translated the Lun-Yu. Mr. Collie afterward published at Calcutta the Four Books. But within a few years the labors of previous sinologues have been almost superseded by Dr. Legge's splendid work, still in process of publication. We have, as yet, only the volumes containing the Four Books of Confucius and his successors, and a portion of the Kings. Dr. Legge's work is in Chinese and English, with copious notes and extracts from many Chinese commentators. In his notes, and his preliminary dissertations, he endeavors to do justice to Confucius and his doctrines. Perhaps he does not fully succeed in this, but it is evident that he respects the Chinese sage, and is never willingly unfair to him. If to the books above mentioned be added the works of Pauthier, Stanislas Julien, Mohl, and other French sinologues, and the German works on the same subject, we have a sufficient apparatus for the study of Chinese thought.

According to Mr. Meadows, the philosophy of China, in its origin and present aspect, may be thus briefly described. Setting aside the Buddhist and Taoist systems, which supply to the Chinese the element of religious worship and the doctrine of a supernatural

* Meadows, "The Chinese and their Rebellions," p. 332.

world, wanting in the system of Confucius, we find the latter as the established religion of the state, merely tolerating the others as suited to persons of weak minds. The Confucian system, constantly taught by the competitive examinations, rules the thought of China. Its first development was from the birth of Confucius to the death of Mencius (or from 551 B. C. to 313 B. C.). Its second period was from the time of Chow-tsze (A. D. 1034) to that of Choo-tsze (A. D. 1200). The last of these is the real fashioner of Chinese philosophy, and one of the truly great men of the human race. His works are chiefly Commentaries on the Kings and the Four Books. They are committed to memory by millions of Chinese who aspire to pass the public-service examinations. The Chinese philosophy, thus established by Choo-tsze, is as follows.*

There is one highest, ultimate principle of all existence, — the *Tae-keih*, or Grand Extreme. This is absolutely immaterial, and the basis of the order of the universe. From this ultimate principle, operating from all eternity, comes all animate and inanimate nature. It operates in a twofold way, by expansion and contraction, or by ceaseless active and passive pulsations. The active expansive pulsation is called *Yang*, the passive intensive pulsation is *Yin*, and the two may be called the Positive and Negative Essences of all things. When the active expansive phase of the process has reached its extreme limit, the operation becomes passive and intensive; and these vibrations originate all material and mortal existences. Creation is therefore a perpetual process, — matter and spirit are opposite results of the same force. The one tends to variety, the other to unity; and variety in unity is a permanent and universal law of being. Man results from the utmost development of this pulsatory action and passion; and man's nature, as the highest result, is perfectly good, consisting of five elements, namely, charity, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, and sincerity. These constitute

the inmost, essential nature of man; but, as man comes in contact with the outward world, evil arises by the conflict. When man follows the dictates of his nature, his actions are good, and harmony results. When he is unduly influenced by the outward world, his actions are evil, and discord intervenes. The holy man is one who has an instinctive, inward sight of the ultimate principle in its twofold operation (or what we should call the sight of God, the beatific vision), and who therefore spontaneously and easily obeys his nature. Hence, all his thoughts are perfectly wise, his actions perfectly good, and his words perfectly true. Confucius was the last of these holy men. The infallible authority of the Sacred Books results from the fact that their writers, being holy men, had an instinctive perception of the working of the ultimate principle.

We have seen that, in this system, the ultimate principle is not necessarily identical with a living, intelligent, and personal God. Nor did Confucius, when he speaks of *Teen*, or Heaven, express any faith in such a being. He neither asserted nor denied a Supreme God. His worship and prayer did not necessarily imply such a faith. It was the prayer of reverence addressed to some sacred, mysterious, unknown power, above and behind all visible things. What that power was, he, with his supreme candor, did not venture to intimate. But in the *Shoo-King* a personal God is addressed. The oldest books recognize a Divine person. They teach that there is one Supreme Being, who is omnipresent, who sees all things, and has an intelligence which nothing can escape, — that he wishes men to live together in peace and brotherhood. He commands not only right actions, but pure desires and thoughts; that we should watch all our behavior, and maintain a grave and majestic demeanor, "which is like a palace in which virtue resides"; but especially that we should guard the tongue. "For a blemish may be taken out of a diamond by carefully polishing it; but, if your words

* Meadows, p. 342.

have the least blemish, there is no way to efface that." "Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues." "To acknowledge one's incapacity is the way to be soon prepared to teach others; for from the moment that a man is no longer full of himself, nor puffed up with empty pride, whatever good he learns in the morning he practises before night." "Heaven penetrates to the bottom of our hearts, like light into a dark chamber. We must conform ourselves to it, till we are like two instruments of music tuned to the same pitch. We must join ourselves with it, like two tablets which appear but one. We must receive its gifts the very moment its hand is open to bestow. Our irregular passions shut up the door of our souls against God."

Such are the teachings of these Kings, which are unquestionably among the oldest existing productions of the human mind. In the days of Confucius they seem to have been nearly forgotten, and their precepts wholly neglected. Confucius revised them, added his own explanations and comments, and, as one of the last acts of his life, called his disciples around him and made a solemn dedication of these books to Heaven. He erected an altar on which he placed them, adored God, and returned thanks upon his knees in a humble manner for having had life and health granted him to finish this undertaking.

Confucius was eminently distinguished by energy and persistency. He did not stop working till he died. His life was of one piece, beautiful, noble. "The general of a large army," said he, "may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant." He acted conformably to this thought, and to another of his sayings. "If I am building a mountain, and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed of my work. But if I have placed but one basketful on the plain, and go on, I am really building a mountain."

Many beautiful and noble things are related concerning the character of

Confucius, — of his courage in the midst of danger, of his humility in the highest position of honor. His writings and life have given the law to Chinese thought. He is the patron saint of that great empire. His doctrine is the state religion of the nation, sustained by the whole power of the emperor and the literary body. His books are published every year by societies formed for that purpose, who distribute them gratuitously. His descendants enjoy the highest consideration. The number of temples erected to his memory is sixteen hundred and sixty. One of them occupies ten acres of land. On the two festivals in the year sacred to his memory, there are sacrificed some seventy thousand animals of different kinds, and twenty-seven thousand pieces of silk are burned on his altars. Yet his is a religion without priests, liturgy, or public worship, except on these two occasions.

It were easy to find defects in the doctrine of Confucius. It has little to teach of God or immortality. But if the law of Moses, which said nothing of a future life, was a preparation for Christianity; if, as the early Christian Fathers asserted, Greek philosophy was also a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ; who can doubt that the truth and purity in the teachings of Confucius were providentially intended to lead this great nation in the right direction? Confucius is a Star in the East, to lead his people to Christ. One of the most authentic of his sayings is this, that "in the West the true Saint must be looked for and found." He had a perception, such as truly great men have often had, of some one higher than himself, who was to come after him. We cannot doubt, therefore, that God, who forgets none of his children, has given this teacher to the swarming millions of China, to lead them on till they are ready for a higher light. And certainly the temporal prosperity and external virtues of this nation, and their long-continued stability amid the universal changes of the world, are owing in no small degree to the lessons of reverence

for the past, of respect for knowledge, of peace and order, and especially of filial piety, which he inculcated. In their case, if in no other, has been fulfilled the promise of the divine commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

In comparing the system of Confucius with Christianity, it appears at once that Christianity differs from this system, as from all those with which we have compared it in former articles, in its greater completeness. Jesus says to the Chinese philosopher, as he said to the Jewish law, "I have not come to destroy, but to fulfil." He fulfils the Confucian reverence for the past by adding hope for the future; he fulfils its stability by progress, its faith in man with faith in God, its interest in this world with the expectation of another, its sense of time with that of eternity. Confucius aims at peace, order, outward prosperity, virtue, and good morals. All this belongs also to Christianity, but Christianity adds a moral enthusiasm, a faith in the spiritual world, a hope of immortal life, a sense of the Fatherly presence of God. So that here, as before, we find that Christianity does not exclude other religions, but includes them, and is distinguished by being deeper, higher, broader, and more far-reaching than they.

A people, with such institutions and such a social life as we have described, cannot be despised, and to call them uncivilized is as absurd in us as it is in them to call Europeans barbarians. They are a good, intelligent, and happy people. Lieutenant Forbes, who spent five years in China, — from 1842 to 1847, — says: "I found myself in the midst of as amiable, kind, and hospitable a population as any on the face of the earth, as far ahead of us in some things as behind us in others." As to the charge of dishonesty brought against them by those who judge the whole nation by the degraded population of the suburbs of Canton, Forbes says, "My own property suffered more in

landing in England and passing the British frontier than in my whole sojourn in China."

"There is no nation," says the Jesuit Du Halde, "more laborious and temperate than this. They are inured to hardships from their infancy, which greatly contributes to preserve the innocence of their manners. . . . They are of a mild, tractable, and humane disposition." He thinks them exceedingly modest, and regards the love of gain as their chief vice. "Interest," says he, "is the spring of all their actions; for, when the least profit offers, they despise all difficulties and undertake the most painful journeys to procure it." This may be true; but if a Chinese traveller in America should give the same account of us, would it not be quite as true? One of the latest writers — the author of "The Middle Kingdom" — accuses the Chinese of gross sensuality, mendacity, and dishonesty. No doubt these are besetting sins with them, as with all nations who are educated under a system which makes submission to authority the chief virtue. But then this writer lived only at Canton and Macao, and saw personally only the refuse of the people. He admits that "they have attained, by the observance of peace and good order, to a high security of life and property; that the various classes are linked together in a remarkably homogeneous manner by the diffusion of education; and that property and industry receive their just reward of food, raiment, and shelter." He also reminds us that the religion of China differs from all Pagan religions in this, that it encourages neither cruelty nor sensuality. No human victims have ever been offered on its altars, and those licentious rites which have appeared in so many religions have never disgraced its pure worship.

The Chinese citizen enjoys a degree of order, peace, and comfort unknown elsewhere in Asia. "He can hold and sell landed property with a facility, certainty, and security which is absolute perfection compared with the nature of

English dealings of the same kind."* He can traverse the country for two thousand miles unquestioned by any official. He can follow what occupation he pleases. He can quit his country and re-enter it without a passport. The law of primogeniture does not exist. The emperor appoints his heir, but a younger son quite as often as an elder one. The principle that no man is entitled by birth to rule over them is better known to the three hundred and sixty millions of China, than to the twenty-seven millions of Great Britain that they have a right to a trial by their peers.† The principle of Chinese government is to persuade rather than to compel, to use moral means rather than physical. This rests on the fundamental belief in human goodness. For, as Mr. Meadows justly observes: "The theory that man's nature is radically vicious is the true psychical basis of despotic or physical-force government; while the theory that man's nature is radically good is the basis of free or moral-force government." The Chinese government endeavors to be paternal. It has refused to lay a tax on opium, because that would countenance the sale of it, though it might derive a large income from such a tax. The sacred literature of the Chinese is perfectly free from everything impure or offensive. There is not a line but might be read aloud in any family circle in England. All immoral ceremonies in idol worship are forbidden. M. Huc says that the birth of a daughter is counted a disaster in China; but well-informed travellers tell us that fathers go about with little daughters on their arms, as proud and pleased as a European father could be.

Slavery and concubinage exist in China, and the husband has absolute power over his wife, even of life and death. These customs tend to demoralize the Chinese, and are a source of great evil. Woman is the slave of man. The exception to this is in the case of a mother. She is absolute in her household, and mothers, in China, command

universal reverence. If an officer asks leave of absence to visit his mother, it must be granted him. A mother may order an official to take her son to prison, and she must be obeyed. As a wife without children woman is a slave, but as a mother with grown-up sons she is a monarch.

Two extraordinary events have occurred in our day in China, the results of which may be of the utmost importance to the nation and to mankind. The one is the Tae-ping insurrection, the other the diplomatic mission of Mr. Burlingame to the Western world. Whatever may be the immediate issue of the great insurrection of our day against the Tartar dynasty, it will remain a phenomenon of the utmost significance. There is no doubt, notwithstanding the general opinion to the contrary, that it has been a religious movement, proceeding from a single mind deeply moved by the reading of the Bible. The hostility of the Chinese to the present Mantchoo Tartar monarchs no doubt aided it; but there has been in it an element of power from the beginning, derived, like that of the Puritans, from its religious enthusiasm. Its leader, the Heavenly Prince, Hung-sew-tseuen, son of a poor peasant living thirty miles northeast of Canton, received a tract, containing extracts from the Chinese Bible of Dr. Morrison, from a Chinese tract distributor in the streets of Canton. This was in 1833, when he was about twenty years of age. He took the book home, looked over it carelessly, and threw it aside. Disappointed of his degree at two competitive examinations, he fell sick, and saw a vision of an old man, saying: "I am the Creator of all things. Go and do my work." After this vision six years passed by, when the English war broke out, and the English fleet took the Chinese forts in the river of Canton. Such a great national calamity indicated, according to Chinese ideas, something rotten in the government; and such success on the part of the English showed that, in some way, they were fulfilling the will of Heaven. This

* Meadows, p. 28.

† Ibid. p. 18.

led Hung-sew-tseuen to peruse again his Christian books; and alone, with no guide, he became a sincere believer in Christ, after a fashion of his own. God was the Creator of all things, and the Supreme Father. Jesus was the Elder Brother and heavenly Teacher of mankind. Idolatry was to be overthrown, virtue to be practised. Hung-sew-tseuen believed that the Bible confirmed his former visions. He accepted his mission, and began to make converts. All his converts renounced idolatry, and gave up the worship of Confucius. They travelled to and fro teaching, and formed a society of "God-worshippers." The first convert, Fung-yun-san, became its most ardent missionary and its disinterested preacher. Hung-sew-tseuen returned home, went to Canton, and there met Mr. Roberts, an American missionary, who was induced by false charges to refuse him Christian baptism. But he, without being offended with Mr. Roberts, went home and taught his converts how to baptize themselves. The society of "God-worshippers" increased in number. Some of them were arrested for destroying idols, and among them Fung-yun-san, who, however, on his way to prison, converted the policemen by his side. These new converts set him at liberty and went away with him as his disciples. Various striking phenomena occurred in this society. Men fell into a state of ecstasy and delivered exhortations. Sick persons were cured by the power of prayer. The teachings of these ecstasies were tested by Scripture; if found to agree therewith, they were accepted; if not, rejected.

It was in October, 1850, that this religious movement assumed a political form. A large body of persons, in a state of chronic rebellion against the Chinese authorities, had fled into the district, and joined the "God-worshippers." Pursued by the imperial soldiers, they were protected against them. Hence war began. The leaders of the religious movement found themselves compelled to choose between submission and resistance. They resisted,

and the great insurrection began. But in China an insurrection against the dynasty is in the natural order of things. Indeed it may be said to be a part of the constitution. By the Sacred Books, taught in all the schools and made a part of the examination papers, it is the duty of the people to overthrow any bad government. The Chinese have no power to legislate, do not tax themselves, and the government is a pure autocracy. But it is not a despotism; for old usages make a constitution, which the government must respect or be overthrown. "The right to rebel," says Mr. Meadows, "is in China a chief element of national stability." The Tae-ping (or Universal-Peace) Insurrection has shown its religious character throughout. It has not been cruel, except in retaliation. At the taking of Nan-king orders were given to put all the women together and protect them, and any one doing them an injury was punished with death. Before the attack on Nan-king a large body of the insurgents knelt down and prayed, and then rose and fought, like the soldiers of Cromwell. The aid of a large body of rebels was refused, because they did not renounce idolatry, and continued to allow the use of opium. Hymns of praise to the Heavenly Father and Elder Brother were chanted in the camp. And the head of the insurrection distinctly announced that, in case it succeeded, the Bible would be substituted in all public examinations for office in the place of Confucius. This would cause the Bible to be at once studied by all candidates for office among three hundred and sixty millions of people. It would constitute the greatest event in the history of Christianity since the days of Constantine, or at least since the conversion of the Teutonic races. The rebellion has perhaps failed; but great results must follow this immense interest in Christianity in the heart of China,—an interest awakened by no Christian mission, whether Catholic or Protestant, but coming down into this great nation like the rain from heaven.

Of the other great event,—that of

China coming forth from its long seclusion to take the hand of European governments, and join the sisterhood of civilized states,—we will say nothing here, waiting for further results. But this at least is evident, that, in choosing the United States for its agent and friendly introducer, it has chosen wisely. The United States is the only great government which has no interest in

China except to maintain the autonomy of China. We do not wish for any of her territory. We do not desire to interfere with her customs or laws. We ask only for peaceful and equal commerce; and it is not likely that any European power will venture to treat her, with the United States for an ally and friend, as a nation having no rights which Christians are bound to respect.

THE FIRST CRICKET.

AH me! is it then true that the year has waxed unto waning,
And that so soon must remain nothing but lapse and decay,—
Earliest cricket, that out of the midsummer midnight complaining,
All the faint summer in me takest with subtle dismay?

Though thou bringest no dream of frost to the flowers that slumber,
Though no tree for its leaves, doomed of thy voice, maketh moan;
With the unconscious earth's boded evil my soul thou dost cumber,
And in the year's lost youth makest me still lose my own.

Answerest thou, that when nights of December are blackest and bleakest,—
And when the fervid grate feigns me a May in my room,
And by my hearthstone gay, as now sad in my garden, thou creakest,—
Thou wilt again give me all,—dew and fragrance and bloom?

Nay, little poet! full many a cricket I have that is willing,
If I but take him down out of his place on my shelf,
Me blither lays to sing than the blithest known to thy shrilling,
Full of the rapture of life, May, morn, hope, and — himself:

Leaving me only the sadder; for never one of my singers
Lures back the bee to his feast, calls back the bird to his tree.
Hast thou no art can make me believe, while the summer yet lingers,
Better than bloom that has been red leaf and sere that must be?

GABRIELLE DE BERGERAC.

PART III.

A WEEK after this memorable visit to Fossy, in emulation of my good preceptor, I treated my friends, or myself at least, to a five minutes' fright. Wandering beside the river one day when Coquelin had been detained within doors to overlook some accounts for my father, I amused myself, where the bank projected slightly over the stream, with kicking the earth away in fragments, and watching it borne down the current. The result may be anticipated: I came very near going the way of those same fragments. I lost my foothold and fell into the stream, which, however, was so shallow as to offer no great obstacle to self-preservation. I scrambled ashore, wet to the bone, and, feeling rather ashamed of my misadventure, skulked about in the fields for a couple of hours, in my dripping clothes. Finally, there being no sun and my garments remaining inexorably damp, my teeth began to chatter and my limbs to ache. I went home and surrendered myself. Here again the result may be foreseen: the next day I was laid up with a high fever.

Mlle. de Bergerac, as I afterwards learned, immediately appointed herself my nurse, removed me from my little sleeping-closet to her own room, and watched me with the most tender care. My illness lasted some ten days, my convalescence a week. When I began to mend, my bed was transferred to an unoccupied room adjoining my aunt's. Here, late one afternoon, I lay languidly singling to myself and watching the western sunbeams shimmering on the opposite wall. If you were ever ill as a child, you will remember such moments. You look by the hour at your thin, white hands; you listen to the sounds in the house, the opening of doors and the tread of feet; you murmur strange odds and ends of talk; and you watch the fading of the day and

the dark flowering of the night. Presently my aunt came in, introducing Coquelin, whom she left by my bedside. He sat with me a long time, talking in the old, kind way, and gradually lulled me to sleep with the gentle murmur of his voice. When I awoke again it was night. The sun was quenched on the opposite wall, but through a window on the same side came a broad ray of moonlight. In the window sat Coquelin, who had apparently not left the room. Near him was Mlle. de Bergerac.

Some time elapsed between my becoming conscious of their presence and my distinguishing the sense of the words that were passing between them. When I did so, if I had reached the age when one ponders and interprets what one hears, I should readily have perceived that since those last thrilling moments at Fossy their friendship had taken a very long step, and that the secret of each heart had changed place with its mate. But even now there was little that was careless and joyous in their young love; the first words of Mlle. de Bergerac that I distinguished betrayed the sombre tinge of their passion.

"I don't care what happens now," she said. "It will always be something to have lived through these days."

"You're stronger than I, then," said Coquelin. "I have n't the courage to defy the future. I'm afraid to think of it. Ah, why can't we make a future of our own?"

"It would be a greater happiness than we have a right to. Who are you, Pierre Coquelin, that you should claim the right to marry the girl you love, when she's a demoiselle de Bergerac to begin with? And who am I, that I should expect to have deserved a greater blessing than that one look of your eyes, which I shall never, never forget? It is more than enough to watch you

and pray for you and worship you in silence."

"What am I? what are you? We are two honest mortals, who have a perfect right to repudiate the blessings of God. If ever a passion deserved its reward, mademoiselle, it's the absolute love I bear you. It's not a spasm, a miracle, or a delusion; it's the most natural emotion of my nature."

"We don't live in a natural world, Coquelin. If we did, there would be no need of concealing this divine affection. Great heaven! who's natural? Is it my sister-in-law? Is it M. de Treuil? Is it my brother? My brother is sometimes so natural that he's brutal. Is it I myself? There are moments when I'm afraid of my nature."

It was too dark for me to distinguish my companions' faces in the course of this singular dialogue; but it's not hard to imagine how, as my aunt uttered these words, with a burst of sombre *naïveté*, her lover must have turned upon her face the puzzled brightness of his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"*Mon Dieu!* think how I have lived! What a senseless, thoughtless, passionless life! What solitude, ignorance, and languor! What trivial duties and petty joys! I have fancied myself happy at times, for it was God's mercy that I did not know what I lacked. But now that my soul begins to stir and throb and live, it shakes me with its mighty pulsations. I feel as if in the mere wantonness of strength and joy it might drive me to some extravagance. I seem to feel myself making a great rush, with my eyes closed and my heart in my throat. And then the earth sinks away from under my feet, and in my ears is the sound of a dreadful tumult."

"Evidently we have very different ways of feeling. For you our love is action, passion; for me it's rest. For you it's romance; for me it's reality. For me it's a necessity; for you (how shall I say it?) it's a luxury. In point of fact, mademoiselle, how should it be otherwise? When a demoiselle de Bergerac bestows her heart upon an

obscure adventurer, a man born in poverty and servitude, it's a matter of charity, of noble generosity."

Mlle. de Bergerac received this speech in silence, and for some moments nothing was said. At last she resumed: "After all that has passed between us, Coquelin, it seems to me a matter neither of generosity nor of charity to allude again to that miserable fact of my birth."

"I was only trying to carry out your own idea, and to get at the truth with regard to our situation. If our love is worth a straw, we need not be afraid of that. Is not it true — blessedly true, perhaps, for all I know — that you shrink a little from taking me as I am? Except for my character, I'm so little! It's impossible to be less of a *personage*. You can't quite reconcile it to your dignity to love a nobody, so you fling over your weakness a veil of mystery and romance and exaltation. You regard your passion, perhaps, as more of an escapade, an adventure, than it needs to be."

"My 'nobody,'" said Mlle. de Bergerac, gently, "is a very wise man, and a great philosopher. I don't understand a word you say."

"Ah, so much the better!" said Coquelin with a little laugh.

"Will you promise me," pursued the young girl, "never again by word or deed to allude to the difference of our birth? If you refuse, I shall consider you an excellent pedagogue, but no lover."

"Will you in return promise me —"

"Promise you what?"

Coquelin was standing before her, looking at her, with folded arms. "Promise me likewise to forget it!"

Mlle. de Bergerac stared a moment, and also rose to her feet. "Forget it! Is this generous?" she cried. "Is it delicate? I had pretty well forgot it, I think, on that dreadful day at Fos-sy!" Her voice trembled and swelled; she burst into tears. Coquelin attempted to remonstrate, but she motioned him aside, and swept out of the room.

It must have been a very genuine passion between these two, you'll observe, to allow this handling without gloves. Only a plant of hardy growth could have endured this chilling blast of discord and disputation. Ultimately, indeed, its effect seemed to have been to fortify and consecrate their love. This was apparent several days later; but I know not what manner of communication they had had in the interval. I was much better, but I was still weak and languid. Mlle. de Bergerac brought me my breakfast in bed, and then, having helped me to rise and dress, led me out into the garden, where she had caused a chair to be placed in the shade. While I sat watching the bees and butterflies, and pulling the flowers to pieces, she strolled up and down the alley close at hand, taking slow stitches in a piece of embroidery. We had been so occupied about ten minutes, when Coquelin came towards us from his lodge, — by appointment, evidently, for this was a roundabout way to the house. Mlle. de Bergerac met him at the end of the path, where I could not hear what they said, but only see their gestures. As they came along together, she raised both hands to her ears, and shook her head with vehemence, as if to refuse to listen to what he was urging. When they drew near my resting-place, she had interrupted him.

"No, no, no!" she cried, "I will never forget it to my dying-day. How should I? How can I look at you without remembering it? It's in your face, your figure, your movements, the tones of your voice. It's you, — it's what I love in you! It was that which went through my heart that day at Fossy. It was the look, the tone, with which you called the place horrible; it was your bitter plebeian hate. When you spoke of the misery and baseness of your race, I could have cried out in an anguish of love! When I contradicted you, and pretended that I prized and honored all these tokens of your servitude, — just heaven! you know now what my words were worth!"

Coquelin walked beside her with his

hands clasped behind him, and his eyes fixed on the ground with a look of repressed sensibility. He passed his poor little convalescent pupil without heeding him. When they came down the path again, the young girl was still talking with the same feverish volubility.

"But most of all, the first day, the first hour, when you came up the avenue to my brother! I had never seen any one like you. I had seen others, but you had something that went to my soul. I devoured you with my eyes, — your dusty clothes, your uncombed hair, your pale face, the way you held yourself not to seem tired. I went down on my knees, then; I have n't been up since."

The poor girl, you see, was completely possessed by her passion, and yet she was in a very strait place. For her life she would n't recede; and yet how was she to advance? There must have been an odd sort of simplicity in her way of bestowing her love; or perhaps you'll think it an odd sort of subtlety. It seems plain to me now, as I tell the story, that Coquelin, with his perfect good sense, was right, and that there was, at this moment, a large element of romance in the composition of her feelings. She seemed to feel no desire to realize her passion. Her hand was already bestowed; fate was inexorable. She wished simply to compress a world of bliss into her few remaining hours of freedom.

The day after this interview in the garden I came down to dinner; on the next I sat up to supper, and for some time afterwards, thanks to my aunt's preoccupation of mind. On rising from the table, my father left the château; my mother, who was ailing, returned to her room. Coquelin disappeared, under pretence of going to his own apartments; but, Mlle. de Bergerac having taken me into the drawing-room and detained me there some minutes, he shortly rejoined us.

"Great heaven, mademoiselle, this must end!" he cried, as he came into the room. "I can stand it no longer."

"Nor can I," said my aunt. "But I have given my word."

"Take back your word, then! Write him a letter—go to him—send me to him—anything! I can't stay here on the footing of a thief and an impostor. I'll do anything," he continued, as she was silent. "I'll go to him in person; I'll go to your brother; I'll go to your sister even. I'll proclaim it to the world. Or, if you don't like that, I'll keep it a mortal secret. I'll leave the château with you without an hour's delay. I'll defy pursuit and discovery. We'll go to America,—anywhere you wish, if it's only action. Only spare me the agony of seeing you drift along into that man's arms."

Mlle. de Bergerac made no reply for some moments. At last, "I will never marry M. de Treuil," she said.

To this declaration Coquelin made no response; but after a pause, "Well, well, well?" he cried.

"Ah, you're pitiless!" said the young girl.

"No, mademoiselle, from the bottom of my heart I pity you."

"Well, then, think of all you ask! Think of the inexpiable criminality of my love. Think of me standing here,—here before my mother's portrait,—murmuring out my shame, scorched by my sister's scorn, buffeted by my brother's curses! Gracious heaven, Coquelin, suppose after all I were a bad, hard girl!"

"I'll suppose nothing; this is no time for hair-splitting." And then, after a pause, as if with a violent effort, in a voice hoarse and yet soft: "Gabrielle, passion is blind. Reason alone is worth a straw. I'll not counsel you in passion, let us wait till reason comes to us." He put out his hand; she gave him her own; he pressed it to his lips and departed.

On the following day, as I still professed myself too weak to resume my books, Coquelin left the château alone, after breakfast, for a long walk. He was going, I suppose, into the woods and meadows in quest of Reason. She was hard to find, apparently, for he

failed to return to dinner. He reappeared, however, at supper, but now my father was absent. My mother, as she left the table, expressed the wish that Mlle. de Bergerac should attend her to her own room. Coquelin, meanwhile, went with me into the great saloon, and for half an hour talked to me gravely and kindly about my studies, and questioned me on what we had learned before my illness. At the end of this time Mlle. de Bergerac returned.

"I got this letter to-day from M. de Treuil," she said, and offered him a missive which had apparently been handed to her since dinner.

"I don't care to read it," he said.

She tore it across and held the pieces to the flame of the candle. "He is to be here to-morrow," she added finally.

"Well?" asked Coquelin gravely.

"You know my answer."

"Your answer to him, perfectly. But what is your answer to me?"

She looked at him in silence. They stood for a minute, their eyes locked together. And then, in the same posture,—her arms loose at her sides, her head slightly thrown back,—"To you," she said, "my answer is—farewell."

The word was little more than whispered; but, though he heard it, he neither started nor spoke. He stood unmoved, all his soul trembling under his brows and filling the space between his mistress and himself with a sort of sacred stillness. Then, gradually, his head sank on his breast, and his eyes dropped on the ground.

"It's reason," the young girl began. "Reason has come to me. She tells me that if I marry in my brother's despite, and in opposition to all the traditions that have been kept sacred in my family, I shall neither find happiness nor give it. I must choose the simplest course. The other is a gulf; I can't leap it. It's harder than you think. Something in the air forbids it,—something in the very look of these old walls, within which I was born and I've lived. I shall never marry; I shall go into religion. I tried

to fling away my name ; it was sowing dragons' teeth. I don't ask you to forgive me. It's small enough comfort that you should have the right to think of me as a poor, weak heart. Keep repeating that: it will console you. I shall not have the compensation of doubting the perfection of what I love."

Coquelin turned away in silence. Mlle. de Bergerac sprang after him. "In Heaven's name," she cried, "say something! Rave, storm, swear, but don't let me think I've broken your heart."

"My heart's sound," said Coquelin, almost with a smile. "I regret nothing that has happened. O, how I love you!"

The young girl buried her face in her hands.

"This end," he went on, "is doubtless the only possible one. It's thinking very lightly of life to expect any other. After all, what call had I to interrupt your life, — to burden you with a trouble, a choice, a decision? As much as anything that I have ever known in you I admire your beautiful delicacy of conscience."

"Ah," said the young girl, with a moan, "don't kill me with fine names!"

And then came the farewell. "I feel," said poor Coquelin, "that I can't see you again. We must not meet. I will leave Bergerac immediately, — to-night, — under pretext of having been summoned home by my mother's illness. In a few days I will write to your brother that circumstances forbid me to return."

My own part in this painful interview I shall not describe at length. When it began to dawn upon my mind that my friend was actually going to disappear, I was seized with a convulsion of rage and grief. "Ah," cried Mlle. de Bergerac bitterly, "that was all that was wanting!" What means were taken to restore me to composure, what promises were made me, what pious deception was practised, I forget; but, when at last I came to my senses, Coquelin had made his exit.

My aunt took me by the hand and

prepared to lead me up to bed, fearing naturally that my ruffled aspect and swollen visage would arouse suspicion. At this moment I heard the clatter of hoofs in the court, mingled with the sound of voices. From the window, I saw M. de Treuil and my father alighting from horseback. Mlle. de Bergerac, apparently, made the same observation; she dropped my hand and sank down in a chair. She was not left long in suspense. Perceiving a light in the saloon, the two gentlemen immediately made their way to this apartment. They came in together, arm in arm, the Vicomte dressed in mourning. Just within the threshold they stopped; my father disengaged his arm, took his companion by the hand and led him to Mlle. de Bergerac. She rose to her feet as you may imagine a sitting statue to rise. The Vicomte bent his knee.

"At last, mademoiselle," said he, — "sooner than I had hoped, — my long probation is finished."

The young girl spoke, but no one would have recognized her voice. "I fear, M. le Vicomte," she said, "that it has only begun."

The Vicomte broke into a harsh, nervous laugh.

"Fol de rol, mademoiselle," cried my father, "your pleasantry is in very bad taste."

But the Vicomte had recovered himself. "Mademoiselle is quite right," he declared; "she means that I must now begin to deserve my happiness." This little speech showed a very brave fancy. It was in flagrant discord with the expression of the poor girl's figure, as she stood twisting her hands together and rolling her eyes, — an image of sombre desperation.

My father felt there was a storm in the air. "M. le Vicomte is in mourning for M. de Sorbières," he said. "M. le Vicomte is his sole legatee. He comes to exact the fulfilment of your promise."

"I made no promise," said Mlle. de Bergerac.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle; you gave your word that you'd wait for me."

"Gracious heaven!" cried the young girl; "have n't I waited for you!"

"*Ma toute belle,*" said the Baron, trying to keep his angry voice within the compass of an undertone, and reducing it in the effort to a very ugly whisper, "if I had supposed you were going to make us a scene, *nom de Dieu!* I would have taken my precautions beforehand! You know what you're to expect. Vicomte, keep her to her word. I'll give you half an hour. Come, Chevalier." And he took me by the hand.

We had crossed the threshold and reached the hall, when I heard the Vicomte give a long moan, half plaintive, half indignant. My father turned, and answered with a fierce, inarticulate cry, which I can best describe as a roar. He straightway retraced his steps, I, of course, following. Exactly what, in the brief interval, had passed between our companions I am unable to say; but it was plain that Mlle. de Bergerac, by some cruelly unerring word or act, had discharged the bolt of her refusal. Her gallant lover had sunk into a chair, burying his face in his hands, and stamping his feet on the floor in a frenzy of disappointment. She stood regarding him in a sort of helpless, distant pity. My father had been going to break out into a storm of imprecations; but he suppressed them, and folded his arms.

"And now, mademoiselle," he said, "will you be so good as to inform me of your intentions."

Beneath my father's gaze the softness passed out of my aunt's face and gave place to an angry defiance, which he must have recognized as cousin-german, at least, to the passion in his own breast. "My intentions had been," she said, "to let M. le Vicomte know that I could n't marry him, with as little offence as possible. But you seem determined, my brother, to thrust in a world of offence somewhere."

You must not blame Mlle. de Bergerac for the sting of her retort. She foresaw a hard fight; she had only sprung to her arms.

My father looked at the wretched Vicomte, as he sat sobbing and stamping like a child. His bosom was wrung with pity for his friend. "Look at that dear Gaston, that charming man, and blush for your audacity."

"I know a great deal more about my audacity than you, brother. I might tell you things that would surprise you."

"Gabrielle, you are mad!" the Baron broke out.

"Perhaps I am," said the young girl. And then, turning to M. de Treuil, in a tone of exquisite reproach, "M. le Vicomte, you suffer less well than I had hoped."

My father could endure no more. He seized his sister by her two wrists, so that beneath the pressure her eyes filled with tears. "Heartless fool!" he cried, "do you know what I can do to you?"

"I can imagine, from this specimen," said the poor creature.

The Baron was beside himself with passion. "Down, down on your knees," he went on, "and beg our pardon all round for your senseless, shameless perversity!" As he spoke, he increased the pressure of his grasp to that degree that, after a vain struggle to free herself, she uttered a scream of pain. The Vicomte sprang to his feet. "In heaven's name, Gabrielle," he cried, — and it was the only real *naïveté* that he had ever uttered, — "is n't it all a horrible jest?"

Mlle. de Bergerac shook her head. "It seems hard, Vicomte," she said, "that I should be answerable for your happiness."

"You hold it there in your hand. Think of what I suffer. To have lived for weeks in the hope of this hour, and to find it what you would fain make it! To have dreamed of rapturous bliss, and to wake to find it hideous misery! Think of it once again!"

"She shall have a chance to think of it," the Baron declared; "she shall think of it quite at her ease. Go to your room, mademoiselle, and remain there till further notice."

Gabrielle prepared to go, but, as she

moved away, "I used to fear you, brother," she said with homely scorn, "but I don't fear you now. Judge whether it's because I love you more!"

"Gabrielle," the Vicomte cried out, "I have n't given you up."

"Your feelings are your own, M. le Vicomte. I would have given more than I can say rather than have caused you to suffer. Your asking my hand has been the great honor of my life; my withholding it has been the great trial." And she walked out of the room with the step of unacted tragedy. My father, with an oath, despatched me to bed in her train. Heavy-headed with the recent spectacle of so much half-apprehended emotion, I speedily fell asleep.

I was aroused by the sound of voices, and the grasp of a heavy hand on my shoulder. My father stood before me, holding a candle, with M. de Treuil beside him. "Chevalier," he said, "open your eyes like a man, and come to your senses."

Thus exhorted, I sat up and stared. The Baron sat down on the edge of the bed. "This evening," he began, "before the Vicomte and I came in, were you alone with your aunt?" — My dear friend, you see the scene from here. I answered with the cruel directness of my years. Even if I had had the wit to dissemble, I should have lacked the courage. Of course I had no story to tell. I had drawn no inferences; I did n't say that my tutor was my aunt's lover. I simply said that he had been with us after supper, and that he wanted my aunt to go away with him. Such was my part in the play. I see the whole picture again, — my father brandishing the candlestick, and devouring my words with his great flaming eyes; and the Vicomte behind, portentously silent, with his black clothes and his pale face.

They had not been three minutes out of the room when the door leading to my aunt's chamber opened and Mlle. de Bergerac appeared. She had heard sounds in my apartment, and suspected the visit of the gentlemen and its mo-

tive. She immediately won from me the recital of what I had been forced to avow. "Poor Chevalier," she cried, for all commentary. And then, after a pause, "What made them suspect that M. Coquelin had been with us?"

"They saw him, or some one, leave the château as they came in."

"And where have they gone now?"

"To supper. My father said to M. de Treuil that first of all they must sup."

Mlle. de Bergerac stood a moment in meditation. Then suddenly, "Get up, Chevalier," she said, "I want you to go with me."

"Where are you going?"

"To M. Coquelin's."

I needed no second admonition. I hustled on my clothes; Mlle. de Bergerac left the room and immediately returned, clad in a light mantle. We made our way undiscovered to one of the private entrances of the château, hurried across the park and found a light in the window of Coquelin's lodge. It was about half past nine. Mlle. de Bergerac gave a loud knock at the door, and we entered her lover's apartment.

Coquelin was seated at his table writing. He sprang to his feet with a cry of amazement. Mlle. de Bergerac stood panting, with one hand pressed to her heart, while rapidly moving the other as if to enjoin calmness.

"They are come back," she began, — "M. de Treuil and my brother!"

"I thought he was to come to-morrow. Was it a deception?"

"Ah, no! not from him, — an accident. Pierre Coquelin, I've had such a scene! But it's not your fault."

"What made the scene?"

"My refusal, of course."

"You turned off the Vicomte?"

"Holy Virgin! You ask me?"

"Unhappy girl!" cried Coquelin.

"No, I was a happy girl to have had a chance to act as my heart bade me. I had faltered enough. But it was hard!"

"It's all hard."

"The hardest is to come," said my aunt. She put out her hand; he sprang

to her and seized it, and she pressed his own with vehemence. "They have discovered our secret, — don't ask how. It was Heaven's will. From this moment, of course —"

"From this moment, of course," cried Coquelin, "I stay where I am!"

With an impetuous movement she raised his hand to her lips and kissed it. "You stay where you are. We have nothing to conceal, but we have nothing to avow. We have no confessions to make. Before God we have done our duty. You may expect them, I fancy, to-night; perhaps, too, they will honor me with a visit. They are supping between two battles. They will attack us with fury, I know; but let them dash themselves against our silence as against a wall of stone. I have taken my stand. My love, my errors, my longings, are my own affair. My reputation is a sealed book. Woe to him who would force it open!"

The poor girl had said once, you know, that she was afraid of her nature. Assuredly it had now sprung erect in its strength; it came hurrying into action on the wings of her indignation. "Remember, Coquelin," she went on, "you are still and always my friend. You are the guardian of my weakness, the support of my strength."

"Say it all, Gabrielle!" he cried. "I'm for ever and ever your lover!"

Suddenly, above the music of his voice, there came a great rattling knock at the door. Coquelin sprang forward; it opened in his face and disclosed my father and M. de Treuil. I have no words in my dictionary, no images in my rhetoric, to represent the sudden horror that leaped into my father's face as his eye fell upon his sister. He staggered back a step and then stood glaring, until his feelings found utterance in a single word: "*Coureuse!*" I have never been able to look upon the word as trivial since that moment.

The Vicomte came striding past him into the room, like a bolt of lightning from a rumbling cloud, quivering with baffled desire, and looking taller by the head for his passion. "And it was for

this, mademoiselle," he cried, "and for *that!*" and he flung out a scornful hand toward Coquelin. "For a beggarly, boorish, ignorant pedagogue!"

Coquelin folded his arms. "Address me directly, M. le Vicomte," he said; "don't fling mud at me over mademoiselle's head."

"You? Who are you?" hissed the nobleman. "A man does n't address you; he sends his lackeys to flog you!"

"Well, M. le Vicomte, you're complete," said Coquelin, eying him from head to foot.

"Complete?" and M. de Treuil broke into an almost hysterical laugh. "I only lack having married your mistress!"

"Ah!" cried Mlle. de Bergerac.

"O, you poor, insensate fool!" said Coquelin.

"Heaven help me," the young man went on, "I'm ready to marry her still."

While these words were rapidly exchanged, my father stood choking with the confusion of amazement and rage. He was stupefied at his sister's audacity, — at the dauntless spirit which ventured to flaunt its shameful passion in the very face of honor and authority. Yet that simple interjection which I have quoted from my aunt's lips stirred a secret tremor in his heart; it was like the striking of some magic silver bell, portending monstrous things. His passion faltered, and, as his eyes glanced upon my innocent head (which, it must be confessed, was sadly out of place in that pernicious scene), alighted on this smaller wrong. "The next time you go on your adventures, mademoiselle," he cried, "I'd thank you not to pollute my son by dragging him at your skirts."

"I'm not sorry to have my family present," said the young girl, who had had time to collect her thoughts. "I should be glad even if my sister were here. I wish simply to bid you farewell."

Coquelin, at these words, made a step towards her. She passed her hand through his arm. "Things have taken place — and chiefly within the last moment — which change the face

of the future. You've done the business, brother," and she fixed her glittering eyes on the Baron; "you've driven me back on myself. I spared you, but you never spared me. I cared for my name; you loaded it with dishonor. I chose between happiness and duty,—duty as you would have laid it down: I preferred duty. But now that happiness has become one with simple safety from violence and insult, I go back to happiness. I give you back your name; though I have kept it more jealously than you. I have another ready for me. O Messieurs!" she cried, with a burst of rapturous exaltation, "for what you have done to me I thank you."

My father began to groan and tremble. He had grasped my hand in his own, which was clammy with perspiration. "For the love of God, Gabrielle," he implored, "or the fear of the Devil, speak so that a sickened, maddened Christian can understand you! For what purpose did you come here to-night?"

"*Mon Dieu*, it's a long story. You made short work with it. I might in justice do as much. I came here, brother, to guard my reputation, and not to lose it."

All this while my father had neither looked at Coquelin nor spoken to him, either because he thought him not worth his words, or because he had kept some transcendent insult in reserve. Here my governor broke in. "It seems to me time, M. le Baron, that I should inquire the purpose of your own visit."

My father stared a moment. "I came, M. Coquelin, to take you by the shoulders and eject you through that door, with the further impulsion, if necessary, of a vigorous kick."

"Good! And M. le Vicomte?"

"M. le Vicomte came to see it done."

"Perfect! A little more and you had come too late. I was on the point of leaving Bergerac. I can put the story into three words. I have been so happy as to secure the affections of Mlle. de Bergerac. She asked herself,

devoutly, what course of action was possible under the circumstances. She decided that the only course was that we should immediately separate. I had no hesitation in bringing my residence with M. le Chevalier to a sudden close. I was to have quitted the château early to-morrow morning, leaving mademoiselle at absolute liberty. With her refusal of M. de Treuil I have nothing to do. Her action in this matter seems to have been strangely precipitated, and my own departure anticipated in consequence. It was at her adjuration that I was preparing to depart. She came here this evening to command me to stay. In our relations there was nothing that the world had a right to lay a finger upon. From the moment that they were suspected it was of the first importance to the security and sanctity of Mlle. de Bergerac's position that there should be no appearance on my part of elusion or flight. The relations I speak of had ceased to exist; there was, therefore, every reason why for the present I should retain my place. Mlle. de Bergerac had been here some three minutes, and had just made known her wishes, when you arrived with the honorable intentions which you avow, and under that illusion the perfect stupidity of which is its least reproach. In my own turn, Messieurs, I thank you!"

"Gabrielle," said my father, as Coquelin ceased speaking, "the long and short of it appears to be that after all you need n't marry this man. Am I to understand that you intend to?"

"Brother, I mean to marry M. Coquelin."

My father stood looking from the young girl to her lover. The Vicomte walked to the window, as if he were in want of air. The night was cool and the window closed. He tried the sash, but for some reason it resisted. Whereupon he raised his sword-hilt and with a violent blow shivered a pane into fragments. The Baron went on: "On what do you propose to live?"

"It's for me to propose," said Coquelin. "My wife shall not suffer."

"Whither do you mean to go?"

"Since you're so good as to ask, — to Paris."

My father had got back his fire. "Well, then," he cried, "my bitterest unforgiveness go with you, and turn your unholy pride to abject woe! My sister may marry a base-born vagrant if she wants, but I shall not give her away. I hope you'll enjoy the mud in which you've planted yourself. I hope your marriage will be blessed in the good old fashion, and that you'll regard philosophically the sight of a half-dozen starving children. I hope you'll enjoy the company of chandlers and cobblers and scribblers!" The Baron could go no further. "Ah, my sister!" he half exclaimed. His voice broke; he gave a great convulsive sob, and fell into a chair.

"Coquelin," said my aunt, "take me back to the château."

As she walked to the door, her hand in the young man's arm, the Vicomte turned short about from the window, and stood with his drawn sword, grimacing horribly.

"Not if I can help it!" he cried through his teeth, and with a sweep of his weapon he made a savage thrust at the young girl's breast. Coquelin, with equal speed, sprang before her, threw out his arm, and took the blow just below the elbow.

"Thank you, M. le Vicomte," he

said, "for the chance of calling you a coward! There was something I wanted."

Mlle. de Bergerac spent the night at the château, but by early dawn she had disappeared. Whither Coquelin betook himself with his gratitude and his wound, I know not. He lay, I suppose, at some neighboring farmer's. My father and the Vicomte kept for an hour a silent, sullen vigil in my preceptor's vacant apartment, — for an hour and perhaps longer, for at the end of this time I fell asleep, and when I came to my senses, the next morning, I was in my own bed.

M. de Bergerac had finished his tale.

"But the marriage," I asked, after a pause, — "was it happy?"

"Reasonably so, I fancy. There is no doubt that Coquelin was an excellent fellow. They had three children, and lost them all. They managed to live. He painted portraits and did literary work.

"And his wife?"

"Her history, I take it, is that of all good wives: she loved her husband. When the Revolution came, they went into politics; but here, in spite of his base birth, Coquelin acted with that superior temperance which I always associate with his memory. He was no *sans-culotte*. They both went to the scaffold among the Girondists."

LOG-ROLLING AT WASHINGTON.

THERE is a tradition in Washington that the lobby arose while General Jackson was waging war against the last United States Bank, from 1830 to 1836. But lobbying is as ancient as governing. It is also as legitimate and necessary, since the governing power is in need of the special knowledge which it is the proper office of a lobby to supply. It is only when the governing

power is weak or corrupt or too transient, that there is danger of the lobby laying aside its modest office of supplying information, and assuming the mastery. As weak kings are governed by favorites and mistresses, so ill-constituted parliaments are governed by lobbies.

And, speaking of weak kings and their lobby of favorites, it was interesting to observe in Washington, during

the administration of Andrew Johnson, how the vices of the old courts reappeared with the circumstances that produced them. A recent writer gives a short description of the rapacious lobby that surrounded the Scotchman called James I., king of England, every word of which applies with exactness to the state of things in Washington during the two years ending March 4, 1869: "In addition to the officials whose pay was nearly nominal, the king was surrounded by a crowd of hungry courtiers whose pay was nothing at all. To them flocked day by day all who had any favor to beg, and who hoped that a little money judiciously expended would smooth the way before them. Some of the applicants, no doubt, were honest men, who merely wanted to get a chance of doing honest work. But there were not a few whose only object was to enrich themselves in some discreditable way, and who were ready to share the booty with those who would lend them a helping hand in their roguery." *

Every well-informed resident of Washington will recognize the literal truth of the description. Like king, like lobby. Johnson was probably not a corrupt man, in the lowest sense of the word. His refusal of the carriage and horses offered to him by his admirers may not have been the mere buncombe it was supposed to be; and he probably went home to Tennessee carrying with him only the savings of his salary, and the contempt of the universe. And yet he could hardly have been ignorant that prostitutes of one sex sold his pardons, and prostitutes of another sex sold his offices. James I. of England, who also had his pardon lobby and his "appointment lobby," was aware, probably, that his favorites sold him every day, and was perhaps not unwilling to enrich them in so economical a manner. There are people whose self-love is such that they can associate happily only with their worshippers, having always to be on their good behavior with equals, which is irksome. These flat-

terers of Johnson were a relief to him after consorting with gentlemen, and he freely paid them for their gossip and adulation with the goods intrusted to his administration. Around such men as James I. and Andrew Johnson — infirm of purpose and yet pig-headedly obstinate, ignorant but unteachable, bashful and vain, transplanted from a lower to a higher civilization — a corrupt and vulgar lobby naturally gathers; for there will always be an affinity, if not a resemblance, between the lobby and the power which it influences. When Cromwell was Protector, great Milton wrote the foreign despatches, — the alliance being natural between real power and special knowledge. Character raised the unlettered Washington to a genuine equality with the men around him, who knew so much more than he. Fancy *him* chatting familiarly on a sofa of the Presidential mansion with a woman of the street, or giving valuable appointments at the solicitation of a purchased renegade!

The founder of our Congressional lobby was Alexander Hamilton; and his great achievement as a log-roller was a perfect specimen of the art, both in its modes and its results. There was, it is true, a resolute and acrimonious lobby at the time of "*the Congress*," — the body that governed the thirteen States during the Revolutionary War; the Lee lobby, for example, that nearly succeeded in getting Franklin recalled from France, and would have done it but for the superior lobbying of the French minister. But, under the present Constitution, Hamilton was the great original lobbyist; and, as they still employ some of his methods of administration in the Treasury Department, so the Washington lobby still uses his tactics in carrying bills through Congress.

There were two distracting bills before Congress in the spring of 1790; one proposing that the general government should assume the debts (twenty-one millions of dollars in all) incurred by the several States during the Revolutionary War; the other a bill for removing the capital from New York

* Gardiner's Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage.

to Philadelphia, where it should remain ten years, and then be transferred to the shores of the Potomac. Neither of these bills could command a majority of both Houses. The creation of a city in the wilderness, far from every source of the supplies needful for a government, when commodious cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, abounding in every requisite, already existed, seemed to the disinterested portion of Congress just as absurd as it does to us; and the measure, on its merits, never could have been passed. The opposition to it, however, though decided enough, was mild and trifling compared with the abhorrence and disgust excited by the Assumption Bill. It is not easy for a student of the present day to account for the singular violence of this opposition to a measure which seems to us reasonable, natural, and just.

Except the Missouri Compromise struggle, this contest was, as Mr. Jefferson remarks, the "most bitter and angry ever known in Congress before or since the union of the States." Why? It was not the magnitude of the sum involved, although twenty-one millions in 1790 was as great an addition to the public burden as two hundred millions would be now. Nor were the debts of the two sections far from being equal. If Massachusetts owed four millions, so did South Carolina. New Hampshire and Georgia each owed three hundred thousand. Rhode Island and Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland, had each the same debt. Nothing was proposed but the cancellation of the State bonds and the issue of United States bonds in their stead; and this, because the debts had been incurred for the common cause.

The rancor of the Southern opposition arose partly from their State pride and their dread of centralization, but chiefly, as it seems, from their rustic, provincial detestation of what they called stock-jobbing. To the country gentlemen it seemed undeniable, that a man who bought a soldier's claim in 1789 at its market value, and sold it in

1790 at its market value, and thus gained two hundred dollars, had cheated a scarred veteran of the Revolution out of a portion of his nobly-earned "pittance" by "insidious arts." There were wild stories afloat of the fortunes made by New York speculators who had contrived to get early information of Hamilton's funding policy. It was said that, as soon as the passage of the Funding Bill became pretty certain, three swift pilot-boats had slipped out of harbor, winged for distant ports, to buy up the depreciated claims. "Couriers and relay-horses by land," says Jefferson, "and swift-sailing pilot-boats by sea, were flying in all directions." Members fully believed this, and doubtless the lobby was not inattentive to its interest on this occasion, and *did* turn its knowledge to account. Cruel wrong, no doubt, was done to war-worn patriots and lonely widows, ignorant of what was passing in New York; and country members did themselves honor by their eloquent disgust at such heartless spoliation. It was this feeling that caused the loss, by a small majority, of the Assumption Bill, which the Southern members regarded only as a device to supply the Wall Street of that day with twenty-one millions of additional material upon which to exercise its "insidious arts."

But, in the course of the long and most keenly contested debate on the bill, the commercial members, too, had become heated; so that, when the bill was rejected, the feeling of the House was such that it was impossible to go on with the public business. The House abruptly adjourned. It met the next day, and again adjourned without attempting to transact business. Congress met every morning for several days, Mr. Jefferson records, only to adjourn immediately, "the parties being too much out of temper to do business together," and some of the members threatening a "secession and dissolution."

Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, upon whose report the defeated bill had been founded, and of whose

system the assumption was an important part, was distressed and alarmed. But the resource of the lobby remained. In the nick of time he met in the street Mr. Jefferson, recently returned from France, and then Secretary of State. To him the anxious financier depicted the terms of the situation, "walking him backwards and forwards before the President's door for half an hour," and calling upon him as his colleague and the friend of General Washington to rally to the support of the administration, and save at once it, the measure, and the Union. As the bill had been lost by a very small majority, General Hamilton thought it probable that "an appeal" from so influential a Virginian "to the judgment and discretion of some of his friends might effect a change in the vote," and set the machine of government going again. "Come and dine with me to-morrow," said Mr. Jefferson, "and I will ask a friend or two to meet you, and we will talk it over."

Fatal dinner! How often, amid the dust and desolate vastness of Washington, its hopeless shabbiness, dullness, and dearth, have I wished that the soup that day had disagreed with these gentlemen, and they had been obliged to go home before the removal of the cloth had introduced the business of the occasion! But it did not. The dinner put the guests into a compliant humor. The city of Washington was destined to exist, first, as the capital of the country, and, after that, as a marble quarry for posterity, having the peculiarity of furnishing the marble ready cut. The discussion took place, and the company soon agreed that, whatever might be thought of assumption, disunion was worse, and that, therefore, the defeated bill must be reconsidered. But to effect this, some members must change their votes, must vote for a measure which they *hated*. This was a difficulty. The log was hard to roll, — "pill," Mr. Jefferson styles it. "It was observed," he says, "that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to the Southern States, and that

some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had before been propositions to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone; so two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but the former with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes; and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point."

Thus log-rolling began; or, as Mr. Jefferson would have named it, *pill-swallowing*. Thus originated the art of making honest and patriotic men vote for measures of which they violently disapproved. It is surprising that the art should have been carried so far toward perfection in the first specimen, which, the lobby will observe, contained many of the important elements; two measures, neither of which could pass, each favored and each opposed by the same interests; a compromise effected by social influence; the precise terms arranged at a dinner; and, finally, *mischievous result*, lasting, far-reaching, and irreparable. The evils resulting from assumption refuse to become apparent to a modern inquirer, although the democrats of the early day held the measure in execration, and continued to denounce it as long as they lived. But the evils which have flowed from "the concomitant measure" are evident enough, without reckoning the expense of providing a marble quarry of that singular character for posterity.

It is not surprising that a system begun by party leaders so distinguished should have been continued in a body every member of which comes to Washington in the double capacity of national representative and local claim-agent. Every member has charge of some local or private interest, on which he alone is fully informed, and which

cannot become the subject of a general debate. One wants a light-house on a rock which may wreck a fishing-smack in the course of ages. Another wishes his local harbor improved. Another desires increased protection on the fabric which his constituents manufacture. Very many are anxious for subsidies for branch railroads. Some are charged with the business of getting one more superfluous arsenal or navy-yard established. Most members feel a particular interest in some eminently reasonable claims upon the justice of Congress, which they are desirous to carry both for selfish and unselfish reasons. In many instances the private interest which a member has in charge is vital to him; for it sent him to Congress, keeps him there. Every member, therefore, has votes to exchange for votes; and it sometimes seems as if all legislation at Washington had degenerated into log-rolling. On almost any day in the latter half of a session a spectator may see specimens of all the three varieties of log-rolling, which are these: 1. Help me to roll my log, and I'll help you to roll yours. 2. If you don't help me to roll my log, I won't help you to roll yours. 3. If you hinder the rolling of my log, yours shall never budge.

It may be that one of the logs ought to roll, and the other ought not. In that case, a member of Congress is subjected to the kind of temptation to which men not exceptionally strong in character or position may be expected to yield. And it is in this way that the astounding votes of respectable members may usually be explained,—their votes for public as well as for private objects. It needs little reflection to understand what an advantage, under the log-rolling system, an unscrupulous, pushing member has over one of really superior powers who is troubled with modesty and conscience, and who has to legislate in a hall where calm debate is useless because inaudible. It is also easy to see how an unscrupulous administration can go into the lobby, and get votes for na-

tional measures by compelling its adherents to vote for private or local opes.

As a rule, the more objectionable a measure the more numerous its lobby. Gentlemen of the press, in Washington, who contemplate life from the reporters' gallery, say that the moral quality of a measure can usually be inferred from the buzz and stir that are to be observed about the Capitol when it is expected to come up. A revision of the tariff, for example, crowds the hotels and committee-rooms; but there is no lobby for international copyright. One man in Philadelphia, and one woman in Washington, sufficed to kill international copyright the winter before last; but President, Cabinet, Commissioner Wells, the Democrats, the Free-Trade League, the Evening Post, Charles Sumner, and the universe generally, proved unequal to the task of defeating the bill increasing the duty upon copper. Copper had a lobby.

For nearly thirty years after the invention of log-rolling over Mr. Jefferson's wine (he was a connoisseur in wine, and had imported some kinds from France that were new to his guests on this occasion), the log-rolling lobby generally exerted their powers upon objects which possessed a public character. The lobby, such as we see it now, came in with the protective system in 1816. The book of the tariff, that curiosity of literature, with all its pleasing contents from absinthe to zinc, is a monument to the zeal, skill, audacity, and perseverance of the log-rolling lobby. It used to be said, when the tariff was undergoing its quadrennial revision, that Congress consisted of three houses,—Senate, House, and Tariff Lobby. Even if the principle of protection were sound, our tariff is open to the fatal objection that the greater number of its provisions were arranged to suit private interests, not to promote the public good. Calico has had its lobby; and so have copper, iron, salt, wool, and every fabric made by man. It is the public that is not represented in the lobby when the tariff is undergoing manipulation. The pub-

lic has been represented only by that small number of members of Congress who are not identified with a private interest, and who have made a particular study of the laws of trade. In no legislature on earth have such members ever been a majority; and we must consequently look to the very lobby that created our tariff system for the influence that will gradually destroy it. Before many years have passed, we shall see the manufacturers of the United States clamoring for free trade; and then the lobby will change sides. American manufacturers will not always be content with a system that excludes them from the markets of the world, and which is a confession and proclamation of inferiority. It is possible, too, that, before the end of the present century, the art of self-government may have made such progress as to admit of the public being represented in Congress by a powerful and brilliant minority.

Meanwhile, some of the exploits of the tariff lobby are highly amusing; that is, they are amusing to the boys who throw the stones, and to the spectators that line the shore, but the pelted frogs do not find them laughable. A young firm, which has invested its all in a manufactory, is not amused to discover that the alteration of a line in the tariff list has killed enterprise and made property valueless. In the disinterested spectator, however, some of the incidents related in Mr. Commissioner Wells's report may excite a smile; particularly since the Protectionists in the House proclaimed that report unanswerable by attempting to rob its author of his pittance of a salary. The report being thus admitted to be correct by its opponents, its anecdotes have an additional value. "In carrying out the idea of protection," remarks Mr. Wells, "Congress has assumed that whatever is for the advantage of a private interest must be for the advantage of the public interest also." "The result has been," he continues, "a tariff based upon small issues, rather than upon any great na-

tional principle"; and this tariff, while it acts as a bad stimulant to some enterprises, is torpidity and death to others.

Amusing case in point. In 1864 American spool-thread makers discovered that some of their English rivals were evading the duty by sending over fine thread in skeins and hanks instead of winding it on spools as usual. A spool-thread lobby appeared in Washington, the result of which was that the tariff was amended with an eye single to the interests of American spool-thread manufacturers. A duty was placed upon unwound fine thread, that was equivalent to prohibition. All was joyous in the circles interested, until, on enforcing the new rates of duty, two disagreeable facts came to light. One was, that very fine unwound thread is an essential article in some branches of manufacture; the other was, that the article could not be procured on the continent of America. Here was a coil. Another lobby went to Washington, on behalf of the manufacturers of suspenders, gaiters, lastings, coburgs, and other similar products, many of whom absolutely could not continue business if the new duties were collected. One establishment did actually close; others were suspended; others ran at a loss for a while; and much unwound thread, ordered before the spool-thread lobby had performed its work, was sent back to Europe. When the new lobby arrived in Washington, Congress had adjourned, and nothing could save the embarrassed industries but an *interpretation* of the tariff that would admit unwound thread at lower rates for the purposes to which it is essential. The Secretary of the Treasury took the responsibility of sanctioning a violation of the law. He decided that fine thread designed for sewing must pay the new rate, but fine thread to be used in certain manufactures should come in on the old. "By this decision only," says Mr. Wells, "several branches of American industry, involving probably more of capital and labor than was represented by the arti-

cle which it was originally intended to protect, were saved from absolute destruction." This was extremely comic, *except* to the few hundred families whose means of living were suddenly threatened or suspended, without warning, and without act of their own.

The performances of the salt lobby are equally striking. One of them would make a subject for a poem. "In the Gulf of California," Mr. Wells informs us, "there is an island—Carmen—where salt of remarkable purity is deposited by natural agencies in inexhaustible quantities. The situation and condition of this island are such that it would seem as if it were intended to be the natural and cheap source of supply of salt for the whole Pacific coast of our country; and yet, by the agency of men, and in the name of protection, this free gift of God and this great source of national wealth has been rendered practically of no account, inasmuch as the royalty exacted by the Mexican government, the United States tariff added, and the expenses of collecting and transportation, in the aggregate amount so nearly to the price of salt obtained from other sources in San Francisco, as almost completely to eat up all profits, and thus close in a great degree the only market to which it can be taken. The result of all this is, that capital and labor, in a section of country where capital and labor are of all things most in demand, are withdrawn from other employments and diverted to doing that which Nature herself has already done much more perfectly, namely, making salt from seawater in the bay of San Francisco, at a cost of from seven to ten dollars per ton." Mr. Bungay, who sang with so much spirit the completion of the Pacific Railroad, could surely do well with this glorious triumph of the salt lobby.

To these two anecdotes borrowed from Mr. Wells I will add one of my own, which is so variously representative, that the relation of it gives the whole history of American manufactures and their lobby, past, present, and future.

Bunting, the material of the star-spangled banner, is the subject of the tale. Until within these few years no bunting was made in the United States. The "flaunting lie" of the years preceding the war, the "rag" of secession, and the innumerable flags that streamed over ship, fort, and army, on the part of the United States, were made in England, as were also the flags of our previous wars. But five years ago, some knowing Yankees in Lowell (induced by an act of Congress that promised a contract for a year's supply of army and navy to whosoever should first produce an article of bunting equal to the best English) mastered the peculiar difficulties attending this branch of manufacture, and won the prize. Before the year ended the war had closed. The demand for bunting was diminished by three fourths, and the English bunting could still be sold in New York cheaper than the American could be produced at Lowell. Need I say that, in these circumstances, a bunting lobby asked an increase of duty upon the foreign fabric? The duty was promptly fixed at the modest rate of twenty cents per square yard, plus thirty-five per cent of the value; which was in strict accordance with the system as by lobby established. The result has been, that a hundred and twenty persons have been drawn from other occupations in a State where enterprise languishes and life is embittered by the scarcity of labor, and set at work making bunting. But among these hundred and twenty persons there are several of great ingenuity, who contemplate nothing which they do not desire to improve. Hence, two capital and several minor improvements in the article produced, as well as better and cheaper modes of producing it. These Lowell Yankees print the stars and stripes, instead of sewing them on, and give you a flag without a stitch in it, lighter, more elegant, and more durable than those formerly in use.

Now, with a universal, international system of patent-right and copyright, and a tolerable approximation to freedom

of trade,—i. e. with decent "protection" to the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN,—these Yankees could give the whole world the immediate benefit of their inventions, while reaping a munificent reward for themselves. But under the system of protection to whatever private interest can command a lobby, their operations are limited to the narrow field of one country. The very protection which stimulated the business limits it by making the product too dear to compete with the foreign article in other countries. Give the Lowell men a fair chance, and they will supply half the world with flags; just as the Steinways, Chickering's, Webbers, Knabes, and others would sell American pianos in every capital in Europe, if there were not from two to six duties or taxes on every leading article that enters into the composition of a musical instrument. But the tariff lobby, which got us into this scrape, must get us out of it. The Natural Rights of Man will never send an expensive lobby to Washington, though they may come at last to be powerfully represented within the bar. But the time is probably not very distant when bunting, calico, ships,* wool, cloth, silver, pianos, iron, steel, copper, and coal will roll their several lobbies into one grand overwhelming lobby, and demand that those great interests be allowed as fair a chance in the markets of the world as the same interests in other countries. The system of confining protection to whatever branches of business can afford a lobby or a member, is perhaps nearer its downfall than many suppose.

But this very system indicates the incorruptibility of Congress, and the impotence of money to carry measures against the current. Mr. Greeley informs us that there is a British lobby in Washington,† and I learned last

winter that there was a French lobby also; and if the Senate goes on rejecting and neglecting treaties according to its pleasure, we shall doubtless have soon a lobby of all nations, since it is with the Senate that foreign powers must henceforth negotiate. When we consider the immense capital represented by the French and English lobbies, and the enormous advantage which slight changes in the tariff list would give foreign manufactures, and when we also bear in mind that American enterprises are usually in their infancy at the time when they seek protection, we may safely infer that it is not mere length of purse that enables a lobby to carry its point. In truth, there is a general impression in Congress and in the country, that compliance with the American manufacturers' lobby is "protection to American industry." The railroad subsidy system would also have been impossible, if Congress and the country had not been impatient for the construction of the great roads to which it has been applied.

Probably there has never been such a persistent exertion of log-rolling energy as when President Buchanan was trying to force slavery upon Kansas by means of the Lecompton Bill, and a powerful india-rubber interest was lobbying for the extension of the Chaffee patent. These were the two logs. The Lecompton lobby was directed by Cornelius Wendell, who had been clearing a hundred thousand dollars a year from the public printing, whose bank

person known as George Dwight, who was quartered in that city throughout each session of Congress. Of his private life I know nothing; but his large and fine parlor at one of the great hotels was open to a wide circle, and he there dispensed a generous though by no means indiscriminate hospitality. Observing that he was evidently neither very rich nor a man likely to waste his substance in reckless prodigality, I at length asked a mutual acquaintance, 'How does Dwight support all this?' and was answered: 'Very easily; he is the agent here of the British woollen interest [manufacturers and exporters], well salaried to watch the legislation of Congress and look after the welfare of his employers.' Several others subsequently confirmed this statement, and told me that he furnished statistics, estimates, &c., for the Secretary of the Treasury (R. J. Walker), and had thus exercised a powerful influence in shaping the tariff of 1846."—HORACE GREELEY, N. Y. Tribune, 1866.

* Mr. D. McKay, the noted shipbuilder of Boston, estimates the duties upon the articles required for a ship of one thousand tons at \$8,665.33 in gold. Messrs. Steinway reckon the duties and taxes upon a grand piano at \$180 in currency.

† "Many, whose duties or pleasure called them to Washington at intervals from fifteen to twenty-five years ago, will recollect a small, bright, active, witty

account ran up to "nine hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars in two years," and who had behind him the entire administration, with all its resources of men, money, and influence. The head of the Chaffee-patent lobby was that most indomitable of all the india-rubber men, — Horace H. Day, owner of the Chaffee patent, a man capable of spending seventy thousand dollars upon an election. Both of these lobbies spent money, both before and after the junction, as freely as it is ever spent for such purposes. Wendell had his check-book always ready, and Day kept a band of lobbyists in pay for two sessions. Newspapers were bought, subsidized, and established, for the purpose of denouncing members of Congress who would not come in to the support of Lecompton; and the friends of such members were systematically turned out of custom-houses, post-offices, and navy-yards. Contingent interests in Chaffee were given to correspondents, — one to the correspondent of the leading religious newspaper of the time; and Mr. Day even took the precaution of assigning a contingent interest to a female "medium," in exchange for the advice which "she got from the other world to aid the Chaffee patent." He had a list of Chaffee members in his pocket, which he would show to Wendell when they met; and Wendell, a much more experienced lobbyist than himself, would warn him that, in Washington, promising support to a measure was a very different thing from voting for it. Among other expedients, the President attempted to bribe the editor of a Philadelphia newspaper, offering him the Liverpool consulship and ten thousand dollars in money.* But all would not suffice. When the bills came to the test of a vote in the House, both failed, a large number of Chaffee members not voting at all, and

Lecompton failing in strict accordance with the known political circumstances. Kansas was free, and all the india-rubber men were at liberty to macerate their crude material with the aid of Mr. Chaffee's masterly invention.

The testimony on this subject fills many hundred pages, but not a word was elicited showing corruption in a member of Congress. Several lobbyists swore that they knew of no member whom they would dare approach with money; and the general tone of the evidence leads the reader to the same conclusion.

A lobby occasionally attempts to carry a point by surprise. I witnessed a scene of the kind last winter in the House of Representatives, which shows how extremely cautious members should be not to act upon the information given by an interested lobby before they have heard the lobby of the other side. The most honest man in the world will go wrong if he neglects this precaution. Indeed, it may be necessary by and by for Congress to adopt the rule contemplated by the legislature of Massachusetts, compelling lobbyists to present their cases before the proper committee, and making it unlawful for a member to converse privately with an interested person on legislative business.

But to my scene. One afternoon in February last, while the House in Committee of the Whole was working its slow and toilsome way down, item after item, through the Army Appropriation Bill, under the leadership of the alert and vigorous Mr. Blaine, now the Speaker of the House, a clause of the bill was about to pass without debate, when Mr. Fernando Wood, of New York, rose and offered the following curious amendment: "But no part of the sum [appropriated] shall be paid to Alexander Dunbar for his alleged discovery of the mode of treatment of horses' feet." There had been no mention of the said Dunbar in the clause, nor of his mode of treating horses' feet, nor of any other system of treatment; and the very name of the man was evidently unknown to the House.

* From the testimony taken before the Covode Committee, June 12, 1860:—

Wendell. "I carried \$10,000 for the purpose of giving it to Colonel Forney, in the event of his accepting the place abroad for some three weeks."

Chairman. "By whose authority or instructions."

Wendell. "Well, sir, it might be said to be by the President's."

Mr. Wood proceeded to explain that the Secretary of War, General Schofield, had made a contract (authorized by act of Congress) with Alexander Dunbar, by which the latter was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars for imparting his system of horse-shoeing and hoof-treatment to the veterinary surgeons and cavalry blacksmiths of the army. "And I am advised," continued the member from New York, "by those who are judges of that subject, that the man is totally ignorant, that he knows nothing about the diseases of horses' feet, and that he rather perpetrates injury upon the poor animals than produces any benefit to them."

Fernando Wood, in his air and demeanor, is one of the most dignified and impressive members of the House. He attends carefully to his dress; and, as to his "deportment," Mr. Turveydrop would contemplate him with approval. For such a personage to rise in his place, and, in a measured, serene manner, discourse thus upon a subject of which no man on the floor knew anything whatever, could not fail to produce some effect. Mr. Blaine could only say, that he had never heard the name of Alexander Dunbar before; but that he thought the amendment cast a severe reflection upon the Secretary of War. Mr. Wood insisting, the amendment was finally amended so as to make the exclusion apply to the whole Appropriation Bill, and thus cut off the unknown Dunbar entirely; and in this form, I believe, it passed the Committee of the Whole, and was prepared for submission to the House; at least, Mr. Wood agreed to withdraw his amendment in order to amend it in the way described.

It did so happen that there was a person sitting in a commodious corner of the reporters' gallery, who, though a stranger to Mr. Dunbar, and singularly ignorant of horses, yet knew all about the Dunbar system and its discoverer. That person, strange to relate, was myself; and, if it had not been a little out of order, I should have shouted a few

words of explanation over the vast expanse below. Rising superior to this temptation, and thus avoiding the attention of the sergeant-at-arms, I constituted myself a Dunbar lobby, and imparted to as many members as possible some of the facts which I am now about to communicate to the reader. Some years since, the mysterious Alexander Dunbar, an honest, observant farmer and contractor, of Canada, was driving a lame horse on a hilly road. He noticed that the horse was lamest when going down hill, but not lame at all going up hill. Having observed this peculiarity for several miles, he began to speculate upon the cause; and, by carefully examining the action of the horse's feet, he discovered it. The blacksmith had pared the hoof on the wrong principle, — cutting it close where it ought to have been left thick, and leaving it unpared where nature constantly produces a redundancy. He tried his hand at remedying the mistake. He cut boldly at the parts that were in excess, and the lameness was cured! A few judicious cuts with a sharp knife, and a shoe adapted to the natural growth of the hoof, — this is all there is of the Dunbar system, which was elaborated by the mystical Alexander after some years of observation and experiment, suggested by this incident. He found that many cases of lameness of years' standing could be cured radically and almost instantly by simply paring the hoof aright and altering the shoe.

We have in New York an enthusiast on the structure of the horse, — Mr. Robert Bonner, whose stable contains six of the fastest trotting-horses in the world. He was led to study the anatomy of the horse by endeavoring to get at the reason why some horses can trot in 2:20 farther than an ordinary nag can in five minutes. He was curious to know just where the trotting talent lies; and this led to other inquiries. Hearing by chance of Mr. Dunbar's discovery, he investigated it most thoroughly, and came to the conclusion that the Dunbar system was

founded in the eternal nature of things. I suppose that, during the last three years, Mr. Bonner has, with his own hands, pared the hoofs of fifty horses on the Dunbar plan, and thereby cured a dozen cases of lameness supposed to be incurable. In his great desire to test the discovery, he has travelled a hundred miles sometimes for the sole purpose of having a lame horse shod in the Dunbar style, very frequently paring the hoofs himself. Recently the discoverer has been among us, and his system, after having been adopted in several of the largest stables in the United States, was introduced into the army. But, as usual, his success was damage to other men; particularly to the proprietors of a patent horse-shoe, which Mr. Dunbar was compelled to say was *not* made in accordance with the eternal nature of things. Hence, a patent-horse-shoe lobby! Hence, Mr. Fernando Wood's strange amendment! Mr. Dunbar's friends, however, rallied in time to enlighten the House, and no harm was done; but the occurrence shows how a member of Congress may be misled, unless he makes it a principle and a point of honor never to act upon an *ex parte* statement.

On this point the late investigating committee of the Massachusetts legislature offers some excellent remarks. It seems that the strikers of the Boston lobby have made such an outcry with regard to the alleged corruption of the legislature during the last year or two, that a committee was appointed to find out how much fire there was beneath all this smoke. They report, as might have been expected, that there is no fire at all,—not a smouldering ember, not a spark. After my investigations at Washington, I am fully prepared to believe this, and I do entirely believe it. They add, that a lobby has no legitimate place except in a committee-room, where both sides can be heard and testimony recorded.*

* The following is an extract from this interesting report, much of which is as true of Washington as it is of Boston: "The committee are satisfied that

It were much to be desired, that the lobby at Washington were as insignificant and impotent as the lobby at Boston. The *hired* lobby is. The fellows who lay themselves alongside of green new-comers, and pretend to have "a twist" on this member, and an unbounded influence over that, and give out that they correspond with seven papers, all daily, are about as influential in one place as they are in the other. This is not the kind of lobby from which danger is to be feared. The lobby that carries its measures has exceedingly little to do with such.

The lobby which is to be feared is that which sends members to Congress, which has millions of acres and dollars at command, and is engaged in schemes dear to the pride and important to the interests of the nation. It is to be regretted that Mr. Jefferson's advice was not acted upon, to amend the Constitution so as to empower Congress to do everything for the country in the way of internal improvements, which no State or combination of States, or company of individuals, could be reasonably expected to accomplish. The idea of the system established in 1787 was, that the general government should do whatever the interests or the honor of

the influence of the lobby (so called) is greatly overestimated. A certain number of persons, known as lobby members, receive very considerable sums of money from corporations and other parties having business before the legislature. In the opinion of the committee, this influence is not legitimate in matters of legislation. Committees are provided by the legislature, to whom all matters are referred and before whom all matters are legitimately heard. Whoever desires to present testimony or statements can do so before these committees, and this testimony legitimately reaches both branches of the legislature through these several committees. The parties referred to as lobby-men are not lawyers, and have no legitimate professional calling at the Capitol, but are supposed to have more or less influence in private talks and conversations by partial presentation of matters to individual members. The committee believe money expended in the employment of these men is wasted by the parties who expend it, and that the influence of such expenditure has a tendency to demoralize legislation and create suspicions of integrity of members where suspicion should never rest. The committee, in all their examinations, have had no reason to suppose that any member either of this or any previous legislature has been influenced by any improper or dishonorable motives."

the whole country required to be done, and which the separate States could not do for themselves. The time is not distant, perhaps, when we shall deplore that Congress did not regard a railroad across the continent as a "post-road," or as a measure essential to the "common defence" of sections so widely separated, and build the road outright with the public money. We might thus have saved a tract of land nearly as large as France, and kept out of the Capitol a lobby that may in time become formidable indeed. The directors of the Pacific Railroad can already, if they choose, enrich a member of Congress, or a hundred members, by merely investing a trifling sum of money for them in the sites of future Chicagos. It is no joke to have half a dozen men in the lobby, wielding such an engine and directing such an estate.

The subsidy system originated in the acute mind of the late Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and the first railroad aided by a grant of land was the Illinois Central, in 1850. Mr. Douglas, Senator though he was, was the chief of the Illinois Central lobby, and his management of the bill was the most ingenious, audacious, complicated piece of log-rolling that has ever been placed on record. It was his boast, too, that this "pioneer bill," as he styled it, "went through without a dollar, pure, uncorrupt." Without a dollar, — yes; pure and uncorrupt, — no.

His first exploit was to get rid of Mr. Holbrooke, who, as far back as 1835, had conceived the project of connecting Chicago and Cairo by a railroad, and to whom had been granted a charter for its construction by the Illinois legislature. On the strength of this charter, and in the fullest confidence that the road would one day be built, Holbrooke had invested his whole fortune in Cairo lots, lands, and projects. Here was Holbrooke's weakness and Douglas's opportunity; for these two able and not over-scrupulous men had become antagonists on this railroad scheme, and it was a question which of the two should confer the boon on the State.

Holbrooke wanted the millions, and Douglas the glory, that would result from success. After years of manœuvring at home, where Holbrooke had the advantage, the scene of strife was transferred to Washington, where Douglas was then all-powerful. Douglas had already applied for a grant of land in aid of the road; but Holbrooke had procured the passage of an act through the legislature (or, as Douglas charged, had a clause fraudulently inserted in an act), conveying to *his* company whatever lands Congress might grant. Upon this, the Little Giant introduced a new bill, terminating the road at a different point on the Ohio, and thus reducing Cairo to its original condition of utter worthlessness.

This brought the redoubtable Holbrooke to his knees. "*Spare my Cairo!*" was his imploring cry. "With pleasure," replied the Senator, "provided you surrender your charters and leave Illinois Central to me." Holbrooke surrendered the charters, and Douglas brought in his bill granting alternate sections of land along the line of the projected road.

Such was his preliminary performance. His next step was less difficult, but more striking. The Senators and Members from Alabama and Georgia were opposed to the bill, on the old ground that grants of land for such a purpose — internal improvement of a single State — were unconstitutional. As a Democrat, Mr. Douglas should have respected, should have shared, this scruple. Perhaps he did, but he overcame it; and he addressed himself to the task of overcoming theirs in a manner that was business-like at least. While visiting his children's plantation in Mississippi, he found it convenient to go to Mobile, where he at once inquired the way to the office of the Mobile Railroad, recently suspended for want of money. He was lucky enough to catch the president and directors at the office, just as they had concluded the business which had called them together. The champion of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy did not stop

to argue the constitutional question with these gentlemen, but proposed to them a game of log-rolling. He offered to tack to his bill a clause giving *their* suspended road a grant of lands, provided the Senators and Representatives of Alabama and Mississippi would vote for the bill. The president and directors, rejoicing in this unlooked-for prospect of relief, instantly gave their assent, disposing of the votes of their absent Senators and Members as though they owned them. But, no, said the cool-headed Senator from Illinois; your Senators and Members have already voted against my bill, and it is necessary for your legislatures to instruct them to vote for it. This presented no difficulty to that knot of railroad directors, and the compact was concluded on the spot; one director saying, that if Senator Foote did not vote for the grant he should never be re-elected to the Senate. Cautioning them all to keep secret *his* connection with the affair, Douglas took his leave, and went straight to Washington, "being afraid to be seen in those parts."

In due time the legislative instructions reached Washington, as per agreement. Mr. Douglas then had occasion to exert his histrionic talents. Senator King of Alabama, and Davis of Mississippi, who had been most decided in their opposition to the bill, "cursed their legislatures," and could scarcely believe their eyes. In their perplexity, they consulted Douglas, and asked his aid in drawing the clause which was to include the Mobile Road in the grant. With all the dignity of a man who felt himself aggrieved, Mr. Douglas declined their offered support, saying that he felt sure of being able to carry his bill without their aid; but feigned to be softened at length, and agreed, as a favor to *them*, to admit the clause which they desired. The solemn farce was maintained to the end. The Southern Senators, as Douglas anticipated, were in no haste to comply with disagreeable instructions, and, consequently, when he sent them word one day that he was about to call

up his Illinois Central Bill, they came hurrying to the chamber, with no amendment ready, and begged him to draw one for them. He had had an amendment carefully drawn by one of the best lawyers in Congress, which he handed to Mr. King of Alabama, and immediately moved to proceed with the bill. Mr. King then rose, in his usual dignified manner, and asked the Senator from Illinois to accept an amendment. The Senator from Illinois was obliging enough to do so. The Senators from Alabama and Mississippi all voted for the bill, and it passed the Senate, with the additional clause.

This was an essential point gained; but the decisive battle was to be fought in the House of Representatives. And here Mr. Douglas performed feats of log-rolling which, I think, have never been equalled in any legislative body. The log-rolling art, begun in 1790 by Hamilton and Jefferson, made marvellous progress in the short space of sixty years.

When the bill stood at the head of the Speaker's list, and Douglas could count in the House a majority of fifteen "pledged" to support it, Mr. Harris of Illinois moved to proceed with the business on the Speaker's table. This called up the bill, and roused the dormant opposition. By the adroit management of that opposition, a test motion was precipitated upon the House, which left the bill in a minority of one; and this, notwithstanding weeks of previous log-rolling, and the fifteen pledged majority. "*We had gained votes,*" says Mr. Douglas, "*by lending our support to many local measures.*" But, at the important moment, you see, some of the "pledged" votes were not forthcoming, which is often the case in Washington. Let Mr. Douglas relate what followed:—

"I was standing in the lobby, paying eager attention, and would have given the world to be at Harris's side, but was too far off to get there in time; and it was all in an instant, and the next moment a motion would have been made, which would have brought on a

decided vote, and have defeated the bill. Harris, quick as thought, pale and white as a sheet, jumped to his feet, and moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the slavery question. There were fifty members ready with speeches on this subject, and the motion was carried. Harris came to me in the lobby, and asked me if he had made the right motion. I said, 'Yes,' and asked him if he knew what was the effect of his motion. He replied it placed the bill at the foot of the calendar. I asked him how long it would be before it came up again. He said, 'It would not come up this session; it was impossible; there were ninety-seven bills ahead of it.' *

But the Little Giant would not give it up. For many days and "nights" he racked his brain for an expedient. It occurred to his mathematical mind, at last, that the same tactics applied to the ninety-seven bills would place *them* also, one after the other, at the bottom of the calendar, and his own bill, finally, at the top. The plan was adopted. Ninety-seven times Mr. Harris, or else some member not supposed to have any particular interest in the Illinois Bill, moved to clear the Speaker's table; ninety-seven times a certain other member moved to go into Committee of the Whole on the slavery question; ninety-seven times this always welcome motion was carried. Sometimes these tactics would be employed twice in the same day, and send two bills tumbling to the bottom of the ladder. And the Illinois Bill constantly gained friends by the process; for was not Harris, who had it in charge, continually moving to call up bills in alliance with it? The odium all fell upon the member who continually frustrated Harris's benevolent intentions. "All praised *us*," says Mr. Douglas; "said we were acting nobly in supporting them. We replied, 'Yes, having defeated our bill, we thought we would be generous, and assist you.' All cursed Mr. —. Some asked me if I had not influence

enough to prevent his motion. I replied he was an ardent antagonist, *and that I had nothing to do with him*, to the truth of which they assented." That member was, indeed, a political opponent of Mr. Douglas, but he was a personal friend, and was acting in this matter in pursuance of an express agreement with the Senator from Illinois. The Illinois Bill gradually worked its way to the top of the list once more, when it was passed by a majority of three. It cost Douglas two years of hard work, in and out of Congress, to accomplish this result.

I have dwelt upon this masterpiece, because it includes almost every known device and trick of the log-rolling art. The ease with which the legislatures of Illinois, Alabama, and Mississippi were handled by a few railroad chiefs; the manner in which a lobbyist with a mathematical head converted the just rules of the House of Representatives into an engine of injustice; the unblushing audacity with which an honorable Senator, and candidate for the Presidency, could first lie, and then boast that he had lied; — these are among the points that should excite reflection. But neither those three legislatures nor Congress could have been wielded in this manner by one man, if there had not been in those bodies, and in many of the people whom they represented, an impatient desire to have the works executed in aid of which a principality was granted. The three interested States were, of course, well pleased to have railroads completed which for fifteen years they had in vain been trying to execute for themselves; and the rest of the country was absorbed in the great public questions of the time. This feat was performed in the very heat and tempest of the slavery debates of 1850.

Presidents and directors are the lords of the world at present. There have always been rich men; but in former times great capital was dead or torpid, — invested in vast landed estates, — and the revenue spent in luxury and ostentation. But the steam-

* A Brief Treatise on Constitutional and Party Questions, by J. Madison Cutts, p. 196.

engine has generated a new kind of capitalists, — men of brain, ambition, and industry, wielding millions of *active* capital, and controlling thousands of human beings, — men capable of everything except the tranquil enjoyment of life, and who rest only when they lie down to rest forever. These are the children of the steam-engine, which compels everything to be done on the great scale, — manufacturing, travelling, and finally agriculture, — and has called into being a class of men capable of directing immense enterprises and of wielding enormous sums. In England these men generally get into the small circle of the ruling class, marry into ruling families, get themselves elected to Parliament, govern the British empire, as we may say, legitimately; and hence, their power is not absolute, but limited. In the United States they have usually found it more convenient to govern in the lobby, and their power threatens to become unlimited, through their easy control of law-making bodies. If, just now, they are turning their thoughts toward getting within the bar, and some have found their way thither, it is that they may operate the more effectually as log-rolling lobbyists.

It is startling to hear these people talk of legislatures, and their *complete* subserviency. My eye was caught the other day by this passage in an affidavit of Mr. Daniel Drew of New York: "We" (directors of the Erie Railroad) "went over to New Jersey; we stayed over there some weeks; *we got a law passed by the New Jersey Legislature* to enable us to transact the business of the company over there, so that we might not be plagued by the courts of New York," *alias* Fisk, Jr. The off-hand, matter-of-course manner in which the fact is mentioned would be remarkable, if we were not so familiar with the state of things at Trenton. Probably it cost Mr. Drew little more than the writing of a letter, to get the law passed. Usually, however, legislatures are managed by log-rolling, or, as Mr. Washburne of Illinois styles it, ring legislation, — "combinations of

different and distinct interests for the purpose of forcing legislation upon subjects grouped together, when not one of them could stand separately," — a system, he observes, which is "becoming the curse of the country."*

Mr. Washburne declined to state whether anything of this kind is done in Congress, because it would not have been "in order." But there is another gentleman in the House of Representatives, of similar name, General C. C. Washburn of Wisconsin, who, in the most nonchalant way, in the course of the same debate, let the cat out of the bag. "Every intelligent member of Congress knows," said he, "that any company representing a capital of one hundred millions of dollars can defeat any legislation that ever may be sought here in the interest of the public." Many years had passed since a sentence had so impressed and puzzled me as this; and, after brooding over it for eleven months, I went to Washington purposely to see what it meant. There is something in the phraseology of it which causes it to lay violent hold of the mind. "Every *intelligent* member!" Greenhorns may think that Congress is the supreme power in this land; but intelligent members know that the lobby can defeat *any* legislation that can *ever* be sought in Washington in the interest of the public. It is a truly tremendous statement, and, for one, I think it is much too sweeping. It may, at length, become true; but, up to this time, potent as the lobby is, and skilled as it is in log-rolling, it has won signal triumphs in Washington only when it has been

* "I say it with shame," added Mr. Washburne, "it has prevailed in my own State, Illinois. It was by this 'ring legislation' that our last legislature got through that series of acts, the new State House, the Agricultural College, the Southern Penitentiary, and perhaps some others, which, if not promptly repealed, will entail millions and millions of public debt on our people, already groaning under a load of taxation almost too grievous to be borne. It is this 'ring legislation' that threatens particularly to fasten upon the people of our State the new State House, one of the most monstrous schemes ever thrust through a legislative body, and which has met with almost universal execration from all parties." — *Speech on the Pacific Railroad, March 19, 1868.*

supported by a strong and wide-spread feeling out of doors. The Pacific Railroad, for example, — was ever a public work so vehemently desired as that? Congress made a hard bargain for the country in subsidizing the road so lavishly; but, at the time the bargain was made, it did not seem so unreasonable, and the public was in a mood to submit to any conditions, provided the road were hurried forward.

The millionaires in the lobby, however, are most powerful in Washington, and their power seems likely to increase with their rapidly augmenting wealth.

Think of the mere amount of money which a man, or a small number of men, can now control. "I can check for fifteen millions," is the boast of a person who but yesterday drove a pedler's wagon. Two or three men, styled, The Erie Railway Company, receive fifteen millions of dollars a year from that road, employ twelve thousand men, lease hundreds of miles of other and connecting railroads, own twenty steamboats on the Great Lakes, control lines of steamboats on Long Island Sound, expend twenty-five millions a year, run a New York court, keep a judge, and can have what they wish at Albany, even to being endowed with absolute power over all this property for five years. One gentleman, past the time of life when our forefathers used to retire from business, deliberately selected as the amusement of his old age (he really regards it in that light) the getting control of all the railroads connecting New York with the Western country. He began the pastime by buying one road a hundred and sixty miles long outright, with his own money; for this gentleman can check for much more than fifteen millions. Old as he is, he may live long enough to accomplish his purpose; and he certainly would, if he were fifty years of age instead of seventy-five. Another able, untiring man has a dry-goods store in New York which contains precisely the space of two hundred dry-goods stores of average size,

and does about the amount of business that two hundred average stores would do, and does it at less than half the average expense. Two great houses, the Capulets and Montagues of Rhode Island, are said (falsely, no doubt, but with some show of truth) to divide that pleasant, busy, thriving little State between them; and New Jersey does really appear to have abdicated her political being in favor of Camden and Amboy.

We must bear in mind also that this massing tendency is a law of nature, which the steam-engine has only stimulated and aggravated. In every pond the strong-coarse devour the weak-fine. The savage pickerel grows great by gobbling up myriads of gentle perch and tender trout. In every age the same problem presents itself in a changed form, How the weak-fine are to keep the strong-coarse a little within bounds. In one age the pickerel is the feudal system; again, it is a priestly hierarchy; or it is both these in alliance. At another time it is Philip II., or Louis XIV., or Napoleon Bonaparte. In England, at present, it is what that intelligent English newspaper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, calls the "Inevitable Landlord." This paper, a few weeks ago, had a noticeable article upon the all-devouring British pickerel, in the course of which it said: "Almost every economical improvement which can be suggested, every saving in cost of production, every relief from inconvenient incumbrances, every measure designed for the improvement of the condition of the toiling classes of society, ends by putting more money into the pockets of that order which certainly does not suffer from the lack of it. Let science apply her novel resources to the cultivation of the land, and up goes the rent. Let sanitary improvements in towns be carried out at great cost to the public in general, the final benefit (in a pecuniary sense) is reaped by the house-owner. Let railways and telegraphs bring the most distant parts of the productive area of our soil into immediate competition with those previ-

ously more available, and the territorial proprietors of the regions thus rendered more accessible, after a short time, make their bargains with the tenant according to the raised value of the land."

This is merely the present English form of the universal difficulty, which form we have not yet reached, and may never reach. *We* have to contemplate the time, not distant, when all our towns will be Lowells, all industry a mill, all land model farms ploughed by steam, and all the resources of the country wielded by presidents and boards. With us it is the inevitable DIRECTOR who looms up, formidable and menacing.

It is to be observed, also, of these check-drawing magnates, that they have learned, of late years, how much better it pays to unite, and prey upon the public, than it does to fight, and prey upon one another. They will fight long enough to ascertain whether one *can* devour another; but when they have discovered that this cannot be conveniently done, then they are apt to unite, and rush hungry upon mankind. I have quoted a few words, above, from an affidavit of Mr. Daniel Drew, founder of a theological seminary. The same affidavit concludes with the following passage: "Gould and Fisk have recently been engaged in locking up money; they told me so; they wanted me to join them in locking up money, and I did to the extent of one million dollars, and refused to lock up any more; I had originally agreed to lock up four million dollars, but when money became very tight I deemed it prudent to decline to go any farther, and unlocked my million. The object of locking up is to make money scarce. They had money enough of the Erie Railway Company to lock up to make money scarce and affect the stock market, — to make stocks fall, because people could n't get the money to carry them; they sent, I have understood, three millions to Canada, to a bank there."

The reader will never know what he lost by skipping those columns upon columns of affidavits in small type,

which darkened the New York newspapers in the early part of the present year, — affidavits shot at one another by directors contending for the control of the Erie Railway. The publishers of the newspapers were right in refusing to insert the affidavits, except as advertisements at so much a line, because no one could rationally be expected to read them. But those who did read them were amused and edified. An attentive reader could see both games played, that of combining to plunder, and that of fighting to devour. The victors succeeded, at length, in getting the unhappy Founder of a Theological Seminary in a position that would have excited pity in any but a director's breast. He came to one of them on a Sunday morning, and simply begged for mercy, but begged in vain. He would not be denied. He pleaded till one o'clock on Monday morning, without producing any effect upon his fellow pickerel, who had him in that terrible Erie corner. Since the world was created, never before did a founder of a theological seminary pass such a Sunday.

Many recent instances in which corporations have first contended for each other's destruction, and then united for the purpose of having the public at their mercy, are familiar to us all, and need not be mentioned. Corporations omnipotent within their range result from these unions; corporations which pay their legal advisers much more money per annum for an occasional hour a day than the public pays its highest servants for exhausting toil the year round. These corporations, huge and powerful as they now are, are capable of uniting again in the lobby at Washington for purposes common to several of them; and we have the opinion of a veteran member of Congress, that they will never exert themselves in that lobby without accomplishing their object.

When this state of things is contemplated, people sometimes reassure themselves by saying that the press is left, to represent, and contend for, the public.

But is it? Who is the controlling man of most of our great newspapers, — the editor, or the stockholder? If any one is in doubt on this point, he has only to ask the co-operation of some of the leading newspapers in urging a reform, which will involve the risk of pecuniary loss. In many cases, he will find that it is the stockholding mind which *decides* questions of that nature. The editor would attack a flagrant abomination; but the man controlling a majority of the stock calls his attention to the fact that the flagrant abomination advertises two or three columns a day, and the flagrant abomination is either not attacked at all, or it is flattered by the kind of attack that advertises it most effectively. The editor is generally man enough to look to the future, and comprehend the policy of forming journalists to fill the places by and by of the present leaders of the press. He would stimulate and reward young ambition, — exulting to compensate able and valiant service liberally; but the stockholder thinks naturally of his *next* dividend, and puts the office upon an allowance. Flourishing as the press is, as a mere business, it is for the moment in a condition of arrested development. The young journalist climbs to a certain height; but when he has done his apprenticeship, and has fitted himself for something of command, he finds that he has attained all that the press now has to bestow upon mere talent and skill. It is only money that can advance him another step. The stockholder blocks the way. The editor is dethroned. The stockholder reigns.

This is no one's fault. It is, after all, only a stage in the march of the press, where, for a brief period, it halts, to perfect new arrangements. Like every other institution and interest of civilized man, the press has to adjust itself to the steam-engine, which first enabled, and now compels, it to be immense, and thus necessitates the stockholder. When the mere presses, that a daily newspaper in a large city must have, cost a hundred thousand dollars, and the telegrams average five hundred

dollars a day, there must be more money invested in a daily paper than an intellectualized man ever possesses except by an accident. The irruption of the moneyed stockholder into the press presents peculiar inconveniences only because newspapers are, in some degree, an intellectual product, — not a mere commodity or manufacture, like screws or flour. An editor is naturally the servant of the public, not the servant of a few men who have raised money enough to buy shares in a newspaper.

The stockholder cannot be expected at once to perceive these truths, and it is his vocation and duty to look to the dividends. He seems, at present, rather disposed to regard the writers for the press very much as managers of theatres used to regard dramatists, — such managers as the one who gave Douglas Jerrold five pounds a week, and made twenty thousand pounds by one of his plays. These men arrested the development of the English stage for sixty years, as the stockholder now arrests the development of the daily press. But, doubtless, a way will be devised by which journalists, pure and simple, without submitting to the nuisance of making money, will be restored to a just share of the power, honor, and safety now enjoyed and abused by the stockholder. Either this will be, or the press will decline and degenerate.

Congress and journalism, then, are in the same boat. Directors and stockholders threaten the independence of both. In the lobby they employ their talents in log-rolling; and when they want important service from the press, they can buy shares. Any newspaper in the country, except perhaps two, could be bought outright for two millions of dollars; and what are two millions to men who control fifteen hundred miles of railroad and have a "greenback mill" in their power, to shoot into Wall Street new stock by the wagon-load? Congress is not corrupt; the press is not corrupt. Both are threatened with paralysis; but neither will be paralyzed. Every age has its difficulty. This is ours, and we shall overcome it.

THE GENIUS OF DORÉ.

A STUDY IN ÆSTHETICS.

DORÉ represents in their intensest degree the chief fundamental characteristics of his nation. Indeed, we must view him as a modern outbreak of the old fecund Gothic invention, which in mediæval times delighted so hugely in the grotesque, especially in sculpture, reckless of purity of thought or fitness of application. In one sense the ancient spirit was a serious one. It did grotesque things because it delighted in them. But Doré does them from levity, scorn, and contempt. He likes them, too, but in another way. His is a strange genius. Mediæval idiosyncrasies of thought and belief are mingled with modern infidelity and jest. In all, however, Doré is thoroughly French. No other nation could have produced him. As well might we look for an Albert Dürer or a Shakespeare from Gallic stock, as a Doré from German or English. In one respect he is antagonistic to his origin. There is no sympathy in him for the pretty. The beautiful he wholly ignores, and with it academic order and rule. His æsthetic sense runs in a dark direction. He has burst upon the world of art with a prodigality of execution that overwhelms it with surprise. It is hazardous to undertake to analyze the gifts of a man who at only thirty-two years of age had made nearly fifty thousand designs and won universal fame, who is cosmopolitan in choice of subjects, as familiar with the great writers of England, Germany, Italy, and Spain, as with those of France, and finally has laid the whole Orient under contribution by illustrating anew for the nineteenth century the Bible. And, moreover, he claims position as a painter.

In this character I will first examine him. By instinct he is a profound colorist, because his nature is profound; but he has not yet won that mastery over materials which comes only from long and steady practice. The qualities of mind and execution which ap-

pear in his designs are reproduced in his paintings. Color echoes his feeling, or want of it, as may be. It is not held fast to local truth, but is made an outlook of his inmost motive. His "Spanish Gypsy" exemplifies his system. We all know Murillo's lousy boys, with their dirt-ingrained skins, rags, and filthy occupations. His coloring was toned to the dirtiness of his subject, and by itself would have been disagreeable. But Murillo made the life-giving sunlight, the Father's gift to rich and poor alike, fall full upon his beggars. It is their saving grace, and all that wins sympathy comes of it. But Doré's proclivities are so intense that his art must run to extremes. His wretched gypsy has no beauty, except a dusky, olive complexion, and that harsh in tone. Her rags are loathsomely gathered about her. Unmitigated vagabondism and pitiless poverty are stamped upon her entire figure, as she leans in hardened endurance upon a stone wall, sunless and companionless. The quality of coloring is literally filthy, as is the subject; coarse beyond description, intensified by an emphatic crimson spot on her bosom,—a bit of red drapery in fact, but signifying the lust of sense or crime at heart. No good comes of such art.

The dominating trait of Doré is fiendish horror. That which devils most enjoy he most heartily depicts. Added to this is a fecundity of invention and a darksome flow of creative power, which places him the foremost of his terrible kind. Even Dante, reared in mediæval notions of theology and politics, finds some springs of tenderness, and always of faith, in his soul; But Doré, in translating his *Inferno* into pictorial French, discards all humanity, and presents the horrors of the *Dantesque* imagery in forms more appalling than the original. Before him we got no entirely adequate conception of diabolism. Other interpreters of Dante had given glimpses of its features in a

grand way, but it was reserved to Doré to let us into its utter horror. He finds in it a satisfaction akin in depth to the ecstasy which prompted the celestial visions of Fra Angelico. It is no coldly studied design, but a spontaneous outflow like seething lava. Alike remarkable is the unceasing activity of his phantom creations: they are supernaturally endowed with vitality. He transforms all nature into demoniacal forces in keeping with the weird scenery evoked by his imagination. In the "Wandering Jew," untrammelled by the necessity of illustrating the ideas of another, he gives his own freer play. The powers of darkness are let loose. Heaven itself catches the vindictive spirit of hell. This is art undergoing the delirium tremens, with ravings as blasphemous as they are foul and hideous. This may seem harsh judgment; but an art that distorts and misrepresents the divine attributes, engendering hate or fear in place of love and charity, is not to be gingerly dealt with. A sensitive imagination cannot look on it without risk of nightmare. In almost every sense it is unwholesome art. Coupled with the cruelty that enjoys human suffering in its most excruciating conditions, and peoples the world with fiends whose bestial grotesqueness of shape and ferocity of torment make one shudder, is a coarse obscenity, a witty licentiousness, the *spiritual* element in its mocking aspect, which comes naturally in such company. The lascivious pretty is not found in his compositions. Doré's intellect is too deep for light sins. With him there is no dainty disguise or tempting display, but plain, outspoken passion, lust, and indifference to virtue. The four hundred and twenty-five cuts of the *Contes Drôlatiques* form a unique monument to his brilliant debauchery of design; a consuming fire to the weak in morals; a wonderful master-work of invention to the well-trained brain which can appreciate its wit and satire without being contaminated by its smut; and an object of disgust to the one-sided pious mind.

Doré seems to have faith of no kind. His mental vision explores behind the material veil of creation as freely as his natural eye sees the moving panorama around it. But the world, seen and unseen, is to him simply a field from which to cull motives for his extraordinary powers. He belongs to no fixed time. The mediæval spirit of the grotesque is as fresh within him as is the sense of modern caricature. The supernatural element annihilates time, making him as much at home in the scenes of Oriental life recorded in the Bible, as if he had passed them in actual review. But there is no religious sentiment with it. Its force is expended in the graphic-realistic or the imaginative-creative of the supernal cast. A fine example of the latter is the seven-headed beast of the Apocalypse rising out of the sea. The Mystical Scriptures are Doré's most fitting sphere of invention. He excels also whenever free to compose wholly from his imagination on its dark side. The Deluge, Crucifixion, the Lives of Moses and the Prophets, are the topics on which his energy, originality, variety, and picturesque largeness of loose-jointed composition are best displayed. He is weak and conventional in those based directly upon the simpler religious sentiments. Fra Angelico could not paint a devil; Doré cannot draw a saint. His illustrations of the Bible are a record of his strongest and weakest qualities. He is not many-sided. But in his own wide field,—including the darker aspect of creation, natural and supernal, and up to a certain point the picturesque and sublime in realistic action,—he is supreme. The most, and almost the sole, human sympathy he exhibits is a certain liking for children; but this only in their dubious sports. He is a pitiless destroyer of the humane and refined in general. His intensest delight is got from terror, suffering, horror, jesting, and dishonor. Perhaps he seeks, by sheer force of caricature and exaggeration, to carry the mind from vice to virtue on the principle that extremes meet. But such a

supposition is a dubious charity towards him at the best ; as this, if meant, would be a crooked way to reach the good. There is too evident pleasure shown in the selfish for its own sake ; too great contempt of mankind ; indulgence in the scornful, indecent, and satirical ; relish of ugliness, and appetite for the loathsomeness of disease, — to be altogether palliated by the usual apologies for misdirected genius. Doré makes love, pity, charity, and faith absurd. Under his influence one feels that honest emotion, or any trait of common humanity, much more piety, is evidence of weakness, and nonsense. The world being an infernal bubble, let us laugh or sneer ; the end will take care of itself.

How incapable he shows himself of estimating rightly the character of Don Quixote except in its ridiculous aspect ! Look at Doré's design of him when wounded and melancholy ! Is there anything of the honest, half-mad gentleman that he was, in that overdrawn, battered face ? There is some pathos in the anatomical refinement of lines expressive of gentle birth, combined with the deplorable condition of the patient sufferer ; and we feel that he is no rightly-served bully, but a true man who has met with misfortune, whether born of his own folly or not, it cannot be told. But Doré twists the pathetic into the ridiculous. The Don Quixote, however, contains much that is very good in individual character ; though that is not the artist's strongest point. His treatment of groups and generalization of movement and effects are most masterly.

As a landscapist, Doré shows qualities of interpretation that place him above all others of his school. Thus far I know it only by designs like those of *Atala*. But these manifest his consciousness of the sublime in a remarkable degree. They are ideal compositions interpenetrated with the gloom and mystery of a Nature torn by her own wrath, terrified by her own mystic solitude, in general dissociated from man, or when associated with him, akin

to his fellest passions, untamed and savage as he was before civilization began. They realize our conceptions of primal creation. There is no caricature in them, but a vast creative or disturbing sense, which makes and destroys with equal facility. Doré grasps the formative idea and shapes his creations to express the animating feeling. It is organic spirit even more than nature that we see in his designs. He thus insists upon the highest triumphs of art. One who does this may not always be, or intend to be, perfect in drawing, or exact in perspective. If like Doré one works immensely, he will often be careless and superficial. We find Doré sometimes blundering in details, weak in consequence of departing from his immediate fields of strength, but almost always making apparent the intended idea and artistic effect. Dealing largely with the supernatural and with caricature, he must exaggerate known forms, or invent new, to create the impressions he has in view. He cannot, therefore, be bound down to the ordinary rules of realistic art. His success depends on his being free of them at will. The grotesque, terrible, and supernatural, or the sublime, have a law unto themselves. An artist who can do what Doré does in this line attains his aims by means at the command only of genius. His deficiencies are those also of genius, and go to prove his intrinsic greatness.

Doré's art is great. Is it good ? It need not be Christian in a nice sense to be this, but it should be natural, truthful, humane. It should also possess the instinct of the beautiful. His art has scarcely a trace of these qualities. Much of it is heartless, sensual, and perverse. It refuses to elevate, instruct, or even amuse, except the mind like the art be given to obscene, cruel, or mocking levity ; preferring to excite emotions which have in them little that is pleasurable or refining. The general tendency is to deepen and strengthen those proclivities of French art which most need pruning and reforming.

A POETICAL LOT.

A COLLECTION of California verse, a scriptural tragedy, a melodrama inspired by the abolition of slavery, two tales in rhyme, a book of comical ballads, two volumes of miscellaneous ditties,—here are variety and abundance enough to have made the mouth water in the inhuman critic of other days, who would have leaped upon the succulent heap before us *como asino en centeno verde*. But, as we have often taught, both by precept and example, this sort of critic no longer exists; or, if he still survives, he is not permitted to exhibit his hideous butcheries in these pages. If a gentler spirit does not reign, at least there is a more refined taste, and nothing is allowed to appear that would shock the nerves of the most delicate female. It is understood, of course, that a rhymester, now and then, has to die; but the reader shall see nothing but what is perfectly decorous and kind. At the most he shall hear a confused shuffling behind the scenes, a blow perhaps, and a faint cry; but the critic will immediately come forward again with a pleasant, reassuring smile, and go on with his general remarks upon the science of æsthetics. And how much better is this than the old manner in which he visibly rioted in an office, beneficial to the public, indeed, but involving horrible anguish to the victim, whose bones were crunched and whose struggles were derided before a sickened or brutalized audience! The time will yet come, believe us, when even the smothered noises behind the scenes will not be heard; when some master of a finer art than ours shall know how to distil from his irony a potent and subtle *acquetta*, which, secretly applied to the doomed poetaster, shall extinguish life instantly, and leave the spectator absolutely ignorant of the transaction. This *acquetta* will of course have no power upon your true poet, whom one cannot

always recognize at first glance, and who may sometimes be subjected to the test; but the critic shall be spared the mortification of a conspicuous failure, whereas in the old days it was not uncommon to see this public friend put to public shame through such a mistake.

We should have no mind, even if we were not adversely principled, to try an open struggle with the seventy-five versifiers represented in Miss May Wentworth's collection of California rhyme,* who have numbers in their favor, to say the least. We must explain, though, that we do not accept Miss Wentworth's compilation as representative of California poetry; for the editor frankly owns that "one or two writers, whose names are familiar to the public, are omitted at their own request,"—Mr. Bret Harte, we observe, is one of these,—and even the better sort of California writers who appear here do not appear at their best. If a collection could be held to be quite worthless which contained pieces by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Miss Coolbrith, Miss Lawson, and Mr. Webb, we should say that this was so. It is not nearly so good as a volume of California poetry entitled "Outcroppings," which appeared some years ago,—and not altogether because it is not nearly so small. It witnesses to an uncommon talent for rhythmical expression among the heterogeneous population of the Pacific States; and there are both artistic feeling and effect in some of the pieces, with an occasional honesty or reality in choice of subjects and treatment, which promises well for the future; though perhaps all these seventy-five poets—think of the many hindering vicissitudes of busi-

* Poetry of the Pacific. Selections and Original Poems from the Poets of the Pacific States. Edited by May Wentworth. San Francisco: Pacific Publishing Company.

ness, of marriage, and of growing families! — may not unite in fulfilling the promise. A Mr. E. P. Hingston, of whom we have not heard before, is the author of what is, on the whole, the best poem. It is called "Pictures in Silver-land," and was written in response to a request "from shores Atlantic," that he should paint Washoe as he saw it. We give one of his three pictures: —

"Foreground now, the Second Summit. Snow-clad mountains round me rise,
Amphitheatre majestic! — God's own rearing to the skies.
Deep, down deep mine eyes are peering, till my senses dizzy grow,
Down the frightful precipices to the gloomy depths below.
Round the hollow of the mountains winds, with serpent twist and twirl,
Granite-hewn, the graded roadway, down which at mad pace we whirl,
Coaches clinging, hanging, dangling to the rugged mountain-side;
Wagons playing flies and spiders 'gainst the rock-wall as they slide.
Far away a scene discloses, — strangely solemn, — wildly strange!
Lay aside all brilliant colors. Painter, now the palette change;
Bring me umber, bring me sepias, Vandyke, and all tints of brown, —
Whatso'er will best paint Nature where she wears her gloomiest frown.
Like a ruined world it seemeth, — burnt, upturned and scarred by fire, —
Vestige of Almighty vengeance, — record of Almighty ire!
Mountains in amorphous masses, — sea-beds of some earlier sea;
Land whereon no flower bloometh, — never grows umbrageous tree, —
Dreary hills and drearier valleys, — howling wastes of sage-clad sand, —
Chaos of God's first creation! — *Picture two in Silver-land.*"

This, even if a little over-bold and tumid, seems to us good and natural; it is at least an undeniable picture: but there is not enough of this sort of local feeling to give tone to the volume, while there is too much of another sort of feeling "that never was on sea or land," except in "sectional" collections of poetry.

We have praised Mr. Hingston's lines for naturalness, and we will thank the reader to observe that, with the characteristic acuteness of our school of criticism, we did not say simplicity, which is about the most unnatural thing

in the world nowadays, as Mr. Abbey* shall testify for us with some verses from his poem "Blanche," so called because it is a faded copy of "Maud." Blanche is a flower-girl with whom the hero falls in love, and who afterward proves to be the daughter of the erring uncle who has kept the hero out of his property. The young people undergo a good deal of woe before they are finally united by a chance which melts the uncle's heart, and which is thus alluded to: —

"I was walking down the sidewalk,
When up, with flying mane,
Two iron-black steeds came, spurning
The ground in wild disdain;
I caught them in an instant,
And held them by the rein.
It seems the man had fainted
In his elegant coupé:
I saw his face a moment,
And then I turned away.

It was my uncle's face in the carriage;
He made regret of the past," etc.

But simplicity is not the only unnatural thing in Mr. Abbey's verse. He has a turn for fanciful and complicated metaphor, which is almost as unlike poetical expression; and he can say of a Circassian maid, —

"Her eyes were diamond doors of her true soul,
And with their silken latches softly closed,
When, crouched beneath his poppy parachute,
Inactive Sleep came by";

and of the States lately in rebellion, —

"O fair, false South! lo, thy lord, the North,
Loveth thee still, though thou hast gone astray.
In truth's great court vain has thy trial been,
For no divorce could there be granted thee.
The child you bore was bitter shame and curse,
And not the child of your husband the North."

The different "Stories in Verse" abound in such kaleidoscopic effects as this, —

"As to the heliotrope comes fluttering down
The peacock butterfly, who sips and flies,
So each glad day, gold-winged, came to the land,
And sipped its sip of time and fled away";

and this, —

"He tarried here until along the hills
The red-lipped whisper of the morning ran";

and many others equally discouraging,

* Stories in Verse. By Henry Abbey. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

with the same preposterously unmeaning color and glitter.

We have imagined, however, in glancing at Mr. Abbey's pretty little book,—call it the defect of judgment or the freak of a mind perturbed by this injurious business of tasting every sort of raw, unfermented rhyme,—that he was not quite just to himself, and that he could do better than he has done here. We are not sure that we expected him to produce anything finer; perhaps, from some absurd confusion of ideas, we had formed hopes of him in the line of “expressive silence.” Or, perhaps, it may have been Mr. Michell,* and not Mr. Abbey,—we looked over their books simultaneously, as it were,—of whom we “predicated” a successful reticence; but at any rate we will say now that we believe either of them could achieve something quite pleasing in this vein, which is too little wrought by young poets. Will it be believed that we have hazarded this opinion without reading through “Sybil of Cornwall,” or “The Land's End,” or even “St. Michael's Mount”? We must confess that we came to our conclusion concerning Mr. Michell after the perusal of the opening stanza of his “Sybil.”—

“Day slowly to his ocean couch retires,
Warm with his travel o'er heaven's sultry plains;
His eye is languid, shooting softened fires.
Around, above, the soul of stillness reigns;
The western sky is like a mighty rose,
The clouds, the leaves, unfolding in repose;
And, as they fold, more deeply red they turn,
Till all the broad horizon seems to burn.”

A mind like Mr. Michell's offers a very curious study, and the appearance of such books as his is a phenomenon that can never fail to interest and surprise. We suppose that this handsome volume is not the publishers' venture, and that its sale, even in the British Isles, cannot be such as to remunerate the author. It must be printed entirely for the author's pleasure; but when you have arrived at this fact, you have not begun to solve the mystery. Why

should Mr. Michell take a pleasure in printing it? There is, of course, a comprehensible satisfaction in publishing to the world, through the dedication, that one is the relative of the late Sir Humphrey, Davy; but it seems hardly necessary to write three hundred pages of verse in order to make this fact known. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Michell, and many like him, actually find a joy in the production of the material which composes such a book as the present one. Upon the face of things, it would hardly appear probable that any well-educated man in easy circumstances would care to make a Dying Flower-Girl say,—

“O, give me flowers! their rich, soft dyes
Of innocence and virtue speak;
Methinks the angels in yon skies
Are, like earth's flow'rets, pure and meek;
Bright things, they sure might bloom above,
Symbols of peace and holy love.”

Or that he should really like to teach, concerning the future,—

“Pause, mortal: though to-day the wine-cup quaffing,
Perchance the morrow
Will close forever all thy feasting, laughing,
In gloom and sorrow.”

Or should find it at all amusing thus to apostrophize Love,—

“Source of great bliss and grief, of happy smiles,
And tears which, like slow drops that fall on stone,
Can wear the heart away; thy sparkling wiles
Around some spirits like a summer thrown;
With all thy pains, thy sweets that can decoy,
We hail thee still, a blessing and a joy.”

It is conceivable that an unhappy person lost upon a desert island should go almost to such extremes as these in consuming his intolerable leisure, or that a prisoner for life might thus beguile the tedium of solitary confinement; but that a man not shut out from books or society should delight in an exercise of the kind is one of the marvels of the poetaster's nature, which is, after all, one of the most inscrutable things in life. What is its secret spring? What should move Mr. Michell to write? What mysterious impulse drives him along that smooth, dead level of rhyme, the course of which is fairly indicated in the passages we have quoted? How does it happen that he

* Sybil of Cornwall. A Poetical Tale. The Land's End, St. Michael's Mount, and other Poems. By Nicholas Michell. London: Chapman and Hall.

has no better or worse, — whatever his attitude or mood, whether didactic or amorous, gay or pathetic, epic or lyrical? It is really a very pretty problem, and its solution is quite worthy the attention of science. What causes produce the poetaster; and are they ever to be reached and rendered ineffectual? Is his characteristic a disorder inherited and transmissible, or is it an accident of circumstance and association? In what does he differ from the social bore? It is quite time that some one addressed himself to the serious study of the phenomenon. Criticism has shown itself helpless in dealing with poetastry; and, as a result, men must now concern themselves with prevention.

From Mr. Michell's work we turn to another effort of the British muse, — a work which we can praise with real enthusiasm, — a work of imagination and dramatic force. "Colour"* is a play, of which the object is to "make the popular attractiveness of sensational and romantic incidents subservient to a moral end," though the author will not be dissatisfied if the story should also be found "full of interest for the hour to all who read it or witness its action." Certain slavers and slaveholders are wrecked upon an island inhabited by negroes escaped from bondage, who enslave their former oppressors, and convert them to the emancipation cause by the practical application of proslavery principles to their cases. The whipping, fettering, separation of families, and hunting of fugitives are horrible, and the reader is inexpressibly relieved when, on the arrival of a ship with the news that slavery is abolished in the United States, the blacks liberate their captives, and fraternize with them in one of the noble lyrics interspersing the drama. The persons are all Americans, and of course the national character is painted with those fortunate and discriminating touches which all English writers bestow, and in which Mr. Anthony Trollope has

lately so much distinguished himself that we might almost suspect him of the authorship of this anonymous drama. But it is the surprising lyrical power of the author of "Colour" which most commends him to our admiration, and at once signalizes him amid the crowd of Englishmen inspired by American affairs. Listen for a moment to the "Kidnapper's Song," with the poet's explanation of the inarticulate passages: —

"Chorus. — White slave! t, t, t!*

Black lord! Klh, klh, klh!*

Ha, ha, ha!

Tla, tla, tla, tla!†

Ho, ho, ho!

Klh, klh!*

"Hark to the tide!

Ksh, wsh, wrh, wlh!‡

Steady, stand still!

Tsh, tsh, tsh!§

Soon as the wave returns,

Wh, wch, wrh, wsh, ksh!‡

Run with a will.

Rrrrrh!‡

Where the whites lie asleep,

There on them noiseless creep. [Snore.]||

Wh, weh, wrh, wsh, ksh!‡

Wsh, wrh, wlh, wch!‡ [Snore.]||

"Startle their dreams away!

Shout the alarm!

Then, like a lightning-flash,

Snatch at each arm!

"Chorus. — White slave! t, t, t!*

Black lord! klh, klh, klh!*

Ha, ha, ha!

Tla, tla, tla, tla!†

Ho, ho, ho!

Klh, klh!*

* Sounds marked * are clicks or suction; t* from the point, klh* from the side of the tongue.

† The sound tla† is a loud flap caused by sucking the front of the tongue from the back of the mouth.

‡ The sounds marked ‡ are prolonged sibilations with no vocal sound. Their effect is highly imitative.

§ With very soft and slow staccato utterance.

|| The snore is to be snored, not spoken."

The solicitude of friends, who commonly urge a poet to the publication of his verses and then shamefully abandon him to unloving critics, has apparently not forsaken the Rev. Professor John M. Leavitt, even after his emergence in print. Of a little book, here, one half the pages are given to the tragedy of "The Siege of Babylon,"* and the other half to "notices," by

* The Siege of Babylon. A Tragedy. By the Author of "Afranius," etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

* Colour, or the Island of Humanity: A Drama in Three Acts. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

various kindly hands, of the author's former efforts, "Afranius," "The Idumean," "The Roman Martyrs," "Faith," and "The Periods." From these we inform ourselves that what would otherwise have made a contrary impression upon us is tragedy "in the highest degree picturesque," "noble," "classic," "strong, stately, and effective"; "pleasingly versified" and "bearing the marks of poetic art." The author "has fairly won his spurs in the field of poetry"; has "decided merit and genius"; "deserves a place among the sacred poets of America" (whoever they are); has not "the subtle and often exquisite imagination of Longfellow, but seems to possess a truer appreciation of character, and to afford a better portraiture of the age into which he endeavors to conduct his readers"; and "inspires not merely admiration, but profound respect, approaching to reverence." These agreeable sentiments are really taken from reviews of the poet by clerical and secular journals which have a good repute for literary taste; and we must not suffer any less person than the Rev. Professor Leavitt himself to prove them too fond, as he can easily do in a very few passages from "The Siege of Babylon": —

Belshazzar. Eva !

I find too late the key to this strange life.
My passion-nurtured soul perceives the truth,
While a voluptuous impotence enslaves,
And bloated Habit binds my will in chains,
And like a corpse oppresses enterprise,
While Ruin's torch glares blazing round my throne.
Eva ! thy love would be my discipline ;
Repair a wasted soul ; fierce passions tame ;
Start in my breast the pulses of new life ;
Create a hero's fire ; encase my limbs
In warrior's mail ; bind on my brow the plume
Of victory, and shine my diadem.
This is Despair's last hope, and this denied,
I am by passion whirled to Destiny.
Grant me my suit, and you shall sit my Queen, —
Babylon thy throne, the earth thy Empire.

Eva. Were all worlds mine, I could convey their globes,

Signing to thee the brilliance of the skies,
And yet my heart a realm but Love can give.
A vow has passed my lip not Fate recalls.

Belshazzar. Then mark the blackness of a king's despair !

The curse of ages thunders in my breast ;
Prophetic shadows darken round my head,
And Hope's last tie which binds to life is snapped ;
On ruin's verge I dare the maddest leap ;

Your temple's vessels, now in Belus' placed,
I will drag to day, and crown thus my feast,
While I hurl curses at my destiny.

Eva. O King, touch not, I pray, Jehovah's gifts,
Since they will blast thy hand, thy head, thy throne,
Then o'er this city kindle ruin's flame,
And scathe thy soul in fire now and forever.

Belshazzar. Eva, the deed is thine ! You hurl the torch ;

You flash the lightning-bolt o'er Babylon.

Eva. Nay, Belshazzar, nay ! The word you ask is falsehood, and would bring a darker woe.

Belshazzar. I go to death. My Empire sinks in gloom.

Eva, farewell."

The criticism which praises this kind of thing may not be very dangerous to literature ; but how disastrous it is for Rev. Professor Leavitt !

Mr. Calvert's "Ellen" * deserves to be read (if for no other reason) in proof of the fact that real feeling may be evoked by a rather sentimentalistic theme. The rescue of a young girl from the social evil is one of those plots which must be so very ethereally treated, not to affect the reader unpleasantly, that it may be questioned whether it were not best to let what poetry there is in them alone. The poet, however, is the judge in this case, and if he decides to take up such a theme we have only to do with his treatment of it. There is no doubt Mr. Calvert handles it delicately, though at times so obscurely that the reader does not feel certain of the slender thread of story. The author is very unequal, and his diction fully shares the good fortune and the poverty of his fancy ; but his work has after all a flavor and perfume of its own, — a poetry not to be mistaken for the graces within the reach of art. This is not to be very readily shown by single passages from the poem, whereas some defects of it are quotable enough ; and we are not so confident that it will be perceptible to all readers — even all tasteful readers — that we shall offer Mr. Calvert a very loud acclaim.

There is nothing in Miss Evans's last versified production,† any more than in "The Spanish Gypsy," to prove her a poet, but we do not seek to re-

* *Ellen* : a Poem. By George H. Calvert. New York : Sheldon & Co.

† *How Lisa loved the King.* By George Eliot. Boston : Fields, Osgood, & Co.

sist the impression that she is a very pleasant writer of rhymed prose. The story which she has here taken from Boccaccio is in the last degree romantic, and Miss Evans is too good an artist not to feel that it can only be treated with a certain conventional simplicity; though here again we do not say that simplicity is at all natural in people of this time. But there are old-established forms that stand for a simplicity quite different from Mr. Abbey's, which is of too recent a pattern; and these sometimes please better than the real thing, just as the conventional flowers and frondage of architecture—to which they answer in literature—please better than flowers and frondage copied from life. The easy, somewhat monotonous rhythm of our heroic verse, so long used in poetic narration, also represents something agreeably quaint and old; and Miss Evans has the advantage of its association, in the reader's mind, with poetry. Yet her work here, as in all her rhythmical ventures, is one of poetical sympathy rather than of poetical conception. In "Lisa" we see, not how the strained and extravagant yet charming romance affects a true poet, but how it would have affected the refined and fanciful reader of such a poet: it is in itself a negative and secondary result, and when it reaches a third mind, as it were, the feeling it excites is a sense of no harm done; it is received with the smiling equanimity with which men listen to a tasteful person's praises and explanations of an admired book. It is the reverse of a disagreeable emotion, but it is not exactly delight.

It is, after all, however, of no great moment to the mass of this suffering humanity whether one is or is not a poet: it is enough if one pleases; and so the question whether one is or is not a humorist is to be solved by the feeling of amusement or boredom with which one's comical intention is received. If a man does not make you smile, it is pretty certain that he is no humorist—for you; and if he does, there is no arguing him down: funny

he is, beyond all cavil. The quality of his fun is another matter. Mr. Daniel Rice advertises himself upon the bills which show him in his professional motley and white paint, as *The Great American Humorist*; and such he is to great numbers of the American people, though some might pretend that this judgment did not so much honor him as it dispraised them. His is not a difficult case to deal with, however. It is the humorist like Artemus Ward, and the humorists of his school, who perplex and mystify the judgment-seat. The rogues make you laugh, in defiance of every good principle of taste and art; their jokes are exported, and are amazingly relished by the English, who pronounce them true samples of American humor. And now, to add to the troubles of criticism in this particular, behold Mr. Charles G. Leland, in his famous impersonation of Hans Breitmann,* setting both hemispheres upon the grin! Time was when the good opinion of the London press would have settled the matter for us; but of late—the confession is wrung from us—we are beginning to be very shy of the Englishman "who reads an American book" and praises it. We suspect—seeing that most American books are praised nowadays in England—that there is a conspiracy among the English critics to lure our authors to their ruin,—to make them write worse and worse, till they become absolutely intolerable and mankind calls aloud for their extinction; when our hereditary enemies will have the whole literary field to themselves.

These remarks are not intended to apply unqualifiedly to Mr. Leland, who has merit enough to have excited the jealousy of at least one of our foes, and provoked him to the open expression of a doubt whether, in spite of his English popularity, Mr. Leland is a humorist. His beer-drinking, blundering, sentimentalizing Dutchman has been turned by this critic into a person with a command of good English, and we are pre-

* *Hans Breitmann's Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

sented with a version of Hans Breitmann's Party without the erring labials and gutturals. It is not funny in this respectable guise, of course; but neither is the idea of a Hans Breitmann, with a good accent and strict temperance principles, droll; and we can think of few comical figures in literature which could wholly dispense with their educational defects or local peculiarities. But it is not so much in what Hans Breitmann says, — we have expressed on a former occasion a modest estimate of many of his sayings, — as in what he is, that the fun lies; and it is not surprising that one unfamiliar with the type should doubt its value. A thousand years hence, we suppose, when the genus is extinct in cold water and a universal language, it will be quite incomprehensible that anybody should ever have been amused by such a grotesque and absurd figure as Hans; but in humorous effects ever so much depends upon temporary conditions and circumstances; and at present we are just in that state when we find such a poem as the following not only very laughable, but excellently artistic in conception and execution: —

“WEIN-GEIST.

“I stooped oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de Strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

“Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doompled de soper folk;
Und I trowed a shitone droo a shdreed lamp,
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

“Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
Und giss her like afery dings.

“Und denn mit an board und a shdore-box,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkream 'deat' !' und 'murder' !
Und holler aloudt 'bolice' !

“Und when der crim night-wächter
Says all of dis foon moost shotp,
I oop mit mein oombrella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

“I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

“Und I sits all oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden dree;
Und I dink of de quick ge-vanisht lofe
Dat vent like the vind from me.
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she !

“Dis life ish all a lindens
Mit holes dat show de Plue;
Und pedween de finite pranches
Cooms Himmel light shinin' troo.

“De blaetter are rauslin' o'er me,
Und efery leaf ish a fay,
Und dey vait dill de Windsbraut comet,
To pear dem in Fall afay.

Und I look at a rock py de rifer,
Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
— Year dausend in, oud, it shtandet —
Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

“Here vonce on a dimes a vitches
Soom melodies here pegginet;
De harpe ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

“Und so mit dis tox-i-cation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me;
Ueber stein and schwein, de weine
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

“Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet,
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endet vhere all pegginet,
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
Which unites de Nichts und Seyns.”

This is laughable, we say; but is it — will it always be — humor, — Humor with its mystical great H, its archaic small *u* in the last syllable, its inscrutable difference from Wit, its secret depth of Pathos? We have reserved till now, in reply to this question, a confession for which the reader will have been prepared by the foregoing observations: —

We don't know.



No. CXLIII. SEPTEMBER, 1869.

CRABB ROBINSON'S REMINISCENCES.—No recent work, unless it be Mr. Forster's biography of Walter Savage Landor, has excited so much remark in literary circles as the "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson," just published in London in three volumes, and issued here in two volumes by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Crabb Robinson died in February, 1867. Prof. De Morgan, in an admirable supplementary chapter, thus photographs the fine old man :—

"By the time he died the tablet of his memory had more than sixty years of literary recollections painted upon it, and painted with singular clearness. He had a comical habit of self-depreciation, which, though jocose in expression, took its rise in a real feeling that his life had been thrown away. It had, in fact, been of a miscellaneous character, and, save only in his legal career, had nothing to which a common and understood name could be attached. Accordingly, it was, 'I speak to you with the respect with which a person like myself ought to speak to a great —.' Here insert scholar, mathematician, physician, etc., as the case might be. Or, perhaps, 'I am nothing, and never was anything, not even a lawyer.' Sometimes, 'Do not run away with the idea that I know that, or anything else.' But the climax was reached when, after giving an account of something which involved a chain of anecdotes running back with singular connection and clearness through two generations, he came at last to a loss about some name. It would then be, 'You see that my memory is quite gone; though that is an absurd way of talking, for I never had any.'"

Rogers, the poet, said to his guests one day, "If there is any one here who wishes to say anything, he had better say it at once, for Crabb Robinson is coming." "In similar spirit," says the *Athenæum*, "we may remark that if any of the reading public have a book in hand they had better finish it off or lay it by at once, for Crabb Robinson is come. The volumes which treat of him are, like himself when he was among us, — irresistible, to be attended to whether you will or no; and worth the attention, because brimful of anecdote, incident, learning, quaint talk, profound thought, sublime philosophy, child-like fun, bold speculation, and religious feeling lovely in its conception and practice."

In these pages will be found sketches of many German and French authors and actresses; brief, pithy reviews of the best books; terse characterizations of Carlyle, Mill, Thackeray, Milman, Bishop Wilberforce, Henry Taylor, Huntington, S. S. Shiel (twice blackballed from Robinson's favorite debating-society), Macready, the Kembles, Kean, and Robson (who in the latest days of his interest in the theatricals excited the old connoisseur's warmest admiration), Talfourd, Newman, Clough, Hazlitt, Lafayette, Constant, Walter (of the *Times*), and his chief leader-writers, Croly, Gibson (the sculptor); but it is almost impossible to indicate, even by a catalogue of names, the wealth of this book's materials for a study of the century. Rarely has so bright, various, and well-digested a collection been published. It cannot be epitomized. It must be read, and will be read, again and again.

In reviewing the vast material which Dr. Sadler has arranged and edited so conscientiously, the *London Daily News* asserts: "The two books which are most likely to survive changes of literary taste, and to charm, while instructing, generation after generation, are the 'Diary' of Pepys and Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' The day will come when, to these, many will add the 'Diary' of Henry Crabb Robinson. Excellences like those which render the personal revelations of Pepys and the observations of Boswell such pleasant reading abound in this work. . . . In it is to be found something to suit every taste and to inform every mind. For the general reader, it contains much light and amusing matter. To the lover of literature, it conveys information which he will prize highly on account of its accuracy and rarity. The student of social life will gather from it many valuable hints whereon to base theories as to the effects on English society of the progress of civilization. For these and for other reasons, this 'Diary' is a work to which a hearty welcome should be accorded."

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON.—In this work Mr. Greenwood lays bare the crime and wretchedness prevalent among the lower classes of the London poor. The writer is probably more conversant with the dark side of London life than any author who has recently written on the subject. His present book is the result of long and laborious investigations of the topics treated of, and cannot fail to direct public attention to the abuses pointed out, and perhaps be instrumental in ameliorating them. Mr. Greenwood's style is clear and energetic, with here and there a touch of pathos peculiarly his own. Those readers who remember the graphic sketch of "A Night in a Workhouse," by the "Amateur Casual," will not long delay in making themselves acquainted with "The Seven Curses of London," from the same vigorous pen. Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have published the work in one handsome 12mo volume of three hundred pages.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.—The new generation of readers that has sprung up since Mr. Dana gave his graphic sea-story to the world does not seem disposed to reverse the verdict then pronounced. "Two Years before the Mast" is a work which needs no description. Its popularity is not confined to the land of the author, but extends into every country where our language is spoken. Simply regarded as a narrative of two years spent by an intelligent and cultured man before the mast in the American service, it would be useful. But it is more. The story—although almost a transcript of a journal and notes made at the time and with strict adherence to facts—has all the charms of a romance. Every reader who followed Mr. Dana from the day when the brig "Pilgrim" sailed from Boston on her voyage to the western coast of North America, till the time when he disembarked at the same city, leaving the good ship "Alert" in the sole charge of the old ship-keeper, "who had come down from the counting-house to take charge of her," will be delighted to revisit in such good company

as the author's the scenes described twenty-four years before. There is nothing that more strikingly illustrates the vast strides of American progress than the narrative now added to "Two Years before the Mast." In 1835-6, when the "Alert" floated into the vast solitudes of the bay of San Francisco, all around was the stillness of nature; the coast of California was almost unknown; one vessel only lay at anchor. In 1859, when the second visit was made, as the superb steamship "Golden Gate," in which he was a passenger, bore round the point towards the former anchoring-ground of the old hide-ship; there, "covering the sand-hills and the valleys, and flickering all over with the lamps of its streets and houses, lay a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants." The later record and the historic end of the "Alert" are here given, and have a melancholy interest. The good ship was captured by the famous "Alabama," and burnt on the 9th of September, 1862.

"We are very glad," says the *London Spectator*, speaking of the London edition of "Two Years before the Mast," "to see an 'author's edition' of a very old favorite. Some of our readers may, perhaps, need to be reminded that some thirty years ago Mr. Dana, then or lately a student of Harvard University, went 'before the mast,' i. e. shipped himself as a common seaman on board of a trading-brig bound from New York for the west coast of America; and that, happily coming back, he wrote a description, nearly unique in its way, of life in the fore-castle. In this lies the interest, and a very great and permanent interest it is, of the book itself; but this particular edition has an interest of its own. The brig 'Pilgrim,' which Mr. Dana joined, was engaged in the hide trade, and remained for months taking in cargo in the bay of San Francisco, then, as he says, 'a vast solitude.' Six miles from their anchorage on one side was a ruinous 'presidio,' three miles on the other an equally ruinous 'mission,' and near the landing a shanty of boards which a Yankee, in advance of his age, had set up. Other habitations there were none. Twenty-four years afterwards, in 1859, Mr. Dana visited the city of San Francisco, then numbering a hundred thousand inhabitants, the growth of less than a quarter of a century on the shores of that desolate bay. Probably there are other men alive in America who have seen transformations equally wonderful; not a few of Mr. Dana's friends and associates in early life are alive, and can boast the same experiences; but the concurrent good fortune of seeing such things and being able to describe them is very rare indeed, and deserves a special recognition. It would be impertinence to praise so well-known a book as Mr. Dana's original work, but we may say that his added chapter, 'Twenty-four Years After,' is of very rare interest."

ROBERTSON'S SERMONS, complete in two volumes, have just been issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. No modern religious writings have been more popular than these admirable discourses. The admirers of Robertson in this country are confined to no class or denomination, but embrace people of essentially different religious views. The present edition, the cheapest in price yet published, will place the work within the reach of all.

AMERICAN SPORTING BOOKS.—Mr. Bumstead's "On the Wing" and Mr. Murray's "Adventures in the Wilderness" are favorably noticed in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, a journal not in the habit of over-praising things American. These "two unpretending volumes on the game and wild sports of America," says the writer, "will have some attractions for English sportsmen. The first, 'On the Wing,' is a

practical treatise on the choice of guns, powder, and accoutrements, on their use and management, and on the various kinds of sport which the woods, and especially the prairies, of the States afford. The writer recommends in strong terms the use of guns made by the best English makers, and gives instructions for their selection and adaptation to the requirements of the individual sportsman; but the rest of his work is addressed almost exclusively to American readers, and to Englishmen who may be able to visit the haunts of the American wild-fowl. The latter are different from their English congeners; and their habits, the localities in which they are to be found, and the conditions of the sport, are for the most part so unlike anything with which the merely English sportsman is acquainted, that the work can have only a theoretical interest for the generality of readers in this country. The other volume, entitled 'Adventures in the Wilderness,'—which relates, however, only to wild regions in the Eastern States,—is narrative in form, and, besides being more readable, conveys a livelier idea of the realities of American field sports. Both authors are enthusiastic sportsmen, and the experience of Mr. Murray during his rough camp-life among the Adirondacks,—the Highlands of New York,—are told with sportsmanlike gusto, and interspersed with some of those anecdotes of more daring and perilous adventure in remoter wilds, or in older days, before the Indian had entirely disappeared from the Eastern States, with which, if American writers are to be believed, every old hunter and trapper is ready to enliven the bivouac, or beguile the tediousness of a long day's watching for the larger game."

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD.—American books, and especially books of travel, command more attention in England than they did ten or even five years ago. Taylor's "By-Ways of Europe" and Coffin's "Our New Way Round the World" are striking instances of this. They have been discussed as fully and impartially by the leading journals as if they had emanated from an English press and been written by English authors. The time was when the *Saturday Review* would not have thought of giving three or four of its generous columns to a work by an American author, unless, indeed, to revile it. Yet one of the most appreciative and important notices that have been written touching Mr. Coffin's popular volume has appeared in the *Saturday Review*.

"In Mr. Charles C. Coffin," says the critic, "we have a traveller after the latest and best transatlantic pattern. He has thrown himself thoroughly into the spirit of his age and race; yet, while loyal to the backbone, and indorsing to the full his country's claims to present grandeur and future pre-eminence, he has a corner in his soul for the merits of other lands, and is open to the lessons of Old-World wisdom. There is everything to hope from an enterprising and intelligent citizen of the New World who, after an absence of two years and a half, during which he has made the circuit of the globe, can return to his home with the impression that 'America does not possess all the virtues in the world. We have something yet to learn.' He and his party have 'lost some prejudices, and gained new views.' From the outset he appears to have conceived the true idea of travel, and the success which crowned his efforts is the deserved result and confirmation of the foresight and resolve with which he laid down his plan from the first. He is true to the proverbial maxim of his country, and has verified it over the length and breadth of the earth: 'Be sure you are right, and then go ahead.' 'The secret of travelling with ease is to know where to go, and how to get there, making all necessary preparations, and never to worry.' It is

care and fuss, as he says, which kills us, or, at all events, takes all the life out of our travel. . . . The tour adopted by Mr. Coffin's party was that from west to east. But the true course for the circuit of the world, experience has now taught him, is with the sun. By starting at the right time, and by travelling westward, every country will be seen at its best season. The tourist will be pretty sure of calm seas and pleasant weather all the way from San Francisco to Japan, thence by way of China and India to Suez, and so on to Europe. It was doubtless the natural hankering after the sights and ways of Europe that turned our traveller's steps in this direction before exhausting the marvels and novelties of his own land. Rapid as was his flight, and superficial as was his view of the multitudinous objects that daily crowded his path, his powers of observation are, we are bound to say, keen and vigorous, and his judgments upon men and things both shrewd and impartial. Be it the aspects of nature, the historical monuments, the national traits, or the social idiosyncrasies that come before him, we find him invariably alive to what is most beautiful or august or original or piquant, as the case may be. He is at all times happy in hitting off the salient features, or picking out the weak spots, in local life and manners. While full of aspirations for the future, he is far from ignoring the glories or the legacies of the past. He is not the man to have to fall back, like a certain traditional fellow-countryman of his, for his recollections of Rome upon the entry in his diary of 'the place where the buildings were so much in want of repair.' Rome, indeed, we regret to say, lay out of his adopted route, but Greece was happily so nearly in the direct line from Marseilles to the East as to render possible a bird's-eye view of classic sites and cities, and to call up a swiftly passing panorama of Attic grandeur and decay. Skirting the Dorian peninsula, the gray ribs of limestone broken into rugged caves tell him of 'the puny Spartan children dropped into these dark chasms, to be devoured by wolves.' . . . The woodcuts interspersed among his pages deserve a word of commendation. They are drawn with vigor and truth, often showing touches of quaint and quiet humor. The group of perspiring wretches melting away in the state-room of the 'Baroda' down the Red Sea, and the imperious Briton (uncovenanted, we will suppose) with his full-blown, vulgar wife, and limp, washed-out children, 'going home,' are remarkable for compressed fun. Altogether, if there is nothing new under the sun, 'Our New Way Round the World' shows there may be much novelty and freshness in the mode of telling even a thrice-told tale."

TWO IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHIES.—The August number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an interesting paper by Professor Maurice on the biography of Walter Savage Landor and the Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson. Professor Maurice remarks:—

"The two men whose names are placed at the head of this article passed through nearly ninety years of the most eventful period in European and American history. 'Born,' says Mr. Forster, of Landor, 'in the year when the English colonies in America rebelled; living through all the revolutions in France and the astonishing career of the great Napoleon; a sympathizer with the defeated Paoli and the victorious Garibaldi; contemporary with Cowper and Burns, yet the survivor of Keats, Wordsworth, and Byron, of Shelley, Scott, and Southey; living while Gibbon's first volume and Macaulay's last were published; to whom Pitt and Fox, and even Burke, had been familiar, as were Peel and Russell; who might have heard Mirabeau attempting to save the French monarchy and Mr. Gladstone predicting the disruption of the American Republic; it would seem strange that a single life should be large enough for such experiences.' Mr. Crabb Robinson had these same wide experiences. He lived to see the battle of Sadowa and the complete victory of Grant. Landor and Robinson were friends; and had

many common friends. They were curiously, even comically, as unlike in temper and disposition as two men of the same epoch could well be: one the least 'clubbable' of men; the other made for society. As their biographies have appeared simultaneously, there seems reason enough for speaking of them together, though the modesty of Mr. Robinson would have been greatly shocked if it had been hinted to him that he should under any pretext be placed side by side with the author of 'Gebir' and the 'Imaginary Conversations.'

"No one would have been qualified for a biographer of Landor who did not estimate these works very highly. Mr. Forster has shown the keenest appreciation of their beauties, and has bestowed valuable and discriminating criticism upon them. Every student and admirer of Landor may derive much instruction from his remarks."

Speaking of the Diary and Reminiscences of Crabb Robinson, Professor Maurice says:—

"Much as we ought to value such records as these for their own sake, it is impossible to separate them from the friendly, cordial man who has bestowed them upon us. Those who have never seen him or shared his hospitality will become well acquainted with him through this 'Diary'; they must feel towards himself much personal gratitude and regard. Personal,—for he too was personal, though in a very different way from Landor. He cared much more for persons themselves than either for opinions or for truth as truth. His want of any strong conviction or fervent zeal is what he most laments in himself. It was no morbid self-accusation; he was not the least inclined to be morbid; he was singularly healthy in body and happy in his spirits. He felt inwardly that it was a want; a very interesting and pathetic letter to Benceke shows that he longed for some satisfaction of it. The discovery of such a craving in a man of his social and cheerful temperament is very impressive, and even startling. If he makes those ashamed who feel often tempted to Landor's intolerance by his comprehensive sympathies, he may make them more ashamed if they have the glimpse of any truth which should be the basis of all such sympathies, and at the same time of a distinct individual belief. Supposing that is so, they ought to be more vehemently earnest than Landor, more catholic than Robinson. If they are conscious of being inferior to each in that which was his proper characteristic, they may at least accept both as men who represent our age."

THACKERAY'S WORKS COMPLETE.—HOUSEHOLD EDITION.—The publication of the cheap and elegant edition of Thackeray's Novels has created a demand for the author's miscellaneous writings in the same compact shape. While Thackeray is known in this country chiefly as a novelist, his short papers and essays contributed equally to his fame in England. Dickens, in an article written at the time of his friend's death, dwells particularly upon his magazine writings, as proofs of extraordinary and versatile power. No collection of Thackeray's works would give a complete idea of the man or of what he accomplished, if these fugitive papers were omitted. Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s Household Edition will be printed from the latest English edition, embracing several of the author's best contributions to periodical literature, until now uncollected.

WHITTIER'S BALLADS ILLUSTRATED, now in press by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., and to be published in the autumn, will form one of the most exquisite holiday volumes ever issued in this country. The landscape illustrations, both principal and accessory, have been drawn chiefly from sketches made by Mr. Harry Fenn, who visited for the purpose the scenes of the various poems. The figure pieces and other designs are from the pencils of S. Eytting, Jr., Winslow Homer, Alfred Fredericks, Granville Perkins, F. O. C. Darley, Samuel Coleman, W. J. Hennessy, and J. W. Ehninger. The engraving is by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, under whose supervision the book has been prepared. In offering to the public an edition of these well-known Ballads, upon the illustration of which the greatest care has been be-

stowed, the publishers have much pleasure in presenting the following note from the author:—

"I have examined the sheets of the Ballads, and I find that in truthfulness of illustration, and in beauty and delicacy of execution, the pictures are all that could be desired. In the illustrations to COBBLER KEZZAR'S VISION, THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH, MY PLAYMATE, and THE COUNTESS, especially, I recognize the scenery familiar from boyhood, and which I have endeavored to associate in the mind of the reader of my Ballads with the characters and incidents of local traditions.

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

[From Forster's Biography of Walter Savage Landor.]

LANDOR AND SWINBURNE. — One more incident remains to be mentioned, which in writing to me some time later Mr. Kirkup referred to. "Young Algonon Swinburne, whose mother I knew thirty years ago, came out from England for no other purpose than to see Landor, without knowing him, a few weeks before his death. He afterwards dedicated to him, in Greek, his beautiful tragedy of *Atalanta in Calydon*. Landor was much gratified by his enthusiasm, and brought him to me." The visit happily was made not quite so late, or it could hardly have yielded the gratification it gave. The young poet's announcement of his arrival in Florence was among the letters sent me by Landor in May. He had indeed, he wrote to me, travelled as far as Italy with the sole object and desire of seeing him. He carried to him a letter from an old friend; from many others of his countrymen, who might never hope to see him, he was the bearer of infinite homage and thankfulness; and for himself he had the eager wish to lay at his feet, what he could never hope to put into adequate words, profound gratitude and life-long reverence. It was but natural that all this should give pleasure to the old man, in the sense of fame it brought so closely home to him; and with it may also have come some foretaste of a higher pleasure and happier fame awaiting him in the future.

In the present there was little more left to him. His last note to me was dated on the 8th of September, and on the 17th he had ceased to live. He had so weakened himself by abstaining from food during three preceding days, that a fit of coughing killed him. There was no other suffering. It was a *buona morte*, said the Italian who was present; as brief as it was unexpected and sudden. He was laid in the English burying-ground, and a stone placed over the grave. On this had been cut correctly his name, and the dates of his birth and death; but the Florentine stone-cutter's English was imperfect, and the word "wife," which should have appeared in the "last sad tribute" of the rest of the inscription, had taken the quite unintelligible form of "coife." But as there was no conscious irony in this, so neither was there much inappropriateness; and Landor was not to pass away without a worthier written epitaph. It came from the young poet who visited him so lately, and needs only to be prefaced by the remark that the convention by which Florence became the capital of Italy had been signed two days before Landor died.

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Back to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring
New-born the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Filled full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free;
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there;
Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end, —
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, — if anything endure,
If hope there be, —
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were
Look earthward now;
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow;

Come back in sleep, for in the life
Where thou art not
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and released
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name,
As morning-star with evening-star,
His faultless fame.

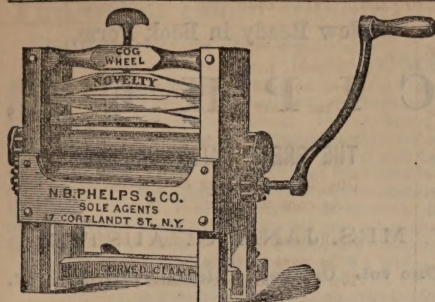
BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

SERMONS PREACHED AT TRINITY CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.
By FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A. A New Edition.
Five volumes in two. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 980, 674.
Morocco cloth. \$3.00.

THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON. By JAMES GREENWOOD, the "Amateur Casual." From Advance Sheets.
1 vol. pp. 350. Morocco cloth. \$1.50.

DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, Barrister-at-law, F. S. A. Selected and edited by THOMAS SADLER, Ph. D. From Advance Sheets. 2 vols. 12mo. With Portrait. Morocco cloth. \$4.00.

These books can be procured of the Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.



The Novelty

is the only Wringer that has the
Patent Flange Cog-Wheels on both ends
of the Rolls.

The cogs on one end of a roll are set relatively BETWEEN those on the other end of the SAME roll, virtually forming a **DOUBLE GEAR**, and thereby nearly doubling the purchase. (The importance of setting gears in this position is not generally understood.)

The Patent Flange Cog-wheels, when used on both ends of the Wringer, in connection with but ONE PRESSURE SCREW, allow the rolls to separate at EITHER END, as one end or the other will always be in gear. The Cog-wheels CANNOT be thrown out of gear on both ends of the Wringer at the same time, unless the pressure is taken off.

The **NOVELTY** is fastened to a tub or box by a Patent Curved Clamp, which has an equal bearing on a tub the whole length of the Wringer. Other Wringers are merely fastened to a stave at each end, and are thus liable to wrench the staves from their proper position and ruin the tub. The Cog-wheels, Thumb-screws, &c. are nicely galvanized. Buy the "**NOVELTY**" or at least take it on trial with any or all others, and keep the Best.

Sold everywhere.

N. B. PHELPS & CO.,
Gen. Ag'ts, 17 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Guide to the Adirondacks.

MURRAY'S

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS.

TOURIST'S EDITION.

With eight full-page Illustrations, and

A LARGE MAP OF THE ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS,

23½ by 25,

Indicating all the Routes, Lakes, Hotels, &c., also
Maps and Tables showing routes and distances
to the Adirondack Region. Price, \$2.00.

"His little book seems to be a complete Traveller's Guide for those who wish to visit the Adirondacks. It tells how and when to go, and what to do after getting there. It is written in popular, narrative style, its incidents are numerous, and often ludicrous, and the fund of useful information great."—*Sunday Times (Boston)*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

MIDDLETOWN

HEALING SPRING WATERS.

The attention of the public, and of invalids particularly is directed to these WATERS, which are very highly recommended by physicians and others familiar with their wonderful effect on disease.

They are Unrivalled as a Remedy,
Refreshing as a Beverage,
and pronounced

Superior to all other Waters,

both Natural and Artificial.

Sold by Druggists. Hundreds of testimonials and best references.

Send for Pamphlet. Address

GRAYS & CLARK,
Middletown, Vermont.

Our New Way Round the World.

By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. 8vo. With several Maps and over 100 Engravings. Cloth, \$3.00; Library Edition, \$3.50; Half calf, \$5.50.

"In Mr. Charles C. Coffin we have a traveller after the latest and best transatlantic pattern. He has thrown himself thoroughly into the spirit of his age and race; yet, while loyal to the backbone, and indorsing to the full his country's claims to present grandeur and future pre-eminence, he has a corner in his soul for the merits of other lands, and is open to the lessons of Old-World wisdom. Rapid as was his flight, and superficial as was his purview of the multitudinous objects that daily crowded his path, his powers of observation are, we are bound to say, keen and vigorous, and his judgments upon men and things both shrewd and impartial. Be it the aspects of nature, the historical monuments, the national traits or the social idiosyncrasies that come before him, we find him invariably alive to what is most beautiful or august or original or piquant, as the case may be. He is at all times happy in hitting off the salient features, or picking out the weak spots, in local life and manners. . . . The history of British rule in India, and the tokens of material and social advancement everywhere beside his path, are themes after the American's own heart. We have never seen a more graphic or telling sketch of Anglo-Indian life and characteristics within anything like the compass of Mr. Coffin's flying experiences. . . . Mr. Coffin's studies of life in China are eminently piquant and original. Nothing is too old or too new to escape his notice. . . . The wood-cuts interspersed among his pages deserve a word of commendation. They are drawn with vigor and truth, often showing touches of quaint and quiet humor. Altogether, if there is nothing new under the sun, Our New Way Round the World shows there may be much novelty and freshness in the mode of telling even a thrice-told tale."—*Saturday Review (London)*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

ON THE WING.

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

By JOHN BUMSTEAD.

Fully Illustrated.

16mo. \$2.50.

"Here is a practical book for sportsmen, by John Bumstead, a practical man, if we may judge from his writings, who knows of what he treats. It is a beautiful volume,—well printed, handsomely illustrated,—and all fond of sporting will find in it valuable suggestions as to selecting guns and caring for them, shooting woodcock, quail, grouse, snipe, rabbits, and all kinds of water-fowl, together with interesting details as to the manufacture of guns, gunpowder, etc."—*Rural New-Yorker*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

FERRE, BATCHELDER, & CO.'S

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF

Hyacinths, Crocus, Tulips,

AND

OTHER HARDY BULBS,

for the Autumn of 1869, sent to any address on receipt of 5 cents. Address

FERRE, BATCHELDER, & CO.,

231 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

Now Ready in Book Form,

CIPHER,

THE GREAT GALAXY SERIAL.

BY

MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

One vol. Octavo. Elegantly Illustrated.

Price, bound in Paper, \$1.00; bound
in Cloth, \$1.50.

This brilliant Serial was recently completed in THE GALAXY. It will be remembered that it was first published anonymously; yet few American novels published without the prestige of a great name have attracted so much attention as

CIPHER.

It is written in a brilliant and dashing style, and is full of incident. After reading the first page the interest never flags until the end of the story is reached.

☛ Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

SHELDON & CO., Publishers,

498 & 500 Broadway, New York.

DR. VAN NORMAN'S

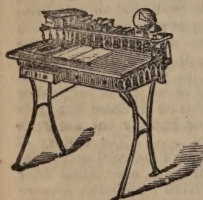
FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Family and Day School for Young Ladies,

Nos. 8 & 10 East 46th Street, New York,

Will reopen Oct. 8, 1869. For full information send for Circular. Address as above.

Our Illustrated Catalogue



of School Material for 1869 and 1870 represents APPARATUS, BOOKS, CHARTS, GLOBES, MAPS,

SCHOOL FURNITURE

of several superior modern styles, and many other "ARTICLES FOR EVERY SCHOOL." Mailed on demand, with stamp.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO.,

Publishers and Booksellers,

14 Bond Street, New York.

STAMMERING

Permanently cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. They received Medals, etc., at the last London and Paris Exhibitions, and are favorably reviewed in the *Illustrated London News* and *Medical Times*. For Pamphlet, and drawings describing the same, address

SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, New York.

CHESTER SQUARE (Formerly Pemberton Square) Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.—The next School Year will begin SEPTEMBER 21, 1869. For Catalogue and Circular address REV. G. GANNETT, 69 Chester Square, Boston, Mass.

GOOD STORIES, — for Travellers and the Family Circle. Four Parts. Illustrated. 50 cents each. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers, Boston.

LAW, LOAN, AND BANKING OFFICE,

PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DeWitt, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, payable annually. Interest collected when due. All charges paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years. Parties having money to invest, please notice.

The Great Dollar Monthly: Wood's Household Magazine!

EDITION FOR JULY, 106,000 COPIES!

SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS; YEARLY, \$1.00.

PREMIUMS FOR 1869:

\$40	1st. The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine, Price, \$40. We will give the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine, worth \$40 cash, as a Premium for forty new subscribers to the MAGAZINE.	\$40
\$450	2d. Pianos. Pianos. We will cause a Piano to be sent from almost any first-class manufactory, as a Premium for the retail price of it in subscriptions to the MAGAZINE.	\$450
\$70	3d. Cabinet Organs. We will give Cabinet Organs, worth from \$70 to \$150, as Premiums for their retail price in subscriptions to the MAGAZINE.	\$70
\$135	4th. Velocipede. We will give the celebrated American Velocipede, manufactured exclusively by A. T. Demorest & Co., 620 Broadway, N. Y., as a Premium for 140 new subscribers.	\$140
\$35	5th. Tick. Tick. We will give a Coin Silver, Hunting Case, Elgin Watch (J. T. Ryerson movement), worth \$35 cash, as a Premium for 35 new subscribers to the MAGAZINE.	\$35
	6th. \$5 Violins. \$5 Guitars. \$1 Fifes. \$4 Flutes. \$5 Accordions. \$20 Cornets. \$8 Tenor Drums. We will give Violins, Guitars, Fifes, Flutes, Accordions, Cornets, Drums, etc., as Premiums for their retail price in subscriptions.	
\$12	7th. Dictionary. We will give Webster's Unabridged Dictionary (latest edition), worth \$12 cash, as a Premium for fifteen new subscribers to the MAGAZINE.	\$15
\$2	8th. Microscope. We will give Microscopes as Premiums for their retail price in subscriptions.	\$2
\$5.35	9th. Dickens. We will furnish Appleton's Edition of Charles Dickens's Complete Works in 18 Volumes (which is an aggregate of 4,655), worth \$5.35, as a Premium for eight new subscribers to the MAGAZINE.	\$8.00
\$6.25	10th. Waverley Novels. We will furnish Appleton's Edition of the Waverley Novels, by Sir Walter Scott, in twenty-five volumes, worth \$6.25, as a Premium for 8 new subscribers.	\$8.00
\$9	11th. Clothes-Wringer. We will give the Universal Clothes-Wringer, worth \$9, as a Premium for 12 new subscribers to the MAGAZINE.	\$12
\$3	12th. Demorest's Monthly Magazine. We will cause Demorest's Monthly Magazine, worth \$3, to be sent one year as a Premium for four new subscribers to our MAGAZINE.	\$4
\$1.50	13th. Demorest's Young America. To secure this valuable periodical it will only be necessary for you to ask two of your friends or neighbors to subscribe for Wood's Household Magazine, and forward us the amount with the addresses.	\$2.00
\$3	14th. The Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated. We will cause the Phrenological Journal, worth \$3, to be sent one year, as a Premium for four new subscribers to the MAGAZINE.	\$4
\$2.50	15th. Church Union. We will cause the Church Union to be mailed one year as a Premium for four new subscribers to our MAGAZINE.	\$4.00
\$2	16th. Tribune and World. We will cause either the New York Weekly Tribune or the Weekly World, worth \$2, to be sent one year as a Premium for a club of three subscribers.	\$3
\$1.50	17th. Agriculturist. We will forward the American Agriculturist as a Premium for two new subscribers to our MAGAZINE.	\$2.00

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. — Two years ago Newburgh gave birth to her sixth publication by S. S. Wood. It was first issued as a prospectus of a general book-agency business, and has since been twice rechristened, — first to "Wood's Household Advocate," then to "Wood's Household Magazine," its present title. The first number was in a small eight-page form at ten cents a year. It has since been enlarged four times, with subscription prices twenty-five cents, fifty cents, seventy-five cents, and one dollar. We learn that the back numbers are all soon to be republished in the present Magazine form. The success of Mr. Wood's enterprise is one of the marvels of periodical literature in these United States. From comparatively nothing it has grown to be one of the most extensive and important concerns of the kind in the country. The circulation of the HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is, we believe, exceeded but by one monthly in the country, — Harpers. It is largely taken in every one of the thirty-six States, in all the Territories, in Mexico, Canada, Europe, etc., etc. We attribute Mr. Wood's success largely to his attractive and novel way of getting before the people. The following card from the July number of his Magazine will illustrate: "A PARTNER WANTED, EITHER WITH OR WITHOUT CAPITAL. — The business includes publishing and printing offices, and 'Wood's Household Magazine' (formerly Advocate), which has an edition of over one hundred thousand copies, and is the largest and best dollar monthly in the world! No individual of the male persuasion need apply, as I am a bachelor. For full particulars address S. S. Wood, P. O. Building, Newburgh, N. Y. Postmasters and newsmen throughout the United States are furnished with specimen copies." Now, to the best of our knowledge and belief, the lady who secures this partnership will be very fortunate indeed. We are personally acquainted with Mr. Wood, and know him to be an industrious and strictly temperate young man, etc. "Go in!" girls. — *Newburgh Daily Journal*.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY OF US, etc.

CLAYTON, MICH., June 1, 1869.

WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, O.: — Dear Sirs: I write to learn if S. S. Wood, of Newburgh, N. Y., publisher of Wood's Household Magazine, is responsible and will do as he proposes in the way of premiums for getting subscribers for his paper. Among others he refers to you to learn of his responsibility. Yours, respectfully,

N. F. CHAFER.

[REPLY.]

Our acquaintance with Mr. Wood is entirely satisfactory. We have sent almost innumerable machines to all parts of the country as premiums to his agents. We have no hesitancy in recommending him. Yours, truly,

WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, O.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING, ETC. — S. S. WOOD: Sir, — I have received the Wilson Sewing Machine as a premium for forty new subscribers to your paper. I like the paper very much, and I prize the machine more. It is all that it is recommended to be, and gives perfect satisfaction, and I am very thankful to you for being the means of my having what is needed in every household, namely, The Wilson Sewing Machine. Please accept the warmest thanks of Mrs. Micah Vail, Scott, Luzerne Co., Pa., May 20, 1869.

The MAGAZINE may be ordered of any Postmaster or Newsdealer in the United States.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF PREMIUMS.

Address S. S. WOOD, P. O. Building, Newburgh, N. Y.

DARREN, June 29, 1869.

S. S. WOOD: Dear Sir, — I would most gratefully acknowledge that I yesterday received the Elgin Watch (J. T. Ryerson movement) which you promised. I am delighted, and more than satisfied with it. I showed it to our jewelers to-day; they pronounced it one of the best of watches, in perfect order, and that I need have no fears but that it would prove a good time-keeper. Respectfully yours,

F. P. ABBOTT.

SPECIMEN OF OUR PREMIUM SHIPMENTS. — Received, Springfield, Mass., June 9, 1869, of S. S. Wood, payment in full for eighty-two Webster's Unabridged Dictionaries, and forty-five Webster's National Pictorial Dictionaries, forwarded by us this day as premiums for procuring subscribers to Wood's Household Advocate. G. & C. MERRIAM, Publishers of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

May 24, 1869.

S. S. WOOD: — The Dictionary is splendid, good paper, excellent type, and well bound. Some prophesied it could not be so. I am more than satisfied. I feel as though I was indebted to you, — as though I had received something for which I have not paid. Your paper is praised by all who read it. ISAAC W. THOMPSON, Middletown, Vt.

WILCOX SILVER PLATE CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Finest Quality of Electro-Plate

For the use of Hotels, Restaurants, Private Families, Churches, and for Wedding and Holiday Presents

In addition to their usual line of goods they invite attention to their

Patent Porcelain-lined Ice Pitchers,**Porcelain-lined Baking Dishes, with Silver-plated Receivers,****Crockery Baking Dishes, with Silver-plated Receivers,****Glass-lined Dessert Sets, etc., etc.**

THE QUALITY OF ALL

TRADE-MARK



GOODS BEARING THEIR

IS GUARANTEED

Factories at West Meriden, Conn. . . . Salesroom, 21 Maiden Lane, New York.

YOU CAN make large pay with our **STENCIL DIES.**
Samples free. S. M. SPENCER & Co., Brattleboro', Vt.**\$100 PER DAY DISCONTINUED.**

HAVING obtained an extensive and wide-spread sale for our "CENTURY" brand of *Fine-Cut Chewing Tobacco*, we desire to announce that we shall not pack daily \$100 in the small tinfoil papers after this date, July 1st, 1869, its merits being so favorably recognized that this inducement is no longer necessary. To avoid misapprehension, however, we would add that we shall continue to pack orders for elegant *Meerschaum Pipes* in our "YACHT-CLUB" and "EUREKA" brands of *Smoking Tobacco*.

The "YACHT-CLUB" is devoid of Nicotine, and cannot injure the health, and is especially recommended to people of sedentary occupations or nervous constitutions. The trade are invited to send for Circulars.

P. LORILLARD, New York.

THE CELEBRATED

STERLING

SIX CORD, SOFT FINISH,

SPOOL COTTON.

Equal, if not superior, to any known Thread.

WELL ADAPTED TO

HAND AND SEWING MACHINE WORK.**A. T. STEWART & CO.,**

NEW YORK,

Sole Agents for the United States.

AT DR. HERO'S School for Young Ladies are advantages to be found in no other school in the world. EMILY A. RICE, Principal. Send for circular to DR. J. HERO, Westboro', Mass.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR

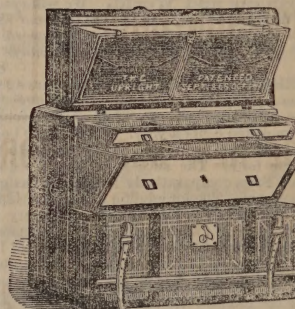
FOR ZION'S HERALD to Jan. 1st, 1870. A first-class Illustrated Religious Journal of 16 pages. 200 Contributors; 5 editors. The cheapest paper in the land. \$2.50 a year in advance. Specimen copies free. E. D. WINSLOW, Publisher, 11 Cornhill, Boston.

VINEGAR. How made from Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For terms, circulars, &c., address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Ct.

\$9 a Day for all. Address A. J. FULLAM, New York.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARYFor Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
Reopens September 15th.

The best features of European and Home Schools. Especial attention to Modern Languages, Music, and Art. Mr. Walter R. Gilbert, Mus. Bac. Oxon., has charge of the department of Music. For prospectus, with references, address the Rector, REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A. M.

The Upright Patent Trunk

Does not have to be removed from the wall to open it. Instead of trays to lift out, it is arranged with **DRAWERS** made very light and strong.

It is much stronger, as only a small portion opens, whereas in the old style the whole top comes off.

The same room in the bottom of the trunk for dresses and heavy clothing as in the old style.

THE UPRIGHT PATENT TRUNK CO.,

No. 6 Barclay Street, . . . New York,

NEXT DOOR TO THE ASTOR HOUSE.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR A NEW BOOK,

By Catharine E. Beecher and

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The American Woman's Home;

Or, *Principles of Domestic Science, Being a Guide to the Formation and Maintenance of Economical, Healthful, Beautiful, and Christian Homes.*

Well printed; profusely illustrated; handsomely bound. The names of the distinguished authoresses give confidence in the work. It is a *practical book*, made by *practical* housekeepers and skilful writers to meet a practical need. Agents are now making from \$5 to \$30 per day, and find it the easiest selling book in the market, as it is needed by every family, and there is no competition of similar works. Sold only through Agents, by subscription. *Exclusive territory and liberal discounts given.* Agents wanted in every town and county. Send for descriptive circular to **J. B. FORD & CO., Publishers, No. 39 Park Row, New York.**

BALLOU'S MONTHLY.**Cheapest Magazine in the World.**

ONE HUNDRED PAGES of choice and entertaining STORIES, ADVENTURES, SERIALS, POEMS, and FINE ILLUSTRATIONS in every number, making

Twelve Hundred Pages each Year,

for the low price of *fifteen cents*, or **ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS** a year.

Sold by all Newsdealers, or sent one year by the publishers upon receipt of \$1.50, or seven copies for \$9.00; 13 copies, \$15.00. A specimen sent upon receipt of 10 cents. Address

ELLIOTT, THOMES, & TALBOT, Boston, Mass.

MONTHLY NOVELETTE.**Splendidly Illustrated.**

The most attractive series of NOVELS ever collected by one publisher. They embrace *twenty* of SYLVANUS COBB, JR.'s most thrilling Novels, also *ten* by Dr. J. H. ROBINSON, together with the choicest productions of DURIVAGE, LIEUT. MURRAY, Dr. J. B. WILLIAMS, Mrs. GERRY, etc., etc., each being complete in one number. A new Novelette is issued every month, and each book contains, besides the finely illustrated Novel, from three to five short stories and poems by best magazine writers.

Sold by all newsdealers, or sent by mail, post-paid, upon receipt of 20 cents each — 6 copies, \$1, or to subscribers at \$2 per year; 4 copies, \$6. Address

ELLIOTT, THOMES, & TALBOT, Boston, Mass.

GREAT SUN-SUN-CHOP.

Good Boys like Excellence better than Sham — Inquire Concerning

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

A wide-awake thorough-going School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy.

OTIS BISBEE, A. M., Principal and Prop'r.

AGENTS Wanted. — A

new and wonderful invention, winds up like a clock, kills rats, gophers, squirrels, mice, &c., throws them away, and sets itself quick as its name indicates. One trap and terms to agents sent by express on receipt of one dollar. Address



LIGHTNING TRAP CO., 95 Mercer Street, New York.

Savage's Ursina.**PURE GREASE OF THE CANADA BEAR.**

Superior to every other Pomade for softening, giving a brilliant gloss, and increasing the growth of the Hair.

EVANS, MERCER, & CO. (Late LAMPFLOUGH & CAMPBELL), MONTREAL, PROPRIETORS,

AND SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

\$10 PER DAY GUARANTEED

Agents to sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. It makes the LOCK STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any Sewing Machine ever invented. Price, \$25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for Circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

CHOICE NEW BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.**THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.**

MALBONE: AN OLDPORT ROMANCE. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

"As a 'Romance' it seems to us the most brilliant that has appeared in this country since Hawthorne (whom the author in some points has the happiness to resemble) laid down the most fascinating pen ever held by an American author." — *John G. Saxe.*

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE GATES AJAR. Cloth, \$1.50; Half Calf, \$3.00.

"The Gates Ajar,' by Miss E. Stuart Phelps, is a meditative, emotional discourse, or, in fact, a soliloquy, replying to the obstinate questionings which haunt the reflective religious mind with regard to the mysteries of the future life. It is a work of great tenderness of feeling and rare beauty of style, appealing to the deepest sympathies of refined and intelligent readers." — *Hearth and Home.*

MEN, WOMEN, AND GHOSTS. \$1.50.

"We predict a success for 'Men, Women, and Ghosts,' which will be only second to that which 'The Gates Ajar' has already attained." — *Chicago Journal.*

THOMAS HUGHES.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS AT RUGBY. New Popular Edition. With Illustrations. \$1.25.

"One of the most delightful, and at the same time true, pictures of the better sort of school-boy life ever published." — *London Spectator.*

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS.**HOUSEHOLD EDITION.**

Uniform, Compact, Legible, Handsome, Cheap. 8 vols. \$1.00 each. Half Calf, \$18.00 a set.

"We are glad to welcome such an acceptable addition to the American library of modern English literature. After Dickens, no English author of the day appeals so directly to all branches of the English-speaking race as Charles Reade. His works all deserve the widest circle of readers, within whose reach they can be brought, and we are glad to find that the task of placing them before the American public in a tasteful and convenient library form has been undertaken, and so well executed, by those so thoroughly qualified for carrying it out as the publishers of the present series." — *New York Times.*

MOSES COIT TYLER.

THE BRAUNVILLE PAPERS. \$1.50.

"It is difficult to conceive how so much good, sensible information on the subject of muscular exercise could have been put into a more readable form. In his sparkle and vivacity, as well as in the wide range of his information and genuine sympathy with his subject, Professor Tyler reminds one strongly of Dr. O. W. Holmes, whose writings on subjects that involve the delicate truths of human hygiene are unequalled in our language." — *Cleveland Leader.*

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

Read the following
TESTIMONIALS
 IN FAVOR OF
ELASTIC SPONGE,
 FOR
Mattresses and Cushions.

CITY OF BOSTON,
 CITY HOSPITAL, May 22, 1869.

MR. CHARLES L. FOWLE 121 Summer Street:

Dear Sir, — I have had in constant use in one of the wards of this institution, for the last six months, one of your Elastic Sponge Mattresses.

It has many qualities which make it far preferable in my opinion to curled hair. We have a number of them in use, but the one I refer to has been put to the hardest test possible, and I find it as good to-day as the day it was introduced. It retains its elasticity remarkably, which quality adapts them especially for the use of institutions of this kind, and I most cheerfully recommend them to public favor.

(Signed)

Very respectfully,
 L. A. CUTLER, Sup't.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, METROPOLITAN RAILROAD,
 BOSTON, May 19, 1869.

C. L. FOWLE, Esq., Agent, &c.:

Dear Sir, — Last spring and summer we gave a trial of your Elastic Sponge Cushion on our Norfolk House and St. James line of cars. They have given perfect satisfaction, and we now are supplying all our other cars with them as fast as needed by renewal of new for old.

Truly yours,

(Signed)

WM. HENDRY,
 General Superintendent.

SPRINGFIELD, May 14, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR, — In answer to your inquiry as to how our Society are pleased with the Sponge Cushions furnished by you, it gives me pleasure to say, every one of whom I have inquired pronounce them superior to anything of the kind they ever saw; as to myself, I am delighted with them, and would much prefer them to all curled hair at the same prices.

Yours very truly,

J. M. THOMPSON,
 Chairman of Building Com. Church of the Unity.

CHAS. L. FOWLE, Esq., Boston.

The public are invited to

CALL AND EXAMINE

MATTRESSES, CUSHIONS, &c., at the

Agency, 121 Summer Street, Boston.

THE
PERUVIAN SYRUP,
 An Iron Tonic,

WITHOUT ALCOHOL

Makes the Weak Strong.

Cures Chronic Diseases.

Invigorates the Brain.

Cures Dyspepsia and Debility.

Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood.

CAUTION. — All genuine has the name "PERUVIAN SYRUP" (not "Peruvian Bark") blown in the glass. A 32-page pamphlet sent free. J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor, 86 Dey St., New York.

PURE SALERATUS

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

IMPURE SALERATUS A PUBLIC ENEMY —

The destructive influence of which every housekeeper should beware, and always secure that which is generally acknowledged reliable.

Pyle's Saleratus has stood the test of time, and become the standard in New England. Ten years' experience has substantiated its claim to perfect purity, as well as the economy of its use. Yet many housekeepers, by reason of the grocerymen's determination to supply only that from which the largest profit is derived, are deprived of getting that which they know to be best adapted to their wants. Grocers, under such circumstances, do great injustice to all concerned. Their relation to the public is an important one, and duty demands that they should aim to supply articles that have merited unquestionable reputation. Housekeepers, too, should insist upon having their choice, and all who secure Pyle's Saleratus in pound packages will always be well compensated for the effort. The same may be said of Pyle's Cream Tartar and Celebrated O. K. Soap, articles of established value. Nearly all first-class Grocers keep them.

JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,
 Depot, 350 Washington Street, New York.

THOREAU'S WORKS.

Walden; or, Life in the Woods. By HENRY D. THOREAU. \$2.00.

"His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with a microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard." — R. W. EMERSON.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. \$2.00.

"If any would steal into the regions of perpetual summer, let him take the proffered hand of Thoreau, and by the side of a slender New England river walk with the sages and poets of all ages. He cannot help but learn, and cannot choose but admire." — *Independent*.

Excursions in Field and Forest. With a Biographical Sketch by R. W. EMERSON. With Portrait. \$2.00.

"His observation of the phenomena of Nature was most thorough, sympathetic and profound, and his descriptions are of the best in literature. Indeed, in what is called rural literature, he is unsurpassed for the union of shrewd insight, quaint, racy, and vigorous thought, and a delightful play of humor over all, shimmering, cool, and remote, like the aurora borealis. A fresh, sweet, sturdy, noble man. He lived known to a few only, but, being dead, he speaks to all of us. His *Excursions* is the most original book we have lately had, as well as the most valuable record of exact observation of Nature." — GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The Maine Woods. \$2.00.

"The plain, unadorned narration of these excursions, with its simple and minute descriptions, and the quaint reflections which intersperse it, is strangely interesting, — made so by the simple love of nature which inspires it all. For the utterness and thoroughness of Thoreau's worship of nature was something seldom paralleled." — *Buffalo Express*.

Cape Cod. \$2.00.

"Cape Cod" is a thoroughly fresh, original, and interesting book. It is the story of one of Thoreau's famous walks, taken from Eastham to Provincetown, now on the Massachusetts Bay side, and now on that of the Atlantic." — *Boston Advertiser*.

Letters to Various Persons. \$2.00.

"He had caught his English at its living source, among the poets and prose-writers of its best days; his literature was extensive and recondite; his quotations are always nuggets of the purest ore; there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallized." — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in *N. A. Review*.

A Yankee in Canada. With Antislavery and Reform Papers. \$2.00.

"Whoever reads this book will have made the Canada journey, and in the rarest of company. In figures accurate as a ledger, in details minute as a guide-book, in description graphic as a photograph, these pages are yet free, breezy, original, full of life and color." — *New York Tribune*.

. For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., 124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

GOOD STORIES.

A Collection of Short Stories, Tales, and Sketches.

Parts I., II., III., IV. Small quarto. Illustrated.

This collection is intended to bring together, in cheap and attractive form, the best and most popular short stories of all languages. The character of the Stories selected, and the striking and appropriate illustrations, make these little books very desirable to all lovers of thoroughly good Stories; while the shape and size of the volumes, and their large type, make them specially suited to the convenience of travellers.

PART I.

CONTENTS: The Avenger, by THOMAS DE QUINCEY; Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE; Love and Skates, by THEODORE WINTHROP; The Defaulter, by THOMAS HOOD; Coldstream, by HERBERT VAUGHAN; Madonna, by HENRY SPICER.

PART II.

CONTENTS: The Metempsychosis, by ROBERT MACNISH; The Uninvited; The Bellows-Mender of Lyons; The Smallchange Family; The Scotsman's Tale, by HARRIET LEE; The Blacksmiths of Holsby; A Penitent Confession.

PART III.

CONTENTS: Christmas with the Baron; Stephen Yarrow, by MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS; A Family Christmas in Germany, — Translated from the German; Three of a Trade; or, Red Little Kriss Kringle, by FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN; Adventures of a New Year's Eve, by HENRICH ZSCHÖCKE.

PART IV.

CONTENTS: From Hand to Mouth, by FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN; Count Ernest's Home, by PAUL HEYSE; Little Peg O'Shaughnessy; A Shabby Genteel Story, by W. M. THACKERAY.

In handsome paper covers. Price, Fifty Cents each.

. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., 124 Tremont Street, Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

"Among the thronging theologic treatises of the day 'Credo' merits an honorable place."—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

C R E D O .

Third Edition. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"Has God given to the human race, in a supernatural manner, a written revelation of his will? Was Jesus a supernatural being? Are there supernatural existences? Is the doctrine of a supernatural life to be wrought in man and worked out in his character reasonable? Is there a supernatural existence beyond the grave? These are questions transcending in importance all others. They are discussed in 'Credo.'"

"'Credo' is a remarkable book. It is noteworthy as illustrating the power of compressing argument. In this 440 pages subjects to which volumes might be devoted are examined, and in no one is there an obscure paragraph."—*Albany Jour.*

"The sceptical tendencies of modern science and literature have aroused a positive thinker who sets forth the reasons for his faith with force and precision."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"The book is a decided novelty, and will create no less sensation than 'Ecce Homo' and 'Ecce Deus,' possessing, however, more intrinsic argumental strength than the latter at least."—*Rochester Democrat.*

"This is in many respects a striking and original work, that will be read with deep interest by every inquiring mind."—*New York Express.*

"The book strikes us very pleasantly. We commend it to the study more especially of the young and the uneasy."—*Congregationalist.*

"'Credo' is written in a crisp, vivacious, transparent style which makes it very easy reading, while the subject-matter is full of interest at the present time."—*Liberale Christian.*

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers.

NEW CHURCH MUSIC BOOK.

JUBILANT VOICES.

Containing nearly Four Hundred pages of Choice New Music.

Edited by B. F. BAKER and D. F. HODGES.

We invite the attention of singers to a few of the many interesting features of this new music-book. It contains the compositions of a greater number of writers than any similar book ever published. These productions have not been rearranged by the editors, and made to conform to their notions, as is so often done, but appear as originally written, thus securing greater real variety than in any other book. With the exception of five hymn-tunes and three selections from the old masters, which have been inserted by particular request.

The Music is all New,

and has been written expressly for this book.

The Melodies are Graceful and Attractive.

The Harmonies, avoiding pedantry and feebleness, present a "musician-like" accuracy and pleasing naturalness. In brief the music has not been written to fill up the book, but to be sung. A large and varied selection of new Four-part Songs, Quartettes, Glee, &c., fresh, bright, and interesting, will be found in the elementary part of the book. Another feature deserving special consideration is, the number and variety of tunes as regards the irregular metres, which are designated so as to conform to the hymn books of all denominations. Chorists will find many favorite hymns, which are often put aside for want of suitable tunes, here provided for. The Responsive Chants for different days of the month will be interesting and useful for opening services. Finally, the great variety and availability of the

Anthem Department,

With which the book closes, and in which the Editors and Contributors have expended their best efforts forms a grand climax which will render JUBILANT VOICES a favorite with all. Price, \$1.50 per copy.

Single copies sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address the Publishers.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers,

149 Washington Street, Boston.

"How they Live in Heaven."

THE GATES WIDE OPEN;

Or, Scenes in Another World. By GEORGE WOOD, Author of "Peter Schlemihl in America."

12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The interest which Miss Phelps's book has awakened is sure to secure a large circulation for this. It promises more than hers. The gates are forced 'wide open,' and the bold and curious are invited to enter in. It is in the same line. . . . It is quite as probable, quite as rational, quite as intellectual, quite as exciting, quite as satisfactory in all that it says of another world. . . . It is purely imaginative. It rests on no basis of fact."—*Hours at Home.*

"It displays great learning and wonderful powers of imagery, a talent for describing, and an appreciation of the beautiful and sublime rarely witnessed."—*Washington (D. C.) Sunday Chronicle.*

"It is no spiritualistic book, nor does it pretend to claim the faith of others, or to put forth its vivid descriptions of the scenes of a future life, as actual realities known to be true. A great deal of ingenuity of imagination, as well as knowledge of history of theological views is displayed."—*San Francisco Times.*

"'The Gates Ajar' has its plot on earth; 'The Gates Wide Open' attempts to portray scenes in heaven. The latter work is free from many of the objectionable features of the former. It gives no forbidding aspect to the ministry. It does not favor spiritualism. It does not make the first joy of heaven consist in seeing 'Roy,' but rather in seeing the Saviour. It is a poem written in prose."—*Congregational Quarterly.*

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers,

149 Washington Street, Boston.

"What shall we sing for Sabbath Songs?"

THE FRESHEST! BRIGHTEST! BEST!!

SABBATH SONGS,

FOR CHILDREN'S WORSHIP. A New Book of Hymns and Tunes for Sabbath Schools. By LEONARD MARSHALL, assisted by J. C. PROCTOR and SAMUEL BURNHAM. With Suggestive Exercises for Sabbath School Concerts. In paper covers, 30 cents; board, 35 cents.

PROF. LEONARD MARSHALL, the Director of Music at the Tremont Temple Church, Boston, one of our most popular composers of Sacred Music, and author of several successful Church Music books, is the musical editor of "SABBATH SONGS," a sufficient guaranty of the popularity and character of the music; and MR. JOHN C. PROCTOR and MR. SAMUEL BURNHAM, men widely and favorably known in all our churches and Sabbath schools, are the assistants editors, who have brought a ripe evangelical criticism to bear upon each hymn, thus insuring sound theology, true poetry, and appropriate music, to a higher degree than in any other book before the public.

The Tunes are of a popular cast; being simple in melody, smooth in style, and flowing in movement, just such as the children delight to sing, judging from the very favorable reception which many of them have already received.

The Hymns will be found to be pure in sentiment elevating in character, and sound in theology, free from "Angel Worship," and false views of "the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Particular attention is called to the **Familiar Hymns with the First Line of the Melody**, condensing into ten pages 40 choice Hymns for Social and Teachers' meetings.

We would call especial notice to the **Suggestive Exercises for Sunday School Concerts**, edited by Mr. J. C. Proctor and Mr. Samuel Burnham, as a decidedly original feature, contained in no other Sunday School Hymn Book. Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, of Connecticut, and Rev. Alfred Taylor, of Pennsylvania, have each contributed an exercise. This department will prove a very valuable assistance to Pastors, Superintendents, and Leaders, in suggesting new ways by which the Sabbath School Concert may be made both interesting and profitable.

Copies sent for examination by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers.

ROBERTSON'S SERMONS.

NEW POPULAR EDITION.

Probably no sermons of the present century have excited more general admiration and interest than those of REV. F. W. ROBERTSON. People of all denominations, and persons outside of all denominations, read them with delight. The high estimation in which they are held is well expressed in the following notices:—

"We have never read sermons so fresh and genial in their nature; at once rich in thought, tender in feeling, and eloquent in utterance." — *Watchman and Reflector (Boston)*.

"Robertson, chaste, scholarly, vivid, profound, reaching rather in bare suggestion than most men in elaborate statement, — his fragmentary utterances, the audible meditations of an earnest spirit struggling with the vast mysteries of life and redemption. . . . Preachers would do well to study Robertson as a model of vigorous thinking, and of a clear, strong, earnest style." — *New York Independent*.

To meet the general demand for these remarkable sermons, MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co. have prepared and will immediately publish a new and popular edition, in handsome style, yet at a price that will bring them within the reach of all.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers,
BOSTON.



SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Pale as a white rose withering, lay
The sick babe on its mother's breast,
Naught seemed the nausea to allay,
Or give its tortured stomach rest,
Until in doses small, at last,
Tarrant's Aperient was given;
And then on that baby face o'ercast
There dawned a smile like that of heaven.
For childhood on its cradle-bed,
For manhood scorched by fever's fire,
For stomach foul, or aching head
Of maid or matron, youth or sire,
The glorious, sparkling, cooling draught,
Excels all other medicines known, —
Delightful to the taste when quaffed,
And sure to give the system tone.

PREPARED ONLY BY TARRANT & CO., 278 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

HOUSEHOLD EDITION COMPLETE.

UNIFORM, COMPACT, LEGIBLE, HANDSOME, CHEAP.

Anthony Fair. With fine Portrait. . . . One vol.
Pendennis. " "
The Newcomes. " "

The Virginians. One vol.
The Adventures of Philip. " "
Henry Esmond. } " "
Lovel the Widower. } " "

PRICE, PER VOL., IN CLOTH, \$1.25; HALF CALF, \$2.50.

"The wide and earnest demand of the reading million for a tasteful, compact, and withal cheap edition of the immortal Thackeray has at length met with a most felicitous response from Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., the eminent and enterprising house whose household editions of Reade and Dickens are already in half the libraries of the land. This excellent edition is clear and excellent in print, firm and workmanlike in binding, and daintily inviting in the tasteful green and gold covers which satisfy so fully the aesthetic tastes of most cultivated readers. It affords the vast majority of Thackeray's publishers, to whom the costly English editions are wholly unattainable, a set of these favorite books in a form wholly worthy of a place among their choicest treasures." — *Cleveland Leader*.

"Nothing remains to be said of the assured fame of Thackeray. Not to have read and admired his works has come to be an imputation upon one's taste and culture. Hitherto there has been no good edition of his works, which was complete, uniform, compact, legible, handsome, and cheap. The desideratum is now being supplied by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., and we predict that their enterprise will be even better rewarded than in the case of Reade's works. We shall now be able to get what we have so long desired, in six elegant volumes, at the very low price of one dollar and a quarter a volume." — *Windsor Com. Advertiser*.

"This edition will supply a want that, singularly enough, has been permitted to exist in this country ever since the death of the great novelist. The public are under obligations to Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. for supplying this want. Nothing more attractive or convenient than the new edition could be desired, and its price (\$1.25) per volume will place it within the reach of all." — *Evening Post*.

"The Household Edition of Thackeray is cheap enough for the poor, elegant enough for the rich; and of the intrinsic merits of this author it is superfluous to speak at this late day." — *Chicago Journal*.

* * * For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., 124 Tremont St., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,

Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

FOR SALE BY EVERY FIRST-CLASS GROCER.

THE HALFORD

LEICESTERSHIRE

TABLE SAUCE:

THE BEST ARTICLE IN USE

For Every Gentleman's Table.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

In Use at all the Best Hotels, viz.:

PARKER HOUSE, Boston, FIFTH AVENUE New York,

CONTINENTAL, Phila., SHERMAN HOUSE, Chicago,

&c., &c., &c.

THE BEST FAMILIES PREFER IT TO ALL OTHER.

At once the BEST and the CHEAPEST.

ONLY FIFTY CENTS PER PINT BOTTLE.

Electrotyped and Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

SOLD FROM ST. PAUL TO NEW ORLEANS.

SOLD FROM PORTLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

OCTOBER, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
The City of Brass	389	Earthquakes of the American Conti-	
The Egotist in Life	399	nents	461
Parlor Singing	410	An August Pastoral	470
The Foe in the Household. VIII. .	420	Pennsylvania Dutch	473
Garibaldi	431	Wettstein	488
Hunting in the British Islands . .	431	The Increase of Human Life. I. .	495
German Songs, and a few other Mat-		At Rydal.	506
ters.	442	A Dredging Excursion in the Gulf	
The Brick Moon. I.	451	Stream. I.	507

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$4.00
CLUBS: Two Copies, \$7.00; Five Copies, \$16.00; Ten Copies, \$30.00,
and each additional Copy, \$3.00.

For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished *gratis*.

Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" should have the name of the STATE as well as the Office from which it comes.
Persons ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the *old* and the *new* address in FULL. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

A Pacific Railway Gold Loan.

\$6,500,000.

We beg leave to announce that we have accepted the agency of the

KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

for the sale of its

New Seven per Cent Thirty-Year Gold Loan, Free of Tax.

This loan amounts to **\$6,500,000,**

First Mortgage Land-Grant and Sinking Fund Bonds,

secured upon the extension of the Railway from near Sheridan in Kansas to Denver, Colorado, a distance of 237 miles of which 12 miles are completed, and the rest is under construction. It is also a Mortgage upon Rolling Stock and Franchise of this first-class Railway now running through the State of Kansas, and

In Successful Operation for 437 miles

west of the Missouri River, and earning already enough to meet all of its expenses and existing obligations, besides **More than the Interest upon this new Loan.** In addition to this the bonds are also secured by a first mortgage of the

GOVERNMENT LAND GRANT OF THREE MILLIONS ACRES,

extending in alternate sections on either side of the track, from the 394th mile post in Kansas to Denver. The proceeds of the sale of these lands are to be invested by the trustees in the 7 per cent bonds themselves up to 120, or in U. S. Bonds as **A SINKING FUND FOR THE REDEMPTION OF THE BONDS.**

The lands embrace some of the finest portions of the magnificent Territory of Colorado, including a coal field and pinery. The Company also holds as an asset another tract of

Three Millions of Acres in the State of Kansas.

and although not pledged as a security for this loan, their possession adds largely to the Company's wealth and credit. We estimate the

Value of the Company's Property, covered by this Mortgage, at \$23,000,000, net, while the Loan is merely \$6,500,000.

THE BONDS HAVE THIRTY YEARS TO RUN,

from May 1, 1889, and will pay **Seven per cent Interest in Gold**, semi-annually, on May 1 and November 1, and are **Free from Government Taxation**, the Company paying the tax.

☞ The **Principal** of the Loan is made **payable, in Gold**, in the City of New York, but each coupon will be **Payable in Frankfort, London, or New York**, at the option of the holder, without notice, at the following rates:—

On \$1,000 Bond in New York	\$35 (gold) each half year.
“ “ London	£7 5s 10d “ “
“ “ Frankfort	87 flrs. 30 krts. “ “

The agents of the Loan, before accepting the trust, had the condition of the road, and the country through which it runs, carefully examined. They are happy to give the Loan an emphatic indorsement as

A FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT,

in every respect perfectly sure, and in some essentials even **BETTER THAN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.**

The bonds will be sold for the present at 96, and **ACCRUED INTEREST**, both in **CURRENCY**, the Agents reserving the right to advance the rate.

The attention of investors is invited to these well-secured bonds, which we recommend as one of the most profitable investments in the market.

☞ **Gold and Government Securities taken in payment at their market value, without commissions.**

☞ Pamphlets, with Maps giving full information, sent on application.

DABNEY, MORGAN, & CO., No. 53 Exchange Place.

M. K. JESUP & CO., No. 12 Pine Street.

THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF MODERN FICTION.

UNIFORM, COMPACT, LEGIBLE, HANDSOME, CHEAP.

TO BRING within reach of all intelligent American readers the choicest works of modern Fiction, in a form at once tasteful and inexpensive, MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co. have begun the *Household Edition*. It is designed to afford in uniform, compact, and handsome style, the works of the most eminent of modern English Novelists. The complete Novels of CHARLES READE and W. M. THACKERAY have already been issued, and have won remarkable popular favor. To these are now added

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

This edition is published under special arrangement with the author, as shown by the following letter.

TO MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,

DEAR SIR: Your intimation that my friends in America would welcome a new uniform edition of my novels with the latest corrections, is very gratifying to me. Some of the most intelligent and generous sympathy I have received has come to me from your side of the Atlantic, and has given me a belief in my public there which is a precious source of encouragement. I have also good reasons, not probably peculiar to myself among the English authors whose works you have reproduced, for especially wishing my books to appear under the auspices of your firm; and I therefore gladly authorize you to publish the proposed edition, leaving the form and price to your more experienced judgment.

I remain, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

London, May 20, 1869.

GEORGE ELIOT.

This edition of George Eliot's Novels is complete in five volumes, as follows:

ADAM BEDE. ROMOLA. THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. FELIX HOLT.
SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, AND SILAS MARNER.

Cloth, \$1.00 each; Half Calf, \$2 25.

MISS THACKERAY'S WRITINGS.

For the first time the writings of this popular author will be collected in a uniform edition in the *Household* style. This edition will include "The Story of Elizabeth," "The Village on the Cliff," "Five Old Friends," "From an Island," and various other stories and miscellanies from different English periodicals. The edition is published with the author's sanction and under the authority of the accompanying letter.

LONDON, 16 Onslow Gardens, May 27, 1869.

MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,

It is my wish that your firm should republish my stories in a collected edition to which the writer is glad to give her authorization.

This is not the first time that I have to thank you for thinking of our interests in America.

Believe me, yours very truly,

ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY.

Miss Thackeray's Writings will be included in two volumes. 16mo. \$1.00 each; half calf, \$2.25*

THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

Have been issued in the *Household Edition* in six volumes, as follows:—VANITY FAIR, PEN-DENNIS, THE NEWCOMES, THE VIRGINIANS, THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP; HENRY ESMOND, and LOVEL THE WIDOWER. 6 vols. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.25 each; half calf, \$2.50.

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES.

The signal success attending the *Household Edition* of Thackeray's Novels, has induced Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. to add to the series the miscellaneous writings of the author, thus bringing together for the first time the complete works of Thackeray in an inexpensive, handsome, and uniform edition. The volumes are reprinted from the last English edition, which embraces numerous choice papers never before collected. Other matter not included in the English edition will be added. "The Roundabout Papers" are not to be found entire in any American edition, and only meagre selections from the essays have hitherto been published in this country. Many of Thackeray's most delightful essays and brief stories were contributed anonymously to the magazines. Several volumes of these articles still remain unfamiliar to the general reader. How well they are worth preserving is shown by the collection published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in 1867, under the title of "Early and Late Papers." It is the intention of the present publishers to include in their *Household Edition* the complete writings of the author so far as they are known.

Thackeray's Miscellanies will probably be contained in five volumes. 16mo. \$1.25 each; half calf, \$2.50.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS.

Have been produced in the *Household Edition* in eight volumes, as follows:—FOUL PLAY, GRIFFITH GAUNT, WHITE LIES, NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND, HARD CASH, LOVE ME LITTLE LOVE ME LONG, THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH, PEG WOFFINGTON, CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, and other Stories. 8 vols. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00 each; half calf, \$2.25.

* * For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

REPORT OF A SPECIAL COMMITTEE

CONSISTING OF THE

HON. JOHN V. L. PRUYN; DAVID HOADLEY, Esq.; HON. OLIVER H. PALMER, HON. HENRY E. DAVIES, and HON. WM. E. DODGE,

UPON THE

Assets, Liabilities and Management

OF THE

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, President,

EMBRACING

A Mathematical Valuation of its Liabilities,

By WILLIAM H. C. BARTLETT,

Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the United States Military Academy at West Point

AND

A. E. CHURCH,

Professor of Mathematics in the United States Military Academy at West Point,

TOGETHER WITH LETTERS FROM

HON. WILLIAM BARNES,

Superintendent of the Insurance Department in the State of New York.

The above, published in pamphlet form for general circulation, may be procured at the offices of the Company, Nos. 144 and 146 Broadway, or from any of its Agents throughout the country. Replete with highly important information of interest to the public, these reports, emanating from men of unquestioned ability and position, should be universally read.

No policy-holder in the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, or other person interested in the subject of Life Insurance, should fail to procure a copy. The Company will furnish it by mail or on personal application.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK,

ASSETS OVER \$33,000,000.00 CASH,

Furnishes every approved description of Life and Endowment Insurance, combining the advantages offered by all other Companies with unequalled financial security.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIV.—OCTOBER, 1869.—NO. CXLIV.

THE CITY OF BRASS.

THERE was no doubt that our wildest dreams were in process of realization.

Following in the track of the Emir Moussa and the Sheikh Abdelsamad, we were on our way to the City of Brass and to the shores of that unknown sea which contains the imprisoned Genii.

We had passed the palace of Kosh, the son of Sheddad; had ascended its unequalled stairways of many-colored marbles; had wondered at its lofty walls and arches, decorated with gold and silver and minerals; and, like the Emir Mousa, had wept until we were insensible, over its pathetic inscriptions.

The Horseman of Brass we had found, reared full high as of old on his lofty hill, the broad head of his spear still blazing with light, and his metallic face set in the direction of the invisible city.

At last we stood beneath the immeasurable pillar of black stone in which Danhash the Afreet, sunk to the pits of his four arms and his two wings, was confined and made fast with the seal of Solomon.

"There," said the great and good

man with whom I made that memorable journey,—"there is the first claimant on our philanthropy. We must hasten to extricate this victim of centuries of oppression."

Thoroughly as I confided in the wisdom and the excellent intentions of my revered friend, often as I had seconded his motions at anniversaries and conventions, I was alarmed at his present proposition. Even if the aspect of this applicant for our sympathy had been benevolence itself, he seemed to me too large to be treated with childlike confidence.

Judging by the eye alone, I should say that the pillar was at least seven hundred feet high, and that the Afreet's head rose two hundred feet or more above the pillar. What if a fellow who measured some seven hundred and fifty feet in his stockings should, to use a Southern expression, get after us? Small chance of life; he could swallow a convention of philanthropists; he might trample us to jelly without knowing it.

What made the matter worse was that our friend Danhash's physiognomy

and physical peculiarities of development were in the highest degree disquieting. The author of the *Arabian Nights* (that fervid genius to whom we must bow as to one of the unknown gods of literature) has described him with his usual fidelity and picturesqueness.

A jet-black monster; two immeasurable eyes like coals of fire; in the middle of his forehead a third optic, emitting sparks; a mouth which reminded me of the Grotto of Antiparos with its stalactites; a Niagara of hair, hanging in tufts like the tails of horses. His two human arms were at least eighty yards longer than I care to see, and not at all such members as a man likes to have around him. As for his other pair of upper limbs, equally disgusting in the matter of magnitude, and fashioned like the forelegs of a lion, with incredible claws attached, they were still less to my taste. Nor can I say that I have a weakness for wings when they are some hundreds of feet in length, and the wind sighs through their ponderous plumes as through a pine forest.

Such was Danhash, the Afreet of the pillar. The everlasting nigger, that unparalleled nightmare of our age of visions, never appeared half so awful to the imagination of silver-gray politicians.

"My dear Harrison," said I to my snowy-haired, but ever youthful, perhaps too youthful, friend, "hadn't we better consider this business a little before we decide upon it?"

"Not an instant," he replied. "Once the path of humanity is clear before you, plunge into it without a moment of reflection, if it takes you up to your neck at the first jump. Consideration, my dear friend, is a temptation of the evil one."

At this moment the Afreet, who seemed to have been dozing during our approach to him over the level desert, came to his senses with a start which agitated the air for miles around, and broke out concerning his troubles in a voice equal to half a peal of thunder.

"Extolled be the perfections of my

lord who hath appointed me this severe affliction and painful torture until the day of resurrection!"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Harrison, a born admirer of monsters and of everything that they do or say. "The very words which he uttered in the times of the Caliph Abdelmelek! Could anything be more devotional and pathetic?"

"I like his phraseology," I responded. "But one can't be too sure of the conversion of a fellow who is seven hundred and fifty feet high. Magnitude like that is a crime which requires many good works to atone for it, or at least the most honorable intentions. Suppose you catechise him on the main question, — our safety."

"Hand me the instruments!" was the sublime response of John Howard Harrison.

I must say a word here concerning the character and history of my friend. He was a Bostonian by birth, a philanthropist by instinct, and a follower of isms by religion. Need I add more?

While we were making our arrangements to ascend the pillar, the monster discovered us. First he bent his head awkwardly to look at us, much hampered apparently by his fixed position and by the capital of the pillar, like a man troubled with too high and stiff a cravat. Then he burst into a deafening whimper, reciting his sufferings and imploring compassion. A most babyish monster, as plaintive as Old Grimes. I should have laughed in his face, if I had not been nine hundred feet too short. But my merriment was soon drowned in a tear almost as big as a hogshead, which, falling from that enormous altitude, laid me as flat as a flounder, and as wet.

"Hold in!" I could not help remonstrating. "Your grief is altogether too overwhelming."

The Afreet having dried his lachrymals on his hairy paws, we took advantage of the clearing off to send up a kite, and succeeded in lodging it across a finger of one of his human hands. He did not seem to be entirely lacking in common sense, for he immediately

commenced hauling up the string. To the end of the string a rope was attached, and to the end of the rope a huge basket containing Harrison and myself, together with our little store of instruments and chemicals. Whoever has ascended Mount Tom on the railway can faintly imagine what were my feelings when we were jerked from the earth, and commenced mounting that tremendous perpendicular.

As soon as the Afreet felt us between his digits, he lifted us to the level of his two lower eyes, and, holding us off about one hundred and fifty feet, stared at us long and earnestly. It was an awful moment; he might drop us — and I looked down tremblingly; he might eat us — and what a mouth he had! So strange, however, are the workings of the human mind that even in that fearful conjuncture I could not help thinking, with a sense of amusement, what a dentist it would take to fill one of those teeth, and what an amount of chloroform would be needed to tranquillize the patient.

“O sons of Adam, what desire ye?” he whispered, very much as the ocean whispers in a storm.

“We have come to liberate you,” bawled my comrade through a speaking-trumpet. “Place us upon the pillar, and we will remove the seal.”

“It is the seal of Solomon, upon whom be peace!” thundered back Danhash. “Have ye power above him? Ye will bring upon me a punishment greater than I have yet borne. I have a mind to dash you to the earth.”

I wished we were in Boston, or even in New York or Philadelphia.

But Harrison was all himself, as calm as if he were on a platform, with a crowd of roughs throwing rotten eggs at him; as fluent and mellifluous as if he were addressing that other Afreet, the sovereign people. A few sentences from the golden-mouthed orator secured the confidence of our friend Danhash and made him blubber with joy.

“If thou freest me,” he said, “I will worship thee and be thy slave.”

A swift flight through the air —

which stifled one of Harrison’s eloquent outbursts against tyranny, and set my head to swimming as if it were independent of me — landed us in an instant upon the capital of the pillar, close by the beating of the Afreet’s mighty heart.

Modern chemistry proved too much for ancient alchemy. The fated leaden seal, deeply imprinted with Hebrew characters, was soon eaten out of the black stone by an acid. As the last globule of it vanished into vapor, there came a change: the great basaltic column trembled, crumbled, became atoms, became smoke; held fast in the Afreet’s hands, we soared upwards amid clouds and clamor; a deafening yell of demoniacal delight shook the atmosphere; it was a simoon of dust and speed, vocal with thunder.

What altitude we reached I cannot say, for it was impossible to see the earth. The Marid carried us in the hollow of his two hands, which made a basin of over forty feet in length, with sides very nearly thirty feet high, being something above the average Bostonian stature. I might, perhaps, have got a peep downward between his fingers; but the very thought of venturing near one of those chasms made my flesh creep as if it were no longer attached to my bones; and, moreover, the idea that the monster might sneeze, and blow us to destruction without knowing it, filled me with such terror that I lost all my curiosities.

In this situation it was really infuriating to hear Harrison say, “How delightful to share in the joy of this gigantic emancipation!”

Presently Danhash put us into the hollow of his right ear, and asked us the very sensible question, where we wanted to go.

I stopped my auricles to keep out his uproar; it was like a Fourth of July celebrating on one’s tympanum.

Harrison responded, with his usual readiness and calmness: “First to the City of Brass, and then to the Sea of Kakar.”

“Upon the head be it!” said our

monster. "And if thou canst remove the enchantment from the City of Brass, thou shalt be its Caliph, with subjects like the sands of the sea. And if thou canst open the bottles of brass that are in the Sea of Kakar, thou wilt thus deliver all my Marids, and they also shall be thy slaves."

"Friend Danhash, all that shall be done," replied Harrison. "Only, these people and Marids shall be free. I enslave no man and no devil."

"And Solomon?—upon whom be peace!" continued the Afreet, trembling so that he nearly dropped us. "Will he not pursue us and bottle me up again?"

"I am happy to inform you that Solomon is dead," observed Harrison, too logical a philanthropist to sympathize with a man who could limit any freedom, even that of the principalities and powers of the air.

At this piece of news the Afreet laughed so violently that all the trees on the top of a neighboring mountain fell prostrate. What was worse, he cut a number of joyful capers and summer-sets in the empyrean, merely taking the precaution to close his fingers above our heads, and thus save us from being sown broadcast over the earth. I can safely affirm that being jerked about in a balloon, or tossed on a tempest in a fishing-smack, is nothing to atmospheric tumbling with a Marid. Our predecessor in philanthropy, Sancho Panza, was less frightfully tossed, and in a softer blanket.

After we had gone heels over head half a dozen times, the Afreet became more tranquil and resumed conversation. I was alarmed now to discover in him a certain falling from grace; no more of the edifying spirit of resignation in which we had found him; no more invocations of peace upon the name of Solomon; no more confessions of faith. He muttered threats against his old enemy Dimiriati, and talked about setting up his own ancient idol of carnelian, if he could find it.

I whispered to Harrison: "The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be:

the devil got well; the devil a monk was he."

But my friend, with the unshakable affection of a humanitarian for his pets, would not hear a word against Danhash.

"No wonder the poor fellow is a little put out by the recollection of his unmerited sufferings," he remarked. "Moreover, the long confinement has probably injured his digestion, and so made him nervous. He will feel better, and he will be better, after he has had some exercise."

Presently we beheld the City of Brass,—the long, black, castellated line of its walls along the horizon, and its two monstrous brazen towers, soaring and gleaming like flames.

Of the ten damsels who lured the twelve servants of the Emir Mousa to break their necks, and who nearly overcame the prudence and piety of the venerable Sheikh Abdelsamad, we saw nothing. Danhash took us clean over the battlements, and set us on our feet in the principal square of the deserted city, without other misadventure than stubbing our toes into the gravel.

His next performance was to turn into smoke and vanish. Just as I had begun to entertain a hope that he was dead, or that he had been bottled up and pitched into the Sea of Kakar by some mysterious power, he reappeared in a smaller edition of himself, only about ten feet high.

It was gratifying, however, to perceive that, either because he felt weaker in this belittled state, or because he was impressed by the solemn spectacle of punishment around him, he had recovered somewhat of his former spiritual humility.

"This city presenteth a lesson to him who will be admonished," he said. "The inhabitants were of the tribes of Adam; but they became obedient unto Eblis, and worshipped his gods. For this they were chastised by Solomon, upon whom be —. There fell upon them an enchantment of starvation. They saw food around them, and knew it not to be food, and so died of famine.

Break the charm, and restore them to life, and they are thy subjects."

My weak mind was not clear as to the wisdom of setting three hundred thousand devil-worshippers in working order.

But Harrison, true to his great nature, did not waver an instant. He broke the enchantment as unhesitatingly as he had of old shattered the Moloch of capital punishment; as soon as he found the seal of Solomon, he poured his acids upon it and evaporated it.

The next moment the city was in a buzz; multitudes crowded the cook-shops and markets; there was one vast, sublime outcry for dinner. Imagine what a meal they made, after a fast of three thousand years!

Meantime the Afreet flew to the top of one of the brazen towers, and roared for half an hour with laughter, as noisy as if he were a bell.

It has been remarked that the humor of one age is not like that of another; that, for instance, the jokes of Aristophanes are but dimly visible to us moderns; and that the ancient Greeks would probably have seen no fun in Dickens. The observation may be extended to the humor of different species. Horses laugh, but not at what tickles monkeys; and monkeys grin, but not at what sets men a roaring.

Thus, I had noticed that Danhash was not amused at what amused me. To keep him in good-humor, I had repeated to him some of the crack jokes of Artemus Ward, and some of the best stories in our comic almanacs, without raising a smile on his mountainous visage. But now and then, when perhaps the occasion seemed to me one of extreme gravity, this huge wretch would thunder with merriment.

As soon as the resuscitated multitude of bronzed devil-worshippers remarked our Bostonian complexions, they concluded that we were gods, and wanted to adore us. Harrison's conscientious outcries, to the effect that we were men and brethren like unto themselves, seemed to me particularly

ill-timed, and soon brought us into trouble. A starveling rabble of the lower classes decided that, if we were not fit to worship, we were fit to eat. I have no doubt that we should have been digested very speedily, but for an outburst of the devotional element of the city. A party of reverend priests sallied from a temple, dispersed the lean rapsallions who were about to make cutlets of us, dragged us with their own sacerdotal hands into their venerable fane, and proceeded to offer us up to a porphyry idol of sublime antiquity and ugliness. Great as the honor undoubtedly was, I instinctively shrank from accepting it, and could not help being bitter upon Harrison.

"You see it won't do," said I, as I lay beside him on the sacrificial altar,—"it won't do to enfranchise everybody and everything that you come across."

"What these people need," he replied, "is a free press, a common-school system, and the ballot."

"Do you suppose," demanded I, reverting to a subject on which we had often disputed,—"do you suppose that universal suffrage, etc., will make Christians and moralists out of our Chinese immigrants?"

"What matter?" was his heroic answer. "Let the strongest faith win!"

The chief priest was about to cut short our argument with a carving-knife, when I heard a supernatural shout of laughter behind me, and Master Danhash came flying into the temple, buzzing along the walls and knocking himself against the pillars like a monstrous horn-bug. Although the good people around us did not seem astonished at this phenomenon, they nevertheless suspended their pious offices upon our persons, and raised their eyes as if in expectation of supernatural guidance.

At last our aerial friend perceived us. The next instant he went into one of his fits of smoking, and very soon vanished in thin curls among the arches, like a whiff from a cigar.

Precisely in proportion as he disappeared, a small flame lighted up on the

head of the idol, and increased to an excessive brightness.

Never were pyrotechnics more satisfactory : the four thousand persons present went down on their eight thousand knees ; the priests loosed their hold on our arms and let us sit up on the altar. Next the stony lips of the porphyry horror gave utterance to the following oracle : —

"These, O sons of Adam, are they who delivered you. They are your prophets, and ye are their followers."

We were worshipped ! Useless for Harrison to recommence his perilous babble about our being men and brethren ; his voice was drowned in a choral ascription of praise and in a rush of thousands of adorers. No toe of a bronze St. Peter was ever more liberally kissed than were our toes, though cased in calfskin. In proof of this wearing oscillation I can show my capped boots.

Prophets are better off in the City of Brass than they have been in some other places of which history makes mention. After being sumptuously fed in the temple, we were boxed in two jewelled palanquins of ivory, and borne on men's shoulders, through streets lined with worshippers, to the royal palace.

If I should describe all the wonders of this superb building, I might incur a suspicion of exaggeration, and throw a doubt on the rest of my narrative. I will however venture to say that I could not have believed in so many beryls, had I not seen a still greater number of jacinths. Perhaps I can best give the reader an idea of the magnificence of the palace by simply stating that it was finer than that of Kosh, the son of Sheddad.

Through amazing doors of teakwood inlaid with ivory, between incredible rows of soldiers armed with gilded shields and spears, along marvellous saloons floored with marble and incrust-ed with arabesques, we were borne with a solemnity and care which did credit to our attendants, — closing our progress beneath a dome of fabulous vastness and splendor.

When I say that we were now at the entrance of a lofty kiosque of the purest alabaster, I shall not be credited except by those who are familiar with the Arabian Nights. Indeed, we doubted our own senses until I had rubbed my eyes and Harrison had wiped his spectacles.

Dismounting, we were ushered into the kiosque, and found ourselves in the royal presence. Although I respect the crowned heads of Europe, Asia, and Africa as much as is permitted to a republican and philanthropist, I am obliged to declare that I never saw another queen so incredibly lovely as her Majesty of the City of Brass.

No wonder that the Oriental historian describes her as "a damsel resembling the shining sun," and asserts that "eyes had not seen one more beautiful." No wonder that the Emir Mousa "marvelled extremely at her comeliness, and was confounded by her beauty, and the redness of her cheeks and the blackness of her hair." Nor does the same great authority exaggerate when he speaks of her couch adorned with jacinths, her garment of brilliant pearls, her fillet and necklace of jewels, and her crown of red gold.

Words, however, fail before this august lady's beauty and magnificence. Such things must be seen to be believed.

The bigoted party who had been about to operate on our windpipes with the pontifical butcher-knife now went on his knees with a thump which did my heart good, and informed her Majesty of the revelation which had been made by the idol. The scene of excitement which followed was unparalleled in my experience, familiar as I have been with conventions, anniversaries, and the like. The queen threw herself at our feet ; so did her charming sister, Rose in Bloom ; so did all her train of odalisques. We were the objects of a gratitude and adoration which could not have been expressed in a language less copious and hyperbolic than the Arabic.

It was in vain for Harrison to declare

that we were not prophets, but Bostonians. This last word, being untranslatable and mysterious, simply aided to impress the imaginations of our adorers, and to make them more assiduous in their genuflections. The result was, that my intelligent friend gave up his absurd expostulations, and played the part of sacred monkey with a patience which would have been praiseworthy in a brute and which was beautiful in a man and reformer.

The close of this eventful day found Harrison and myself occupying a magnificent suite of apartments in the palace, and waited upon by two hundred slaves of two hundred different complexions. Having dismissed one hundred and ninety-nine of our attendants, we held a discussion as to how much we had accomplished for the cause of humanity.

"So far it is almost too good to be true," said I with irony. "If we had fallen heirs to populous estates in Cuba or Brazil, things would not have looked so very different."

"We have reason to congratulate ourselves," gravely responded Harrison, who, like all born humanitarians, is stone-blind to a joke. "This has been truly a day of Progress."

"If setting loose a devil seven hundred feet long, and bringing about a rousing revival of paganism, is progress, I grant it," was my comment.

"This is but the beginning of the end," he continued. "We have secured our vantage-point. Now we must use it. I shall commence great reforms among these people at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"The first step, if there were no legal obstacles in the way, would be for you to marry the queen," said I. "In the character of prince consort you could back up your other character of prophet."

"I have decided upon it," was the serene reply.

Knowing that Harrison had a wife in Boston, I felt the goose-flesh of reverence on my back. This great pure, beneficent nature was willing to bear

the yoke of polygamy for the sake of doing good.

"If it won't interfere with you, I shall propose to the queen's sister," I ventured to add. "Rose in Bloom is almost as handsome as her Majesty."

"Beauty has nothing to do with it," said he reprovingly. "If the queen were as ugly as Danhash, I should marry her for the good of her subjects. Love is but the servant of philanthropy."

Fearing lest Harrison's enthusiasm for beneficence should lead him to espouse, not only the queen, but Rose in Bloom, and every other respectable lady in the kingdom, I set about my own courtship the very next day, speaking of it first to her Majesty. She received my proposition most graciously and had the goodness to refer me directly to her sister.

I had my doubts and terrors as I entered the ivory reception-room of the princess. I was the youngest and handsomest Bostonian in the City of Brass; but I was only a minor prophet compared with Harrison; and women do so love distinction! Considering the superstitious enthusiasm of which the sex is capable, there was danger that every female in the land might desire to be sealed to the august head of our mission, thus creating a sort of Oriental Utah in which I should be a bachelor gentile.

Blushing and trembling, I inwardly queried, How is it with Rose in Bloom?

Her Royal Highness received me with that charm of manner which every one familiar with the Arabian Nights must have observed in the princesses of the Orient. One wave of her jewelled hand transported me to her side; another wafted out the ivory boudoir her train of *orlansques*. Next, the witchery of her eyes and smile seated me cross-legged beside her, upon the divan of gold brocade.

Our courtship was somewhat in the style of children making love by alternate bites of apple. Dipping her rosy fingers into a jasper vase, brimming with the delicious confectionery which is made

in the City of Brass, she helped me and helped herself. I masticated and worshipped in silence; heart and mouth were both too full to speak. Moreover, I remembered that it was her ladyship's privilege, as the scion of a royal race, to take the initiative. It is always leap-year with women of her social position.

After a time, blushing like a parterre of roses, and turning her eyes shyly from me, she murmured: "A nightingale has told me what is in your heart. Fear not to repeat his song."

Full of joy and confectionery, I undoubled my legs and fell on my knees. Few words were needed: she stretched out her hand right royally; I kissed it right democratically: we were engaged. Ah, that hour of gladness! it now seems a delusion.

Our happiness was soon disturbed by the necessity of travelling in the path of Progress. Harrison was not a man to let grass grow under the feet of Reform, and he called for beneficent measures with exasperating vigor and perseverance.

I must confess that I wanted him to keep quiet. Betrothed to Rose in Bloom, and living in the most luxurious palace of the Thousand-and-One Nights, it seemed to me that the world went well enough and that there was no need of disturbances. I was like the old lady, who, having taken a glass of hot sling, decided that the weather had moderated, and that it was useless to send wood to the poor. With me life was summed up in sitting beside my princess and eating sweetmeats from her delicious fingers. I wished Harrison would persecute some other city with his philanthropy.

But Harrison was religiously good. Great things were done with disgusting rapidity. Slavery was abolished; universal suffrage was established; the temples were turned into school-houses; there was a free press, free trade, free everything.

It was pleasant, however, to observe, that our reformer stubbed his progressive toes against divers obstacles. For

instance, nobody would take the trouble to read his radical newspapers, and everybody persisted in voting on the side of the government. In vain did Harrison proclaim that, without two parties, there is no freedom of speech or thought, and no true liberty. He nearly broke his voice in a fruitless attempt to get up an opposition to himself.

"The gods forbid that we should say aught against our most excellent queen and our most holy prophet!" was the response of the elders of the people.

"I'll bring them to exercise the right of discussion," said my friend to me, in hot anger. "I shall organize an expedition to the Sea of Kakar, to unbottle the Marids and Afreetes. We will see if that will not awaken public opinion."

"Don't!" I implored. "It would be literally raising the *inferno*. There are nearly a million of those devils."

"We owe it to Danhash," was the sublime reply. "They are his brethren, and he demands their liberation. Let justice be done, if the heavens fall."

To crown my discontent, I was made chief of this abominable picnic. I consoled myself by taking along with me Rose in Bloom, two hundred servants to wait upon us, a camp equipage which loaded a thousand camels, and a gilded escort of five thousand cavalry.

The Sea of Kakar, as every educated person knows, is beyond the country of the blacks. Consequently, travelling at the rate of twenty miles a day, and halting Sundays, we were just three weeks in reaching it. Arrived there, we hired twenty-two thousand of "God's images carved in ebony," and began drawing seines for potted goblins.

This species of fishing is certainly a very curious and interesting recreation. You land your brass bottle, knock a hole in it with a hatchet or pickaxe: out comes a blue smoke which rises several hundred feet; then you hear a horrible voice, saying, "Repentance, O Prophet!" After that the Marid gets himself together, takes the disagreeable shape that belongs to him, and ske-daddles.

We worked thirty-one days, opening an average of five thousand bottles a day; the cheering result being one hundred and fifty-five thousand free and independent devils. The country was darkened with the shadows of these flying monsters. You could see them sitting on the mountains in rows, like crows on the bare branches of an autumnal tree, or like turkey-buzzards on the roof of the Charleston (S. C.) meat-market.

At the close of five weeks Prophet Harrison graciously granted me leave of absence to visit the City of Brass and celebrate my marriage with Rose in Bloom.

"Congratulate me!" he said when we met. "I have been hooted in the streets to-day by the rabble. It is the dawn of independent public opinion. It is the genesis of freedom."

"What have you been doing?" I demanded, angry enough to bottle him up and pitch him into the Sea of Kakar.

"It is this Afreet business," he responded, radiant with joy. "These people have now a grievance which even their darkened minds cannot ignore. At last, — at last, O gracious powers, — there is an opposition, there is free discussion."

In truth, the Afreets and Marids were giving the citizens no end of trouble. These gigantic nuisances were, of course, fearfully hungry after their lent of three thousand years. Although they had the right of suffrage, and the chance of earning an honest living under an eight-hour law, they stood in such need of immediate nourishment that they seized whatever they could lay their claws on, gobbling sheep by the flock and cattle by the herd. In all directions you could see couples of them pulling at a horse or an ox, like chickens hauling on the two ends of a caterpillar.

The result was that, although we were in the full reign of humanitarianism, starvation threatened. Harrison would do nothing to diminish the distress, or soothe the discontent of the citizens. When I begged of him to

urge upon the Marids the propriety of restricting themselves to half-rations, or of emigrating to Australia or the United States, he talked philanthropy. The Marids were free; the Marids had the right of suffrage; everybody was free and had the right of suffrage; it was an era of reform and progress and liberty; everything would manage itself.

For the first time in my life it struck me that an individual greatly in advance of his age may be as much of a nuisance as an individual greatly behind his age.

From man I appealed to monster; from would-be prophet to could-n't-help-it devil. Master Danhash, with the good-nature of large people, was still going about in a ten-foot-high state, which was certainly obliging in a fellow who might, if he chose, be seven hundred and fifty. Beckoning him down from his favorite sunning-place on one of the Towers of Brass, I had a serious conversation with him concerning our social and political crisis, and urged him to send his Marids to some other part of the planet.

He replied that he would be happy to bundle them off, but that it would be unconstitutional; that by the law of the land all Marids and Afreets were now free and equal; that consequently he, Danhash, had no power to give orders. He further informed me that the Prophet had found that famous talisman, the idol of red carnelian, whereby the tribes of Eblis were wont to be governed, and had buried it in some secret place so that no one might use it.

Having made these statements, Danhash burst into one of his irrational bellows of laughter, and flew up to his perch.

I rushed back to Harrison and firmly demanded the idol.

"Never!" returned this heroic being. "What! appeal to that relic of a degraded superstition! that figment of a mouldering past! Deprive one hundred and fifty-five thousand devils — but just liberated and enfranchised — of

their freedom of will! The allegiance which I owe to the eternal principles of right will not permit it. I shall obey my conscience in this matter, and let the consequences take care of themselves."

The consequences were not long in making their disagreeable appearance. Even while we argued, a huge and unintelligible roar, the howling of an angry city, approached the palace. Stepping to a balcony, we saw the streets surging with men, and caught their furious shouts of, "No more Marids! Death to the Prophet of Evil! Death to the ill-omened ones!"

"We are lost," said I, "unless you find the talisman and summon the power of Danhash."

"Better die than be saved thus!" replied Harrison. "Better perish by Progress than be saved by the Past!"

"But the queen may perish also,—and Rose in Bloom," I shrieked.

"Let them all go!" declared this monster of conscience. "I would sacrifice all my race, rather than take a step backward."

Turning my back on him with profound respect, I sprang out of the apartment through a crowd of yelling savages, and rushed along a monstrous colonnade toward the kiosk of my princess, determined to save her or perish by her side. But at the termination of the corridor another screaming crowd met me, grasped at me with its hundreds of eager arms, paralyzed my resistance, and bound me fast.

Then a trampling and bellowing torrent of human wrath bore me away from the palace and through the swarming city. For miles I was carried on the shoulders of assassins, under a never-ceasing storm of maledictions and indignities. Multitudes reviled me; a population threatened me. I seemed one cursed by the human race, and condemned to death by mankind.

Into the Tower of Brass, at last; up its hundreds on hundreds of brazen steps; circling aloft spirally, dizzily,

infinitely; ascending, as it were, the cycles of eternity. When it seemed as if the heavens must have been reached, I was brought out upon a narrow balcony, and saw the earth beneath me. Then, with one mighty heave of rage, and one supreme shout of execration, I was hurled into the abysses of air. It is needless to say that I fell, and that I fell an enormous distance. My idiosyncratic respect for the law of gravitation would not permit me to do otherwise.

I might have been falling yet, but for my amiable friend Danhash, who doubtless remembered his deliverance from the pillar, and felt that one good turn deserves another.

I was half-way down, or perhaps three quarters of the way,—it surely matters little which,—when he caught me on his shoulders, shaking with laughter.

I begged with tears to be taken back to Rose in Bloom, but he shook his ill-shapen head over the desperate proposition, and never relaxed the beat of his mighty pinions.

At midnight, hundreds of miles from the City of Brass, he deposited me in an oasis of the Sahara, near an encampment of English travellers, and immediately soared aloft again, vanishing in the darkness. The Englishmen carried me to the nearest seaport, and the American consul there forwarded me to Boston.

What happened in the City of Brass after my sudden and unexpected departure, I have no means of knowing. I entertain hopes, the hopes of a lover, that the rioters meant no harm to the queen nor to Rose in Bloom.

Harrison, the wisest philosopher that ever got into trouble, the truest philanthropist that ever made mischief, is, I fear, defunct.

If he lives, we may be sure that the City of Brass has been extricated from the familiar quagmire of its Past, and is making for that other and unknown quagmire, its Future.

THE EGOTIST IN LIFE.

OF the egotist as he shows himself in life, we do not propose to spend time in logical explanation, for the word "egotist" itself is its own best definition; every person is more or less an egotist; and the egotist is therefore, in some sense, as manifold as human individuals,—but we shall speak of only a few marked examples.

The egotist of the lowest order is one that we may call the sensual egotist,—one who combines self-assertion with self-indulgence. The sensualist is intensely selfish, but mere selfishness does not constitute an egotist. The sensual egotist adds to his selfishness a certain conscious and obtrusive personality. The character of the egotist, even when manifested morally, intellectually, and in connection with worth and talent, is unpleasant; how repulsive then must it be when it appears in the devotion of an individual to his own personal importance, and to his own physical satisfaction or convenience! This character, however, is not an uncommon one. Away from conventional restraints, such an egotist lays aside the ritual of civility, which common custom obliges him to observe where he is known; when he can securely do so, he despises humane observances, and violates the goodly charities of intercourse, for which such observances are socially the sacraments and signs. This innate *savage* seems to take for granted that, beyond a very limited sphere, the law of courtesy has no force, and he emancipates himself from the slavery of decorum. Strangers, he assumes, have no obligation of mutual concessions, of mutual deferences; the base instinct seems to rule him, that the individual must only take thought for himself; that he must have no care for others; that he must secure to his own peculiar share some advantages which are as prey to the hunter and booty to the fighter. True,

it is only amidst throngs and the unknown, that one observes in any reputable man this gross egotism, which had lurked within him. The sensual egotist might seem, at first view, possible only in the coarsest character; as in the drunkard, in the glutton, in the tavern bravo, or in the domestic tyrant. But the sensual egotist may be found in very fine apparel, very fine houses, very fine society, and with manners that are called very fine. We shall however take an instance of the character differently circumstanced. If the man that we select ever had these advantages, he has them no longer. He is now threadbare and out at elbows; but he is not mortified or despondent; he knows of neither repentance nor regret. Appetite and self-conceit make in *him* the man; but no abasement which brings gratification to his appetite lowers or wounds his self-conceit. He may be comic to the thoughtless,—he must always be tragic to the wise; he may make the groundling laugh, but he must make the judicious grieve; he may be witty or he may be dull, but he is deeply pitiable; a truly melancholy object, whether he be "old Jack Falstaff" or old John Smith,—for invariably such an egotist is *old*. There is a kind of originality in his manner of being old: he is old with a vigorous and stanch permanency, with a determinate and obstinate persistency in life, with an easy indifference to the force of time, and with a derisive and practical opposition to all the common theories of health. According to the average of ordinary mortality, he ought to be near the grave, or in it; but the seasoned old reprobate boasts that he has another score of years in him. According to the infallible teaching of Dr. Newfangle, it ought to have been impossible for any one with the habits of this man to live twelve months; but the irregular old wretch maintains his strength, in most irreverent indifference

to science. He is not a person of whom any one ever says, "That good old man," "That excellent old man"; he is mostly referred to as "old boy," "old chap," "old scamp." And yet in his own opinion, if there is a man in the district pre-eminent for solid understanding, strong sense, rational views of life, for a correct estimate of morals, and consistent ideas of religion, he is *that* individual. He is no transcendentalist. He likes the real. What good does poetry do a man? he asks, with a triumphant air. Will it make corn grow, or will it feed the cow? "I go," he says, "for the practical. Yes, sir; I stand up for the practical." Yet he has depended all his life on the industry of others. In the same manner he is in favor of plain speaking, and of calling things by their right names. When he wants a glass of strong waters, — and he wants it very often, — he does not ask for a minute measure of alcoholic essence; he never speaks of it as the chemical result of the distilling-alembic; he does not refer to it as balm-bitters, cordial, or restorative; he simply asks for rum, gin, whiskey, brandy, or whatever, at the time, has his preference: he does not take it as a medicine; he does not plead a weak stomach or faint heart; he begs for no allowance on the ground of miserable nerves, or a tendency to languor; if you press him closely he will candidly admit that he takes it because he likes it. But then he takes it only in moderation. His maxim, he insists, is, "Use all things temperately"; and he quietly avers that such has been the invariable rule of his conduct. He hates excess, he despises a sot; no one can say that *he* was ever the worse for liquor; he is always master of his senses and of himself; no, no, he knows better, he is able to use God's gifts without abusing them. In much of this he tells the truth: he is never intoxicated, — *that* condition has become with him an impossibility; he is so soaked and seasoned that stimulant has no more effect on him than water has on saturated timber. Your genuine toper is never tipsy; between stimulant

and his constitution there is a natural affinity; and this finely balanced co-ordination brings him to a stout old age. It is the man of nervous and sensitive temperament whom stimulants make mad; he becomes a drunkard, and if not quickly changed is quickly ruined, or quickly killed. The character whom we have under consideration drinks as much as would kill twenty ordinary individuals; but one rule of prudence he does observe, — for what he drinks he rarely pays. He prides himself, as we have said, on his understanding, his sense, his experience; so he is always ready to give advice, to show to the foolish the path of wisdom, to caution the thoughtless, and to hold back the rash. Yet his own sons have gone headlong to destruction. He can tell you the points in which this man or the other committed serious errors, that he, in their place, would have avoided, or would speedily have corrected; but his career, while he had one, was a succession of blunders. He can enumerate an endless variety of plans, by any one of which a man could make his fortune; but while he was himself concerned in any business, his condition might have been called one of chronic failure. He patronizes religion, but he denounces mystery. "Give us," he says, "plain truth. Show us the clear path of which it is said, that 'wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.' Give us wholesome and simple preaching. To what purpose are these abstruse doctrines, these out-of-the-way and long-winded sermons? Short and sweet, I say, and what every one of common sense can understand. I want the preaching that goes direct to a man's conscience; that is what I want; and if the parsons don't give it, why, then, don't pay them, that's my advice. Practical religion, that's what should be preached, to teach us how to visit the widows and the fatherless in their afflictions" (but he visited only such places as gave him hope of good eating and much drinking); "to teach us to be true husbands" (he worried successively the lives out of three wives); "to be affectionate par-

ents" (his children became a prey to ignorance, vice and crime); "to be good neighbors" (with him neighbors were good for what could be had by them). He is quite as opposed to missions as to mystery. Charity, he holds, should begin at home. "Why," he inquires, "should we send moral pocket-handkerchiefs and flannel petticoats to little niggers in the West Indies? have n't we poor enough at our own doors? Why send parsons to the tropics and the poles? are there not heathens enough around us?" Certainly; is not he himself one? and has he not by his own neglected family added to the number? He detests fanatics; and all are fanatics who ascribe reality to aught which is not within the sphere of sense and self. Earnestness, zeal, enthusiasm in any way, is his abhorrence, whether in religion, morals, politics, or philanthropy. "Let us," he urges, "have peace, order, law, worthy citizenship; let every man mind his own soul and his own business, and then all will be right; households will be quiet, communities will be at peace; governments will have no corruption, nations no disturbance, churches no divisions: in fact, sir," — and he kindles with his own excitement, — "in fact, sir, it would be the millennium, yes, the millennium, sir; that's what it would be, if these rascally fellows who want to turn the world upside-down would let us have it. They ought to be hung, every mother's son of them; if the advice of men like myself, men of sober common sense and sound practical experience, were taken, this would quickly be their fate; *then* we should all be united in brotherly love and charity the rest of our days — but this talking, sir, is dry work. The windpipe, sir, like every other wind-instrument, constantly needs wetting; and now, sir, as there is a pause in the music, let us moisten and tune up." Here is a man, living in the lowest and meanest condition of his nature, merging all his desires into debasing gratification; perverting his faculties to the basest servility and sycophancy for the sake of that enjoyment: and

yet he has no sense of humiliation, no inward suspicion that he is worthless; he is self-sufficient, self-satisfied; and, dismal wreck as he is, dismal wreck as whatever belonged to him has become, he is nothing shaken in his own esteem: all, besides himself, were wrong, and he alone was right. We have drawn this character with accessories of indigence, but the character exists in every station, and in all grades of poverty or of wealth.

The vain egotist is the form of the character which we now present; and for illustration we pass from the dram-shop to the palace, and from a loafer to a king. Is this transition too abrupt? According to outward condition, it does indeed seem so; but in human nature itself there are no such chasms as appear in its external relations. The real kings are few, and it is not often that one of them wears a crown. Take the crown away, and commonly it leaves no king behind, — not always the average of a man. Educated and circumstanced as royal personages usually are, it is hard to be a king and not be an egotist and vain. Sometimes, however, an inborn constitutional greatness triumphs over education and circumstances; at other times the individual is an egotist and vain, even superlatively beyond the natural influences of his education and his circumstances. Louis the Fourteenth was in the highest degree such an individual. But in George the Fourth of England we have an example nearer to our own times, nearer to our apprehension, and more in affinity with our manners. Perhaps no man ever went beyond George the Fourth in the combined forces of vanity and egotism. He was full of himself, and always satisfied with himself. Even in the sad and solemn gloom of his last illness, after his long life of unprincipled private and public conduct, of measureless excess and heartless licentiousness, he gave himself credit, while conversing with the attendant bishop, of having had constantly the best intention, and of having never injured any one. In the idea of

himself he included his privileges, his prerogatives, and particularly the advantages of his person. Deeper than all, there was in him a cold and severe consciousness of his regal station. No prince ever had, as he, the mystic secret of being at the same time a monarch and a scamp. The celebrated Prince Hal, when he became a monarch, ceased to be a scamp; but George the Fourth neither relaxed the demands of his royalty nor stopped the career of his debaucheries. It was by presenting his carelessness as real that he so thoroughly outwitted his most intellectual servants, and made them so effectually his dupes. He wished all that he was, all that he had, all that he could control, to minister to his lusts, to his power; and in no small degree he attained his wish. And this sagacious man, of considerable accomplishment, and of more than ordinary talents, was vain of being called the first gentleman in Europe, and desired to be thought the handsomest man in England. How utterly ludicrous such a character may be, when divested of imposing associations, we see in the burlesque of it by Mr. Dickens, in *Turveydrop*,—"old deportment,"—the most amusing, the most laughable caricature in literature, but at the same time a genuine likeness and an impressive moral picture. But George, when alive, was not to be ridiculed with impunity. Of this, Leigh Hunt had bitter proof, when George was yet Prince Regent. The Examiner, in giving an account of a St. Patrick's celebration in London,—at which the name of the prince was angrily received,—takes the opportunity to denounce both the policy of the Regent and his character. In the course of the article, the writer, Leigh Hunt, selects certain phrases of fulsome eulogy, with which journals in the interest of the Court abounded: such as, "You are the glory of the people"; "You are the protector of the arts"; "You are the Mæcenas of the age"; "Wherever you appear you conquer all hearts, wipe away all tears, excite desire and love, and win beauty towards you";

"You breathe eloquence"; "You inspire the graces"; "You are Adonis in loveliness." "What person," says Hunt, "unacquainted with the true state of the case, would imagine, in reading these astounding eulogies, that this 'glory of the people' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! that this 'protector of the arts' had named a wretched foreigner his historical painter, in disparagement or in ignorance of the merits of his own countrymen! that this 'breather of eloquence' could not say a few decent extemporary words! that 'this exciter of desire,' this 'Adonis in loveliness,' was a corpulent man of fifty!—in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasurable, honorable, virtuous, true, immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, a companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity." Hunt, with his brother, who was a joint proprietor of the *Examiner*, paid the penalty of such audacity in two years' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand pounds. "It is understood after all," says Hunt, forty years subsequently, in his autobiography, "that the sting of the article lay not in the gravest portion of it, but in the lightest,—in the banter about the Adonis and the gentleman of fifty." But Hunt, if we remember rightly, does not here tell the whole story. After his release, he wrote an article retracting his former assertions concerning the prince, and declared that his Royal Highness "was *not* corpulent, was *not* fifty, and was *not* an Adonis." The attorney-general gave a threatening hint. Hunt then retorted that his was a hard case; for when he said that the prince *was* corpulent, *was* fifty, and *was* an Adonis, he suffered persecution and punishment: now, for saying the prince was *not* such, he was again ominously admonished. In this strife between the prince and the poet, each had a bitter share. The prince winced at the

laugh; the poet came under the lash : but which inflicted the severer wound I will not say, — the laugh of the public on the vanity of the prince, or the lash of the law on the welfare of the poet.

Sensual, vain, and egotistic, however, as George the Fourth was, he had kindly qualities. In the coarse meaning of the word he was never cruel, and to those in his immediate service he was a gracious master. Persons in this relation were affectionately attached to him, and invariably spoke well of him. A young physician who attended a gardener of his in a long illness told us that the king when at Windsor called daily to see the patient ; that on one occasion he, the doctor, met the king at the sick man's cottage, and was drawn by his Majesty into very familiar and very pleasant conversation. We may hope that, besides his evil deeds so widely known, he did many good ones of which the world has never heard. We are moreover to bear in mind that, if high position sometimes causes a man's right actions to pass for more than their worth, it as often brands a man's wrong actions with more than their guilt. We have known within the sphere of private life conduct compared with which this king's was almost excellence, and yet it went unwhipped of justice, even the justice of social reprehension. Within the shadows of obscurity and mediocrity, we have witnessed such malign combinations of egotism and vanity as made credible the worst statements of history concerning wickedness in royal and imperial station. Characters we have met with, whom we dare not depict, for the intensity of feeling which the mere memory of them excites might cause us to do humanity itself injustice. In elevated circumstance or lowly, the character that is, or can become, the one most to be dreaded, includes within it the elements of egotism and vanity. Egotism may, indeed, be trivial and harmless, but it also can be obstinate and merciless : vanity may be gay and easy, but likewise it can reach down to the gloomiest depths of evil, and

call into action whatever in man is most hating and most hateful. When egotism gives concentration to vanity, and force of will gives it energy, and position of command gives it power, and dark jealousies render it suspicious, and stern temper makes it fierce, there is no invention of inhumanity, no cruelty of tyranny, no abuse of nature, that it cannot conceive, contrive, and execute. When we come to learn this, Domitian is intelligible to us, we do not wonder at Henry the Eighth, and even a Robespierre is almost natural.

Another form of the egotist we may term the pedantic. In this character we have the exposure of self-consciousness and self-importance, in connection with some peculiarity of study, attainment, talent, or pursuit. It is very difficult for any man not to be in some degree a pedant : for *that* is a rare man who is mentally, morally, practically, socially, so cultivated and so wise, as to estimate justly what he is, what he knows, what he does, and with the estimate to harmonize unobtrusively his several relations to mankind and to life. Pedantry, which is in itself a species of egotism, always implies intensity and limitation ; and these it is hard for any of us to escape who are in earnest, — partial as most of us are in our acquisitions and activities. Accordingly, the pedantic element in a man, do what he may, becomes self-revealed. Though a man speak never of himself, or of what is personally associated with him, the selfhood of his mind will be not the less plainly made known ; it will be seen to be a consciousness in his silence or his talk, in his motions or his rest. This will be peculiarly the case with men whose work is *in* the mind, *by* the mind, and *on* the mind. Among such we include both intellectual and æsthetic workers. In some of these the speciality is more marked than it is in others. See a particular man : as he walks along the street you say to yourself, "That man must be such a one, the poet ; if he could be left alone with his own genius, he might possibly escape this manner-

ism": but he will not be so left alone; self-consciousness is excited, pleasurable to some, painfully to others, by the consciousness of being observed; *and the inevitable result is mannerism.* Another man you have never seen, possibly never will see; still you get an impression of him: he has written a history of the Hottentots, and he has become so coupled mentally with the history, that the history always suggests the name of the man, and the name of the man as inevitably suggests the history. It is usually assumed that the author has exhausted his subject, and that after him no one else has a right to express an opinion about Hottentots.

But it is in men of more isolating and peculiar occupations than general literature that pedantic egotism the most reveals itself. Of men engaged in academic professions, of men devoted to special and abstruse studies, of men enthusiastic for certain sciences, few escape at least the appearance of it, — except, it may be, Frenchmen; but French society is quick to resent assumption, alive to the ridiculous, not very patient with individuality, and altogether intolerant of oddity. Artists, also, in their way, are egotistic and pedantic; but it is in a different way from that of the scholar. The artist resembles the scholar in this, that he works within a region of difficulty into which the common mind never enters; but he differs from the scholar in the fact that, when his work is done, it is the common mind it must affect. The work of the recluse scholar is more intelligible to the mass of men when it is done than it would have been while it was in progress; and, as only his peers can understand the means, they only can decide on the issue and the end. The pedantic egotism of the artist is eccentric, but yet ardent; and, while it seems to despise the popular judgment, it has a passionate desire for the popular sympathy. For popular sympathy is the life of art, and want of it the despair of the artist. But as the scholar does

not necessarily require the sympathy of the community with his results, and as he is even more independent than the artist of their opinion on his modes of working, his pedantic egotism is shy and seclusive; generally it is that of superlative indifference; and to this he sometimes adds the superlative folly of thinking any other than his own objects unworthy of serious consideration or of intelligent respect. The pedantic egotism of the speaker combines that of the intellectualist and the artist, — it is subjective like the one, objective like the other. The subjective he tries as well as he is able to keep entirely to himself; and, if he can, he especially conceals it from his audience. In this effort, he at times goes a little too far. It is not always easy for an audience to believe that the orator who stands before them thinks really as humbly of himself and as awfully of them as he says he does, or that he would dare to ask their most serious attention to a person whom he held to be hardly worthy of it. If he were really unworthy, he would be the last man to know it; if he knew it, he would be the last man to say it.

Clerical speakers are not behindhand herein; and this is natural. As they have to create their own topics, and, independently of outward occasion, to excite interest in their topics, the process of composing a sermon must be a continued process of self-concentration and of self-exhaustion. It is not surprising that the *ego* should be continually present and continually expressed. Then the speech itself is guarded from contradiction, and secured against open criticism; the pulpit, *separate* from the body of the church, not only in locality but in idea, is sacred against outspoken objection; and the words of the sermon, falling upon the stillness of reverential silence, are only less sacred than those of the Bible. The man is entirely left to himself. He has no open combatant or rival, by whom his force may be tested. The poor, neglected actor has to silence the groanings of his heart, while shouts of rapture hail

the demigod of the night; if any vain illusion gives the despised one hope, theatrical audiences are not guilty of the deception. So, in the contests of the law, the orator takes high position only through victory over opposition. But the feeblest preacher that ever drained away the sublimity of his text may mistake his isolated personal intensity for force. The gentleness with which the devoutly meek listen to him he may consider impression; and the stolid firmness with which the inattentively reflective *seem* to listen he may suppose conviction. Then the good man at the end is tired and triumphant. No one tells him differently; and often he will not himself think differently, in spite of all that events declare too plainly and too severely. How naturally, then, does the preacher, who works hard and earnestly, think, without ordinary means of comparison, that he works with eloquence and power; how natural that he should rejoice in the illusion! "Ah, you were not at church to-day," said a preacher to a friend, whom he met after service coming in an opposite direction. "No, sir." "I am sorry," replied the clergyman, "for I never in my life preached better. O, it is hard to move these rich fellows; but sometimes a man can shake the hearts in them. My dear friend, you should have heard my sermon this morning on Dives and Lazarus!" But egotism in strong preachers is even strengthened with their strength. There is no man whose personality attracts so much the personality of others towards him as does that of the popular preacher. His personality is thus turned back upon him, through the kaleidoscope of a manifold reflection from the admiring personalities of others, with a warmth and intensity of coloring which no other orator ever calls so constantly into play. Struggling thus with his own personality and with the personalities about him, the moments of his emancipation from both must seem to him as miracles from Heaven.

Lecturers are akin to preachers; the transition is immediate from the preach-

er to the lecturer, and both can be easily combined in the same individual. What I have said of the popular preacher will, therefore, with slight modification, apply to the popular lecturer.

Pedantic egotism is a danger which peculiarly besets the self-educated, the half-educated, and the over-educated. The self-educated and the half-educated may escape it, but the over-educated never. The self-educated, or rather the self-taught, — for education always implies the ministry of others, — are likely to exaggerate the value and amount of their knowledge, and their manner of acquiring it has a natural tendency to render them intent on self. Under God they have but themselves, in regard to what they know, to think on or to thank. The labor has been unaided and their own. Thence, it has been more than commonly difficult, because done without the ordinary helps; and also difficult because usually it has been done irregularly and out of season. The self-taught seldom begins his culture in childhood or early youth, — the proper season for preparatory discipline. He commences his efforts when his faculties have become rigid, and he is toiling at the elements when others are masters of their most elaborate combinations. And rarely can he pursue his studies with any continuous application. In most instances, he has already begun the toil of active life, and his opportunities of study therefore are for a long time limited to such intervals, as he can steal from work and from sleep. That he should hold precious attainments bought at such a cost and conquered by such a fight is very reasonable; but, none the less, his estimate — tested by a larger comparison than his own — is apt to be a mistake, and in excess: the average he will possibly mistake for the extraordinary, and the extraordinary for the marvelous. But let his estimate be ever so moderate or ever so fair, the peculiarity of his circumstances stamps his character; and that man is indeed a wonder who does not manifest the

peculiarity in an inordinate intellectual self-esteem. Other men of equal powers and of more knowledge are saved from this, not because they are humbler or wiser, but simply because their training has been regular; it has been so gradual and so orderly as not to be separately distinguished in the mental life, or from the common stock of consciousness.

The self-educated man, however self-regarding or self-assertive, is generally in faculties a strong man; he may in knowledge be a compact man and a complete man. But the half-educated man is in faculties but partially developed, and in knowledge is crude, loose, unstable, and uncertain. He has no centre to his mind, no government over his thoughts, no formed habit of reflection, no sequence or law to his opinions; and if he has talents they are without unity, order, or persistence. He is in most instances a man of mental capers, changes, and phantasms; of this project to-day, and of that plan to-morrow; announcing each succeeding and abortive whim with an air of oracular authority. A smattering he has of most things which can be picked up along the beaten paths of information, and even these he has rather from hearsay than from inquiry. He never hesitates, he is never in error, is ignorant of nothing, and is at a moment's notice prepared to discuss any subject, — books he has never read, languages he has never learned, sciences he has never studied, pictures he has never seen, music he has never heard; all are alike to him, — all theories, theologies, history, literature, philosophies, — all that the mind of man has created or conceived, from the visions of Plato to the dreamings of a child, — all that the visible universe displays, from the splendors of the milky way to the tints on a butterfly's wing. Prompt and bold, he has a word on all, alike secure in the audacity of ignorance or in the conceit of knowledge.

Such a man, however, if not in himself admirable, is in some degree amusing; but the over-educated man is in

every way intolerable. But who is an over-educated man, or how can a man be over-educated? The epithet, we admit, seems strange, and we will explain it by an illustration. We speak of over-dressed people; and in this way we speak now of the over-educated. The over-dressed attract attention to their costume; the over-educated attract attention to their scholarship. The over-dressed are showy out of place and out of season; so are the over-educated. The over-dressed are more remarkable for the gaudiness of their apparel than for its wealth; so are the over-educated more distinguished for the glossiness of their acquirement than for its solidity. Both are deficient in the sense of congruity, of appropriateness, and in the modest graces of taste and nature. Both make that supreme which is merely subordinate, that essential which is only incidental; and, as we regard the over-dressed, socially considered, underbred, intellectually considered we regard the over-educated as underbred. There are vulgarians in mind as there are in manners; and the over-educated pedant is a mental vulgarian; in fact, a literary snob. Upon a light soil of faculty, he obtains by cleverness and a certain ready aptitude a forced crop of scholarship, and this he grinds in the mill of vanity during life. He lives on the memory of small academical distinctions, and never rids himself of exultation at his success. He is enchanted not merely by academical distinctions, but even by academical accessories; he constantly babbles of the university at which he studied and graduated, — of its dignitaries and its dons, of its venerable institutions, and of the incomprehensible privilege of having resided within its walls. He delights in college jargon, thinks it the vilest ignorance to be unacquainted with undergraduate technicalities, seems to count for nothing the sound wisdom of thoughtful minds, compared with his own guesses at the meaning of a Greek tragedy. He never becomes intellectually a man, or puts away those

childish things which have dignity only as they prepare for manhood ; he will gabble grammar to the last, and think his gabble learning : while he is young he will eulogize ancient classics, and write modern slang ; be a purist in foreign tongues, but a corrupter of the vernacular : when he is old, he will exultingly declaim on the amount of knowledge he has forgotten, and never be aware how little he possessed which was worthy of remembrance.

Several other modifications of the egotist are present to our mind, but we can only hint at two or three in passing. One is the dogmatic egotist. This man evinces in every manner the sense of his own infallibility ; even without speech, sign, or gesture, his simple look magnetically says, "I am never wrong ; those who differ from me are never right." Of truth, as the highest object of thought, as the life and worth of all knowledge, as divinest reward of humble and sincere inquiry, as the light of eternal and infinite Intelligence which shines impartially into every soul disposed for communion with that Intelligence, — of truth thus regarded he has no idea, and for the reception of it he has no capacity. The whole of his mental force converges into will ; and will, made absolute, rules despotically over all the other faculties. However powerful the other faculties in themselves may be, they have no freedom or independence ; they may work with vigor, but they work as slaves. They are but subservient ministers to individualized assertion. In mental contact, therefore, with such an egotist, there is no longer any intercourse of reason, or logic ; argument, deliberation, balancing of thought, mutual comparison or concession, there can be none ; persuasion or conviction becomes impossible ; and nothing remains but categorical statement on the one side, and categorical denial or assent on the other. The mental relation in such a case resembles the bodily relation of two persons who approach to shake hands, but one of whom will not bend

his fingers : if the other follows his example, there is no grasp ; and even if he does not, the grasp will yet be only partial. With the dogmatic egotist the method is the same, whether he be ignorant or learned ; the only difference is in the sphere and measure of assertion. Indeed, the method is in favor of the ignorant man ; for, however self-opinionated, an informed and intelligent man may be shaken in his assertion ; but the hardihood of ignorance is immovable and unconquerable. Nor is the dogmatic egotist different in character, whether he be believer or sceptic ; he reconciles the farthest extremes of faith and denial, or rather in *him* they are identical, for he always believes in himself ; of *that* self he never doubts. You meet this character complete in its unity in the most opposite philosophies, policies, creeds, churches, classes, and despite the most astounding and contradictory changes of opinion.

Another is the dictatorial egotist. This character is in manner what the dogmatic is in mind ; and as manner is all that he has, he makes the most of it. What the dogmatic *is*, the dictatorial *seems* ; and, as the outside of the dogmatic comes from the inside, the inside of the dictatorial is shaped from the outside. He intends his demeanor to be grand ; so he thinks himself grand : he designs his accents to be weighty ; he therefore fancies his thoughts weighty ; but, while he tries to talk like Lord Bacon, he thinks like "poor Poll." He is commanding and patronizing in his airs ; so he imagines that he carries within him a sort of hidden kingship, — a sort of inward masterhood that must be infinitely imposing. Is he of gravity philosophical ? then is he the incarnation of philosophy. Is he of dignity theological ? then, he esteems himself the personification of his creed or system. Even while confessing that he is the chief of sinners, he would be imperious ; and were any one to dispute that precedency against him, he would be tempted to knock down his presumptuous rival.

But in the consciousness of spiritual security he is equally overbearing; he prays indictments against the unbelieving, frowns excommunications at the impenitent, and at the obstinately ungodly he looks daggers and condemnation. It is the same with him in business, in politics, in private intercourse, in all circumstances; his manner never fails to say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark."

One other speciality we notice is the purse-proud egotist: and we wish here to distinguish the egotist vain of riches from the egotist proud of riches. The egotist merely vain of riches is often a very worthy and very lovable character. He has his foible, but it does not hinder him from having affectionate and kindly virtues. He enlarges on the value of his grounds, but then he pleasantly accompanies you through them, and is neighborly and generous with his fruits and flowers. He points you to the magnificence of his house, and gives you an estimate of the vast sum which the building of it cost; but then he does not shut the door on you, and there are occasions when you see the inside of it. On such occasions he possibly descants on the expensiveness of the furniture, the rarity of the pictures, and the unsupposable charges which he has paid for books of rare editions in his library; but then he does not coldly conduct you to the door and civilly bow you out. You have come to dine with him to find that he is as hospitable as wealthy, and that in his establishment there is as much substance as there is show. He intimates the prices and purity of his wines, but you share them with the buyer; and as their excellence justifies his boast, you can sincerely praise them. He complains about the enormity of his property tax, and thereby suggests the enormity of his possessions; but his heart is genial and his hand is open; liberal in giving, not too exacting in demand, and on every charitable occasion ready to follow the counsel of Dean Swift, — "to trust in the Lord and down with his dust."

The egotist proud of his riches is not a man of such a spirit. He is absorbed in what he owns, in the ME which owns it; and the bigness of this ME he measures by the bigness of its estimated worldly possessions. From that bulk downward, every other ME diminishes until some wretched ME at a few paltry thousands becomes utterly imperceptible. If you are at or *beyond* this vanishing-point, it is inevitable that he should take no notice of you, since you have not substance enough to be cognizable. Consciousness is determined not only by the capacities of action and apprehension, but also by the medium in which a creature lives. The fish knows nothing of existence or motion in air; the bird knows nothing of existence and motion in water: and so there are moral *media* which habit forms to mental conditions of being, almost as invincibly restrictive to consciousness as those that circumscribe animal conditions of being. According to this law, the man whose instincts and activities breathe and move only in the medium of wealth will find in that medium also the limit of his consciousness, — not the consciousness alone of his own importance, but the consciousness in degree of other men's importance; and as only through the medium of wealth he is revealed to himself, only through the same medium are other men to him revealed. As the idea of self-consequence after this manner is the least akin to all that in man is essential and immortal, — all that is spiritually innate and common to the kind, — it is, therefore, the source of a pride which is not only the most offensive, but also the most exclusive. The man whom it governs intranches his soul in the centre of his possessions, and these are the panoply all around him with which he would prove his greatness to the world.

The demonian is another type of the egotist which we might have adduced; but it would have had no adequate discussion, and here it can be merely mentioned. To this type belong certain era-creating men stupendous in genius

and in will, each of whom makes the age in which he lives his own, and directs for the time the action of the world. A man so constituted by some subtle potency draws the forces of his generation into his own existence, and thus becomes an imperial and commanding personality. All are his, all are for him; but he alone is for himself and is by no man owned. He is authority to himself, and out of the consciousness that he is so he speaks and acts. Not by outward, but by inward birth is such a man a king; in a soul that is not only in itself strong, but that also can charm or command all other strength to its service, he has the sources of his power; in a mystery of sovereignty for which nature has no name, and philosophy no explanation, he has the secret of genuine kingship. That which makes minds his tributaries is that which gives him the reality of dominion: in this, and not in the blaze of conquest or in the pomp of sway, is his distinctive royalty. Such a man is born to subdue and rule, not to submit and serve; and though, as incidental to his destiny, he may fight battles, gain victories, crush all that oppose him from within, triumph over all that resist him from without, ordination to his office has been already authenticated in the speciality of his genius: the events which follow serve but to make his calling and election sure. The man is not because of the battles and the victories; the battles and the victories are because of the man: of these movements he is not the creature, but the creator. His end being always in himself, he is an egotist, but verily an egotist of Titanic structure. Transcending the standard of ordinary humanity, but not in character divine nor yet diabolic, we have placed him in the preternatural medium that lies between them, and defined his individu-

ality by the epithet demonian. To this type certain men at long intervals of time answer: among them we may name the Macedonian Alexander, the Roman Julius, the Arabian Mahomet, the Frankish Charlemagne, the English Cromwell, the Russian Peter, the Prussian Frederick, the Corsican Napoleon. If the demonian egotist tends towards the diabolic in character, the egotist element becomes gloomy and intensified: then, exceptional humanity shows itself; sometimes in a sanguinary conqueror, — an Attila or a Jenghis Khan; sometimes in an intellectual and pitiless tyrant, — a Tiberius or a Dr. Francia. If the demonian egotist tends towards the divine in character, the egotistic element is partially nullified in the expansion of broader sympathies, charities, and wisdom; if the divine *entirely* prevails in character, — religiously in faith, intellectually in philosophy, morally in practice, — the egotist is lost in the prophet, the apostle, the saint, the sage, the philanthropist, the patriot. When we consider by what numbers of these our nature has been glorified, to fail of trust, to cast away confidence, is to be feeble or to be guilty. Even within the narrow space of the human career which record or observation makes known, we are dazzled with the splendor of shining names, containing among them Moses, Paul, John, Plato, Howard, Washington, — men consecrated to their missions, either by sacred authority, or by genius, goodness, and heroism. Such men, — men of transcendent magnitude, — are those that in the mighty drama of history on the stage of Earth, through the shifting scenes of ages, are of the measure and the stature which render humanity sublime; the men in whose characters and energies all its faculties are aggrandized, in whose devisings and achievements its destinies are unfolded.

PARLOR SINGING.

THERE is no good reason why musical criticism should be almost wholly restricted to the opera and public concerts, and so little should be devoted to the music of the parlor. Parlor music is certainly of more importance than any other to our domestic and social enjoyments, and no less worthy of rational criticism.

But there are so many bad singers and so few good ones in the world, that many persons condemn parlor music as a "nuisance," unless it be entirely instrumental. Instruments, they say, admit of being well played by coarse and stupid persons, because they do not generally express the character of the performer; but nearly all vocalists are disagreeable. I admit the reasonableness of this fault-finding, and will confess that I belong to that class of listeners who agree in sentiment with the popular ballad entitled "The Musical Wife." Indeed I have always felt particularly satisfied with my own wife because she had omitted to add to her other accomplishments that of a musician; knowing how small the chance, according to the law of probabilities, that she would not by this additional talent have given me more annoyance than pleasure.

I have not, in the course of my life, heard more than two or three female singers who afforded me any considerable pleasure in solos. Ballad-singers, with a few exceptions, may be divided into two classes, — first, those who sing like children, with a bald and unmeaning simplicity, without any graces of expression and modulation; second, those who mix with their graces so much silliness or affectation as to spoil their performance. There is something entirely wrong in the musical training of young female singers; or there must be a very general incapacity among them for good singing. I have known some young persons whose perform-

ances were quite acceptable before they had been placed under a teacher and had learned to "vocalize." After this they were intolerable.

But though it is rare to meet with a young lady who can sing a good solo without spoiling it by her own airs, there are thousands who are very agreeable in concert, where the general harmony of voices conceals the defects of individual performers. I am sure that out of one hundred good choir-singers not more than two or three would be satisfactory in the performance of ballads. It cannot be denied that most of those who perform only in domestic circles make music a mere imitative art. They address themselves only to the ear, not to the sensibility. It is unfortunate for their excellence that they copy the style of operatic singers, which is as unfit for the parlor as the manner of a tragedian upon the stage is unfit for common conversation.

There are some men of distinguished ability who deny that musical power has any other than a very remote connection with intellect. They say that the most feeble-minded are often excellent in the art, and that many who are nearly idiotic possess a perfect musical ear. Blind Tom is given as an example; and they bring the additional proof that birds can learn to sing tunes, and sing them with accuracy. If we consider music as a mere imitative art, we may assent to their opinion; but, if we speak of it as the art of expressing the passions and sentiments by an original combination of sounds, their estimate is far from just. Music, in its highest meaning, is the language of emotion, and most of our emotions are intellectual. Hence a composer who is able to arrange certain sounds in such melodic movements as to call up at will any emotion, passion, or sentiment, either with or without the aid of words, or a performer who can enter into the spirit

of a good composition so as to perfect or improve the design of the author, is possessed of an intellectual gift that, intensified, would deserve the name of genius. But the simple power of learning to sing tunes, or to perform them with an instrument, as they are set, is only an exercise of the semi-intellectual faculty of imitation, and a fool may possess it.

As words are used to communicate certain definite thoughts, in like manner strains of music are used to communicate those shades of mental emotion which cannot be so forcibly expressed by words. Language conveys ideas, exact images, and forms of thought to the mind: music addresses itself to the mind through the sensibility. It is, therefore, in its highest exercise, an intellectual art, occupying the third place in the mental scale, and standing next to poetry, as poetry stands next to philosophy.

Joy is commonly expressed, in harmonic movements, by thirds, fifths, and octaves, such as are performed by a simple hunting-horn: it deals but sparingly in semitones and chromatic notes. Sorrow is expressed in strains that move, in great degree, by semitones and whole tones confined within a narrow compass. Take, for example, Rousseau's celebrated "Air Written upon Three Notes." Increase a plaintive melody contained within the compass of a major third or fourth, to strains embracing a whole octave, and progressing chiefly by harmonic intervals, and the effect is proportionally lively and exhilarating. I state only a general law of melody. A composer of genius would modify these transitions so as to make a seeming exception to this law, as in "Pleyel's Hymn." There are, however, no true exceptions to any law of nature: there are exceptions only to our imperfect statement or understanding of it.

It would be absurd to deny that one who has a knowledge of all this language of emotion, and who is able to use it effectively as a composer of music, is possessed of extraordinary intel-

lectual power. But it is a popular error to consider this peculiar faculty, which may be called musical genius, to be the same thing as a good musical ear. They are entirely different, — the latter being a faculty of sense, the former of intellect. It is not denied, however, that a good ear is needful for the manifestation of musical genius, as a good eye is needful for the manifestation of the genius of a painter or a sculptor.

I ought to allude in this place to the custom of judging female singers with so much greater severity than singers of the other sex, and to the remarkable fact that many persons cannot endure any but male vocalists in solos. Nobody would say that the voices of men are intrinsically as musical and agreeable as those of women. But we listen to a woman's voice as we look upon her face and observe her manners: a defect in either is more easily perceived, and is more disagreeable, than in the rougher sex. We prepare ourselves to hear a greater purity of tone — as we look for greater purity of character — in women; so that our severity of judgment is complimentary to the sex, though it may bear hard upon individuals. It cannot be denied that in a woman's voice all those slight intonations by which we detect shades of character are not only more perceptible, but affect us more deeply, on account of her sex. I must confess that I have seldom listened to female stage-singers with pleasure, because it is disagreeable to witness in a woman such masculine power of lungs as their success requires.

We should remember, however, that a singer's chance of pleasing by her performance depends greatly on the character of her hearers. A vulgar audience would be delighted with any exhibition that is calculated to excite either their laughter or their astonishment. Men who have not romantic ideas of the female character, and who would not readily perceive the psychological expressions of the voice, and all those persons, among the common herd

of musical practitioners, who cannot appreciate anything except mechanical skill, would not be affected by peculiarities in a singer that seem to a man of taste and sensibility positive faults. It may be remarked of singing, as of eloquence, that the less of intellectual culture there is among an audience, the less of any good quality except physical power is required to please. Coleridge, in his "Lines Composed in a Concert-room," expresses his abhorrence of the "gaudy throng," who listen with admiration as the singer

"Heaves her distended breast

In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not music's genuine power, nor deign

To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;

But when the long-breathed singer's up-trilled strain

Bursts in a squall, they gape with wonderment."

But my present purpose is not to criticise the concert or the opera. I leave that task to those who are qualified for it by a finished musical education. I treat only of the music of the parlor, which ought always to be of a simple but tasteful character, and which is spoiled when it either sinks into vulgarity, or attempts to accomplish feats that are within the power of those only who have given their life to the art and have been trained for public performance.

I must not omit to say a few more words upon what may be termed the *psychological expression of the voice*, to which I have already alluded. The voice of every singer, in a greater or less degree, conveys to us, according to the accuracy of our perceptions, an idea of the singer's moral and mental qualities. And this expression enters, more than any one would believe who had given no thought to the subject, into our estimate of vocalists, especially those of the female sex. Hence it may be explained why we cannot endure certain voices, however admirable in execution, unless their disagreeable psychological qualities are concealed by well-ordered instrumental accompaniments; as the strong flavor of certain kinds of game is hidden by sweet herbs and sauces.

The character of the voice also depends greatly on the physical organization; but this has been more generally observed. It is modified by the size and shape of the mouth as well as the manner of using it. If a woman's mouth be small, and her lungs weak, her singing-voice will sound like *cooing*; if her mouth be small and her lungs powerful, her voice will resemble *hooting*, making a hollow sound like that produced by blowing into the narrow neck of a large bottle; if her mouth and throat are both very large, her voice will have a *twang* like that of a negress, and approaching a masculine tenor. It may not have been generally observed that, in proportion as any race of mankind is cultivated and civilized, the difference in the physical power of the two sexes is widened. The male and female of the African race are more nearly equal in corporeal strength than the white man and woman. I have heard a negro man and a negro woman singing together, and, as I did not see them, I could not determine whether the duet was performed by two of the same sex or otherwise. The voice of a negro of either sex, however, has in all cases a twang peculiar to that race. It might be imitated by singing through a widely-flaring tin funnel.

The length and size of the neck produce important modifications of the voice. Soprano singers, for the most part, have short necks and high shoulders. Women with very long necks and sloping shoulders have contralto voices, almost without exception. Hence we may explain a fact which often excites surprise,—that many small and slender women have a low and deep-toned voice, which should be distinguished, however, from one of a masculine character. A symmetrical form of the neck and shoulders produces the mezzo-soprano, or middle voice, which is the most agreeable. All these different conformations of the mouth and frame give the voice its physiological character, which is also very considerably modified by temperament.

I would also call the reader's atten-

tion, before I proceed further, to the fact that in all departments of art there is a certain kind of genius that is not generally appreciated. The truth of this proposition can be best illustrated by examples from the performance of music. A singularly nice discernment is necessary to distinguish that sort of merit which consists chiefly in expression and modulation. The great mass of people, including the mass of critics and connoisseurs, can fully appreciate only two important qualities of a good singer, and have very little capacity for understanding those of a higher character. The two qualities of "execution" and "power" are easily comprehended, and obtain the plaudits of all; while grace, feeling, and expression are considered secondary to the others. The power of lungs is placed above the power of genius.

It must be remembered that "execution," used as a musical term, is applied almost exclusively to the faculty of rapidly enunciating the quick and difficult passages of a musical composition. "Power," in the popular musical vocabulary, is understood to mean physical or mechanical force. It is true that a singer, who, without superior compass or strength of voice, should be able to perform with exquisite grace and expression, possesses *power*, in a very important sense. But this is the power of genius, and is not included in the popular meaning of the word, which expresses only a capacity for great loudness and compass. It is applied to singers as to instruments, in the sense in which a bugle is more powerful than a flute.

The physical and mechanical powers are qualities that everybody understands, and, when extraordinary, admires; but genius is simply *felt*: it affects the heart and sensibility, but is not sufficiently palpable to be admired. This seems to be the characteristic of every age, and affects every department of the art. I read in a "History of Music" written by a Mr. Fergus, and printed a hundred years ago: "A great deal of the music of the *present day* is

calculated more to *astonish* than to *please*. Expression and simplicity are sacrificed to execution." "Mara and Billington often astonish the listening world by executing such rapid passages as were never but by them attempted; but, in these moments of surprising exertion, they sacrifice their judgment and wonderful abilities to the corrupt taste of the times." "Owing to the insatiable appetite of the multitude, composers of the first abilities are frequently obliged to rain down torrents of indigested compositions, which have nothing but novelty to recommend them." We might inform Mr. Fergus, if he could point out any medium of communication between us, that he has written a very good sketch of the taste of the present age in this description of the taste of his own. Admiration is the passion of vulgar minds; and any singer may easily excite this passion by the exhibition of great "power." Noise is preferred to melody, as evinced by the universal custom of performing on the piano with the pedals down and the lid open.

All writers have been prone to make a distinction between genius and talent, but no two have agreed in naming the qualities that distinguish them. Talent is generally admitted to be something that resembles skill and tact, corresponding with a quick and correct ear in the musical art. Genius, on the other hand, is supposed to be an original and extraordinary manifestation of intellectual power, and in the popular judgment is considered as relating to art, rather than learning or science. Great intellectual power in any shape, however, notwithstanding the various distinctions drawn by critics, will always be recognized as genius. A definition of the word cannot be made with such limitations as would please the majority of our sophists, without excluding some of the most wonderful persons who have lived.

It is well, however, to note this remarkable circumstance, that, when genius is ascribed to men of science and learning, intellectual power alone is con-

sidered; but when it is ascribed to poets or to singers, their personal qualities always affect our judgment, and cannot be disregarded. Genius is usually ascribed, in the case of poets, to those who have certain interesting traits of character which are deeply impressed on their works. So far, indeed, as poets are concerned, it is difficult to separate the idea of their genius from a certain *egoism* (a word coined by Lady Morgan), or impression of their own character on their poems. Among English poets whose works exhibit this quality in the highest degree, the names of Burns and Byron would first occur to the mind of every reader. Cowper and Wordsworth also possess it in a high degree; while no English poet ever manifested so little of this quality as Alexander Pope. Hence genius is often denied him, because his works are so entirely impersonal and cold. I should add that it is only when this egoism, or personal quality, is such as to interest our feelings in an agreeable manner, that it stamps the character of genius upon the author; and this remark applies to singers as well as to poets.

For more than a quarter of a century I had listened to female amateur singers, yet in the voices of all some important qualities were wanting, to render them agreeable. They were seldom without *egoism*, but it was generally offensive by taking the hue of *egotism* and vanity. I had heard voices in many a church choir that were agreeable in that place, and many that were very acceptable in music with several vocal parts. But I had heard no good ballad-singer, — no one who could give a simple song for one voice without spoiling it by some prominent defects. A female voice possessing the requisite qualities of tone, guided by a certain power of expression that should deeply affect the heart and penetrate the soul, was something that yet remained unheard.

There is a little bird in our woods, called the veery, which frequents the most solitary places, and has always

seemed to me the most charming songster of the forest. He is most musical at nightfall, just at the hour when other birds have become silent; and his song, consisting only of a few simple strains, is so brilliant and yet so plaintive, that no person who has once listened to it can ever forget either the song or the time and place in which it was heard. For many years I have annually, in the month of June, visited a wood frequented by this bird, to listen to his notes. No purer or sweeter tones were ever whispered into the ear of night; and I have often thought, as they fell softly upon my sense, that, if this little bird were metamorphosed into a young maid, I might hear in her voice the perfection of human song.

Many years ago I knew an amateur musician, who performed on the German flute in such a manner as to afford me a clear conception of this ideal voice which I had always sought for in vain. There were many flutists who would be rated by the prevailing rules of criticism far above him, on account of their greater power of exciting astonishment; but none of them could equal him in affecting the sensibility of his hearers, or come near him in a peculiar combination of tenderness and brilliancy. Did there exist, I had often questioned, a female voice that was capable of giving the same expression to a song, which this gentleman produced with his flute? I had listened to admirable qualities in many a vocalist, but still felt that in every one the most interesting and affecting quality was wanting.

Until the occurrence of the pleasant incident I am about to relate, I had been unable to explain to myself why so many female singers were disagreeable except in chorus, or why we are generally so much better pleased with male voices, though admitted to be far less sweet and melodious than those of the female sex. From my amiable heroine I have obtained many ideas of popular ballads and ballad-singing, which are singularly original and true. By her performance and her conversation she

has made me understand certain principles which I should not have learned from any other source; and by studying her likes and dislikes, which were perfectly systematic and consistent, I have corrected many of my early prejudices, and obtained some new views of musical criticism.

One summer afternoon, in the year 1862, when recovering from a protracted illness, I sat reading alone at my chamber window, and, as it grew late, I put aside my book and looked out upon the landscape. The evening was very mild and clear, and the weather so calm that I could detect any stirring of the wind only by the gentle flutter of the leaves of an aspen that stood near my window. The sun had so far declined as to impart to the whole prospect a bright golden hue mingled with a rosy tint, and the thin, gauzy clouds that floated over the heavens were luminous with beauty. My thoughts were all of pleasant themes awakened by the scenes before me, and I had given myself up entirely to the enjoyments of sense and imagination.

At this moment I heard the voice of a young female singer, — one who was unknown to me and whom I had never seen, — from the open windows of the house adjoining mine. She was singing a simple ballad, commencing with the words, "The sun was clear on the open lea." I had not heard many verses when I was affected as I had never been before by a human voice or by an instrument. There was something in her tones that seemed to be the very soul of melody, and a peculiar grace in the modulation of them that could not be described.

When she paused, my first thought was, that I must have been hearing a performance by some prima donna, who might be the guest of my neighbor. But when she began anew, I soon perceived a simplicity and *naïveté* about her manner that proved her to be no stage-singer. Her voice was unlike any I had ever heard, — so sweet and so plaintive that it seemed as if nothing on earth could equal it. Some of

Milton's descriptions of heavenly song flashed upon my memory; and I thought of the veery, — the little bird whose vesper notes

"With liquid warbling close the eye of Day."

I remembered my former disappointments, but this voice realized all imagined delight. The invisible singer gave in succession many simple ballads without the accompaniment of any instrument or of any other voice. As her plaintive notes fell softly upon my ear, and then melted into silence, I felt that this was the ideal voice, which I had so long desired to hear.

I soon learned that the sweet singer was a very young lady, who had just arrived as a visitor in my neighbor's family. But what must be the delicacy and the firmness of her organization, that should cause her tones to be so sweet and so animated! What must be the depth of pathos in that young heart, enabling her to imbue with so much plaintiveness an ordinary ballad! What must be the sensibility that endowed her with the power to awaken such intense emotions in a listener!

The reader will naturally suppose that I desired to see the face of one who had so deeply affected me by her singing. Such a voice, I thought, could not belong to one who had a dull and insipid countenance. If not beautiful in feature, she must have something of that look which is superior to ordinary beauty. Day after day came and went, and I heard her from time to time pouring forth with the same clear voice those brilliant and plaintive notes, "most musical, most melancholy"; but still I had not seen her, and I thought at last, with a deep feeling of sadness, that there must be some divinity about her, and fate had determined that I was not worthy to behold her.

Meanwhile, I imagined she must have a very thoughtful face, on account of her plaintive style of singing. When, therefore, I met her at last in broad daylight, what was my surprise on beholding one of the most brilliant and

joyous faces I had ever seen! She was not generally considered handsome. She had very dark and full eyes, with dark hair, a skin rather light for a brunette, a small arched forehead (a very frequent accompaniment of genius), a handsome, generous mouth, and a fine set of teeth perfectly unblemished. She was very slender, about the middle height, delicate but firm in her physical structure, with a great exuberance of mirthfulness. Her manners were free and unembarrassed, though she blushed easily, and smiled and laughed a great deal when conversing. Though she entered readily into conversation, I soon discovered that she was not voluble, like most of her sex, and her conversation with those who were older than herself consisted chiefly in asking questions and listening to the answers.

I was also surprised when her friends informed me that she could not read a note of music, that she had received no musical instruction of any kind, had never performed in a church choir, nor much in any place with other voices. This was the more remarkable as her mental culture and education in other respects were excellent. She could sing five or six hours in succession, without repeating a song, and usually accompanied herself on the guitar, sometimes with the piano, extemporizing her accompaniments. She seemed entirely unconscious of her excellence as a singer, and was very incredulous when I complimented her, though, from fear of offending her, I did not express half my admiration. This was the cause of another of my surprises. Everything connected with her musical powers was mysterious, and I felt immediately a desire to make her peculiar genius my study.

I was not long in discovering that there was nothing commonplace in her manifestations of talent, and that she had some remarkable peculiarities; but of these I will speak by and by. Her ear was perfectly accurate; but, as a perfect musical ear is very common, she had in this respect thousands of

equals. She could learn the words and music of any song by hearing them once or twice; but, as such a memory is no uncommon faculty, she had in this respect also a great many equals. What distinguished her above all others was her power of giving to every song a delightful character which no one else could impart to it, and in many cases a sweet expression far beyond the merit of the composition. Hence, while she learned her music by her ear, she did not sing by rote, but performed every song with an exquisite grace and expression entirely her own.

Her voice was only moderately strong; but her power of sustaining it and her distinct enunciation both of the words and the notes of her song were extraordinary. She was generally overpowered when singing with others in concert; indeed, in a chorus, or in any piece containing several vocal parts, she had many superiors among ordinary singers. It was also remarkable that when she sang in a duet, or when another person took the same part in unison with her, the beauty of her modulation could hardly be perceived. It was necessary that she should sing alone to be fully appreciated, and that the instrument that accompanied her voice should be played by her own hands. A certain *ad libitum* must be allowed her for the perfect display of her own graces.

In compass, her voice was deficient: it was a limited mezzo-soprano, and one of its peculiarities was the want of any appreciable falsetto. The note at which most soprano voices break into the falsetto is D or E, and a great difference may be observed in the facility with which different vocalists slide over this transition note. Having no falsetto, she could not sustain her voice well above E, and generally pitched her tunes a tone and a half or two tones below the key in which they were written; but she could not reach the low notes of the alto. Perhaps the sweetness of her voice was improved by its limited compass, causing her to pay the more attention to expression. Indeed, I

have always observed that voices of great compass are deficient in what Dr. Burney calls "flavor."

I have introduced the subject of these remarks, without her consent or knowledge; partly to illustrate that kind of genius which is more deeply felt than admired, but still more to avail myself of the opportunity of weaving into this essay certain ideas in musical criticism, derived from her example and conversation, that seem to me both original and just. Her manner in performing, and her ideas of music, I considered particularly worthy of study, because from her earliest years she had been so entirely self-reliant in the formation of her taste and style. I thought I could perceive in her genius a purer transcript of nature than in one of equal gifts modified to a greater extent by musical education and practice in concert. Even her peculiarities had their foundation, not in caprice, like the whims of most young persons, but in her intuitive conception of certain fundamental principles of music.

It was very perplexing to my philosophy, when I considered her plaintive style of performance, to learn that she held in detestation almost all songs and airs in the minor mode. With some rare exceptions, the only cases in which she could endure the minor key were single strains introduced to vary a somewhat lengthened melody in the major mode. I was also disappointed when she mentioned her dislike, amounting almost to contempt, of all *genuine* Scottish melodies, which I had always admired. She was pleased with many of the *new* Scottish ballads, by modern composers, which are of an entirely different character; but nothing could persuade her to sing any one of the legitimate Scottish airs, such as "Highland Mary," "John Anderson," and the like, unless to burlesque them. She was also averse to psalmody in general, though some of her favorite songs were of a religious character. She admired "Flee as a Bird to your Mountain," though it is partly in a minor key, and "Jephthah's Daughter,"

which, though a monotonous air, she sang with a charming expression.

I discovered also that many other songs, which were favorites with the public, were disagreeable to her. Knowing from her temper of mind (for, though unconsciously a little eccentric, she possessed no odd or satirical humor) that she did not spurn them on account of their popularity, I concluded that they must have certain qualities in common, which differed from those of her favorites. With her aid, therefore, I made a list of both classes of songs, in order that, by comparing the two, we might discover the qualities in their composition that distinguished them. By this comparison it appeared that the tunes which excited her aversion were extremely rhythmical in their movement, while her favorites were of an opposite character. All music has something of this quality, which is a part of its nature; but many tunes have a sing-song regularity in their measure, that soon becomes tiresome to a keen and practised ear. The rhythm or swing, for example, is more apparent in the popular ballads of "Bonnie Doon," "Long Ago," and "The Troubadour," than in the songs, "By the sad Sea Waves" and "When the Swallows homeward fly."

Most of these rhythmical tunes are very expressive: I mean that the sentiment they convey is easily perceived. They also strike the general ear as the sweetest music; and, as they require no extraordinary skill or genius in the performer to bring out their expression, they are very popular, and are sung oftener and by a greater number of persons than any other tunes. Miss — prefers that music in which the rhythm is partially concealed by a certain irregularity of movement, which requires a keener perception to understand its expression, and more vocal skill to make it apparent to others. There are platitudes in music as well as in eloquence and poetry, and she is very sensitive to the depressing effect of all such passages. Hence her decided aversion to some of the most popular songs.

I will confess that before my acquaintance with Miss — most of my favorite songs were of a class that she disliked, and her favorites were songs in which I had not previously detected any peculiar merit. I had a particular fancy for the old Scottish ballads which she despised, and many of the German airs, which she admired above all others, seemed to me to contain no meaning. I could not avoid the conclusion, therefore, until I discovered the reasons for correcting my judgment, that she was deficient in taste. After I had become familiar with her favorite music and her manner of performing it, I was convinced that my philosophy had failed to discover what was perfectly clear to her genius.

According to the principles on which her taste was founded, our popular ballads may be arranged under the following heads: —

First. All those tunes which, according to the ancient division of music, would be included in the enharmonic scale, as distinguished from those in the diatonic scale, which is our major mode. These songs are in the minor mode. They are mostly plaintive and melodious, but, like some of the old Scottish melodies, soon pall upon a sensitive ear.

Second. Songs with a very measured cadence, — singsong airs in which the rhythm, or swing of the movement, is not sufficiently varied to conceal its uniformity. This sort of music may have considerable sweetness; it is easily performed, and cannot be much improved by a superior style of execution. The popular ballad of "Long Ago" is a good example of this class.

Third. Songs by ordinary composers, which are neither intrinsically melodious, nor capable of being rendered so by a superior vocalist. The songs under this head are full of musical platitudes and plagiarisms. The world is flooded with them, and they are often very popular for a season on account of the sensational character, and sometimes the real merit, of the words attached to them.

Fourth. Tunes in which the rhythm is not formal or very apparent, and which do not at first, except to a practised ear, seem to be either musical or expressive, but which are extraordinary in their effects when their character is brought out by a superior performer. Most of the favorite songs of Miss — were included under this fourth head.

It might be supposed from her extremely fastidious taste, that not many songs would find place among her favorites. But we should bear in mind that it would occupy any man's attention several days to read the titles alone of all the songs that have been published with English words during the present century. This multitude, even if only one in a hundred be worthy of preservation, affords us an opportunity to select a considerable number of good ones. Although the ballads with which Miss — was familiar were hardly to be counted, there were about a hundred which she acknowledged as her favorites. These I copied into a book for her use, and with her assistance arranged them under twelve different heads, classifying them according to the sentiment conveyed by the words of the song. While, therefore, the music is, in most cases, in accordance with the words, the classification is of a literary rather than a musical character: —

1. *Songs of Cheerful Humor:* containing an animated sentiment or an account of some comic or happy incident; as "The Herdsman's Mountain Home," "The Musical Wife."

2. *Songs of Home:* conveying a direct appeal to our love of home and to its domestic scenes; as "Home, sweet Home," "Far away."

3. *Songs of Pathos:* founded on some pathetic incident, or awakening sorrowful images in the mind; as "The Captive Knight."

4. *Songs of Domestic Love:* involving a sentiment allied to that of home, but having particular reference to persons; as "The Bride's Farewell."

5. *Songs of Local Attachment:* re-

ferring to places or scenes remembered with a passionate interest; as "Ingle Side," "The Meeting of the Waters."

6. *Elegiac Songs*: celebrating our sorrows for the dead; as "Long, long, weary Day."

7. *Amatory Songs*: inspired by the sentiment of love, and which may be either plaintive or lively; as "Juanita," "Sweet Afton."

8. *Songs of Memory*: intended to revive the remembrance of the past,—usually plaintive; as "Oft in the Silly Night."

9. *Songs of Fancy*: in which the interest turns on some imaginary incident; as "Araby's Daughter," "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

10. *Religious Songs*: based upon religious feeling, but not including psalmody or songs of praise; as "Flee as a Bird to your Mountain."

11. *Ethical Songs*: inculcating a moral; as "Love not." Very many stupid songs fall under this head, and a few very good ones.

12. *Songs of Absence*: songs of regret on account of the separation of friends or lovers; as "When the Swallows homeward fly," "The Carrier Dove."

I could not obtain from Miss — any commendation of the songs that grew out of the late war. Not one of them would she admit into her collection. The heading of Patriotic Songs, which would have added a thirteenth number to the list, was therefore omitted. Some of the other American songs were among her favorites; but she thought the German popular songs superior to those of any other nation, so far as her acquaintance with them extended. Although entirely self-taught in music, it is remarkable that she preferred the style of the best composers. She was very fond of the opera and of operatic music, though she did not imitate the stage-singers in her own style of execution.

In the course of my experience in making selections of music for private use, no fact has struck me so forcibly as the low and inferior character of the

popular music of bygone days. No man of taste would be a very devout admirer of the mass of popular songs of the present day; but the meanest of these surpasses the average of those which were popular in England, Scotland, and on the Continent of Europe, at any time before the present century. And if we trace to their origin those that possess genuine merit, we shall discover that they were taken from some opera or other. Indeed the best of the popular music of the present day is plagiarized or taken outright from the same source. It is the opera that must guide public taste to save it from running into the most ridiculous extravagance; and, so far as this rule is reversed,—so far as the opera and operatic compositions are adjusted to suit the taste of the millions,—in the same ratio does the opera degrade itself and become frivolous or bombastic.

One difficulty in the way of making a good selection of parlor songs is the unavoidable habit of identifying the words with the music. Some very poor tunes have been admired on account of their poetical words, as may be said of many of Thomas Moore's songs; and in other instances very ordinary verses have obtained higher credit than they deserved because of the good music that accompanied them. In making a selection, therefore, we are obliged to contend with our literary prejudices, in order to form a correct judgment of the music.

The music of the parlor would be much improved if it were more generally made the subject of refined criticism. But it has been left to the judgment of ignorant publishers to make selections for the family circle, and they have been governed by the vulgar taste for quartettes, quintettes, and choruses, so that genuine solo singing has been greatly neglected. Hardly a song has been composed or arranged lately, without that miserable appendage of a chorus, in which a multitude of harsh voices join to spoil the effect of the song, as surely as it is well performed. There are certain songs, es-

pecially of a comic sort, in which the chorus is an important part; but after a serious or plaintive ballad it is in most cases absurd and offensive. Many a time, when the chorus has been introduced after a song by an agreeable performer, I have thought what might be the effect if all the beasts of the field were to fill with their roaring each pause the nightingale should make.

Sacred music is liable to similar criticism, and, being less under the guidance of men of finished musical education than the opera, it runs into noise and an excessive amount of harmony, which in the opera is always subordinate to the theme. "Harmony," says Rousseau, "regulates the tones, confirms their propriety, and renders the modulation more distinct: it adds force to the expression and grace to the air. But from melody alone proceeds that invincible power of pathetic accents over the soul. Let there be performed the most judicious selection of chords without the addition of melody, and you would be tired in less than ten minutes; while, on the contrary, a single voice with-

out the assistance of harmony will continue to please for a considerable time. Again, be it ever so simple, if there be anything of true pathos in the composition, it becomes immediately interesting; but, on the contrary, melody without expression will have no effect, and harmony alone will never touch the heart."

In conclusion, I would ask, what more interesting accomplishment can a young girl possess than that of performing in an agreeable manner any music for a single voice? The most eloquent talkers must give place to one who has this gift in perfection. The fame that awaits even a charming author is not attended with so much personal admiration. A fine ballad-singer who, with a tuneful voice, delivers her tones with the grace and simplicity of genius, if endowed with even moderate personal charms, enjoys a sort of deification. Beauty seems commonplace in the presence of her divinity. Wit cannot divert from her that attention, nor grace and loveliness that worship, which all hearts pay to her.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE next day saw Delia Holcombe on the mountain road, going to visit Father Trost.

The road was shaded all the way by forest trees, — hemlocks, chestnuts, pines, and laurel; the air was laden with balm. But many times Delia felt herself compelled to sit down and rest. It was long since she had climbed this road. The trials which she had passed through had lessened her strength; she was surprised to find how weak she was. "It is because I am on this errand," she said; but that was not the only cause.

The way she had to go was familiar

to her. Every point that commanded a fine prospect she knew. Often had she paused to note the changes which had taken place in the valley since she could remember. Occupied for a while with memories of the old time, — with prophecies which the on-looking and far-seeing uttered in her youth, and the fulfilment these had found, and the agents employed in their fulfilling, — her mind was oppressed as she contrasted the eagerness with which she had then listened to the prophets, and the heaviness with which now she gazed on the results of labors that they saw begun. Lost, lost forever, were the enchantments of youth. Forever gone the delight there had been

in hoping. And what had she instead?

How many memories had this young Mr. Boyd revived! If Edna would behold her father, let her look at this youth and she would see what Edward Rolfe was when he first came to Swatara. To the contemplation of this young man's character she had turned with an interest which she had not supposed herself capable of taking in any human life. It was as if she had arraigned herself before a tribunal, and would judge her past by what she found in him,—so full of hope and enterprise, so capable and so happy.

She recalled the undisturbed self-possession with which Edna had proceeded with her work while young Mr. Boyd sat for his picture. How unconscious she had seemed! When Delia began to think in this vein, she forgot her fatigue, and did not sit down to rest again. She tried to imagine herself in Edna's stead, and she said: "The child is stronger than I was. She has in herself what I only saw in her father. She stands on higher ground than I did or do. O God! could I bear the look of her unsealed eyes?"

Mrs. Holcombe was going to see Father Trost. One of Delia's conspicuous offices was that of a peacemaker, and her husband had assigned to her this duty, suggesting that it might well be performed during the old man's disablement,—for his rheumatism still held him a prisoner.

The visit would come with double grace at a time when he might suppose she would be absorbed by her own affliction.

Emerging from the woods, she came to the uplands, and took the road bordered by the fine farms of Guildersleeve, Ahern, and Ent; among these was the little nook owned by Father Trost.

Two great black-walnut trees shadowed the house and the yard. Their enormous trunks and wide-spreading branches made the house look like a bird's-nest from the road,—a humble ground-bird's nest.

In the shady corner of his porch sat

the old man. Near by on a chair some needle-work was lying, which told that his watcher was not far away, though just now nowhere in sight.

Delia saw him sitting there, as she turned to secure the gate-latch. She walked up the straight and narrow path worn in the grass with a directness which told Father Trost who this visitor must be. A Mennonite, of course, by the dress of the woman; and no other than Delia could it be, for there was no female presence in Swatara like that of Friend Holcombe's wife.

"When my husband went away, Monday morning, he said he wished I would call and see how you were getting on; I have been trying to do so every day since,—but here it is Friday," said she, taking the chair to which he pointed, when he had shaken hands with her. "You have had a hard time, Father Trost."

"Yes," he answered; "and it's a bad matter at my time of life, with so much work on my hands, and when I was grudging the old body feeding-time and sleeping-time, to be bound hand and foot, as one might say. And the Lord needing me in his field here, all white for the harvest! Friend Hulcum could cut a long swath for me if he had the right kind of a scythe."

"But it is n't bad work that he's doing along the highways and hedges," said Delia, in a friendly tone.

"There's the right way of doing everything," he answered, doggedly. "If you want to put weeds down in your orchard you sow buckwheat, don't you? I tell *you*, Miss Dely, you've got to meet the Evil One fair and square, and no dodging, if you want him to understand there ain't room around for him and you. He ain't the person to treat softly and take off your hat to perlutely."

"But, Father Trost," said Delia, glad that the conversation had so soon taken this turn, and determined to show him the construction she had put upon his words, "you don't mean to say

that Mr. Holcombe has been in league with — with anything so unholy?"

"I'll tell you, Dely, what I think. I think he don't understand how the system works, for he won't step outside and take a look. I tell you, the system that don't work to the making of honest Christians, what 'll you make of it? If it ain't in league with evil spirits, I don't know what is."

This was plain speaking.

"Father Trost," said Delia, meeting the gaze of his pitiless eyes with a look which was not designed to appeal to him, but which could not fail of making itself felt, — "Father Trost, do you know of any one besides Delia Rose it has n't made an honest Christian of? Is n't it Delia you have been preaching about all along?"

He neither discerned the spirit that looked from her eyes, nor heard that which spoke through her voice, and he was relentless. "It stands to reason," he said, "if *she* could play fast and loose, others could. She had in her bringing-up, as you might say, peculiar privileges; if you could expect anything except rottenness anywhere, you might there."

"Well," said Delia, "I know it. But I don't think you have judged right. I don't believe, sir, there's another one of our persuasion in Swatara but has a record you could read over with as little blame as you could read over your own church-people's records. I believe I am the only offender."

"Yes," he sneered; and then he spoke more kindly, for he felt his power, and that he did not need to wield it with all his might. "But look at Deacon Ent. Where would *he* be, do you think, if my girl had n't been honest?"

"Where would he be?"

"Married to a woman he couldn't own before the people!"

"O then be thankful for that good girl, and be kind to her, Father Trost."

"I shall be kind to her," said he impatiently; "I can't tend to my own business. But what I want you to no-

tice, Dely, is, it's *your system* that would have made Ent a deceiver, and it's my system that kept him from it."

"We shall never agree, except in one thing," said Delia.

"What's that?"

"That I did sin."

"And you don't mean to own it! Ain't that your order? Old Guildersleeve had to make a confession. How are you going to get your peace, ma'am?"

"I don't expect peace, Father Trost. It is something I have n't had for years. I don't look for it."

"If you believe Scriptur', ma'am, there's the story of Ananias and Sapphira you might profit by."

Delia considered these words, and looked at Father Trost astonished.

"Do you suppose Friend Holcombe knows what you and I know?" she asked with an indignation which for the moment mastered her.

"He don't, eh?"

"Can't you see, sir, haven't you seen, that this is the only reason why I did not long ago acknowledge all?" It was evident that he still doubted her; and that he should doubt urged her on to say: "But, sir, this is not the reason why I have not left the congregation. Friend Holcombe has made our religion dear to me. I love our covenant and our laws. I love all that you hate and persecute. I honor what you despise. I stand by our regulations. Put yourself where Bishop Holcombe is! Shall I bring contempt on the calling of that man of God? I implore you to say. I implore you, have pity."

The anguish which Trost saw in Delia as she spoke these words must have made itself perceptible to duller, coarser sense than his. But the thing that he could never do was to place himself, even in imagination, where Friend Holcombe was standing.

"If your husband has n't known this all along," said he, "I'm glad of it. I think the better of him."

"I knew — I knew you never could have wronged him as you have, and

grieved him as you have, and crippled him in his work so, but for me."

He saw her tears, and heard her groans.

"And if it had n't been for your doctrines," said he, steadying himself on this fact, for he had need to recall the system he hated in order to sustain himself when he saw her so moved, "you never could have been in this situation,—never! It's your system that's to blame, Miss Dely, and that's all I've said. And if the Lord spares me, it's that I'll fight agin till the end. I'll go on doing what I'm called to do, —enlightening, enlightening. Another set of young folks coming on, like your Edny there, won't have your excuse for sowing tares instead of wheat."

"I had no excuse," said Delia, humbly. "I had been taught. If I had been like your Mary, this would not have happened."

"System," he repeated. "I told you that afore, systems was made for men. If it's bad it works bad. How can it work any other way? It must be changed."

There was evidently nothing further to be said on that point.

After a brief silence Delia said: "Father Trost, I have meant for a long time to ask you for a certificate. You said that I should have one when it was wanted. As I told you before, your letter never came to us. Can you give me one to-day? Perhaps, if I should ever see that the truth must be told, as I do not see now, it would be necessary for me to have it; at least, I wish for it."

The old man's eyes sparkled. That was an hour of triumph for system. "Look at these hands here," said he. "I have n't held a pen for weeks. I could n't make my mark even. I'll testify for you before witnesses though, any day, Miss Dely; but remember, I can't come out of my grave to do it. What thou doest do quickly. Look ye, Dely Hulcum! What if the Lord has a stiffened them cords, and made me a cripple for your sake! I say, Yea, Lord, pluck 'em! pluck 'em as brands

from the burning by me; I can bear it for the gospil's sake."

Delia arose. "I forgive you," she said,—"I forgive you for laying off your cruelty on to the Lord like that! I can bear my burden. I may come to you some day and ask you to testify before witnesses. The Lord may kindly show me how I may do it for his honor and glory. Till then I can bear my burden. But you! find, if you can, how to answer why you have made use of a poor girl's foolishness and sin to fight a church and a true servant of God. It is a woman you have been seeking to terrify, and not the Devil that you have been fighting. I remind you of the promise you made two foolish young creatures, that you would consider the ceremony you had performed for them their business and not yours! Perhaps you will say you have not broken your promise. How much better have you done, throwing dishonorable charges on a people, which you knew you could not explain! I say, sir, it is a pity that your system has not made an honest Christian man of you."

The old man did not answer. And Delia did not wait for an answer. She was afraid to trust herself within his hearing longer. There was nothing to be gained by either of them from further talk. He had shown himself malicious in the satisfaction he evinced that he could not give her the certificate when she asked for it.

By and by Mary came and sat down in the porch beside her grandfather and resumed her work, glad that he slept, for then surely he had not found the time long that she had stayed away.

After a while he roused himself and said he would go back to his room. He felt it chilly in the porch. So Mary helped him into the house, and did not guess that a whirlwind had passed by, that bright summer afternoon.

The Boyds were driving along the road from their house to the mines, when Mrs. Holcombe was seen emerging from the pine grove.

"There's the bishop's wife, a good way from home," said Max, remembering that once before he had found her in that region, and that she had not then refused his offer to ride home in his wagon.

Christopher turned and bowed, as Maxwell spoke. A tired and sad face was what he could not bear to see in a woman. He reined in his horses and told her that they were going her way, and would she ride? Max sprang from the wagon before she could answer; and as Delia was in fact very weary, she expressed her thankfulness and allowed him to assist her in getting up into the back seat.

When they had driven as far as the superintendent's office, Mr. Boyd said he must speak to Mr. Elsdén, and asked Max to drive down with Mrs. Holcombe, and stop for him on his way back.

As he turned towards the office, John Edgar came out. A long conference between himself and Mr. Elsdén had just ended, and John looked rather excited. But his excitement did not prevent his seeing that Mrs. Holcombe was in Mr. Boyd's carriage, and that Mr. Boyd had just alighted, and that Mr. Max still held the reins. But as his back was turned upon the party almost before they noticed him, he walked away, at a faster pace than was necessary, since nobody thought of following him, and his work as an artisan was about finished for this world.

Max drove slowly down the road. He derived an almost perfect satisfaction from the simple fact that Mrs. Holcombe was with him in Christopher's carriage. When in their conversation he looked around at her once or twice, he thought how fine a face it was, and that its good looks were not to be damaged in the least by the ugly poke bonnet she wore. How grand and how lovely she seemed to him! He felt that he loved her; and he did with all the enthusiasm and reverence a good and pure young spirit may entertain towards a gracious, kindly woman,—he loved her more tenderly than he loved Christopher, and as warmly.

"Isn't there something I can do for you?" he asked as he helped her from the wagon.

"Let us see you at our house as often as you can make it agreeable to come," she said. "You know how glad we always are to have you come."

"But you must let me know when you have another long walk to take," said he; "I can always have one of the horses, and it is such a pleasure to drive over this beautiful country. You would confer a great boon on me by letting me take you."

"Thank you, I will remember it," said Delia; and she had so far lost sight of the miserable business which had taken her to Father Trost, that as she walked towards her house she prayed for the preservation of the beautiful youth of Maxwell Boyd.

CHAPTER XXV.

JOHN EDGAR had held an important consultation with Mr. Elsdén that afternoon. He had been exhibiting the results of his recent investigations in the neighborhood of Pit Hole. In compliance with the superintendent's request he had begun to explore. It was seldom that he felt at liberty to leave the workshop by daylight during working-hours, for the post he filled was an important one, and his services might be required at any moment; but all the time he could command he had expended in investigations and experiments. The result he had been communicating to Mr. Elsdén this afternoon was not of experiment, but of observation,—he had been exploring with expectation of discovery.

The moment he entered, Mr. Elsdén arose and locked the door.

"I hope you can talk as well, John, if you know we are alone," said he. "It makes me nervous, when I have business in hand, to be interrupted every moment."

John was quite satisfied that there should seem to be a necessity of talking behind bolts with the superintendent. "I may be mistaken, sir," he said, pro-

ceeding to business with a promptness that Mr. Elsdén liked; "but I think the drill has more than paid for itself, for it has set me on to use my eyes as I never did before I had it. Can you tell what this is, sir?"

Mr. Elsdén glanced from the fragment which John had placed before him to John's face; they both smiled and looked well pleased.

"I know iron ore when I see it, John," said he.

"There is plenty of it, then, sir. Is it worth as much as coal?"

"Pretty nearly!"

"Then you are the proprietor of an iron mine, sir."

"Then John Edgar is my partner!" Mr. Elsdén laid his hand on John's shoulder at that, with a friendliness that was very evident, and a familiarity which sent a thrill through the young man's frame.

"But we don't owe it to the drill," said he, "I have broken that. I can't work it without a stronger engine to drive. But I know I am on the right track. After that was done for I set to work with my eyes, and this is what I found."

"And a very good finding; an admirable finding, I call it. The iron has lain in that mine, — how many thousand years do you think?"

"Since the flood, for all I know."

"Quite as long; it can afford to lie there a little longer then, we have n't time to attend to it just now."

"Would n't Mr. Boyd take hold of it?" asked John, somewhat timidly. There was something about this business which was not quite clear to him, and it troubled him a little.

"I should like to know why he should take hold of it," said Mr. Elsdén, apparently surprised, and not very well pleased by the question. "He has nothing to do with it. I purchased the mine before Boyd came here; and as I said before, you and I are the partners in this business."

"Then you expect something of that drill yet," said John, elated.

"I expect something of you."

"Then you will tell me, sir, what you expect, so that I may do it!"

"Good! But no haste."

"I should n't think, sir, that you would wait a day."

"I must. That is a hard word to get round. And there it is. When you are as old as I am, John, you won't have enthusiasm to trouble you, and tempt and blind you. I hope you will still have warmth enough in your blood, though, to enjoy a genuine success. And that reminds me, how are you getting on, my lad, in the other direction? I mean about Miss Edna?"

Somehow, it seemed to John that this question did not comport well with his notions of what became Mr. Elsdén's dignity; still it showed an interest in himself which was certainly flattering.

"Not very fast. But I mentioned it," said he.

"That is fast enough. For you do not suppose the young lady will forget it again."

"I almost wish she would; for it troubled her."

"Of course it would trouble her. But everything comes by trouble. It is your situation, — I cannot believe it is your character, — that makes you vacillate. When you have secured the young lady's rights to her, you will have won your spurs as a gallant knight, and nobody will dispute your right to the society of gentlemen." ("Nor mine to go on mining when you get the money for it," he added to himself.)

"Excuse me," he said, when he saw how confused and excited he had made Edgar by his last words; "when I talk with a friend, I am likely to say out all I have been thinking about him, and somehow you have managed to occupy my thoughts pretty steadily along back. But, John, you are a shrewd fellow; just tell me how long you think this business of Boyd's is likely to hold on."

Edgar was too much surprised by what was intimated in Mr. Elsdén's manner as he spoke, and by the words

he uttered, to feel amazement that they should have been addressed by that gentleman to himself. Approaching the desk, he looked at the superintendent. "Why, sir, as long as Mr. Boyd pleases."

"In my opinion, it must be his pleasure to wind it up very speedily then. I have been looking over things: we're falling off in the quality of coal. It don't bring the price it did. The best is down, for the market is glutted. Every day or two we hear of a new failure, and everybody distrusts everybody. That iron won't rust. It is safer locked up as it is than it would be elsewhere. If I stood where you do, I would n't change my place, sir, for Christopher Boyd's."

"Does he know what you think, sir?" asked John, looking away from Mr. Elsdon and conscious that his own face had crimsoned during the last few seconds.

"He knows what he thinks himself, — that we're on the breakers. He believes that he can steer clear of the rocks. He may. He says that he has known worse times; but I never have."

John seemed to shrink bodily before the prospect which now began to come out clear before him. "It's too bad," said he; "I don't like it."

"It is ugly."

"Can't you make Mr. Boyd see it as you do, Mr. Elsdon?"

"You need n't waste your sympathy on him, John. He could n't be made to see any different by anybody. He won't have a fall either. He will land on his feet, and climb up higher than he was before, I have n't a doubt. If there was n't all that in him, I should exceedingly dislike to occupy my present position. By the way, I expect him along this afternoon; we sent down to Emerald for news, and I have despatches," and he placed his hand on a pile of letters lying on his desk. "Is n't he coming now? Yes! there they are. Bear in mind what I have said to you, John. The Holcombes have as much interest as anybody in the success of the mining interests here."

"Can he mean," thought John, as he

walked away, — "can he mean that Edna's fortune is locked up hereabouts? It could n't be that was why he was so ready to say I should be his partner?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAULKNER had said that he would come down next day to have the papers made out, and he kept his word. The doctor expected him, and the two went together over to Swatara, — Faulkner with the doctor's receipt in his pocket, and Detwiler carrying in his note-book the farmer's draft on Boyd's bank for six hundred and ninety-five dollars.

There was a promise of rain, and when they came to the ford, Faulkner concluded to go on homeward without stopping at Mr. Holcombe's; the doctor accordingly went over alone.

Arrived at the house, he found only Edna. She was occupied with some household work, but, when she saw him, stopped everything, and ran towards him in a way that showed he had come to a place where there was need of him.

So satisfied of this was he, that he gave no evidence of his perception, but greeted her with his usual cordial, cheerful "Good morning. All well?" and sat down as if he had the day before him to spend as he pleased.

"Is Mistress Holcombe within?" he said; and Edna answered, as she went on with her work, "Mother has gone to see somebody that was hurt in the mines yesterday."

The doctor noticed that word "mother," — he had never heard Edna use it before.

"Not a very serious hurt though," he said, "but our mother takes everybody's pain and sorrow to heart. If the world were rich in such mothers, Edna, we should have a race of angels on earth."

As she did not respond at once, he asked her if she did not agree with him; and then he perceived that she was trying to answer, and to conceal her emotion; in spite of her effort, though, he saw bright tears dropping from her

eyes. Suddenly it occurred to Edna that by taking the doctor into her confidence she might rid herself of the burden John had put upon her when he counselled her to interrogate Mrs. Holcombe in regard to her past; and so she began:—

"I want to ask you something, doctor."

"Come then and sit down here by me," he said. "I am growing old and hard of hearing, you know."

But she continued her work instead, for she was so agitated that she knew if she dropped it and sat quietly down the only thing she could do then would be to give way to the floods of tears which threatened every moment to find their outlet.

"I want to ask you," she said, "about—my people."

"Well, then, you must ask," said he; and he wondered if Delia's hour had come.

But after Edna had gone so far she hesitated. It seemed to her that to question the doctor was to exhibit as great a distrust as when she questioned Mrs. Holcombe; but then she thought of John, and of the satisfaction it would be to be able to say to him that he was mistaken; and after she had distinctly asked the doctor she intended to show him that her question had no meaning. And so she said:—

"Do you know anything about them? Have I any rights which I have never heard of?"

"Are you sure that you are wide-awake?" returned the doctor. "Come here and let me feel your pulse: Who has been telling you fairy tales, that you think Mr. Holcombe has a Cinderella in the house who is going to ride off in a coach some fine morning to her house of gold?"

Edna did not look confused, but glad, to hear this. "You may make all the fun of me you please," she said. "I like to have you; for it would be dreadful to think they could—could do what was n't right."

"I should think so," said the doctor; "I should think so," he repeated

slowly. "And now tell me who has dared to give you a cup of poison, and slander the best people that live."

"I only wanted to know what you would say," she answered. "You never went down to Hollandsburgh!"

"A hundred times, at least."

"O, then, did you ever see my father there?"

"I have seen him often."

"Then—then you can tell me all about it, and him, and everything."

"In the first place, I ought to tell you," said the doctor,—not to gain time, for he had at once decided on the course he would take, but to divert Edna's attention and lessen the excitement with which she prepared to listen to him,—*"Faulkner has been down according to agreement, and I had the papers all ready for him. He has given me his note, and you can get the money from the bank any day, or I can get it for you. There it is,"* he said, producing the note; "you can see his name is good for something written down there: it makes you the owner of a nice little sum of money."

"Yes, thank you."

"Well, but take it, it is yours. You see I have indorsed it here."

Money had come to Edna, as it comes to many others, at a moment when its value was sadly depreciated. What she wanted now was to hear about her father.

And the doctor did not keep her waiting long. He satisfied her heart. He gave to her a portraiture which she must evermore behold, and love, and honor. It was impossible after he had spoken that she should ever lose that image, or that she should ask again if he had left her at his death poor as well as orphaned. The doctor had noble material, and he used it nobly. The father of Edna was a gentleman, educated and refined; and but for his early death he would have redeemed every expectation formed of him by those who knew and loved him. He, too, had skill in drawing, and, had he studied art, might have been in the foremost rank of artists. The doctor said it had

rejoiced him when he saw her taking up her pencils and using them so skillfully: that was a part of her inheritance, and but a part of it. Did she know what he was going to propose to Mrs. Holcombe? It was that she should be sent away to school, to a town where his sister lived. His sister had daughters, and he had not a doubt that he could prepare a home for Edna with them; if not that exactly, they would at least be her friends and companions. She had not failed to notice that he had been in earnest when he called her attention to this and that book which he brought her to study. It was because she was beloved for her father's sake; because he knew what her father would have wished to do for his child, had his life been spared.

In all his talk the doctor did not once allude to John Edgar. He seemed to have forgotten him. He had not forgotten him, but he wished her to see how little such a person had really to do with her life. He wished her own mind to suggest to her the contrast between him and this personage whom he had given to her imagination with the liberty and the right to call him father.

She sat listening to him, her eyes upon him, growing more and more serene till they were filled with the most lovely light. At last, when he had quite finished speaking, she seemed to feel the blissful spell removed, and, with a start, exclaimed, "O, why did n't you tell me all this before?"

"Because the time had not come. I knew you would ask me some day, and I waited for that. And I will tell you one thing more, Edna; he always wished that you should come to live with Mrs. Holcombe. Of course, that could not be managed very easily while Annie lived, but after that no time was to be lost by those who cared for his wishes. You will bear Mrs. Holcombe witness: was she willing to receive you? It was for your father's sake that she was willing."

"I know," she said, sadly, "it could not have been for mine."

"But has she ever made you feel for one moment that you were a burden?"

Edna's answer was a blushing, confused face.

"Then, let me tell you, all your endeavor to earn money, that you might pay your way here, was an insult to Mrs. Holcombe."

"I see it," said Edna. "I have always been insulting her. I have never understood her. But I know now that she loves me, and it makes me so unhappy. I wish I had never come here. I wish —"

"See!" said the doctor, interrupting her before she should be mastered quite by her excitement, "it is the best thing that could have happened that you came here. Think of this lonely house without Rosa, and no dear one to love! And even if they did not love you, think of their being left without your love! — you are as another child to them. No! no! you are your father's daughter; he would have seen as I do that it was the best thing that could have happened that you came here."

"Take this, I don't want it. I don't know what to do with it," said Edna, giving Faulkner's note back to the doctor. "I did want it to pay them. But it would give them pain. I have the money for those drawings too. Would it be an insult to ask them to let me help buy the gravestone for Rosa?"

"I think not. You might speak about it to Mrs. Holcombe. But no more talk, Edna, as if you belonged anywhere else than here, or to anybody else than these best people. And I think I will just leave you to manage Faulkner's note yourself. Your heart will show you what to do with it, I am sure. If Mrs. Holcombe were your own mother, you would ask her advice about it, if you had come into the possession of property in your own right. Well, do the same thing now."

He talked himself into his best mood finally, and Edna could not listen to him, and look at him, without feeling that his buoyancy of spirit had communicated itself to her.

When Mrs. Holcombe came home, Edna found it easy to tell about the doctor's visit, and to say that he had completed the sale of the little estate, as old Annie's executor, and to give the note to her and say: "It is nothing to me, mother, for everything I have is yours, you know."

The act, and the name by which Edna had called her, made Delia's heart stand still. It was obvious that a great change had taken place in this girl since the days when she called Delia Mrs. Holcombe, and held herself apart as a stranger, or at least as an alien, under Mrs. Holcombe's roof. It was no longer as the recipient of bounties, but as the loving child that she spoke!

"We must talk with father about this," she said, holding the note loosely in her hand, uncertain for an instant what to do with it; then she arose and laid it in the Bible on the bureau. "He will be safe counsel," she said.

"Yes," Edna assented; and then she feigned great interest in the wounded man whom Delia had visited, and so gradually she made her way beyond the circle of her morning agitations.

When she saw John again, she had thought of a device by which his well-being might be secured, and at the same time her own. Her heart, disturbed and perplexed, turned, as in all ages the disturbed and the perplexed have turned, to the church, seeking rest and security within its walls. She wished heartily, moreover, to give Delia Holcombe a joy.

She was not born and had not been bred a Mennonite; she had not been baptized, and therefore had no membership, though of course she wore the dress and conformed to the customs of the people among whom she dwelt.

She felt that it was time she thought of baptism and of membership on her own account, and on John's account she considered the restraints made necessary by Christian obligations would prove as beneficial to him as to herself. She resolved to speak with him.

Last year, in one of her wayward

moods, she had declared to Rosa her conviction that she should never be able to consent to unite with the Christian body over which Mr. Holcombe presided. Delia had overheard the argument, and had afterwards sought opportunity to say to Edna that she never must unite with them unless she should heartily desire to do so. And now she did heartily wish to be recognized as of that Israel. If she was to be John Edgar's helper, it was necessary that she should herself abide in the fastnesses of the rock.

When she told John her wish, he would have laughed outright had it not been Edna that spoke. All his thoughts in these days were sweeping down towards the great busy world. He was coveting that world's honors and successes; he was preparing for the arrival of Good Fortune; who should remedy every ill; he smiled at Edna's simplicity, and told her that this was really the last thing he had expected to hear from her, and that a little further on she would change her mind about it.

But she answered that she should not change her mind, for the reason that in the church all was safe and quiet.

Then he reminded her that if she, who was good enough already without the church, should join it, he would be obliged to follow her, and he had no wish to do so; but that he should do so, and only on her account, and thus he would be a hypocrite. But he added: "I am fit for the church though, Edna, if I am fit for you. But we shall not be living here very long, and outside of the woods we shall associate with a very different class of folks. We shall go into the world among gay people. My business will carry me about a great deal."

She just here recalled the doctor's words,—his counsel about the school; and the vision of her father seemed to stand before her, gazing upon her and upon John. "Wherever we go," she said, "we shall want to be quiet in our hearts."

That rather serious answer he turned off with a laugh. "You are the last one that will be asking for the quiet you get here, in a few years," said he. "Why, you will hardly know yourself, or me either, five years from now, Edna. We are children to what we shall be."

Edith recognized the truth in this prophecy. "What is it you are thinking of all the time?" she asked. "What fortune do you see before us, John?"

"I see wealth, reputation for me," he answered. "For you I see more than it would be safe to let you know."

His words had a pleasant sound. It was clear to Edna that John was satisfied with her. And in spite of what the doctor had said, in spite of the parentage which seemed to ally her to nobles, there was in this poor, struggling John Edgar, who had not only fortune to fight against, but himself also, that which was the best of romances to her. She *could* not see anything really base, actually dishonorable, truly vile in him. She saw him, in fact, quite clearly, — the bad and the good, — and knew that he loved her. So pleasant a sound had his words that she dwelt on them in her thoughts, and merely smiled in answer.

They were walking in the neighborhood of Pit Hole again, and he said: "You see that mountain. My fortune lies in there, — a part of it. But you can't guess what I mean by that, and I am not at liberty to tell you yet. Have you found out though, what I meant by that other riddle? You must not attempt to discover this one, but the other I gave you leave to guess."

"There's nothing to find out, John."

"You think so, or somebody told you so. Now which?"

"We will just drop that subject. I like better to have nothing than —"

"Yes, than just to speak out and say you want what belongs to you! That is n't a man's way of doing business. Well, never mind," he added, for he was conscious that he had spoken rudely, and there was a mixture of pain and indignation and disgust upon Edna's face which he liked not to see there. "You won't hinder my making a fortune for both of us," he continued. "I am not to be put down. Why, look at the Boyds! they began life as low down as any of these miners," — he did not say as *I did*, — "and you see there's nothing to hinder a man's climbing to the top round of the ladder. I was going to ask you, Edna, if you would let me have another of those books. I can't tell you how much I have got from them. They feed me"; and then he began to quote in a softening voice, till Edna heard only music in it, as in the thoughts he uttered, —

"You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steeled sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are."

You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world beside, methinks, are dead."

Sweet words they were, to hear thus spoken! What wonder that Edna, remembering, should exact of herself fidelity, and find it easy to shape her words into praises of the life which she had come to perceive more and more clearly she must guard!

GARIBALDI.

IN trance and dream of old, God's prophet saw
 The casting down of thrones. Thou, watching lone
 The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy-hilled,
 Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky zone
 With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,
 Behold'st the vision of the seer fulfilled,
 And hear'st the sea-winds burdened with a sound
 Of falling chains, as, one by one, unbound,
 The nations lift their right hands up and swear
 Their oath of freedom. From the chalk-white wall
 Of England, from the black Carpathian range,
 Along the Danube and the Theiss, through all
 The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,
 And from the Seine's thronged banks, a murmur strange
 And glad floats to thee o'er thy summer seas
 On the salt wind that stirs thy whitening hair,—
 The song of freedom's bloodless victories!

Rejoice, O Garibaldi! Though thy sword
 Failed at Rome's gates, and blood seemed vainly poured
 Where, in Christ's name, the crownéd infidel
 Of France wrought murder with the arms of hell
 On that sad mountain slope whose ghostly dead,
 Unmindful of the gray exorcist's ban,
 Walk, unappeased, the chambered Vatican,
 And draw the curtains of Napoleon's bed!
 God's providence is not blind, but, full of eyes,
 It searches all the refuges of lies;
 And in His time and way, the accursed things
 Before whose evil feet thy battle-gage
 Has clashed defiance from hot youth to age
 Shall perish. All men shall be priests and kings,—
 One royal brotherhood, one church made free
 By love, which is the law of liberty!

HUNTING IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS.

IN making use of the word "hunting," which, with its variations, will often occur in this paper, I do so in the restricted sense in which it is understood in England. Here, the word is applied to the pursuit of all kinds of wild animals, with all manner of weapons and

appliances, and with or without the assistance of dogs. In England, when people speak of hunting, they mean the chase of certain animals—chiefly the fox and the hare—with hounds that hunt by the scent, and that are usually followed by sportsmen on horseback.

By reference to the hunting appointments in Bell's Life in London, it will be seen that England has one hundred and twenty packs of hounds, Ireland forty, and Scotland six, making a total of one hundred and sixty-six. These figures, however, do not represent the actual number. There are in the "three kingdoms" many minor packs of hounds kept by private individuals, or by subscription, and these are not of sufficient importance to be included in the announcement column of Bell's Life. Counting these in, it would be safe to say that about two hundred and fifty packs of hounds for the pursuit of the deer, fox, hare, and otter are now maintained in Great Britain and Ireland.

Of the regular packs kept by subscription, by far the greater proportion is devoted to the chase of the fox, that being the animal by which the best sport is afforded across country. Indeed, there appears to be a notion of chivalry connected with fox-hunting; the fox is looked upon as "vermin," and to extirpate him by riding him down with hounds is the only means of insuring the barn-yards against his ravages. And yet this is but the shadow of an idea, for the extirpation of the fox is very carefully guarded against. In all the fox-hunting districts of Great Britain the man who would kill a fox with gun or trap subjects himself to social ostracism. The sporting gentry of the county give him the cold shoulder, and even the farmers regard him with disfavor. For there is a strong traditional love of hunting among the farmers, who are often keen fox-hunters themselves, enjoying full liberty to "follow the hounds"; and any damage to their fields and fences by the horsemen, or to their hen-roosts by the foxes, is made good to them from a fund subscribed for that purpose. Therefore the fox is, in most districts, tolerated, nay, encouraged, as a sort of amusing rascal, whose grand redeeming point is that he furnishes the motive for the great national sport.

The favor with which that sport has

long been viewed in Great Britain is evident from the vast sums of money that are annually expended in maintaining it. One of the great county distinctions is, to be a "Master of Fox-Hounds," and subjoin the cabalistic letters M. F. H. to one's signature. Fox-hunting has a literature of its own, too. Somerville's "Chase" is a standard English classic, — a poem full of charming, pastoral pictures of rural English life and character. Peter Beckford, an ancestor, I believe, of the eccentric author of "Vathek," wrote a book on hunting, in which is to be discerned that combination of scholarship and physical energy so characteristic of English gentlemen who follow field-sports. But the volumes that have been written on the "noble art," as the votaries of fox-hunting fondly style their dashing sport, are innumerable. The ephemeral literature of hunting and field-sports generally, of the present period, may be styled the "Nimrod," that being the *nom de plume* under which Apperley wrote so voluminously on these subjects thirty or forty years since. From him nearly all the writers in the English sporting papers of the present day have taken their color, and most of the writers of books treating of hounds and horses; and, as Apperley was the best of them all, it is fair that this branch of writing should be known as "Nimrod literature."

And the pencil, no less than the pen, has found employment in depicting the stirring scenes of the hunting-field. Not to go back to the numerous painters by whom the sport has been illustrated in times long past, let me instance Sir Francis Grant, a painter of rank and fashion, and now President of the Royal Academy. The first essays with the pencil that brought Grant into notice as an artist were pictures and sketches of hunting scenes. In these he was particularly happy, being an ardent sportsman himself, and one who, it is said, spent an inherited fortune on sport. The fine picture by the artist of the "Meet of her Majesty's Buck-Hounds on Ascot Heath" is well

known in this country, through the large engraving from it. Fifty years ago the most popular delineator of accidents and incidents of the hunting-field was Henry Alken, whose quaint, stiff plates in aquatint or some such manner are still often to be seen in old English ale-houses, and not unfrequently in similar resorts in New York. These, absurd as they are in their hard, literal renderings, are valuable now, as being really faithful transcripts of what hunting-men and horses and hounds looked like half a century ago. Best of all illustrators of the hunting-field of the present period was John Leech, whose numerous scenes of sporting life and character were one of the most attractive features of *Punch* for so many years. No artist but Leech ever thoroughly drew an English hunter: by which I mean the horse used for hunting, that being the only way in which the word "hunter" is applied by English sportsmen. He also knew how to put a rider properly in his saddle, whether he meant him to represent a good rider or a bad one; a point in which none of the other delineators of horses and their riders have ever come near him. In the whole extensive range of Leech's presentments of social life and character, there is no phase, perhaps, that so marks his wonderful power of observation and ability for rendering action, as his scenes in the hunting-field.

Englishmen carry the sport of fox-hunting with them wherever they go. The Duke of Wellington maintained a pack of hounds when he commanded in the Peninsula, and no leader more than he ever fostered among his officers a taste for the sport. It was "a good way to make soldiers," said the Iron Duke. At Gibraltar, in Australia, and in Canada, fox-hunting is kept up as far as practicable. In India the jackal is made to do duty for the fox, and in Australia the kangaroo; but it is in the British Islands only that the sport is carried to anything like artistic perfection.

Within the present century, the style

and accessories of fox-hunting have been greatly modified. Towards the end of the last century the horses and hounds were of a much heavier and slower type than they have been since. The sportsmen were attired much in the fashion of garments in which George Washington is generally represented. Excessively tight buckskin breeches were among the affectations of the sporting dandy of those days. I have been told by veteran fox-hunters how, in their youth, they used to put on their leather breeches before retiring for the night. In those good old times the field was taken at early dawn, and the tedious operation of pounding himself into the tights would have hazarded the wearer's punctuality at the cover-side. Some years ago I met on the Long Island shore an aged fisherman, who told me that, when a youth, he served in an organization called the "Buckskin Guard," I think, and that they used to sleep in their breeches lest they might be late for morning parade through trouble in getting them on. Scarlet—or, as it is generally termed in sporting slang, "pink"—has been long the recognized color for the fox-hunter's costume. Some hunts wear green, and there is one hunt in England the uniform of which is orange-tawny plush. The old style of hunting-cap, made of strong leather covered with velvet, to protect the head in case of a fall, is now seldom worn by gentlemen. It is still, however, as it has long been, the proper head-gear of the huntsman, or official who manages the hounds, and of his attendant aid, who is styled a "whipper-in,"—a term commonly abbreviated to "whip." Of these, in the more important hunting-establishments, there are usually two, called the first and second whip, respectively. The modern style for a hunting gentleman is a scarlet coat, cut in the fashion of a dress-coat, corduroy or buckskin breeches, and very natty boots with buff-leather tops, which reach to within about four inches of the knees. The ordinary hat, vulgarly known as a "stove-pipe," is more frequently worn now than any other.

Until within forty years, the class of hunter used in England was very different from the one at present ridden to hounds. The sketches of Alken will convey a better idea of the old-fashioned hunter than any others of which I know. He was a short, compact horse, very thick in the crest, and round in the hind-quarters, which were jauntily set off with a short, elevated tail. Horses' tails used to be nicked underneath, and held up with pulleys, until they grew to the desired "cock," or angle of elevation. It was also the fashion in those days to crop the ears of horses off very close, and I myself remember to have seen veteran hunters whose heads had been thus maltreated. There was no necessity for fast horses in the field then, for the hounds were comparatively slow, and did not require something with racing blood in it, to "live" with them, as the hunting expression has it. In progress of time faster ideas took possession of people. That is the way the world goes. Once upon a time we were contented with stage-coaches and five miles an hour; now it is nothing but rail and forty. The fox-hounds, after a while, came to be more finely bred, until they became too swift for the steady old horse. This led to the introduction of racing blood into the hunter stock, until the English hunter became the bony, fine-drawn, lean-necked thoroughbred so truthfully presented by Leech in his hunting sketches. Owing to the increased speed, there is less "music" in the fox-hunt now than there was formerly; and, for the same reason, hunting is more like steeple-chasing than it used to be, and none the better for that, perhaps.

A kennel of hounds is a very interesting sight. Some of the great English kennels are quite extensive establishments, covering, with their appendages, large spaces of ground. A kennel consists of a yard enclosed by high walls, and with buildings attached to it. If convenient, a stream of clear water should pass through the enclosure, which also ought to have grass-plots for the hounds to roll upon, and trees

for shade. Opening into the yard are the sheds or dormitories in which the hounds sleep. These are fitted up with long shelves of plank raised about a foot above the floor, and covered with clean straw, for the accommodation of the hounds. The kennels open, on the other side, into the feeding-yard. The principal food of hounds is a mess of oatmeal and potatoes, with which buttermilk is sometimes mixed. Instead of buttermilk, however, on certain days of the week, their food is enriched with "greaves." This is a refuse from the tallow-candle factories, and is a brown, coarse-looking material made up in large cakes, which, when heated, melts down into a sort of pungent gravy, of which hounds are very fond. Boiled horse-flesh is another standard article of food in the kennels, and is given to the hounds on stated days. The day before hunting, such hounds as are detailed for duty get nothing but oatmeal porridge and buttermilk, so as to keep them sharp-set for their work.

In some kennels the education of the hounds, and the state of discipline to which they have been brought by their keepers, are very amusingly exemplified at feeding-time. Two or three large troughs, filled with whatever the food allotted for the day may be, are ranged in the feeding-yard. All this time the baying of the hounds from the kennel bespeaks their impatience for the meal. At last, all arrangements having been completed, the doors leading to the kennel are thrown open, and out rushes the pack, pellmell. A few cracks from the whips of the huntsman and his assistants make them huddle all together at a little distance from the troughs. Then the huntsman, having made a careful survey of the pack, selects those hounds that are poorest in condition, and calls them out, one by one, by name, cheering them to the troughs. It is very interesting to see how perfectly the hounds understand this arrangement, and how well they know their names. But the most amusing part of the scene is when the huntsman raises his horn, the blast of which is

the signal for all the hounds to rush forward and take their places at the troughs. The eager eyes with which they watch every movement of the huntsman's hand, as he slowly dallies with the horn; the tiptoe straining; the stretching of sinewy necks and standing up on hind-legs,—all these are very characteristic, and curious to see. At last the shrill blast is blown, and in a moment the troughs are completely concealed from view by the spotted bodies of the hounds.

In the field the discipline of hounds is equally remarkable. Fox-hounds will naturally hunt hares; but, as hares are much more plenty than foxes, and would therefore interfere with the legitimate sport if noticed by the hounds, the latter are strictly educated to ignore them. This is remarkably illustrated in "drawing cover," or, in other words, beating through a thicket for a fox. Hares will start up on every side, before the very noses of the hounds, who take no more notice of them than they would of toy-kittens. Should a young hound chance to forget himself, though, and make a dash at a hare, a sharp cut from the thong of one of the whips immediately brings him to a sense of his delinquency.

The cover-side, at a "meet," is a very picturesque and varied scene. A field, or lane, hard by the copse that is first to be drawn for a fox, is usually the rendezvous. By ten in the morning a number of sportsmen, members of the hunt, visitors at the neighboring country-houses, sporting swells from a distance, and farmers, have assembled at the cover-side. Many smart-looking grooms are to be seen there in charge of their masters' hunters. The owners of these may have come down by rail, or they may have driven down in their sporting "drags," or ridden upon their "hacks,"—the latter term being used in England to denote a smart roadster much used by gentlemen for general purposes. Nobody ever rides his hunter to the cover-side unless he happens to live within an easy distance of it. Men who own large stables have usu-

ally two hunters brought for them to the place of meeting. One of them is termed the "second horse," and the business of the light groom who rides him is to keep as near as he can to the hunt during the run, by making short cuts, trotting along roads, or in any other way, according to his judgment. Then, when the hounds have come to a check after a long burst over the country, he makes his way to his master, with the fresh horse. Leech made a capital sketch of one of these "second-horse men," who is coolly clearing a five-barred gate in taking a short cut on a noble thoroughbred hunter. Men in scarlet now come dropping in by twos and threes. Some of them are "heavy swells," whose tremendous whiskers trail after them in the breeze. There are military men here, too; but these, although daring riders across country, are not often the best. Here and there may be seen a portly squire, sometimes well advanced in years,—a well-mounted and well-appointed gentleman with rosy face and silvery hair, whom everybody seems to know. Ladies, with their attendant cavaliers, are frequently to be seen in the throng; for it has become the fashion, of late years, for ladies to join the chase. Few of them, of course, ever see more than the "throw-off," or beginning of it, but there are exceptions; and it is not uncommon now to find fashionable young Amazons who ride across country with great pluck and skill. Sometimes there is a sporting parson on the ground. He wears a black coat, of course, but it is not always of a strictly clerical cut, and the rest of his equipments are of the regular sporting sort, though somewhat subdued. He is generally mounted upon a useful horse, that combines the roadster with the hunter, and it sometimes happens that the parson leaves many of the red-coats far behind him in the run.

In a clear space near the cover the hounds are drawn up, carefully watched over by the huntsman and whips. They lie lazily about, licking each other's ears or their own paws. Some of them tumble on the grass, and others lift

up their muzzles, and give utterance to the peculiar bell-like cry that distinguishes the fox-hound. Near the pack sits a gentleman upon a first-class hunter. Everybody, almost, seems to know him, and many of the comers exchange greetings with him as they pass. That is the master of the hounds. He is a man of standing in his county, often a nobleman, or a baronet, or a squire of landed estates. Several men of the farming class are generally to be seen on these occasions. They are, for the most part, men who breed horses of a high class for sale, and know right well how to show them off to advantage in the hunting-field. Most of them dress in a knowing and sportsmanlike style, but they never wear scarlet. There appears to be a social understanding about this, and the farmer who would turn out in pink would be set down even by his own class as "putting on airs." A black-muzzled gypsy on a donkey is a very usual feature of a meet, and there are always many stragglers on foot,—earth-stoppers in tarnished velveteen coats, with sharp-looking little terriers under their arms; gaping country louts in smock-frocks; idlers who pick up a living by holding gentlemen's horses, catching runaways, and performing such other small services as are sometimes useful and timely to sportsmen who have "come to grief."

It may be seen that the cover-side is no bad place for variety of character and picturesque grouping.

When the sportsmen have mustered in goodly numbers, the master of the hounds gives the word, and, with a wave of his hand, and a "Hie over!" the huntsman throws the pack into cover. Silent, but with eager eyes, and chops ready to "give tongue," the beautiful, thoroughbred creatures, waving their long "sterns" (tails) like feathers, plunge into the thicket, and, with noses well down, thread rapidly to and fro, in and out, through its mazes. Presently the bell-note of a hound rings clear from the copse. If it is the cry of a trustworthy hound,—and the huntsman knows the voice of every

member of his pack,—he halloos "Hark to Chanter!" or whatever the name of the hound may be, which means that the rest of the pack is at once to make for Chanter, and aid him in hitting off the scent. Sometimes the first tongue is given by a young hound, and, if there be a suspicion that he has "opened" on a hare, or on anything except a fox, it is the business of one of the whips to ride up to the hapless deceiver, if possible, and admonish him with his whip-thong. Now a tremendous burst of hound-music comes from the whole pack, and every man settles himself firmly in his stirrups and tightens his reins, for it looks very like a "find." The cry recedes and grows fainter, as the pack gets away towards the farther side of the cover, for it is often difficult to make the fox "break," especially if the cover be large and close, and this is a moment of great anxiety with the huntsman and whips. Here, again, there comes to me a reminiscence from Leech,—one of those truthful touches of character that he never could have seized unless he had seen it. The first whip, "who is a little ruffled because the fox won't break," comes tearing along a spongy piece of ground by the cover-side, and roars out to a little cockney rider with a cigar, whom he has nearly knocked over, "Now, then, sir! out o' the way, unless you'll get into the cover. Mayhap your ugly mug might frighten him out!" At last the welcome cry of "Gone away!" is heard from some one of the watchers along the skirts of the thicket. The fox, finding himself hotly pressed by the hounds, and his proper retreat closed against him (the "earths" or holes in which the foxes burrow are attended to by the earth-stoppers the night before a hunt, while the foxes are out), has taken to the open country, and his purpose now is to make for the next cover, which may be miles distant; and there he goes up the slope yonder, with his belly almost touching the ground, and his brush sticking straight out behind!

Now the huntsman rings out a blast from his horn to bring the hounds together, as he gallops his horse to the spot where the fox broke. The gallant pack tears madly through the cover, and, as the hounds come plunging and bounding out from it, the huntsman lays them on by stooping low from his saddle, and waving his cap close down to the ground with a cheery "Halloo!" Then, with a tremendous burst from every throat, away go the hounds, "breast high," that is, with their heads well up, for well-bred fox-hounds never put their noses to the ground when the scent is hot. There they go at a terrific pace, — twenty-five or thirty couple of keen-scented, long-winded, ravenous pursuers, hot on the trail of one small, red-furred fugitive with a sharp nose, a sharper wit, and a long, bushy tail!

And now every man who means to ride to the hounds and see the hunt through must make up his mind for action, and that quickly. He who loiters now is thrown out for the day. The huntsman, now that his hounds are fairly off, takes his horse well in hand, and, dashing him at a fence that intervenes between him and the pack, clears it cleverly, gives head to his horse, and steers him straight on the line of chase. The two whips lag behind, for a moment, to look after any hounds that may come straggling from the cover, and then follow their leader. Such crack riders as happen to be out for the day then take their ground, each according to his own judgment. Some follow nearly on the line of the hounds. One or two swerve a little to the right or left, where they know that the ground is good for riding over; for every stanch rider to hounds does all he can during a run to spare his horse, and take as little out of him as possible. I remember an old sketch of Alken's, in which he shows the steady fox-hunter galloping through an open gate, while "snob" flies his horse over the fence within an inch of the hinge-post. Some old stagers, who are heavy weights now, and rather more careful of themselves than they used to be

twenty years ago, take to the lane, down which they gallop to a point from which they will find roads and easy field-riding in the direction for which the fox is heading. Probably there are one or two spills at the first fence after leaving cover, followed by the common incident of a horse careering away after the hounds without his rider. After two or three fences have been crossed, the field—that is the horse-men composing the hunt—begins to scatter. The best riders may be seen well to the front, keeping clear of each other as they go; for it is dangerous work to follow in one track, because, if one rider goes down, he is apt to trip up the next, and so on. The fences are of almost every variety. There are deep ditches, the banks of which are protected with stiff thorn hedges. Timber post-and-rail fences are common obstacles. Sometimes they are double, and it is nice work to hand a horse over the first one, with hardly room for him when he lands to gather himself for a leap over the next. Many hunting districts are intersected by wide and deep brooks, and these are a great terror to some otherwise plucky horses, that would face anything rather than water. "How did you get over the brook?" is a question commonly put to a man who has returned from a run with the hounds. Winding away there, far along the pastures, is a line of pollard willows, and they mark the course of the brook. The spotted hounds, so close together that one might "cover them with a blanket," as the old sporting phrase has it, have reached the line of willows, and are splashing and struggling across the brook. A momentary check after they have emerged from it, and now they are off again, breast high, and with but little music, for the pace is too severe for that, and the hounds of to-day are but poor musicians compared with those of a generation or two ago. Yonder comes a scattered troop of red-coats thundering down the pastures to the brook. There can be no shirking here, for it is well known that for a

mile or so the brook presents the same face, and that it has to be ridden over or into by him who would keep well with the hounds. Twenty horsemen charge it at twenty several points. Some get clear over in a fly. Three or four go bodily in, the water splashing so high over them as to make a spray-cloud in which an iris might sit, so that for a moment they are no longer seen, — dashing, impetuous riders, all, and given to going blindly at everything that offers. Here comes a stalwart farmer in a green coat and white hat, mounted upon a splendid iron-gray horse that sails over the water like a bird, and surges on after the chase with a long, swinging stride. A well-known horseman, on a fiery chestnut that has a trick of refusing his fences, is the next that faces the brook, for which he makes at a somewhat narrower spot between two pollard willows. His horse refuses, and veers round along the bank with a sudden swerve. Turning him straight round, with an exclamation that does not sound exactly like a blessing, the experienced rider rushes him back up the field some fifty yards, and then, bringing him round again, holds him with firm hands straight for the brook, cramming the spurs into him this time; and over it they go in beautiful style. It is not every horseman who could do *that*, and he is loudly cheered by two or three riders who have also got safely over, and are now rattling away by his side. And now the hounds have come to a check. The huntsman is with them, and is “making casts,” that is, cheering his hounds hither and thither with waves of his hand, obedient to which the pack spreads itself in every direction, now with noses well to the ground. Availing themselves of the check, experienced riders dismount, slacken girths, and lead their foaming horses up and down. At last a stanch old hound gives tongue, and bounds away at a furious pace. “Hark to Jupiter!” is now the word, and presently the chase is wheeling onward as hotly as before, the foremost riders,

reinforced by a few whom the check has enabled to come up, taking their ground as at the start. Immediately ahead, now, and about five or six miles from the start, there is another cover, — this time, perhaps, of the prickly shrub called gorse or furze. In this there are a couple of fox-earths, but whether these have been stopped or not is known to but few who are following the hounds. The fox has never been in view since he broke, but now his line is revealed to the riders by the chattering magpies that are fluttering over the hedge a little this side of the cover. These are long-tailed black-and-white birds, somewhat larger than the purple grackle of this country. They are very cunning and garrulous; and whenever a fox makes his appearance near them, they are sure to follow his course with much vituperative chatter and scathing shriek. As the chase nears the cover, the fox is in view for a short time, during which the hounds redouble their efforts, and strain every sinew and muscle, maddened at the sight of him. Then he disappears in the prickly mazes of the gorse, into which the hounds soon plunge after him. The huntsman and three or four of the hard riders are up, and, following the hounds by such open spaces as they can find winding through this very embarrassing kind of cover, they see them lying and lolling about on the ground, baying every now and then at a hole that had once been a rabbit’s burrow, but which had some time since been enlarged and improved by Master Reynard into a dwelling for himself. And so, the fox has “gone to earth,” and the hunt is up for the day.

Or it may happen that the fox’s retreat has been cut off by the earth-stoppers, in which case he may either be run into and killed by the hounds in the cover, or he may get away again, and lead them another long spin over the country to some other well-known sanctuary of his, miles away, perhaps. When hounds have run into and killed a fox, they are whipped off for a mo-

ment, and the huntsman, having cut the fox's brush off, hands it to the rider who has first "come in at the death," by whom, according to etiquette, it is presented to any young Diana of the occasion who may chance to be up in time. The brush is affixed to the headstall of her horse's bridle as a trophy, and the fox is thrown to the vociferous and angry pack.

Of course, in the description just given, I have merely generalized the incidents of an English fox-hunt, so as to convey to those who never have seen one some idea of what it is like. No one fox-hunt is exactly like another, and with every pack of hounds many remarkable incidents and accidents occur in the course of a season. There are marvellous escapes to be recounted, and sometimes — though comparatively seldom — fatal falls. Broken collar-bones are the commonest of the severe accidents to which men are liable in the hunting-field; for a rider, in getting a "pure" or "cropper" (pet names for a fall), is very apt to pitch upon his shoulder and fracture a clavicle.

Once I witnessed a very remarkable incident in the way of a fall. The hounds had just come to a check, and a tall, heavy rider — a capital horseman he was, too — was urging his horse at full speed down a lane to come up with them. Just as he turned into the highway, there came along an immense drove of pigs on their way to the nearest market-town. Headlong in among them blundered the horse and his rider. The former plunged over with a tremendous crash, and broke his neck on the spot. The rider was pitched head foremost, and to a good distance, along the backs of the pigs, which broke his fall, and he got out of the scrape with a few slight bruises. Another accident which I remember hearing of at the time of its occurrence happened to a near-sighted man, who was continually making dangerous blunders with hounds, which he persisted, however, in following. One day, having come to a fence that he did not like, he rode a

little way along it to look for an easy place. Presently he came to what he probably supposed to be a low wall built across a gateway or gap. This he charged with his horse, which rolled over with him far away to the other side. The wall proved to be an old gray cow that was lying across the gap, and that threw the horse over by rising under him just as he jumped. In this case the rider's neck was broken, but the horse escaped unhurt. I also recall an incident of a very heavy man getting down into the bottom of a deep ditch with his horse atop of him. Neither of them could stir, being wedged into the narrow bottom of the ditch, the soft mud of which saved the fallen rider from sustaining any severe injuries. Spades were put in requisition, and man and horse were dug out after an hour's work.

Certain modern contrivances have gone far, in some parts of England, to embarrass the fox-hunter and render the sport less agreeable to him than it was a few years ago. Among these may be named the railway. Where the iron horse hunts, the other and older kind is apt to get into trouble. Railways are disagreeable, and in some cases dangerous, to sportsmen and hounds alike. But worse than the railway is the "invisible" wire fence, — an invention gradually creeping into use in the more closely cultivated counties. These fences are the most economical and convenient ones possible for the farmer, but to the horseman they oppose a very treacherous and break-neck hindrance. A horse will run full tilt against one without seeing it, and the consequences may be easily imagined. Long before wire fences came into general use, I witnessed an occurrence of this kind. The fence was on some ornamental grounds, near which the hounds met on the occasion referred to, and one of the sportsmen undertook, for a small wager, to leap his horse over it. Foolishly, he turned his horse from a distance and galloped him at the wire, which tripped him up as he half rose to clear it, and man and horse

came heavily to the ground, not much hurt, but coiled and tangled up in a very remarkable, not to say ludicrous, way, with wire fence.

Besides the larger establishments for hunting, there are, in many parts of the country, private packs of hounds kept on a smaller scale, and with these there is often excellent sport. As with the great establishments, everybody is welcome to join them in the field, and the greatest courtesy is always shown to strangers. Sometimes small subscription packs called "scratch" packs are to be met with. In these no particular attention is paid to the breeding and matching of the hounds, which are of all sizes and colors; and yet they generally manage to do their work very well.

Hare-hunting, although it resembles fox-hunting in its general features, yet varies from it in many respects, owing to the difference in the nature of the two animals, and to various other causes. Unlike the fox, the hare does not run far across country in a straight line, but tries to baffle her pursuers by doubling, as well as by many ingenious little stratagems peculiar to herself. Sometimes she will manage to get back on her own tracks, for instance, thereby greatly puzzling the hounds, who not unfrequently are discovered to be running *from* instead of *after* their game for a considerable distance. The English hare is of large size, nearly twice as large as the common one of this country, and different from it in many respects. Depending altogether on its speed for safety, it frequently lies out in the open country far away from any cover or place of refuge, and it never runs into the ground. When lying in the fields, it has such an extraordinary power of concealing itself that it will sometimes escape the notice even of the most practised eyes. Sometimes it squats in a furrow of a newly ploughed field, and you may never see it until you have almost touched it with your feet, when it is up and off with such wonderful speed that it is out of sight before you have had time to think

about it. It is quite a common thing — I have seen it twenty times at least — for a hare to spring up in the very middle of a pack of hounds engaged in beating a field, jump clear over every hound that makes a snap at her, get cleverly away, and beat them all in the long run. Were it not for a certain consciousness of cruelty in pursuing and worrying an animal so timid and harmless as the hare, one might say that the sport of hare-hunting is, in some respects, more fascinating than the chase of the fox. There is more of hunting proper in it, though less of actual hard riding. Many sportsmen, indeed, consider it the more scientific sport of the two. Sometimes, when poor puss is very hard pressed by the hounds, after a long and harassing run, when all her ingenious little wiles and tactics and stratagems have gone for nothing, and all hope has deserted her, she will give way to the most piteous cry I have ever heard from any creature. It is her death-cry, for the hounds are then just upon her, and in a moment there will be nothing seen of her but some flying tufts of fur.

The hounds used for the chase of the hare are smaller than fox-hounds, and not nearly so fast. They do not depend upon their speed for killing a hare, but run down their prey by sheer perseverance and by giving it no time to rest; and their cry is far more musical than that of the fox-hound. Sometimes old hares are to be met with that have grown gray in the cause of sport, having managed to baffle the hounds for many seasons. In some parts of the country, — and more especially in Ireland, — such hares as these are supposed by the country people to be gifted with supernatural qualities, and I have been in many a district where "the witch hare" was spoken of by the superstitious peasants with something like awe. In the hare-hunting districts there is a class of men called "hare-finders." They are usually idle, shiftless fellows of the poacher type, very sharp in all matters concerning game animals and sport. These men roam over the

fields and by the hedges early in the morning, in the neighborhood where the harriers are to meet. By long practice, added to natural acuteness of sight, they are able to see the hare as she squats on her "form," — the term used by sportsmen for the spot where a hare flattens herself out to elude observation. One of these men will come to the huntsman, and tell him that he has marked a hare and can bring him to the spot. In Ireland this is called "sohoing" a hare, and the hare-finder is called a "soho-man." A subscription is got up for the finder, who goes forward and puts the hare up some distance in advance of the hounds; and thus a good hunt may be obtained without any expenditure of time in beating the fields and hedges for the game. Long ago, but still within the present century, dwarf hounds known as "basket beagles" were often used for hunting hares. They were so called, because, to save them from unnecessary fatigue, they used to be driven to the place of meeting in a large creel placed upon a cart. The music of these little fellows is said to have been far superior to that of any hounds of the present day.

Deer-hunting, as now practised to some small extent in Great Britain, is not to be compared as a sport with the chase of either the fox or the hare. I do not here speak of the kind of sport pursued in the highlands of Scotland, — a fine, wild, manly sport, but one not coming within the province of this article, the deer there being run down with a sort of large greyhound, or shot with the rifle. The kind of deer-hunting to which I refer is rather a substitute for fox-hunting than otherwise, and has about it a certain amount of tameness, from the manner of its preparation and arrangements. The deer serving for this kind of sport is either the large red-deer or the ordinary fallow-deer of the English parks. It is taken to the place of meeting in a huge wooden box on wheels, where it is uncartered when the proper time comes and given a certain number of minutes, "law," to get away before the hounds are laid on. Sometimes the

animal, perfectly familiar with a scene so often before enjoyed, declines altogether to segregate himself from the gay throng, and turns his attention to testing the succulent qualities of whatever herbage may be within his reach. He is usually got off at last, however, and men who think more of riding than of hunting frequently get satisfactory sport with a liberated deer. The sport, although rather an insipid one now, as I have said, has long been considered as a "royal" one. And so it is that her Majesty's buck-hounds are still maintained as a regular "institution," and the position of "Master of the Buck-Hounds" is continued as a high office.

Otter-hunting is only a local sport in the British Islands; the otter being scarce now, and confined to particular districts. The hounds used for hunting this creature are of a peculiar breed, somewhat resembling small fox-hounds, with a strain of the Skye-terrier in them, — ragged-looking fellows, with hairy muzzles and rough coats. Of course, horses are not used in the pursuit of the otter, which trusts for safety chiefly to its superior powers of swimming and diving. The otter-hunters carry spears, and the sport in general has a sort of savage association about it, carrying one back to the skin-clad javelin-men of ancient times.

Firm of muscle and sound of digestion are those old English fox-hunters, who pass half their time in the open air, never drink cocktails before breakfast, and live on the best of beef, bread, and port-wine. Recently some two or three specimens of this class have passed away, leaving to the providers of "Nimrod literature" a mine of wealth in the way of biographical reminiscence and anecdote. Among these departed heroes of the hunting-field was the late Sir Tatton Sykes, whose breakfast on a hunting morn, as described by his biographer, was a wonder in its way. Taking a shoulder of cold roast mutton, he would cut it into great "chunks," and these he would immerse, fat and all, in a huge bowl of milk. To this he would add a good-

sized apple-pie, cut up in pieces to suit, and then he would make short work of the mess with a spoon.

I have no desire to combat modern theories on the subject of gastronomy

and the hygiene of food, but I will add that Sir Tatton Sykes was never known to have had a day's illness during his life, and that he was eighty-six years old, or thereabouts, when he "went to earth."

GERMAN SONGS, AND A FEW OTHER MATTERS.

COME here, my wife Bertha, and sit down beside me on our quiet veranda for a little while, before the summer evening grows too chill. I was not reading just now when you bade me put down my book and look at the new moon over my right shoulder. I was not reading, but dreaming. Dreaming of a long time ago, before I knew you,—of that pleasant summer when you were fishing for trout, among the mountains of Pennsylvania, and I was wandering along the Bergstrasse northward from Heidelberg. It was the Frohnleichnams-Fest, or Corpus-Christi day, and the villages were alive with processions. The streets were strewn with flowers; there were banners, music, glittering ecclesiastical dresses in the front, sadly solemn holiday-makers in the rear. Following these, but not going with them to the churches, was another little procession of pilgrims to the shrine of an older religion, in the forest of Odin. Four were Burschen and two Philistines. The four were Teutons, and had a right to seek the home of their great ancestor; the two were of a race which has also a right to go anywhere and seek anything. It is a people to which I am partial, since it is in direct violation of Mr. D'Israeli's theory of "pure races" that it is working out the problem, "How to make the best spoon or spoil the biggest horn yet known." Of course the two were Americans,—representatives of North and South, according to the two capital M's of each, Maryland or Massachusetts. If any one wishes to know further whether we

could also boast the two capital B's, Boston and Baltimore, they may inquire at the publishers'.

Ours was a pleasant company. Youth, the Rhine, June, foot-travel, and never a care to weight the knapsacks, ought to make it pleasant for any reasonable soul. It is a dim dream to me now, my dear, as I sit under our green leaves in this quiet village street, with its close-shut prospect, but it was a glorious reality then as we toiled up the Melibocus, and saw the great Rhine valley broaden beneath. We looked across to the blue, cloudy ranges of the Vosges, and afar to Strasburg, and down on Mannheim and Worms and Speyer, on the river twining like a thread of silver embroidery on green velvet, on the railways running like straight seams across the level plain.

That last is tailor-like, but your present occupation, my wife, put it into my head. I will try to give you a better notion of what we saw.

Do you know Po'keepsie? And College Hill? Stand upon it, then; multiply it by three, put it into the centre of Dutchess County. Then take our heavy garden-roller multiplied into itself till you are tired, and with that smooth away all between you and the base of the Catskills. Push the Shawangunk Chain and the Fishkill Highlands back from the river a dozen miles, and then arrange in a huge triangle the same,—Hudson in the centre, very much twisted, and a good deal thinner and shallower by being so much drawn out. That is what we saw with the outward eye. But there ran a river of

life through that valley, such as our great-great-grandchildren will hardly see in any American water-course's bed,—the great ebbing and flowing tide-stream of Europe's life. Siegfried and Chriemhild and Günther (not he according to whom all things are to be done, but the wild hero-king of the *Nibelungenlied*); Cæsar the bridge-builder, Varus and Herrmann, Charles the Fifth and Luther, Tallard and Marlborough, Napoleon and Blücher; wave on wave, down to the Prussian *corps d'armée* which came pouring through the defiles of the Rheinpfalz to put down the insurrections of Forty-Eight;—all this we might have beheld, and a deal more, but we had business farther on. We were going into the forest, to see that monstrous block of hewn stone, the "Giant's Column," which centuries ago Roman tools, it is said, cut laborious out in memory of a victory, but had not engineering skill enough to set upright. A patriotic Fatherland proposed to set it up on the field of Leipsic, but the money or the pulleys of the Fatherland proved inadequate. It would be a handsome freight for the Great Eastern. And we scrambled down the Felsenmeer, an emancipated stone-quarry, looking like a little patch of the *débris* of the Great Deluge, which Dame Nature, in tidying up our world, had somehow overlooked.

It was dark that night when we got to Lindenfels. And into *such* a *Gasthaus* went we! I arose in the morning, and, for my bath,—behold, a small piedish, over which presided a superannuated beer-bottle holding brevet rank as a water-pitcher! But all was forgotten as we stepped into the open air beneath the frowning ruins of the Castle of Lindenfels. Such June days visit us now and then, as distinguished foreigners with a conventional incognito glorify our shores, but they are to the manor born in the Odenwald. I remember one such in this country,—that day in June which Professor Lowell set to the exquisite music of the prelude to the first part of *Sir Launfal*; but,—as

he very properly observed,—“What is so rare as a day in June?” I remember only that one. We had them by the week-full in the Odenwald. There was a breezy stir in the air, an elastic lift and quickening of the frame which came with each breath; the sun clapped you on the back with a “Good day, comrade,” instead of hitting you from the shoulder with fist doubled; and your first step on the greensward promised thirty miles ere bedtime.

And then the scenery. Midway between the tameness of a public highway and the awful monotony of an American forest, it was all that is pleasant and nought that is tiresome in either. It was the heart of the forest, and upon the way to the Wild-Huntsman's Castle of Roderstein. We followed the foot-path and bridle-road through grain-fields all unfenced, so that between the tall green stems thick set we could see the scarlet poppies and blue corn-flowers interwoven, as the wind brushed gently over the surface, like the colors which come and go in a shot silk,—a warp and woof of Nature's weaving with the shuttle of the ploughshare. You do not see the flowers themselves,—save one or two close at hand,—but the colors of the flowers; and my comparison, if not poetical, is true.

Along those pleasant paths we tramped, across brooks with worn stepping-stones, and so into the cool wood-sides, not, like ours, all a-tangle with cat-briers and underbrush, but clean and trim, the forest children having gleaned up the fallen twigs till it was like a park, and left none of that sad, oppressive sense of decay and waste which our woods have. From my childhood, I have had a vague terror in the woods because of their closeness. It always seems as if their thick green coverts harbored something which might spring upon me, or hide some one who could see me and laugh at me if I grew enthusiastic. Or else I felt shut in and could see nothing, any more than a man in a prairie with the grass higher than his head. But these clear, breezy shades

were charming and gladsome as the forests of fairy-land.

When did I ever see fairy-land? Often, my child, in days when I was young enough to visit it, after half past eight at night, per special train of Queen Mab's conducting. I found my childhood's dream here. For on one hand were the feathery larch plantations; on the other, dark fir groves, weeping-birches in the valleys, oaks in the open glades; and out of the summer noontide stillness, as we rested under the Wild Jäger's tree, broke the sweet, startling coo of the wood-pigeon. Here, in our land, man seems to have his grasp upon the soil as it were upon the mane of an untamed colt, but there he sits firmly in his saddle upon the well-broken steed. Solitude in the Old World is not necessarily loneliness; but, get lost on a prairie or in John Brown's Tract, and you *are* alone. I have crossed a Tyrolese pass without meeting a single human being from morning till night; but, though the foot-path vanished in open heath, the map in my pocket and the lines of the bare hill-tops were perfect guides, and I had quite as much conversation as in a whole day's railroad-travel has sometimes happened to me.

And so no sense of loneliness haunts the solitudes of the heart of the Odenwald. I do not think we, as a people, love the woods much, except we go there to shoot. We do not often ramble in them, or make picnic parties there; we think of them as places where we wet our feet, tear our clothes, and scratch our faces. But the European has a passion for the woods, and you can make the hearts of the London and Paris cockneys rejoice and be glad in no surer way than by inviting them into the forests of Epping or Fontainebleau. In fact, one cannot feel Shakespeare's songs, or the English ballads of Robin Hood, without having for scenery a European and not an American greenwood. There must be open glades for the deer to graze in, and plenty of bridle-paths along which the fat monks and proud shire-reeves

may travel. Fancy yourself, dear, as Maid Marian practising archery in the cedar swamps, where there is scarce room for robin-redbreast to fly.

By why, you ask me, does this little book remind me of those dear old days, when forty miles of foot-travel was no impossibility between dawn and dreaming again? (Romancing? No, my love, I assure you I once did it, through the mistake of a guide who made a short cut and took us ten miles out of our road; and the next day I was awfully knocked up by it, but that we needn't tell the public, you know.) I will tell you why. It is a book of German songs, and here and there in it are familiar words which then beguiled our way and measured our tramp by music. Of course our company sang. Did I not tell you they were German students on their vacation, and so sang as naturally as the bee sings in a clover-lot? One of the student-songs expressly has it:—

"Who neither can love nor drink nor sing,
Him scorneth the Bursch for a pitiful thing."

I did not say *I* sang. Perhaps it was of me that the Herr Professor —, when the Göttingen students asked him if any one in America sang worse than he did, was thinking when he answered, "One man." It was not; but you know there is no antecedent probability against it. But *they* sang, — Max sang, Otto sang, the Herr Baron sang. And such songs! I thought of the party with whom in the golden days of youth I went sailing on the seas to explore remotest Provincetown and see the Fourth of July kept, and what we Americans of the *sangre azul*, with college diplomas in our pockets (figuratively speaking), sang, — negro melodies all, — "the irrepressible Ethiop," the sad and silly slip-slop of Christy's, mere burnt-cork and lamp-black. One dismal fag-end of chorus we were specially prone to; we repeated it at evening anchor when drifting amid the fogs off Chatham, upon the sands of the Shovelful Shoal, by the cliff of Gayhead, and in the Bay of Buzzards. Even for this we were indebted to the captain who

piloted us from where, in shame and confusion of face, we picked it up. But out of the German heart there flows a river of perennial song, as in that Odenwald flows the fountain at which Siegfried drank his last draught, and which is bubbling there to-day as fresh as ever.

And this book which I hold dear, and the others which stand beside on the third lower shelf in my study there, are full of German songs such as I heard them sing that June day. They *are* songs. Poor Poe once said of a poem he was reviewing: "This queer composition is entitled a song, and we should like very much to hear Mr. Channing (the author) sing it." He might have said this in good sooth and not in irony of any of the nine hundred and ninety-nine German songs. They are all to be sung, and it is a pleasant process to hear their authors sing them. They are written, like Moore's melodies, to the music, and not *set* to it like our American lyrics, which means stuck to it by a sort of harmonic Spalding's glue. We have read of airs married to immortal verse, but the "immortal verses" of our composers seem all to have contracted *mariages de convenance*. These of Germany have come out of the heart of a people whose speech, like that of the Witch in Thälaba, is song. You think, don't you, that the German is harsh? and you have an idea that the Italian is musical; which faith is grounded principally upon our friend Miss Manikin's "rendering" of operatic *morceaux*, and the accents of the beggar who flattered your dog, not to say yourself, and cost me an eleemosynary dime which loads my conscience to this day. But did you ever hear German gentlemen and ladies conversing, or Neapolitan fishwomen squabbling? There is another side of the case to be heard, may it please your Honor.

The German language flows into rhythmic and rhyming order without effort. Our English is stiff and rigid, with its inevitable couplets, in comparison.

I have translated Wordsworth's "We are Seven" into very tolerable German, but I should like to see Brooks or Longfellow get it back again without the help of the original. Shakespeare is capitally rendered in German, but how spiritless are our best versions of Schiller! excepting Coleridge's, which are paraphrases rather than translations. In fact the German can translate us, while we are obliged to paraphrase him, save now and then where the kindred Saxon lineage shows itself in identical words and phrases, and a line translates itself. But German verse twists its rhymes easily this way and that, as a child bends its pliant little body and limbs. There is many and many a song I know of which has a musical subtlety of composition perfectly imitable, and no more to be translated than a pun out of English into French.

You thought German poetry was mystical and in the clouds? No, my Bertha, no more than French cookery is all pepper and mustard. Those are Yankee errors borrowed from that big blunderer, Bull, who growls at everybody from his own immaculate island. German prose is mystical when it treats of mystical things, but the German language has a greater power of precise statement than our own. The very obscurity of German thought arises out of the fine capacity of German words for hair-splitting definitions. German poetry in general is straightforward enough. Even the second part of Faust is lucid, provided the same principle of exegesis be applied as that by which we interpret hot coals in the fire, — every man to see what he pleases therein; and Faust is a very stream of crystal compared to Browning's Sor-dello.

But my little book opens of itself to one song my friend sang, — that charming one of Uhland's, "The Landlady's Little Daughter." Translate it for you? No, it has been better done than I can do it, and you shall hear our friend Max Helfenstein sing it some day. But I will tell you its story. "Three students were travelling over

the Rhine." Handsome young fellows, I know they were, with little caps of three colors set on their long curls, with amber mustaches soft as the silk of Indian corn, and with great blue Teutonic eyes, and fresh, fair cheeks, with a bit of a scar, perhaps, on one. "They stopped," it says, "when they came to the landlady's sign." Of course their first question — for Rhine-land roads are dusty — was for beer and wine, and next for the landlady's little daughter. And Frau Wirthin answers that her beer and wine are as good as ever, but her little daughter lies ready for the grave. And they come quietly and sadly enough into the death-chamber, where she lies in the black coffin; and the first student, who has never seen her, turns back the shroud and looks long and earnestly upon the sweet, pale face, and says: "Wert thou but living now, I would love thee from this time henceforth." And the second covers again the well-remembered features, and turns weeping away, saying: "I have loved thee long." But the third once more lifts up the veil, and kisses brow and mouth, and, with a sorrow passing tears, says: —

"I have loved thee ever, I love but thee,
And thee will I love through eternity."

There was another pretty song in the dialect spoken in the Bavarian Highlands, of which the refrain ran: —

"When I come, when I come, when I once more
come,
I return, my love, to thee."

It is a little *Volkslied*, but full of the simple, direct affection of humble life, which does not trouble itself about fine phrases any more than he who sings it about fine clothes. It is true to the sentiment of the wandering trade's-apprentice and the faithful plain-faced maiden who waits for him at home. But it is a capital marching-song, such a one as you can step out to with a jolly, swinging stride.

It is a strange but profitable life, that roving one of the Handwerksbursch, for he sees all that Ulysses saw, "men and cities," and he learns the best ways

of doing his appointed work which anywhere are practised. Even the German waiters travel, to study the hotel-keeping fashions of all Europe. I have met them in London coffee-houses painfully acquiring the "yes-sir," "arf an' arf, sir," "rosemutton 'nd 'tatoes, sir," of the London Ganymedes, and exchanging their "gleich! gleich!" for the "d'reckly, sir," with which the modern Francis of Eastcheap has replaced the "anon, anon," of Falstaff's and Bardolph's time. For, my dear, in the season all nations meet at the German *table d'hôte*, and every civilized people has its little peculiarities. And, therefore, as home-keeping waiters, like other youth, will have but homely wits, the German Kellner is found far and wide learning English in the intervals of duty out of a greasy copy of the Vicar of Wakefield, — I suppose because the good Dr. Goldsmith was also a freeman of the guild of foot-travellers; and Italian out of "I Promessi Sposi"; and French — no, my dear, though *you* often remind me that "Calypso, not being able to console herself after the departure of," etc., the German does not need to drink at that fountain in his maturer years; he knew all about French, except its accent, before he got out of his school-boy jacket.

But you have led me into a digression, and so lost all that I had to tell you about the great tree-trunk in the heart of Vienna, which is set with nails until it is 'mail-clad, and into which every blacksmith's-apprentice coming to Vienna must hammer a new one; and you have also lost the story one of the craft told me as we walked from Neckar-Steinach to Heidelberg. I must get back to my song-birds again. This little book, Bertha, is a collection of German songs. You see, to save room, they are printed like prose; whereas our bards always make obvious to the eye that metrical quality which the ear might perhaps fail to find out. Economy of space *versus* economy of time. I have my finger on one of them, and if you will take it in a rough version, I will read it to you, it is so full of the spirit

of vagabond life in the German summer time : —

"A farthing and a penny
Were in this purse of mine ;
The farthing went for brown-bread,
The penny went for wine.

"The maidens and the landlords
They cry, 'Alack and woe,'
The landlords when I linger,
The maidens when I go.

"My boots they hang in tatters,
My stockings they are strings,
Yet out upon the meadows
The small bird blithely sings.

"O, were there ne'er a tavern"
("Morial," as the minstrel of Villikins
and his Dinah says)

"I'd bide in peace at home,
And had the cask no spigot
I could not drink therefrom."

This same gentleman, one would think, must have been the hero of Von Müller's capital song, of which the *naïveté* is hardly transferable into English. (I observe all great poets say this when they have fears that their translations will not produce the required sensation.) But such as I can do you shall receive : —

"Here I come out of the tavern 'all right.'
Street, thou presentest a wonderful sight ;
Right hand and left hand, now this side, now that,
Street, thou'rt in liquor, — I see it, that's flat !

"What a squint countenance, moon, hast thou got ;
One eye he opens and one keeps he shut ;
Clearly I see it, moon, thou must be mellow :
Shame on thee, shame on thee, jolly old fellow.

"There go the lamp-posts, which used to stand still,
Spinning around like the wheel of a mill,
Dancing and prancing to left and to right ;
Seems to me everything's tipsy to-night.

"All topsy-turvy, both little and great ;
Shall I go on and endanger my pate ?
That were presuming. No, no, it is plain,
Better go back in the tavern again."

There are plenty more convivial songs, of all degrees of merit, from Schiller's transcendental "Punschlied" to one which I heard roared out in a Tyrolese Wirthshaus to a tune very like the infant-school song of

"Children go, to and fro,
In a merry, pretty row";

of which chorus and song were principally repetitions of the words "Bairisch Bier." But there are other things to sing of besides drink. I wish some-

body would take up Uhland, and, picking out a half dozen poems I could select, give them in first-rate versions. I cannot do it, my love ; I can sit down with my dictionary and render word for word into passable doggerel imitations ; but to get the soul, "to catch the aroma of a pound of tea," so to speak, as Vivian Grey proposed to the Marquis of Carabas in making punch, is another matter. They say Capri wine loses its flavor if you take it even to Rome, and that the fragrant Steinberger should never be uncorked save upon the banks of the Rhine. So it is with these delicious little German songs : they cannot stand a sea-voyage.

There is a river-song of Uhland's. A boat gliding down a river, its passengers all strangers, and sitting silent. By and by the old forester draws from under his blouse his hunting-horn, and tries a familiar air ; the wandering apprentice is moved to unscrew the head and ferrule of his staff, and takes out of that his flute ; and the pretty girl, with her brown hair neatly braided, — and no ugly bonnet, we may be sure, — finds courage, after a glance or two at her blushing face in the water, to add her voice. The oarsmen catch up the chorus, and the echoes join and repeat, and we may be sure the sun seems to shine out more brightly and the smooth water to break into more sparkling ripples, — though the song does not say so, — and that every one is kind and friendly. Then the keel slips gently on to the smooth sandy shore, and the little company breaks up quite saddened at parting.

"Farewell, brothers, e'er shall we
In one bark together be?"

There is a rippling motion of the lines, which is very suggestive, and which the double rhymes, so abundant in German, help to cause.

There is a very wild gypsy song of Goethe's, which I often croon over, because of its chorus. I will try to remember it for you : —

"In the whirl of the mist, in the deep snow,
In the wild wood, in the winter night,

I heard the wolves' long hunger-howl,
I heard the boding cry of the owl.
Wille, wau, wau, wau,
Wille, wo, wo, wo,
Wito, hu !

"I shot one day a cat by the hedge,
Annie, the witch's old black cat.
Seven wehr-wolves came in the night to me,
Each an old wife of the village was she.
Wille, wau, wau, wau, etc.

"I knew them all and I knew them well ;
The Annie, the Ursel, the Bess,
The Lisa, the Barb'ra, the Eva, the Kate ;
They howled in a ring around my gate.
Wille, wau, wau, wau, etc.

"I named them all by their names aloud,
What wilt thou Annie, what wilt thou Bess ?
Themselves they wriggled, themselves they shook,
And howling homeward their way they took.
Wille, wau, wau, wau,
Wille, wo, wo, wo,
Wito, hu ! "

I wish I could hit as literally Goethe's serenade. But there is an untranslatable felicity which some German poems have, of repeating, as in this one, the third line of the preceding stanza as the first of the next, and keeping the same ending for each stanza. It is like a braid of gold and silver cord, where the same thread appears again under each entwining. Rückert and Heine both do the same. And, as I mention Heine, what a vision of Germany comes to me ! His two volumes which I have here on my table are a series of pictures. He seems to have set life to music ; and his life opera begins with a dark tragic overture, to end in the most comic and yet the saddest of finales. Love and despair, or love and satiety ; and then the mocking chorus of the " Germania " at the close. His songs are little sketches,—a lonely street, and a figure pacing before an empty house ; a watcher at the street-corner looking up at lighted windows ; a voyager gazing at the stormy North Sea waves ; the sea-beach with the mists rolling in from beyond the light-house ; — a passionate investiture of all natural objects with the burning Nessus-shirt of the wearer. The water-lily pining for the moon (who is masculine in German, as the sun is the triumphant representative of the woman's-rights question), the moon looking up from the

lake to meet the water-lily's gaze ; — all nature is the victim, according to Heine, of an "unrequited," or "prior, attachment." Then comes the time when nothing is too sacred for the daring muse, and then there are poems which no one of English blood ever would or could translate, being worse than atheistic.

But intermingled with these are the tenderest and loveliest of little poems, and, as I said, the most comic. When I first read his "Deutschland," I laughed till I cried over his description of his breaking down in his post-chaise in the forest, and the wolves assembling around, and the speech he makes to persuade them that he was a fellow-sympathizer with them, and had advocated the cause of the sheep only to save appearances.

I can turn, I find, to a little poem of his, — to one of his many lady-loves, — which I like very much for its simplicity, and which blends his two moods very prettily : —

"My child, we both were children,
Two children blithe and gay,
When we used to creep in the hen-house,
And hide ourselves in the hay.

"We crowed just as the cocks crow,
To puzzle the passers-by ;
Kikerikée ! they thought it
The genuine cockerel cry.

"On the big chests in our garret
Old shawls and carpets we laid ;
We lived in them together,
And a famous house we made.

"The old cat of our neighbor
Came often on us to call ;
We met her bows and courtesies
With complimentings and all.

"We asked after all her kindred,
Carefully naming each one,
As with many an ancient tabby
We have often since then done.

"We sat and we talked like the old folks
In a solemn head-shaking way ;
Complaining that all things were better,
Far better, than now, in our day ;

"That Love and Truth and Believing
Out of the world were fled ;
And coffee was so much dearer,
And money so scarce, we said.

"Gone are the childish fancies ;
And flying like dreams of youth
Are the World and the Times and the Money,
Believing, and Love, and Truth."

If you like that, — and, having been a child, I think you must, — here is one more of Heine's, upon a different key, — one of his melancholy love-songs, which young gentlemen, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, should such read the Atlantic, are requested not to omit : —

"I love a flower, yet which it is I know not,
And thence there comes my pain ;
And one by one each blossom cup I gaze in,
And seek a heart again.

"The flowers are fragrant to the day's declining,
The nightingale is heard ;
I seek a heart as fair and fond as mine is,
A heart as deeply stirred.

"The nightingale is singing, and I listen
The mystery of her moan ;
To both of us it is so lone and dreary
So drear and lone."

Sentimental enough, I dare say ; but as we grow older, my dear wife, we love sentiment. It is a harmless beverage, — the *eau sucrée* which, when one is hot and dusty with the hard work of life, is very cooling and refreshing. Do you say I am getting prosy ? For that I shall inflict another stanza on you, — "The Origin of the Watch." Says Heine : —

"Tell me who first the clock found out,
Parcelling hours and minutes out ?
It was a shivering, sorrowful one,
Who sat and thought in the midnight lone,
And counted the steps of the knowing mouse,
And the death-watch's click in the weary house."

The antithesis to this, — he who invented kisses, — is not so good, so I will not translate it ; but instead the little song which Heine calls "Doctrin," merely premising, my child, that the principle of Hegel's philosophy has been thus summed up, "Nothing is, but everything is going to be."

"Rattle the drumsticks and never fear,
And merrily kiss the vivandière ;
That is the whole of learning's sphere,
That is the big book's chiefest care.

"Drum up the people out of their sleep ;
Beat the reveille with youthful arm,
Drumming and marching ever ahead ;
That is the sum of learning's charm.

"That's the Hegelian philosophy,
The pith of the books both great and small ;
I found it out because I am wise,
And because I'm a skilful drummer withal."

The charm of most of his little poems, however, lies partly in the deep passion poured out in them, and their exquisite little pictures of German out-door life. They are like vignettes or marginal etchings, such as, if I were rich enough, I would have to a unique copy of "Hyperion" that I have devised. I don't know of anybody save Tennyson who has written such in English. For a true song is just a single thought in a rich setting. There are love-poems which may be sung, and also many other poems which suffer the same change in the sea of music ; but songs they can hardly be called. Men sometimes, — not often, — express themselves, in moments of great feeling, lyrically ; but when they simply sing, it is not because they are thinking much, but just want to let out a pleasant or tender emotion in a simple way through music. Negro melodies, real ones, are a fair example of the singing impulse. The idea is subordinated to the air. Negro melodies manufactured are utterly opposed to every true principle of song-making ; are such as, except for sale, no mortal ever would dream of making. So are all Scotch songs not written by Scotchmen, and sea-songs not written by sailors, convivial ditties written by young gentlemen in the Sophomore year of college, and the miscellaneous "poems" so entitled in most volumes of verse. A true song is one that will come into one's head as he walks in the woods of a pleasant day, and that runs over the lips unconsciously. He who writes one good song in his life may rest, like single-speech Hamilton, on his laurels. I think I should like to write a lecture, my dear, on songs and song-writing, and illustrate it out of Burns, Mother Goose, Shakespeare, and Mrs. Hemans.

But my books have taken me away from where I began, — my *Wanderjahre* in Germany and Switzerland. For then I too was apprentice, to learn this craft I am now so painfully practising, — the art or mystery of living my life, — and so went to see other men's lives. They are before me now in my mind's eye, the companions of those pleasant times.

Grave professor of chemistry, do you remember them, and how we were often irreverent at your fondness for the clear fragrant honey of the Alps, and over your Alpenstock, which we likened to the spear of Goliath of Gath? And you, mighty Orientalist! *Du, mein braver Kamerad*, who could never away with my fancy of feeding the stray dogs that sniffed wistfully at our suppers in the little *Gasthaus* or *trattoria*; and thou too, O most dauntless of pedestrians, with whom I made that mad night-scramble down the side of the Faulhorn,—shall we ever meet again?

Do you remember, boys, how we rode triumphantly into Milan with one quarter-franc, the sole pecuniary relic of our Swiss tour? Have you forgotten the ex-contractor of the Erie Railroad, whom we met upon the Simplon, and who stood in pleased wonder at that mighty work, exclaiming, "Why, they must have engineers in Europe, and have had them some time too?"

Have you forgotten our glorious march from Chamouni to Osières, and our night at the Hospice of St. Bernard? Whatever else we learnt in those brave days, we certainly did discover the use of our legs, and that brandy is the pedestrian's *vade-mecum*; not internally, O Neal Dow! but poured into one's shoes, against which use the law of Maine hath no provision. These German *Wanderlieder* bring you all before me,—countrymen of whom I am proud and who since have proved well the value of your foreign apprenticeship.

And now, my dear wife, I am going to turn from you to the public ear, and say a word for pedestrianism. I suppose these lines of mine, if they are, by favor of the indulgent editors of *Maga*, read at all, save by the committee of publication, will be perused in railway cars where the peripatetic boy who offers you "m'xd caandies" and "Stuart's fresh gumm-drops," is followed by another with a heap of miscellaneous literature. And I beg the reader to put gravely before himself this propo-

sition: Are you, my dear fellow, knowing anything about the country through which you are driving at the rate of three quarters of a mile a minute? And then I beg you to ask yourself, is this country worth seeing?

There are in this State in which I now am writing,—my State, by adoption and grace,—Connecticut, at least four beautiful rivers,—the Housatonic, the Naugatuck, the Thames, and the Connecticut, whose valleys are full of as lovely scenery as can well be found in the most celebrated of European lands. There are no grand associations, that is true; but if you have ever travelled, you know better than I can tell you that association is a matter which depends very much upon previous culture and immediate mood. I remember being immoderately merry at Chillon; and to have sat down on one of the stone seats of the Coliseum to read letters from home, full of little Emma's and wee Maggie's sayings and doings, and to have given them the precedence even over the Emperor Commodus and the early Christian martyrs. But lovely scenery one can almost always feel and enjoy. And if you are, as I trust, a politically inclined citizen, a knowledge of what THE PEOPLE are feeling and thinking may be invaluable to you. American statesmanship, let me say, in passing, has declined fifty per cent at least in the last ten years, for want of just that sort of knowledge. We have had men trained for public life, not (where they should have been) among those who represent the real interests of the land,—the farmers and mechanics and merchants and manufacturers,—that is, those who *make* as well as those who profit by the making of our fabrics,—but among editors in their dens, vote-distributors, village and city wire-pullers, and the secondary symptoms, so to speak, of the public movements. If a man would get at the country's sound interior sense, he must go to headquarters. "It is better," as dear old Professor G—at Cambridge was so fond of telling his law students, "*petere fontes, quam sectari rivos*," or, to English it, bet-

ter to put your bucket in the well than to turn on the Croton, if you wish to know what spring-water really is. If pedestrian travel could only be made fashionable, as it is in Europe, what a deal of prejudice and holiday-clothes parade might be spared us. Here in New England the mind of the masses is at the mercy of the artful demagogue, in spite of various ingenious ventilators made and provided, because in so many ways the masses are first persuaded what they ought to say and then taught to say it. I do not suppose that pedestrianism is a patent medicine for all local or district disorders; but I do say that if you want to

know what a people is, you must travel among them, not be whisked through them. And if a young man wishes to lay in a good stock of health, a knowledge of his countrymen, and a fairer experience of men and things than he can get either in college or the counting-house, he had better take up knapsack and staff, and explore either those valleys just named, the recesses of the White Hills, the little-known and glorious nooks of the Ramapo, the Berkshire glens, or the backwoods of Maine, instead of trusting himself merely to impressions picked up in hotel bar-rooms at Saratoga, Niagara, Newport, or Sharon Springs.

THE BRICK MOON.

[From the Papers of Captain Frederic Ingham.]

I.

PREPARATION.

I HAVE no sort of objection now to telling the whole story. The subscribers, of course, have a right to know what became of their money. The astronomers may as well know all about it, before they announce any more asteroids with an enormous movement in declination. And experimenters on the longitude may as well know, so that they may act advisedly in attempting another brick moon or in refusing to do so.

It all began more than thirty years ago, when we were in college; as most good things begin. We were studying in the book which has gray sides and a green back, and is called "Cambridge Astronomy" because it is translated from the French. We came across this business of the longitude, and, as we talked, in the gloom and glamour of the old south middle dining-hall, we had going the usual number of students' stories about rewards offered by the Board of Longitude for discoveries in that matter, — stories, all

of which, so far as I know, are lies. Like all boys, we had tried our hands at perpetual motion. For me, I was sure I could square the circle, if they would give me chalk enough. But as to this business of the longitude, it was reserved for Q. to make the happy hit and to explain it to the rest of us.

I wonder if I can explain it to an unlearned world, which has not studied the book with gray sides and a green cambric back. Let us try.

You know then, dear world, that when you look at the North Star, it always appears to you at just the same height above the horizon or what is between you and the horizon: say the Dwight School-house, or the houses in Concord Street; or to me, just now, North College. You know also that, if you were to travel to the North Pole, the North Star would be just over your head. And, if you were to travel to the equator, it would be just on your horizon, if you could see it at all through the red, dusty, hazy mist in the north; — as you could not. If you were just half-way between pole and equator, on the line

between us and Canada, the North Star would be half-way up, or 45° from the horizon. So you would know there that you were 45° from the equator. Here in Boston, you would find it was $42^{\circ} 20'$ from the horizon. So you know here that you are $42^{\circ} 20'$ from the equator. At Seattle again you would find it was $47^{\circ} 40'$ high, so our friends at Seattle know that they are $47^{\circ} 40'$ from the equator. The latitude of a place, in other words, is found very easily by any observation which shows how high the North Star is; if you do not want to measure the North Star, you may take any star when it is just to north of you, and measure its height; wait twelve hours, and if you can find it, measure its height again. Split the difference, and that is the altitude of the pole, or the latitude of you, the observer.

"Of course, we know this," says the graduating world. "Do you suppose that is what we take the Atlantic for, to have you spell out your miserable elementary astronomy?" At which rebuff I should shrink distressed, but that a chorus of voices an octave higher comes up with, "Dear Mr. Ingham, we are ever so much obliged to you; we did not know it at all before, and you make it perfectly clear."

Thank you, my dear, and you, and you. We will not care what the others say. If you do understand it, or do know it, it is more than Mr. Charles Reade knew, or he would not have made his two lovers on the island guess at their latitude, as they did. If they had either of them been educated at a respectable academy for the Middle Classes, they would have fared better.

Now about the longitude.

The latitude, which you have found, measures your distance north or south from the equator or the pole. To find your longitude, you want to find your distance east or west from the meridian of Greenwich. Now if any one would build a good tall tower at Greenwich, straight into the sky,—say a hundred miles into the sky,—of course if you and I were east or west of it, and

could see it, we could tell how far east or west we were by measuring the apparent height of the tower above our horizon. If we could see so far, when the lantern with a Drummond's light, "ever so bright," on the very top of the tower, appeared to be on our horizon, we should know we were eight hundred and seventy-three miles away from it. The top of the tower would answer for us as the North Star does when we are measuring the latitude. If we were nearer, our horizon would make a longer angle with the line from the top to our place of vision. If we were farther away, we should need a higher tower.

But nobody will build any such tower at Greenwich, or elsewhere on that meridian, or on any meridian. You see that to be of use to the half the world nearest to it, it would have to be so high that the diameter of the world would seem nothing in proportion. And then, for the other half of the world you would have to erect another tower as high on the other side. It was this difficulty that made Q. suggest the expedient of the Brick Moon.

For you see that if, by good luck, there were a ring like Saturn's which stretched round the world, above Greenwich and the meridian of Greenwich, and if it would stay above Greenwich, turning with the world, any one who wanted to measure his longitude or distance from Greenwich would look out of window and see how high this ring was above his horizon. At Greenwich it would be over his head exactly. At New Orleans, which is quarter round the world from Greenwich, it would be just in his horizon. A little west of New Orleans you would begin to look for the other half of the ring on the west instead of the east; and if you went a little west of the Feejee Islands the ring would be over your head again. So if we only had a ring like that, not round the equator of the world,—as Saturn's ring is around Saturn,—but vertical to the plane of the equator, as the brass ring of an artificial globe goes, only far higher in proportion,—

"from that ring," said Q., pensively, "we could calculate the longitude."

Failing that, after various propositions, he suggested the Brick Moon. The plan was this: If from the surface of the earth, by a gigantic pea-shooter, you could shoot a pea upward from Greenwich, aimed northward as well as upward; if you drove it so fast and far that when its power of ascent was exhausted, and it began to fall, it should clear the earth, and pass outside the North Pole; if you had given it sufficient power to get it half round the earth without touching, that pea would clear the earth forever. It would continue to rotate above the North Pole, above the Feejee Island place, above the South Pole and Greenwich, forever, with the impulse with which it had first cleared our atmosphere and attraction. If only we could see that pea as it revolved in that convenient orbit, then we could measure the longitude from that, as soon as we knew how high the orbit was, as well as if it were the ring of Saturn.

"But a pea is so small!"

"Yes," said Q., "but we must make a large pea." Then we fell to work on plans for making the pea very large and very light. Large,—that it might be seen far away by storm-tossed navigators: light,—that it might be the easier blown four thousand and odd miles into the air; lest it should fall on the heads of the Greenlanders or the Patagonians; lest they should be injured and the world lose its new moon. But, of course, all this lath-and-plaster had to be given up. For the motion through the air would set fire to this moon just as it does to other aerolites, and all your lath-and-plaster would gather into a few white drops, which no Rosse telescope even could discern. "No!" said Q. bravely, "at the least it must be very substantial. It must stand fire well, very well. Iron will not answer. It must be brick; we must have a Brick Moon!"

Then we had to calculate its size. You can see, on the old moon, an edifice two hundred feet long with any of the fine refractors of our day. But no

such refractors as those can be carried by the poor little fishermen whom we wanted to befriend, the bones of whose ships lie white on so many cliffs, their names unreported at any Lloyd's or by any Ross,—themselves the owners, and their sons the crew. On the other hand, we did not want our moon two hundred and fifty thousand miles away, as the old moon is, which I will call the Thornbush moon, for distinction. We did not care how near it was, indeed, if it were only far enough away to be seen, in practice, from almost the whole world. There must be a little strip where they could not see it from the surface, unless we threw it infinitely high. "But they need not look from the surface," said Q.; "they might climb to the mast-head. And if they did not see it at all, they would know that they were ninety degrees from the meridian."

This difficulty about what we call "the strip," however, led to an improvement in the plan, which made it better in every way. It was clear that even if "the strip" were quite wide, the moon would have to be a good way off, and, in proportion, hard to see. If, however, we would satisfy ourselves with a moon four thousand miles away, *that* could be seen on the earth's surface for three or four thousand miles on each side; and twice three thousand, or six thousand, is one fourth of the largest circumference of the earth. We did not dare have it nearer than four thousand miles, since even at that distance it would be eclipsed three hours out of every night; and we wanted it bright and distinct, and not of that lurid, copper, eclipse color. But at four thousand miles' distance the moon could be seen by a belt of observers six or eight thousand miles in diameter. "Start, then, two moons,"—this was my contribution to the plan. "Suppose one over the meridian of Greenwich, and the other over that of New Orleans. Take care that there is a little difference in the radii of their orbits, lest they 'collide' some foul day. Then, in most places, one or other, perhaps

two, will come in sight. So much the less risk of clouds: and everywhere there may be one, except when it is cloudy. Neither need be more than four thousand miles off; so much the larger and more beautiful will they be. If on the old Thornbush moon old Herschel with his reflector could see a town-house two hundred feet long, on the Brick Moon young Herschel will be able to see a dab of mortar a foot and a half long, if he wants to. And people without the reflector, with their opera-glasses, will be able to see sufficiently well." And to this they agreed: that eventually there must be two Brick Moons. Indeed it were better that there should be four, as each must be below the horizon half the time. That is only as many as Jupiter has. But it was also agreed that we might begin with one.

Why we settled on two hundred feet of diameter I hardly know. I think it was from the statement of dear John Farrar's about the impossibility of there being a state house two hundred feet long not yet discovered, on the sunny side of old Thornbush. That, somehow, made two hundred our fixed point. Besides, a moon of two hundred feet diameter did not seem quite unmanageable. Yet it was evident that a smaller moon would be of no use, unless we meant to have them near the world, when there would be so many that they would be confusing, and eclipsed most of the time. And four thousand miles is a good way off to see a moon even two hundred feet in diameter.

Small though we made them on paper, these two-hundred-foot moons were still too much for us. Of course we meant to build them hollow. But even hollow there must be some thickness, and the quantity of brick would at best be enormous. Then, to get them up! The pea-shooter, of course, was only an illustration. It was long after that time, that Rodman and other guns sent iron balls five or six miles in distance,—say two miles, more or less, in height.

Iron is much heavier than hollow

brick, but you can build no gun with a bore of two hundred feet now,—far less could you then. No. Q. again suggested the method of shooting off the moon. It was not to be by any of your sudden explosions. It was to be done as all great things are done,—by the gradual and silent accumulation of power. You all know that a fly-wheel—heavy, very heavy on the circumference, light, very light within it—was made to save up power, from the time when it was produced to the time when it was wanted. Yes? Then, before we began even to build the moon, before we even began to make the brick, we would build two gigantic fly-wheels, the diameter of each should be "ever so great," the circumference heavy beyond all precedent, and thundering strong, so that no temptation might burst it. They should revolve, their edges nearly touching, in opposite directions, for years, if it were necessary, to accumulate power, driven by some waterfall now wasted to the world. One should be a little heavier than the other. When the Brick Moon was finished, and all was ready, it should be gently rolled down a gigantic groove provided for it, till it lighted on the edge of both wheels at the same instant. Of course it would not rest there, not the ten-thousandth part of a second. It would be snapped upwards, as a drop of water from a grindstone. Upward and upward; but the heavier wheel would have deflected it a little from the vertical. Upward and northward it would rise, therefore, till it had passed the axis of the world. It would, of course, feel the world's attraction all the time, which would bend its flight gently, but still it would leave the world more and more behind. Upward still, but now southward, till it had traversed more than one hundred and eighty degrees of a circle. Little resistance, indeed, after it had cleared the forty or fifty miles of visible atmosphere. "Now let it fall," said Q., inspired with the vision. "Let it fall, and the sooner the better! The curve it is now on will forever clear the world;

and over the meridian of that lonely waterfall,—if only we have rightly adjusted the gigantic flies,—will forever revolve, in its obedient orbit, the Brick Moon, the blessing of all seamen,—as constant in all change as its older sister has been fickle, and the second cynosure of all lovers upon the waves, and of all girls left behind them.” “Amen,” we cried, and then we sat in silence till the clock struck ten; then shook each other gravely by the hand, and left the hall.

Of waterfalls there were plenty that we knew.

Fly-wheels could be built of oak and pine, and hooped with iron. Fly-wheels did not discourage us.

But brick? One brick is, say, sixty-four cubic inches only. This moon,—though we made it hollow,—see,—it must take twelve million brick.

The brick alone will cost sixty thousand dollars!

II.

The brick alone would cost sixty thousand dollars. There the scheme of the Brick Moon hung, an airy vision, for seventeen years,—the years that changed us from young men into men. The brick alone, sixty thousand dollars! For, to boys who have still left a few of their college bills unpaid, who cannot think of buying that lovely little Elzevir which Smith has for sale at auction, of which Smith does not dream of the value, sixty thousand dollars seems as intangible as sixty million sestertia. Clarke, second, how much are sixty million sestertia stated in cowries? How much in currency, gold being at 1.37½? Right; go up. Stop, I forget myself!

So, to resume, the project of the Brick Moon hung in the ideal, an airy vision, a vision as lovely and as distant as the Brick Moon itself, at this calm moment of midnight when I write, as it poises itself over the shoulder of Orion, in my southern horizon. Stop! I anticipate. Let me keep—as we say in Beadle's Dime Series—to the even current of my story.

Seventeen years passed by. We were no longer boys, though we felt so. For myself, to this hour, I never enter board meeting, committee meeting, or synod, without the queer question, What would happen should any one discover that this bearded man was only a big boy disguised? that the frock-coat and the round hat are none of mine, and that, if I should be spurned from the assembly as an interloper, a judicious public, learning all the facts, would give a verdict, “Served him right.” This consideration helps me through many bored meetings which would be else so dismal. What did my old copy say? “Boards are made of wood, they are long and narrow.” But we do not get on!

Seventeen years after, I say, or should have said, dear Orcutt entered my room at Naguadavick again. I had not seen him since the Commencement day when we parted at Cambridge. He looked the same, and yet not the same. His smile was the same, his voice, his tender look of sympathy when I spoke to him of a great sorrow, his childlike love of fun. His waistband was different, his pantaloons were different, his smooth chin was buried in a full beard, and he weighed two hundred pounds if he weighed a gramme. O, the good time we had, so like the times of old! Those were happy days for me in Naguadavick. At that moment my double was at work for me at a meeting of the publishing committee of the Sandemanian Review, so I called Orcutt up to my own snugery, and we talked over old times; talked till tea was ready. Polly came up through the orchard and made tea for us herself there. We talked on and on, till nine, ten at night, and then it was that dear Orcutt asked me if I remembered the Brick Moon. Remember it? of course I did. And without leaving my chair, I opened the drawer of my writing-desk, and handed him a portfolio full of working-drawings on which I had engaged myself for my “third” * all that winter.

* “Every man,” says Dr. Peabody, “should have a vocation and an avocation.” To which I add, “A third.”

Orcutt was delighted. He turned them over hastily but intelligently, and said: "I am so glad. I could not think you had forgotten. And I have seen Brannan, and Brannan has not forgotten." "Now do you know," said he, "in all this railroading of mine, I have not forgotten. I have learned many things that will help. When I built the great tunnel for the Cattawissa and Opelousas, by which we got rid of the old inclined planes, there was never a stone bigger than a peach-stone within two hundred miles of us. I baked the brick of that tunnel on the line with my own kilns. Ingham, I have made more brick, I believe, than any man living in the world!"

"You are the providential man," said I.

"Am I not, Fred? More than that," said he; "I have succeeded in things the world counts worth more than brick. I have made brick, and I have made money!"

"One of us make money?" asked I, amazed.

"Even so," said dear Orcutt; "one of us has made money." And he proceeded to tell me how. It was not in building tunnels, nor in making brick. No! It was by buying up the original stock of the Cattawissa and Opelousas, at a moment when that stock had hardly a nominal price in the market. There were the first mortgage bonds, and the second mortgage bonds, and the third, and I know not how much floating debt; and, worse than all, the reputation of the road lost, and deservedly lost. Every locomotive it had was asthmatic. Every car it had bore the marks of unprecedented accidents, for which no one was to blame. Rival lines, I know not how many, were cutting each other's throats for its legitimate business. At this juncture, dear George invested all his earnings as a contractor, in the despised original stock, — he actually bought it for $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, — good shares that had cost a round hundred to every wretch who had subscribed. Six thousand eight hundred dollars — every cent he had — did

George thus invest. Then he went himself to the trustees of the first mortgage, to the trustees of the second, and to the trustees of the third, and told them what he had done.

Now it is personal presence that moves the world. Dear Orcutt has found that out since, if he did not know it before. The trustees who would have sniffed had George written to them, turned round from their desks, and begged him to take a chair, when he came to talk with them. Had he put every penny he was worth into that stock? Then it was worth something which they did not know of, for George Orcutt was no fool about railroads. The man who bridged the Lower Rapidan when a freshet was running was no fool.

"What were his plans?"

George did not tell, — no, not to lordly trustees, — what his plans were. He had plans, but he kept them to himself. All he told them was that he had plans. On those plans he had staked his all. Now would they or would they not agree to put him in charge of the running of that road, for twelve months, on a nominal salary. The superintendent they had had was a rascal. He had proved that by running away. They knew George was not a rascal. He knew that he could make this road pay expenses, pay bondholders, and pay a dividend, — a thing no one else had dreamed of for twenty years. Could they do better than try him?

Of course they could not, and they knew they could not. Of course, they sniffed and talked, and waited, and pretended they did not know, and that they must consult, and so forth and so on. But of course they all did try him, on his own terms. He was put in charge of the running of that road.

In one week he showed he should redeem it. In three months he did redeem it!

He advertised boldly the first day: "*Infant children at treble price.*"

The novelty attracted instant remark. And it showed many things. First, it showed he was a humane man, who wished to save human life. He would

leave these innocents in their cradles, where they belonged.

Second, and chiefly, the world of travellers saw that the Crichton, the Amadis, the perfect chevalier of the future, had arisen, — a railroad manager caring for the comfort of his passengers !

The first week the number of the C. and O.'s passengers was doubled : in a week or two more, freight began to come in, in dribblets, on the line which its owners had gone over. As soon as the shops could turn them out, some cars were put on, with arms on which travellers could rest their elbows, with head-rests where they could take naps if they were weary. These excited so much curiosity that one was exhibited in the museum at Cattawissa and another at Opelousas. It may not be generally known that the received car of the American roads was devised to secure a premium offered by the Pawtucket and Podunk Company. Their receipts were growing so large that they feared they should forfeit their charter. They advertised therefore for a car in which no man could sleep at night or rest by day, — in which the backs should be straight, the heads of passengers unsupported, the feet entangled in a vice, the elbows always knocked by the passing conductor. The pattern was produced which immediately came into use on all the American roads. But on the Cattawissa and Opelousas this time-honored pattern was set aside.

Of course you see the result. Men went hundreds of miles out of their way to ride on the C. and O. The third mortgage was paid off ; a reserve fund was piled up for the second ; the trustees of the first lived in dread of being paid ; and George's stock, which he bought at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, rose to 147 before two years had gone by ! So was it that, as we sat together in the snugery, George was worth wellnigh three hundred thousand dollars. Some of his eggs were in the basket where they were laid ; some he had taken out and placed in other baskets ; some in nests where various hens were brooding over them. Sound eggs they were, wherever

placed ; and such was the victory of which George had come to tell.

One of us had made money !

On his way he had seen Brannan. Brannan, the pure-minded, right-minded, shifty man of tact, man of brain, man of heart, and man of word, who held New Altona in the hollow of his hand. Brannan had made no money. Not he, nor ever will. But Brannan could do much what he pleased in this world, without money. For whenever Brannan studied the rights and the wrongs of any enterprise, all men knew that what Brannan decided about it was wellnigh the eternal truth ; and therefore all men of sense were accustomed to place great confidence in his prophecies. But, more than this, and better, Brannan was an unconscious dog, who believed in the people. So, when he knew what was the right and what was the wrong, he could stand up before two or three thousand people and tell them what was right and what was wrong, and tell them with the same simplicity and freshness with which he would talk to little Horace on his knee. Of the thousands who heard him there would not be one in a hundred who knew that this was eloquence. They were fain to say, as they sat in their shops, talking, that Brannan was not eloquent. Nay, they went so far as to regret that Brannan was not eloquent ! If he were only as eloquent as Carker was or as Barker was, how excellent he would be ! But when, a month after, it was necessary for them to do anything about the thing he had been speaking of, they did what Brannan had told them to do ; forgetting, most likely, that he had ever told them, and fancying that these were their own ideas, which, in fact, had, from his liquid, ponderous, transparent, and invisible common sense, distilled unconsciously into their being. I wonder whether Brannan ever knew that he was eloquent. What I knew, and what dear George knew, was, that he was one of the leaders of men !

Courage, my friends, we are steadily advancing to the Brick Moon !

For George had stopped, and seen Brannan; and Brannan had not forgotten. Seventeen years Brannan had remembered, and not a ship had been lost on a lee-shore because her longitude was wrong,—not a baby had wailed its last as it was ground between wrecked spar and cruel rock,—not a swollen corpse unknown had been flung up upon the sand, and been buried with a nameless epitaph,—but Brannan had recollected the Brick Moon, and had, in the memory-chamber which rejected nothing, stored away the story of the horror. And now, George was ready to consecrate a round hundred thousand to the building of the Moon; and Brannan was ready in the thousand ways in which wise men move the people to and fro, to persuade them to give to us a hundred thousand more; and George had come to ask me if I were not ready to undertake with them the final great effort, of which our old calculations were the embryo. For this I was now to contribute the mathematical certainty and the lore borrowed from naval science, which should blossom and bear fruit, when the Brick Moon was snapped like a cherry from the ways on which it was built, was launched into the air by power gathered from a thousand freshets, and, poised at last in its own pre-calculated region of the ether, should begin its course of eternal blessings in one unchanging meridian!

Vision of Beneficence and Wonder!
Of course I consented.

O, that you were not so eager for the end! O, that I might tell you, what now you will never know,—of the great campaign which we then and there inaugurated! How the horrible loss of the Royal Martyr, whose longitude was three degrees awry, startled the whole world, and gave us a point to start from. How I explained to George that he must not subscribe the one hundred thousand dollars in a moment. It must come in bits, when “the cause” needed a stimulus, or the public needed encouragement. How we caught neophyte editors, and explained to them

enough to make them think the Moon was wellnigh their own invention and their own thunder. How, beginning in Boston, we sent round to all the men of science, all those of philanthropy, and all those of commerce, three thousand circulars, inviting them to a private meeting at George’s parlors at the Revere. How, besides ourselves, and some nice, respectable-looking old gentlemen Brannan had brought over from Podunk with him, paying their fares both ways, there were present only three men,—all adventurers whose projects had failed,—besides the representatives of the press. How, of these representatives, some understood the whole, and some understood nothing. How, the next day, all gave us “first-rate notices.” How, a few days after, in the lower Horticultural Hall, we had our first public meeting. How Haliburton brought us fifty people who loved him,—his Bible class, most of them,—to help fill up; how, besides these, there were not three persons whom we had not asked personally, or one who could invent an excuse to stay away. How we had hung the walls with intelligible and unintelligible diagrams. How I opened the meeting. Of that meeting, indeed, I must tell something.

First, I spoke. I did not pretend to unfold the scheme. I did not attempt any rhetoric. But I did not make any apologies. I told them simply of the dangers of lee-shores. I told them when they were most dangerous,—when seamen came upon them unawares. I explained to them that, though the costly chronometer, frequently adjusted, made a delusive guide to the voyager who often made a harbor, still the adjustment was treacherous, the instrument beyond the use of the poor, and that, once astray, its error increased forever. I said that we believed we had a method which, if the means were supplied for the experiment, would give the humblest fisherman the very certainty of sunrise and of sunset in his calculations of his place upon the world. And I said that whenever a man knew his place in this world, it

was always likely all would go well. Then I sat down.

Then dear George spoke,—simply, but very briefly. He said he was a stranger to the Boston people, and that those who knew him at all knew he was not a talking man. He was a civil engineer, and his business was to calculate and to build, and not to talk. But he had come here to say that he had studied this new plan for the longitude from the Top to the Bottom, and that he believed in it through and through. There was his opinion, if that was worth anything to anybody. If that meeting resolved to go forward with the enterprise, or if anybody proposed to, he should offer his services in any capacity, and without any pay, for its success. If he might only work as a bricklayer, he would work as a bricklayer. For he believed, on his soul, that the success of this enterprise promised more for mankind than any enterprise which was ever likely to call for the devotion of his life. "And to the good of mankind," he said, very simply, "my life is devoted." Then he sat down.

Then Brannan got up. Up to this time, excepting that George had dropped this hint about bricklaying, nobody had said a word about the Moon, far less hinted what it was to be made of. So Ben had the whole to open. He did it as if he had been talking to a bright boy of ten years old. He made those people think that he respected them as his equals. But in fact, he chose every word, as if not one of them knew anything. He explained, as if it were rather more simple to explain than to take for granted. But he explained as if, were they talking, they might be explaining to him. He led them from point to point,—oh! so much more clearly than I have been leading you,—till, as their mouths dropped a little open in their eager interest, and their lids forgot to wink in their gaze upon his face, and so their eyebrows seemed a little lifted in curiosity,—till, I say, each man felt as if he were himself the inventor, who had bridged difficulty

after difficulty; as if, indeed, the whole were too simple to be called difficult or complicated. The only wonder was that the Board of Longitude, or the Emperor Napoleon, or the Smithsonian, or somebody, had not sent this little planet on its voyage of blessing long before. Not a syllable that you would have called rhetoric, not a word that you would have thought prepared; and then Brannan sat down.

That was Ben Brannan's way. For my part, I like it better than eloquence.

Then I got up again. We would answer any questions, I said. We represented people who were eager to go forward with this work. (Alas! except Q., all of those represented were on the stage.) We could not go forward without the general assistance of the community. It was not an enterprise which the government could be asked to favor. It was not an enterprise which would yield one penny of profit to any human being. We had therefore, purely on the ground of its benefit to mankind, brought it before an assembly of Boston men and women.

Then there was a pause, and we could hear our watches tick, and our hearts beat. Dear George asked me in a whisper if he should say anything more, but I thought not. The pause became painful, and then Tom Coram, prince of merchants, rose. Had any calculation been made of the probable cost of the experiment of one moon?

I said the calculations were on the table. The brick alone would cost \$60,000. Mr. Orcutt had computed that \$214,729 would complete two fly-wheels and one moon. This made no allowance for whitewashing the moon, which was not strictly necessary. The fly-wheels and water-power would be equally valuable for the succeeding moons, if any were attempted, and therefore the second moon could be turned off, it was hoped, for \$159,732.

Thomas Coram had been standing all the time I spoke, and in an instant he said: "I am no mathematician. But I have had a ship ground to pieces under me on the Laccadives because our

chronometer was wrong. "You need \$250,000 to build your first moon. I will be one of twenty men to furnish the money; or I will pay \$10,000 to-morrow for this purpose, to any person who may be named as treasurer, to be repaid to me if the moon is not finished this day twenty years."

That was as long a speech as Tom Coram ever made. But it was pointed. The small audience tapped applause.

Orcutt looked at me, and I nodded. "I will be another of the twenty men," cried he. "And I another," said an old bluff Englishman, whom nobody had invited; who proved to be a Mr. Robert Boll, a Sheffield man, who came in from curiosity. He stopped after the meeting; said he should leave the country the next week, and I have never seen him since. But his bill of exchange came all the same.

That was all the public subscribing. Enough more than we had hoped for. We tried to make Coram treasurer, but he refused. We had to make Haliburton treasurer, though we should have liked a man better known than he then was. Then we adjourned. Some nice ladies then came up, and gave, one a dollar, and one five dollars, and one fifty, and so on,—and some men who have stuck by ever since. I always, in my own mind, call each of those women Damaris, and each of those men Dionysius. But those are not their real names.

How I am wasting time on an old story! Then some of these ladies came the next day and proposed a fair; and out of that, six months after, grew the great Longitude Fair, that you will all

remember, if you went to it, I am sure. And the papers the next day gave us first-rate reports; and then, two by two, with our subscription-books, we went at it. But I must not tell the details of that subscription. There were two or three men who subscribed \$5,000 each, because they were perfectly certain the amount would never be raised. They wanted, for once, to get the credit of liberality for nothing. There were many men and many women who subscribed from one dollar up to one thousand, not because they cared a straw for the longitude, nor because they believed in the least in the project; but because they believed in Brannan, in Orcutt, in Q., or in me. Love goes far in this world of ours. Some few men subscribed because others had done it: it was the thing to do, and they must not be out of fashion. And three or four, at least, subscribed because each hour of their lives there came up the memory of the day when the news came that the ——— was lost, George, or Harry, or John, in the ———, and they knew that George, or Harry, or John, might have been at home, had it been easier than it is, to read the courses of the stars!

Fair, subscriptions, and Orcutt's reserve,—we counted up \$162,000, or nearly so. There would be a little more when all was paid in.

But we could not use a cent, except Orcutt's and our own little subscriptions, till we had got the whole. And at this point it seemed as if the whole world was sick of us, and that we had gathered every penny that was in store for us. The orange was squeezed dry!

EARTHQUAKES OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENTS.

THE student has often to regret that the aboriginal peoples of the American continents left no records which tell us anything concerning their physical history. The convulsions which affected these lands before the beginning of the sixteenth century, their floods, their earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, must remain forever unknown to us, except where the antiquarian may be able to find some faint trace of them in the myths and traditions of the perishing races of the New World. It would not be profitable, in an investigation requiring that the information which it seeks should be accurate, to endeavor to unravel those puzzling traditions wherein the impression made by some great accident of nature is mingled with the effects of centuries of superstition. The only human record of the convulsions of the New World which can serve our purpose begins with the Spanish colonization, about three centuries and a half ago, and thus covers only about one tenth of the time which is contained in the chronicles of the Old World. Though comparatively brief, this time has been long enough to have given us a formidable chapter of accidents exceedingly destructive to life and property, potent in their influence on the development of the peoples subjected to their action, and very instructive to the naturalist who seeks in these convulsions an explanation of the forces which affected the surface of the earth before man became a witness of their action.

Although we have no authentic record of any earthquakes before the Spanish conquest, we may safely infer that the aborigines of Mexico and South America were as much exposed to these convulsions as their successors have been. The style of the structures erected by the ancient Mexicans and Peruvians is as well suited for the resistance of earthquake shocks as that

of modern fortifications for the protection of their occupants against projectiles. Buildings chiefly of one story, with walls of the most massive character, — loftier edifices arranged as terraced pyramids, — secured features admirably fitted to insure permanence on an unstable soil. With an architectural skill apparently sufficient to have produced any of the simple reliefs, such as the tower, spire, or obelisk, these nations seem never to have constructed any edifices of that nature. It may be answered that a people as little exposed to earthquakes as the Egyptians built in the same stable manner, and that another in one of the most frequently shaken regions of the earth, the Calabrians, have not learned the simple lesson which it might be supposed would have been taught them by their long experience. It cannot be denied that the objection has weight; but the Egyptians raised the obelisk quite as often as the pyramid, and the Calabrians have been deterred by a spirit of religious fatalism from learning any lessons which their frequent misfortunes might have taught them. The history of architecture among all peoples leads us to believe that the desire to erect lofty structures is almost a natural instinct; and when we fail to find any trace of them among the relics of a people whose skill would have enabled them to build such edifices, we are justified in seeking in circumstances some explanation of that absence. Human edifices tend to grow upwards as much as trees; and just as we are warranted in seeking a reason for the stunted form of the firs of Labrador, whose centuries of growth have not lifted their branches six feet above the earth, so we are justified in demanding a reason for the dwarfed character of the architectural monuments of the ancient nations of Mexico and Peru.

The continents of North and South America show but little sympathy in their earthquake movements; it is very rarely that any shock which has affected the one has influenced the other. The southern continent has received probably nineteen twentieths of the earthquake violence which has affected the New World. These disturbances have in the main been limited to two regions: that on the west coast including the whole chain of the Andes, and the tablelands which border the range on either side; and that on the north including the mountainous country on the south shore of the Caribbean Sea, between Lake Maracaibo and the island of Trinidad near the delta of the Orinoco. Although in some cases disturbances originating in one of these areas have propagated their movements in the other region, usually the convulsions of each area have exercised no marked effect on the territory of the other. As a general rule, the convulsions of the greatest violence in South America have extended their devastating effects over a wider range than the destructive shocks of the Old World. That of Lisbon, in 1755, shook a larger part of the earth's surface than any South American shock is known to have done; but the area within which the shock proved very destructive was comparatively limited. The Andean earthquakes have frequently proved exceedingly destructive along a line more than a thousand miles in length, though their east-and-west extension has rarely exceeded one hundred and fifty miles. The convulsions of the northern earthquake area, bordering on the Caribbean Sea, have generally been more like the Lisbon shock in their character,—the shock moving in every direction from a centre of impulse, gradually diminishing in force on all the lines radiating from that centre. The whole of the Lesser Antilles share in these commotions, which generally originate in Venezuela. Many earthquakes—such as the several great convulsions which devastated Caracas—have affected all the West In-

dies, and propagated their shocks as far as the shores of Central America. And in one case, at least,—that of the earthquake of 1811,—there seemed to be some sympathy between the movements of the earth in the valley of the Mississippi and the disturbances which occurred on the northern coast of South America. The whole basin of the Caribbean may be regarded as belonging to one earthquake area; for, although the greater number of the shocks occurring there are local, many have been perceived throughout the basin.

When Columbus, in his third voyage, landed on the south shore of the Caribbean Sea, the Indians still preserved a tradition of a great earthquake which they said had rent asunder the shore of the continent, and formed the Gulf of Cariaco. It is scarcely to be believed that this important arm of the sea, having a length of over fifty miles and a breadth of over four or five, could have been torn off from the continent. Its northern shore is evidently a part of the coast range of mountains, and not the result of a recent geological accident. It is, however, by no means improbable that a subsidence of the shore, accompanying an earthquake movement, may have admitted the sea into an existing valley, and thus formed this sound. There seems little doubt that this widespread tradition referred to some great earthquake which had effected important changes in the coast lines of this part of the continent.

The menace of earthquake disturbance which this tradition gave has been quite fulfilled. In 1530 there came a great shock: a mountain on the shore of the Gulf of Cariaco was rent, and from the fissure there poured forth a great volume of salt-water mixed with asphaltum. A sea-wave rolled in immediately after the shock, which overwhelmed the fort and garrison at Cumana, and did great damage to the habitations of the young colony. Owing to the ravages of the white ants, we have no original records of this colony more than two centuries old, and may thus be unacquainted with many

of the earlier earthquakes. In the latter part of the last century, in the years 1766, 1794, and 1797, there occurred three remarkable convulsions. The first of these destroyed Cumana, and shook the whole northern shore of South America: such great disturbances of the surface of the soil took place that the ground was said to have moved like a boiling liquid. The extreme violence is attested by the fact that the Indians, not unaccustomed to such accidents, celebrated by feasts the approaching destruction and regeneration of the world. The shock of 1794, though violent, did not prove destructive enough to merit especial mention.

Three years later, however, in 1797, there occurred an earthquake which entirely overwhelmed the city of Cumana, killing a large part of its inhabitants. Though terrible in its intensity, this earthquake seems to have been confined to a very small area. The shock and the sound which accompanied it were like those which would have been produced by springing a mine beneath the city. Humboldt states that half an hour before the shock a strong smell of sulphur was perceived, and that at the same time flames appeared on the banks of the river Manzanares and in the Gulf of Cariaco.

Flames rising from the ground are not uncommon phenomena in this portion of the continent, and are not necessarily connected with earthquakes. The first of the many recorded changes produced by earthquakes on the shore line of South America was effected by this shock. Some slight alterations in the topography of the shoals near the entrance to the harbor of Cumana were observed.

The great crescent of islands which extends from near the mouth of the Orinoco to Cuba, — a distance of over two thousand miles, — has been throughout more or less subject to earthquakes. All portions of this great archipelago have not however been equally exposed to their ravages. The largest of the islands, Cuba, has enjoyed comparative

immunity, while its neighbor Jamaica has suffered from many destructive convulsions. The former of these islands is, strictly speaking, outside of the basin of the Caribbean, and therefore removed from the sphere of operations of the earthquakes originating beneath that sea.

Jamaica was the first of the Antilles to suffer from earthquakes. In 1667 the island was shaken from the centre to the sea. Great masses of rock were torn from the mountains, but, the population being small, the destruction of life was not great. On the 1st of March, 1687, came the second memorable shock. The earth appeared to rise and fall like waves of the sea, and all the buildings on the island were much damaged. Vessels in the harbor of Port Royal were very singularly shaken, many of them being much injured by the violent concussion which was propagated through the water. Five years later, in 1692, came the greatest earthquake, probably, which has ever visited the island. It occurred on the morning of the 7th of June, between eleven o'clock and noon. Three fourths of the houses in the capital town of Port Royal were thrown down, killing three thousand of the inhabitants. A large part of the ruined city sank beneath the sea, so that ships could ride over the spot where the most substantial houses of the place had stood. The subsidence seemed to take place at the very moment of the shock. Throughout the island the effects upon the surface of the earth were very great. At one point a tract of land of more than one thousand acres sank beneath the sea. The reports of the shock by eye-witnesses repeat the often-doubted assertion that fissures opened and closed as the shocks passed through the earth. In one of these chasms it is stated that an inhabitant of the island, Louis Gelday, was swallowed up, but ejected uninjured by the next movement of the earth, an instant after.

As in most great convulsions of this nature, the principal shock was succeeded by a long-continued series

of movements of a slight character. This trembling of the earth continued until the volcanic eruption at St. Kitts, which occurred some weeks afterwards, quieted the subterranean disturbance. Several times since the great shock of 1692, severe earthquakes have visited Jamaica. Those which occurred in 1794, 1812, and 1834 were the most disastrous, all proving very destructive to life and property. The distribution of earthquake shocks throughout the other parts of the Caribbean Islands is quite peculiar, some of the islands having enjoyed a happy immunity from destructive shocks ever since their settlement, others having been even more unfortunate than Jamaica. Cuba, for instance, has been unharmed by any great accident of this kind, though from time to time particular parts of it have been considerably shaken: the most destructive of these local shocks was that which visited St. Jago and the region thereabouts. Hayti and Porto Rico have been equally fortunate in escaping the severest effects of the earthquake violence which has proved so very disastrous to the neighboring islands. It is among the Lesser Antilles, which form the remarkable band of islands stretching from Hayti to Trinidad, that we find the most destructive results of earthquake action. In St. Croix and St. Thomas the melancholy history of a long struggle of northern energy with convulsions of earth and air has apparently been ended by a series of hurricanes and earthquakes which have quite destroyed the prosperity of the islands. The incidents of these harrowing calamities are too fresh in the mind of the public to require mention here. The island of Tortola, which was swept over during this convulsion by an earthquake wave, was rent asunder by the earthquake of 1785, a new island being formed. Our accounts of this remarkable event are not sufficiently detailed to enable us to form an idea of the precise character of the movement which brought the separation about. Owing to the fact that most of the

other islands of the Lesser Antilles were settled at a much later date than those above mentioned, we know less of their earthquake history. With the exception of Barbadoes, which lies very much to the eastward of the main chain of islands, and is thus, like Cuba, beyond the region of the greatest violence, they all have been sharers in the disturbances which have affected this basin; Martinique and Guadeloupe having been the most unfortunate.

The northern shore of South America was again visited by a great convulsion in the year 1812, when, at about four o'clock on the 26th of March, after a very hot day, there came a great shock which affected the whole of the provinces of Venezuela, Maracaibo, and Varinas. This earthquake was the most extensive in its range and the most destructive in its effects, of any which have ever occurred on this shore. The intensity of the shock varied very much, however, at different points; in some places the ground is said to have resembled a boiling liquid, great masses of rock were detached from the mountains at many different places, and at Valencia an enormous volume of muddy water burst forth. About one year earlier the volcano of St. Vincent, which had been at rest for about a century, began to be again active; frequent shocks announced the increased disturbance in the region beneath the mountain; one month after the great earthquake the eruption began by an ejection of cinders, and on the 30th of April the lava broke forth and ran down into the sea.

The earthquakes which have desolated the north and east shores of the Caribbean Sea have been equalled in intensity by those which have affected its western coast. The earthquakes of Central America have been quite as terribly destructive as any of those before mentioned; though, as they acted upon a less civilized and less thickly settled country, the records of their action are not so complete. Soon after the settlement of the country, in 1565, there occurred a shock of considerable

severity in connection with an outbreak of the volcano of Paraya. In 1586 the city of Guatemala was ruined: this, like the preceding shock, was followed by a volcanic eruption, the outlet for the pent-up force being in this case the volcano of Fuego, near the devastated city. In 1798 and 1820 the city was again very much shaken and the region thereabouts much affected by severe earthquakes. The last very destructive shock occurred in September, 1841. By this convulsion all the cities and towns of Costa Rica were ruined, and throughout a great part of this region not a single building was left standing. Unlike most earthquakes of this region, which have usually extended their disturbances very little beyond the territory known as Central America, this shock was felt all over Mexico and a considerable part of the United States. Yucatan is included in the seismic area of Central America, being affected, though in a less degree than Guatemala, by the shocks which disturb that area.

Thus it is seen that the shores of the Caribbean Sea are even more unfortunate than the borders of the Mediterranean. Excepting the island of Cuba, which, as said before, belongs rather to the Gulf of Mexico than to the Caribbean basin, every part of its shores is grievously affected by frequent visitations of the chief of destroying agents. No portion of the earth's surface is so fortunate in every geographical feature as this beautiful sea. Girdled by the most fertile lands of the world, which in their varied surface afford many of the best features of temperate climates beneath a torrid sun, it would seem as if it were especially designed to rear great and varied peoples along its shores. The long crescent of islands which separates it from the broad waters of the Atlantic abounds in harbors to an extent quite unusual in tropical countries, and seems in every regard well fitted to be the cradle of a race of mariners. At its gates open the three great rivers of the Americas, the Mississippi, the Orinoco, and the Ama-

zon; through its waters lies the great natural highway from the peoples of the Atlantic to those of the lands which border on the Pacific Ocean. Yet all these advantages seem powerless to develop the races dwelling on its shores. Three centuries' existence has given some increase of numbers, but not one particle of advance; indeed, at many points the observer is forced to acknowledge that the Spanish colonists have sunk below the level occupied by their fathers. Despite the great natural advantages of the region they inhabit, they have become neither mariners nor merchants. Despite a climate which from all analogy we should judge favorable to the development of some intellectual brilliancy, if no great amount of intellectual force, there has not been a single name of any celebrity either in art or literature. Before we attribute the failure of the colonies of the Caribbean to peculiarities of race, or lay the whole blame upon the influences of climate, it is but just to consider whether the instability of the land may not have contributed to oppose the highest development in that region.

The western coast of South America, from the Isthmus of Panama to Patagonia, has been in a condition of almost incessant movement since the time of the Spanish settlement. The frightful convulsions of a few months ago, which by earthquake shocks and oceanic waves devastated nearly twelve hundred miles of this coast, sacrificing over fifty thousand lives, are still fresh in the public mind. Yet this terrible destruction of life and property has recurred so often within the past three centuries that it has ceased to be reckoned by the people as an accident out of the course of nature, and is looked upon as a phenomenon as much to be expected as a thunder-storm in other lands. Although only about three centuries have elapsed since our chronicles of the earthquakes on this shore began, they afford us an appalling list of convulsions which have in quick succession devastated a greater or less portion of

the states bordering on the Pacific. The first recorded shock occurred in 1570. It seems to have been extremely violent, although the limited extent of the Spanish settlements at that time made the observations very imperfect. We learn, however, that at St. Jago, in Chili, great landslips and falls of rock took place, and that a great earthquake wave rolled upon the land. Twelve years later Arequipa was almost ruined by the first of the many shocks from which it was to suffer in the succeeding centuries.

In 1586 another great shock ravaged the shore for a distance of six hundred miles, concentrating its force in the neighborhood of Lima; with this shock came a sea-wave fourteen fathoms high, which inundated the country for six miles from the shore. In 1600 there was an earthquake at Arequipa, succeeded by a great darkness and rain of ashes for twenty days. 1604, 1647, and 1657 brought great and destructive earthquakes, but there seems not to have been enough of an exceptional character to warrant especial mention. In 1697 Lima was again greatly damaged, and the next year the summit of the volcanic mountain of Carguarazo fell in during an earthquake, and a great torrent of mud and water which burst forth did much to complete the ruin begun by the shock. This torrent doubtless had its source in one of those crater lakes so common in most volcanic countries, the bounds of which were broken by the fall of the mountain. The towns of Hambato and Hacatunga were completely ruined by this shock. The years 1716 and 1720 brought devastating shocks in Peru and Ecuador, greatly damaging Lima and Arequipa. In 1736 the town of Hacatunga, rebuilt after the earthquake of 1697, was again laid in ruins. The territory suffered a still greater blow from the earthquake of October 28, 1746. The first shock was the most severe, but over two hundred occurred within the ensuing twenty-four hours. Lima and Callao were much injured by the earthquake, and the great wave,

over eighty feet high, which rolled in upon the shore, completed the destruction to the latter city, and brought ruin to four other harbors on the coast. During the same disturbance, four volcanoes in this part of the Andes poured forth torrents of water from their fissured sides. These floods came doubtless, as did that which escaped from the crater of Carguarazo in 1697, from the great cavities left by the retreating lava in the depths of the mountains.

The most destructive earthquake of the century, indeed one of the most calamitous shocks known to have visited any portion of the earth, was that which shook a large part of the Andean chain on the morning of the 4th of February, 1797. The region most affected lay within the territories of Peru and Ecuador; over a large part of both of these states the destruction was terrible. This shock is frequently mentioned in history as the earthquake of Riobamba, a city—one of many ruined by the shock—which owes its prominence, not so much to the greater severity of the earthquake there, as to the fact that the effects of the shock at that point were attentively examined by Humboldt when he visited the spot, a few years after the calamity. The observations of the illustrious traveller showed that the intensity of the movement was unparalleled in the history of earthquake shocks. Among other strange results, there is reason to believe that bodies of men were thrown through the air to the summit of a hill, one hundred feet above the level of the city, and several hundred feet distant therefrom. The shock was accompanied, or rather succeeded, by a terrible sound, which, however, was not heard over all the region affected. In the region of greatest disturbance every dwelling was overthrown, and many houses were buried beneath the masses which were shaken from the mountains. Over forty thousand people perished. Around Tunguragua the earth poured from fissures formed by the shock many great streams of water. Flames and suffocating vapors

burst forth from the surface of the lake of Quiltoia, in the region of Hacatunga, destroying the herds of cattle feeding on its banks. In 1819 Copiapo was ruined by a succession of shocks, which occurred between the 3d and the 11th of March. Again, in 1822 and 1826, much damage was done to the same city by severe shocks. The next general earthquake in the Andean region occurred on the 30th of May, 1827. The area of greatest disturbance was in and about Lima. The city was ruined, with great loss of life. The year afterwards, on the 30th of March, came another shock, throwing down most of the houses which had withstood the movement of the preceding year. Valparaiso and Santiago, in Chili, were visited by very severe shocks in October, 1829: much damage was done to life and property. On the 20th of February of the succeeding year, after one or two premonitory movements, there came three great shocks in quick succession, which overthrew the cities of Concepcion, Salacahuano, and Chillan, as well as many smaller towns. After this shock the shore line was found to be permanently elevated along several hundred miles of the coast. The uplift was from one to ten feet, but at some points a gradual subsidence reduced it one half. This shock, like most which have desolated this shore, seems to have originated some distance seaward of the shore line. This was indicated by the successive waves of vast height which rolled in upon the shore. Other evidences of the submarine origin of the shock were noticed. Two columns of thick smoke were observed to issue from the sea, and at the point where they came forth the water retained for some time a whirling motion, as if the waves were pouring into some great cavity. Another shock of almost equal intensity visited the same shore in 1837. Valdivia was ruined, and many other towns much damaged. The shore is said to have been strewn with uprooted trees, and the bottom of the sea among the islands of

the Chonos Archipelago was permanently raised more than eight feet. A whale-ship some miles off the coast was so violently shaken that she lost her masts. From that date to 1851, this part of the South American coast enjoyed a comparative immunity from earthquakes of destructive force. In 1851 Valparaiso had four hundred of its houses ruined. In 1859 Quito lost five thousand of its inhabitants, and immense damage was done to the city by a severe shock. The convulsions which have since shaken the southern continent are so well remembered as to require no description here.

Our glance over the history of the South American earthquakes has shown us that quite one half of the coast line of the continent is subject to earthquakes of the most destructive character. Those unfortunate countries include the fairest portion of the continent,—that which nature has favored the most with superb scenery, varied and generally healthful climate, and rich stores of mineral wealth. There seems not much to be hoped for the future there, at least until the disturbing forces sink to rest; for how can political stability, continuous effort, or any other result of an advanced civilization be expected, where the land is as treacherous as the sea, and the forces of nature seem man's natural enemies? If the younger of our twin continents is ever to bear great and prosperous peoples, it is to be feared that we must look for their development, not among the grand mountains on the north and west shores, or the richly endowed table-lands which lie on the flanks of these, but on the low ridges and vast plains of the eastern shore, where, though the inhabitants are exposed to the unmitigated heat of a torrid sun, they still have the first condition of prosperity assured to them in the stability of the soil beneath their feet. The forces which build up the continents have not ceased their work in South America: they seem to be more active there than on any other part of the earth's surface. Man has taken

possession of that land before the preparation for him was complete.

As we pass northward from the central portion of the western shore of South America, we find the intensity of the seismic energy steadily decreasing. The earthquake record of Mexico is much less extensive than that of any equally large portion of the Andean region. The first shock recorded by the settlers of Mexico was in 1542; all valuable details concerning it are wanting. In 1575 the district of San Salvador was visited by a disastrous shock. 1577, 1593, 1625, and 1656 brought destructive convulsions. We have no good descriptions of the phenomena connected with these earthquakes, so that it is not worth while to study them in detail. On the 24th of March, 1697, began that series of frequently recurring earthquakes of the greatest intensity which have so often desolated the region about Acapulco. Like most of the movements of succeeding years, this shock was accompanied by a loud subterranean sound like the firing of volleys of cannon, which added much to the terror produced by the convulsion. On the 14th of March, 1787, the city was the second time destroyed. There seems to have been also a great change in the level of the shore line, but we are not told whether or not it was permanent. In the September succeeding, the city of Mexico was much injured by an earthquake. Acapulco was once more shaken into ruins in 1799. The city of Mexico was again greatly damaged by an earthquake which occurred on the 6th of March, 1800. This earthquake is interesting inasmuch as it presented those peculiarities of movement which are commonly believed by the people of earthquake countries to indicate a rotary movement of the ground in the affected region. The shock of 1820, though not very severe at Acapulco, was nevertheless attended by a most extraordinary movement of the sea. The water at first retired slowly to a considerable distance from the land. After two hours it returned, not in a

great wave as is usually the case, but gradually, like a fast-coming tide, rising many feet above its previous level, — so high, indeed, as to cover a large part of the city. This movement was repeated two or three times before the sea returned to its original level. At the time of the next great shock, on the 6th of January, 1837, the city was completely ruined, but was spared the visitation of the sea-waves.

On the 20th of the same month the volcano of Cosiguina began an eruption, accompanied by a succession of violent shocks, which desolated the country for a distance of twenty leagues from the crater. There is probably no case on record where the destructive effect of shocks accompanying a volcanic eruption were more wide-spread and complete. Again in 1837, a severe and long-continued series of shocks was felt at Acapulco. Some accounts state that the vibrating movement continued for more than a month.

There seems to be even as little connection existing between the earthquakes of Mexico and those of the rest of North America as we have found to exist between the shocks which affect the Caribbean area and those of the northern part of our own continent. Only one or two of the Mexican disturbances have propagated their movements as far as the valley of the Mississippi.

The earthquake shocks of our own continent, though fortunately somewhat less numerous than those of the twin continent to the southward, are yet sufficient to enable us, in our observation of their distribution, to perceive three distinct areas of disturbance, each so clearly limited that we may say the shocks of each are from an independent source of movement. These areas correspond with the most general topographical divisions of the continent, — the valley of the Mississippi constituting one, and the others being to the east and west of the mountain chains which separate this basin from the sea borders. We have a number of shocks recorded from each of these areas, yet

it is doubtful whether, with a single exception, any of these disturbances has been felt outside of the area in which it originated.

We are as yet too ignorant of the history of the disturbances which may have taken place during the last century in the region known as British America, to determine whether it is to be regarded as a part of the Mississippi area, or whether its disturbances are limited to its own extent. The northern portion of the Pacific coast of our continent is almost equally unknown to us. A number of observations on the earthquakes of Alaska render it probable that that region either constitutes an independent area or participates in the movements of the neighboring Asiatic shore. The region to the southward, between Alaska and the United States, is so little known to us that we can only conjecture that it is likely to participate in the movements which affect the shores farther to the south.

The general correlation of the seats of the greatest seismic energy on the continent of North America is quite peculiar. At each corner of the great triangle which the continent forms, — in Central America, Alaska, and Iceland, — we have a limited region where everything betokens great activity of those forces which, operating beneath the crust, are manifested at the surface by earthquake shocks and volcanic eruptions. Over the remainder of the surface of North America we have no indications of existing volcanic activity, the only manifestations of internal force being in the shape of earthquake shocks. There can be no doubt that at a time geologically recent, — during

the later part of the tertiary period, — the Pacific coast and a large part of the Rocky Mountain region was the seat of volcanic and probably of earthquake energy much more intense than now exists in the continuation of these mountains on the southern continent. The most extensive areas of volcanic rock known to exist on the surface of the earth are to be found in Oregon and the mountains to the southward of that State. The volcanic district of the Columbia River is as large as the Empire of France; and over its whole area are scattered, to the depth of many hundred feet, the products of the great convulsions which in this as in many other regions of volcanic activity occurred at the close of the last geological period. Earthquakes leave no such enduring evidences of their action as volcanic eruptions, so that we cannot prove that during the period of disturbance this companion force of volcanic energy was very intense in its action; but from what we know of the relation of the two manifestations of internal activity, there can be little doubt that this was also a period of frequent and violent earthquakes.

It seems by no means impossible that man may have been a witness to those prodigious manifestations of seismic force, far transcending any effects of internal activity which have been seen by historic peoples. If the remains of the prehistoric man from California, now in the hands of Professor J. D. Whitney, be really from the bed where they are said to have been found, then our race was certainly represented on that portion of the Pacific shore long before those great convulsions occurred.

AN AUGUST PASTORAL.

I.

DEAD is the air, and still! the leaves of the locust and walnut
Lazily hang from the boughs, inlaying their intricate outlines
Rather on space than the sky,—on a tideless expansion of slumber.
Faintly afar in the depths of the duskily withering grasses
Katydids chirp, and I hear the monotonous rattle of crickets.
Dead is the air, and ah! the breath that was wont to refresh me
Out of the volumes I love, the heartful, whispering pages,
Dies on the type, and I see but wearisome characters only.
Therefore be still, thou yearning voice from the garden in Jena,—
Still, thou answering voice from the park-side cottage in Weimar,—
Still, sentimental echo from chambers of office in Dresden,—
Ye, and the feebler and farther voices that sound in the pauses!
Each and all to the shelves I return; for vain is your commerce
Now, when the world and the brain are numb in the torpor of August.

II.

Over the tasselled corn, and fields of the twice-blossomed clover,
Dimly the hills recede in the reek of the colorless hazes:
Dull and lustreless, now, the burnished green of the woodlands;
Leaves of blackberry briars are bronzed and besprinkled with copper;
Weeds in the unmown meadows are blossoming purple and yellow,
Roughly entwined, a wreath for the tan and wrinkles of Summer.
Where shall I turn? What path attracts the indifferent footstep,
Eager no more as in June, nor lifted with wings as in May-time?
Whitherward look for a goal, when buds have exhausted their promise,
Harvests are reaped, and grapes and berries are waiting for Autumn?
Wander, my feet, as ye list! I am careless, to-day, to direct you;
Take, here, the path by the pines, the russet carpet of needles
Stretching from wood to wood, and hidden from sight by the orchard!
Here, in the sedge of the slope, the centuary, pink as a sea-shell,
Opens her stars all at once, and with finer than tropical spices
Sweetens the barren aridity,—censer of fields that are sterile.
Now, from the height of the grove, between the irregular tree-trunks,
Over the falling fields and the meadowy curves of the valley,
Glimmer the peaceful farms, the mossy roofs of the houses,
Gables gray of the neighboring barns, and gleams of the highway
Climbing the ridges beyond to dip in the dream of a forest.

III.

Ah, forsaking the shade, and slowly crushing the stubble,
Parting the viscous roseate stems and the keen pennyroyal,
Rises a different scene, suggestion of heat and of stillness,—
Heat as intense and stillness as dumb, the immaculate ether's
Hush when it vaults the waveless Mediterranean sea-floor;
Golden the hills of Cos, with pencilled cerulean shadows;
Phantoms of Carian shores that are painted and fade in the distance;

Patmos behind, and westward the flushed Ariadnean Naxos, —
 Once as I saw them sleeping, drugged by the poppy of Summer.
 There, indeed, was the air, as with floating stars of the thistle
 Filled with impalpable forms, regrets, possibilities, longings,
 Beauty that was and was not, and Life that was rhythmic and joyous,
 So that the sun-baked clay the peasant took for his wine-jars
 Brighter than gold I thought, and the red acidity nectar.
 Here, at my feet, the clay is clay and a nuisance the stubble,
 Flaring St-John's-wort, milk-weed, and coarse, unpoetical mullein; —
 Yet, were it not for the poets, say, is the asphodel fairer?
 Were not the mullein as dear, had Theocritus sung it, or Bion?
 Yea, but they did not; and we, whose fancy's tenderest tendrils
 Shoot unsupported, and wither, for want of a Past we can cling to,
 We, so starved in the Present, so weary of singing the Future, —
 What is't to us, if, haply, a score of centuries later,
 Milk-weed inspires Patagonian tourists, and mulleins are classic?

IV.

Idly balancing fortunes, feeling the spite of them, maybe, —
 For the little withheld outweighs the much that is given, —
 Feeling the pang of the brain, the endless, unquenchable yearning
 Born of the knowledge of Beauty, not to be shared or imparted,
 Slowly I stray, and drop by degrees to the thickets of alder
 Fringing a couch of the stream, a basin of watery slumber.
 Broken, it seems; for the splash and the drip and the bubbles betoken
 What? — the bath of a nymph, the bashful strife of a Hylas?
 Broad is the back, and bent from an un-Olympian stooping,
 Narrow the loins and firm, the white of the thighs and shoulders
 Changing to reddest and toughest of tan at the knees and the elbows.
 Is it a faun? He sees me, nor cares to hide in the thickets.
 Faun of the bog is he, a sylvan creature of Galway
 Come from the ditch below, to cleanse him of sweat and of muck-stain;
 Willing to give me speech, as, naked, he stands in the shallows.
 Something of coarse, uncouth, barbaric, he leaves on the bank there;
 Something of primitive human fairness cometh to clothe him.
 Were he not bent with the pick, but straightened from reaching the bunches
 Hung from the mulberry branches, — heard he the bacchanal cymbals,
 Took from the sun an even gold on the web of his muscles,
 Knew the bloom of his stunted bud of delight of the senses, —
 Then as faun or shepherd he might have been welcome in marble.
 Yea, but he is not; and I, requiring the beautiful balance,
 Music of life in the body, and limbs too fair to be hidden,
 Find, indeed, some delicate colors and possible graces, —
 Moral hints of the man beneath the unsavory garments, —
 Find them, and sigh, lamenting the law reversed of the races
 Starting the world afresh on the basis unlovely of Labor.

V.

Was it a spite of fate that blew me hither, an exile,
 Still unweaned, and not to be weaned, from the milk I was born to?
 Bitter the stranger's bread to the homesick, hungry palate;
 Bitterer still to the soul the taste of the food that is foreign!

Yet must I take it, yet live, and somehow seem to be healthy,
 Lest my neighbors, perchance, be shocked by an uncomprehended
 Violent clamor for that which I crave and they cannot supply me, —
 Hunger unmeet for the times, anachronistical passions, —
 Beauty seeming distorted because the rule is distortion.
 Here is a tangle which, now, too idle am I to unravel,
 Snared, moreover, by bitter-sweet, moon-seed, and riotous fox-grape,
 Meshing the thickets: *procul, O procul*, unpractical fancies!
 Verily, thus bewildering myself in the maze of æsthetic,
 Solveless problems, the feet were wellnigh heedlessly fettered.
 Thoughtless, 't is true, I relinquished my books; but *crescit eundo*
 Wisely was said, — for desperate vacancy prompted the ramble,
 Memories prolonged, and a phantom of logic urges it onward.

VI.

Here are the fields again! The soldierly maize in tassel
 Stands on review, and carries the scabbarded ears in its arm-pits.
 Rustling I part the ranks, — the close, engulfing battalions
 Shaking their plumes overhead, — and, wholly bewildered and heated,
 Gain the top of the ridge, where stands, colossal, the pin-oak.
 Yonder, a mile away, I see the roofs of the village, —
 See the crouching front of the meeting-house of the Quakers,
 Oddly conjoined with the whittled Presbyterian steeple.
 Right and left are the homes of the slow, conservative farmers,
 Loyal people and true, but, now that the battles are over,
 Zealous for Temperance, Peace, and the Right of Suffrage for Women.
 Orderly, moral, are they, — at least, in the sense of suppression;
 Given to preaching of rules, inflexible outlines of duty;
 Seeing the sternness of life, but, alas! overlooking its graces.
 Let me be juster: the scattered seeds of the graces are planted
 Widely apart; but the trumpet-vine on the porch is a token;
 Yea, and awake and alive are the forces of love and affection,
 Plastic forces that work from the tenderer models of beauty.
 Who shall dare to speak of the possible? Who shall encounter
 Pity and wrath and reproach, recalling the record immortal
 Left by the races when Beauty was law and Joy was religion?
 Who to the Duty in drab shall bring the garlanded Pleasure? —
 Break with the chant of the gods, the gladsome timbrels of morning, —
 Nasal, monotonous chorals, sung by the sad congregation?
 Better it were to sleep with the owl, to house with the hornet,
 Than to conflict with the satisfied moral sense of the people.

VII.

Nay, but let me be just; nor speak with the alien language
 Born of my blood; for I know them, and value and love them.
 Was it my fault, if a strain of the distant and dead generations
 Brake in my being, renewed, and made me other than these are?
 Purer, perhaps, their habit of law than the freedom they shrink from;
 So, restricted by will, a little indulgence is riot.
 They, content with the glow of a carefully tempered twilight,
 Measured pulses of joy, and colorless growth of the senses,
 Stand aghast at my dream of the sun, and the sound, and the splendor!

Mine it is, and remains, resenting the threat of suppression,
 Stubbornly shaping my life, and feeding with fragments its hunger.
 Drifted from Attican hills to stray on a Scythian level,
 So unto me it appears, — unto them a perversion and scandal.

VIII.

Lo! in the vapors, the sun, colossal and crimson and beamless,
 Touches the woodland; fingers of air prepare for the dew-fall.
 Life is fresher and sweeter, insensibly toning to softness
 Needs and desires that are but the brodered hem of its mantle,
 Not the texture of daily use; and the soul of the landscape,
 Breathing of justified rest, of peace developed by patience,
 Lures me to feel the exquisite senses that come from denial,
 Sharper passion of Beauty never fulfilled in external
 Forms or conditions, but always a fugitive has-been or may-be.
 Bright and alive as a want, incarnate it dozes and fattens.
 Thus, in aspiring, I reach what were lost in the idle possession;
 Helped by the laws I resist, the forces that daily depress me;
 Bearing in secreter joy a luminous life in my bosom,
 Fair as the stars on Cos, the moon on the bosage of Naxos!
 Thus the skeleton Hours are clothed with rosier bodies:
 Thus the buried Bacchanals rise unto lustier dances:
 Thus the neglected god returns to the desolate temple:
 Beauty, thus rethroned, accepts and blesses her children!

 PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

I HAVE lived for twenty years in the county of Lancaster, where my neighbors on all sides are Pennsylvania Dutch. In the following pages, I shall try to give, from my own observation and familiar acquaintance, some account of the life of a people who are almost unknown outside of the rural neighborhoods of their own State, who have much that is peculiar in their language, customs, and beliefs, and whom I have learned heartily to esteem for their native good sense, friendly feeling, and religious character.

Language.

The tongue which these people speak is not German, nor do they expect you to call it so. They and it are "Dutch." For the native German who works with them on the farm they entertain some

contempt, and the title "Yankee" is with them a synonyme for cheat. As must always be the case where the great majority do not read the tongue which they speak, and live in contact with those who speak another, the language has become mixed and corrupt. Seeing a young neighbor cleaning a buggy, I tried to talk with him by speaking German. "Willst du reiten?" said I (not remembering that *reiten* is to ride on horseback). "Willst du reiten?" All my efforts were vain. I was going for cider to the house of an apple-growing Dutchman, and there I asked his daughter what she would say, under the circumstances, for "Are you going to ride?" "Widdu forry? Buggy forry?" was the answer. (Willst du fahren?) Such expressions are heard as "Kooockamultó" for "Guck einmal

da," or "Just look at that!" and "Hal-tybissel," for "Halt ein bischen," or "Wait a little bit." "Gutenobit" is always used for "Guten Abend." I once asked a woman what pie-crust is in Dutch. "Py-kroosht," she answered.

Those who speak English use such uncommon expressions as, — "That's a werry *lasty* basket" (meaning durable); "I seen him yet a'ready"; "I knew a woman that had a good baby *wunst*"; "The bread is all" (all gone). I have heard the carpenter call his plane *she*, and a housekeeper apply the same pronoun to her home-made soap.

A rich landed proprietor is sometimes called *king*. An old Dutchman who was absent from home thus narrated the cause of his journey: "I must go and see old Yoke (Jacob) Beidelman. Te people calls me te kink ov te manor (township), and tay calls him te kink ov te Octorara. Now dese kinks must come togeder once." (Accent *together*, and pass quickly over *once*.)

Religion.

I called recently on my friend and neighbor, Peter S——, who is a thrifty farmer, of a good mind, and a member of the old Mennist or Mennonite Society. I once accompanied him and his pleasant wife to their religious meeting. The meeting-house is a low brick building, with neat surroundings, and resembles a Friends' meeting-house. The Mennists in many outward circumstances very much resemble the Society of Friends, but do not, like the latter, hold that the object of extreme veneration is the teaching of the Holy Spirit in the secret stillness of the soul.

In the interior of the Mennist meeting, a Quaker-like plainness prevails. The men, with broad-brimmed hats and simple dress, sit on benches on one side of the house, and the women, in plain caps and black sun-bonnets, are ranged on the other. The services are almost always conducted in Dutch, and consist of exhortation and prayer, and

singing by the congregation. The singing is without previous training, and is not musical. A pause of about five minutes is allowed for private prayer.

The preachers are not paid, and are chosen in the following manner. When a vacancy occurs, and a new appointment is required, one of the members goes into a small room, appointed for the purpose; and to him, waiting, enter singly the men and women, as many as choose, who tell him the name of the person whom each prefers would fill the vacancy. After this, an opportunity is given to any candidate to excuse himself from the service. Those who are not excused, if, for instance, six in number, are brought before six books. Each candidate takes up a book, and the one within whose book a lot is found, is the chosen minister.

I asked my friends, who gave me some of these details, whether it was claimed or believed that there is any especial guidance of the Divine Spirit in thus choosing a minister. From the reply, I did not learn that any such guidance is claimed, though they spoke of a man who *was led* to pass his hand over all the other books, and who selected the last one, but he did not get the lot after all. He was thought to be ambitious of a place in the ministry.

The three prominent sects of Mennonites all claim to be Non-Resistants, or *wehrlos*. The *old* Mennists, who are the most numerous and least rigid, vote at elections, and are allowed to hold such public offices as school director and road supervisor, but not to be members of the Legislature. The ministers are expected not to vote. The members of this society cannot bring suit against any one; they can hold mortgages, but not judgment bonds. Like Quakers, they were not allowed to hold slaves, and they do not take oaths, nor deal in spirituous liquors.

My neighbor Peter and I were once talking of the general use of the word "Yankee" to denote one who is rather unfair in his dealings. They sometimes speak of a "Dutch Yan-

kee"; and Peter asked me whether, if going to sell a horse, I should tell the buyer every fault that I knew of the horse's having, as, he maintained, was the proper course. His brother-in-law, who was at times a horse-dealer, did not agree with him.

Titles do not abound among these plain neighbors of ours. Peter's little son used to call him "Pete," as he heard the hired men do. Nevertheless, one of our New Mennist acquaintances was quite courtly in his address. This last-mentioned sect branched off some forty years ago, and claim to be *reformists*, or to have returned to an older and more excellent standard. They do not vote at all. Their most striking peculiarity is this: if one of the members is disowned by the church, the other members of his own family who are members of the meeting are not allowed to eat at the same table with him, and his wife withdraws from him. A woman who worked in such a family told me how unpleasant it was to her to see that the father did not take his seat at the table, to which she was invited.

In support of this practice, they refer to the eleventh verse of the fifth chapter of First Corinthians: "But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one *not to eat.*" We have yet another sect among us, called Amish (pronounced Ommish). In former times these Mennists were sometimes known as "beardy men," but of late years the beard is not a distinguishing trait. It is said that a person once asked an Amish man the difference between themselves and another Mennist sect. "Vy, dey veers puttons, and ve veersh hooks oont eyes"; and this is, in fact, a prime difference. All the Mennist sects retain the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, but some also practise feet-washing, and some sectarians "greet one another with a holy kiss."

On a Sunday morning Amish wag-

ons, covered with yellow oil-cloth, may be seen moving toward the house of that member whose turn it is to have the meeting. Great have been the preparations there beforehand,—the whitewashing, the scrubbing, the polishing of tin and brass. Wooden benches and other seats are provided for the "meeting-folks," and the services resemble those already described. Of course, young mothers do not stay at home, but bring their infants with them. When the meeting is over, the congregation remain to dinner. Bean soup was formerly the principal dish on this occasion, but, with the progress of luxury, the farmers of a fat soil no longer confine themselves to so simple a diet. Imagine what a time of social intercourse this must be, transcending those hospitable gatherings, the quarterly meetings of Friends. I have heard that, after meeting is over, the Amish people are all seen going to that store which gives the highest price for butter and eggs,—for they have compared notes.

The Amish dress is peculiar; and the children are diminutive men and women. The women wear sun-bonnets and closely fitting dresses, but often their figures look very trim, in brown, with green or other bright handkerchiefs meeting over the breast.

I saw a group of Amish at the railroad station the other day,—men, women, and a little boy. One of the young women wore a pasteboard sun-bonnet covered with black, and tied with narrow blue ribbon, among which showed the thick white strings of her Amish cap; a gray shawl, without fringe; a brown stuff dress, and a purple apron. One middle-aged man, inclined to corpulence, had coarse, brown woollen clothes; and his pantaloons, without suspenders (in the Amish fashion), were unwilling to meet his waistcoat, and showed one or two inches of white shirt. No buttons were on his coat behind, but down the front were hooks and eyes. One young girl wore a bright brown sun-bonnet, a green dress, and a light-blue apron. The choicest figure, however,

was the six-year-old, in a jacket, and with pantaloons plentifully plaited into the waistband behind; hair cut straight over the forehead, and hanging to the shoulders; and a round-crowned black wool hat, with an astoundingly wide brim. The little girls, down to two years old, wear the plain cap, and the handkerchief crossed upon the breast.

In Amish houses, the love of ornament appears in brightly scoured utensils,—how the brass ladles shine!—and in embroidered towels, one end of the towel showing a quantity of work in colored cottons. When steel or elliptic springs were introduced, so great a novelty was not at first patronized by members of the meeting; but an infirm brother, desiring to visit his friends, directed the blacksmith to put a spring inside his wagon, under the seat, and since that time steel springs have become common. I have even seen a youth with flowing hair (as is common among the Mennists), and two trim-bodied damsels, riding in a very plain, uncovered buggy.

Gideon K—, too, rode in a common buggy; but he was a great backslider; poor man, he speculated, and committed suicide!

It was an Amish man, not well versed in the English language, from whom I bought poultry, and who sent me a bill for “chighans.”

In mentioning these ludicrous circumstances, far be it from me to ignore the virtues of these unpretending people.

History of the Sect.

It appears that this sect is named from Simon Menno, a reformer, who died in 1561, though it is doubtful whether Menno founded the sect. “The prevailing opinion among church historians, especially those of Holland, is that the origin of the Dutch Baptists may be traced to the Waldenses, and that Menno merely organized the concealed and scattered congregations as a denomination.”*

The freedom of religious opinion which was allowed in Pennsylvania

may have had the effect of drawing hither the Continental Europeans, who established themselves in the fertile lands of the western part of the county of Chester, now Lancaster. It was not until the revolution of 1848 that the different German states granted full civil rights to the Mennonites. In some cases this freedom has since been withdrawn. Hanover in 1858 annulled the election of a representative to the second chamber, because he was a Mennonite. Much of this opposition probably is caused by the sect's refusing to take oaths.

Under those opposing circumstances in the Old World, it is not remarkable that the number of Mennonites in the United States is reported to exceed that in all the rest of the world put together. The Amish are named from Jacob Amen, a Swiss Mennonite preacher of the seventeenth century.

As I understand the Mennonites, they endeavor in church government literally to carry out the injunction of Jesus, “Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.”

Besides these sectaries, we have among us a few of the Dunkers (German *tunken*, to dip), from whom sprang the Seventh-Day Baptists of Ephratah, with their Brother and Sister houses of Celibates.

“So lang der Ephratah wird stehen
Als Jungfrau'n da in Reihen gehen.”

Also at Litiz we have the Moravian Church and Gottesacker, and a Moravian Church at Lancaster. Here, according to custom, a love-feast was held recently, when a cup of coffee and a rusk (sweet biscuit) were handed to each person present.

Politics.

As our county was represented in Congress by Thaddeus Stevens, you have some idea of what our politics are. We have returned about five or six thousand majority for the Whig, Anti-Masonic, and Republican ticket, and the adjoining *very* Dutch county of Berks invariably as great a majority for the Democratic. So striking a difference has furnished much ground for speculation. The Hon. Mr. S—— says that Berks is Democratic because so many Hessians settled there after the Revolution. “No,” says the Hon. Mr. B—— “I attribute it to the fact that the people are not taught by unpaid ministers as with us, but are Lutherans and German Reformed, and can be led by their preachers. “Why is Berks Democratic?” I asked our Democratic postmaster. “I do not know,” said he; “but the people there are ignorant, they do not read a paper on the other side.” A former postmaster tells me that he has heard that the people of Berks were greatly in favor of liberty in the time of the elder Adams; that they put up liberty-poles, and Adams sent soldiers among them and had the liberty-poles cut down; and “ever since they have been opposed to that political party, under its different names.”

Festivals.

The greatest festive occasion, or the one which calls the greatest number of persons to eat and drink together, is the funeral.

My friends, Peter and Matty S——, have that active benevolence and correct principle which prompt care for the sick and dying, and kind offices toward the mourner. Nor are they alone in this. When a death occurs, our Dutch neighbors enter the house, and, taking possession, relieve the family as far as possible from the labors and cares of a funeral. Some “redd up” the house, making that which was neglected during the sad trials of a fatal disease fit again for the reception of company. Others visit the kitchen,

and help to bake great store of bread, pies, and rusks for the expected gathering. Two young men and two young women generally sit up together overnight to watch in a room adjoining that of the dead.

At funerals occurring on Sunday, three hundred carriages have been seen in attendance; and so great at all times is the concourse of people of all stations and all shades of belief, and so many partake of the entertainment liberally provided, that I may be excused for calling funerals the great festivals of the Dutch. Weddings are also highly festive occasions, but they are confined to the “Freundschaft,” and to much smaller numbers.

The services at funerals are generally conducted in the German language. The preachers must necessarily be able to read German, as the hymns and Scriptures are printed therein.

An invitation is extended to the persons present to return to eat after the funeral, or the meal is provided before leaving for the graveyard. Hospitality, in all rural districts, where the guests come from afar, seems to require this. The tables are sometimes set in a barn, or large wagon-house, and relays of guests succeed one another, until all are done. The neighbors wait upon the table. The entertainment generally consists of meat, frequently cold; bread and butter; pickles or sauces, such as apple-butter; pies and rusks; sometimes stewed chickens, mashed potatoes, cheese, etc., and coffee invariably. All depart after the dish-washing, and the family is left in quiet again.

I have said that persons of all shades of belief attend funerals; but our New Mennists are not permitted to listen to the sermons of other denominations. Memorial stones over the dead are more conspicuous than among Friends. But they are still quite plain, with simple inscriptions. Occasionally family graveyards are seen. One on a farm adjoining ours seems cut out of the side of a field. It stands back from the high-road, and access to it is on foot. To

those who are anxious to preserve the remains of their relatives, these graveyards are objectionable, as they will probably be obliterated after the property has passed into another family.

Weddings.

Our farmer had a daughter married lately, and I was invited to see the bride leave home. The groom, in accordance with the early habits of the Dutch folks, reached the bride's house about six, A. M., having previously breakfasted and ridden four miles. As he probably fed and harnessed his horse, besides attiring himself for the grand occasion, he must have been up betimes of an October morning.

The bride wore purple mousseline-de-laine and a blue bonnet. As some of the "wedding-folks" were dilatory, the bride and groom did not get off before seven. The bridegroom was a mechanic, and seemed to be a steady man. The whole party was composed of four couples, who rode into Lancaster in buggies, where two pairs were married by a minister. In the afternoon, the newly-married couples went down to Philadelphia for a few days, and on the evening of their return we had a reception, or home-coming. Supper consisted of roast turkeys, beef, and stewed chickens, cakes, pies, and coffee of course. We had raisin-pie, which is a great treat in Dutchland on festive or solemn occasions. "Nine couples" of the bridal party sat down to supper, and then the remaining spare seats were occupied by the landlord's wife, the bride's uncle, etc. We had a fiddler in the evening. He and the dancing would not have been there, had the household "belonged to meeting," and, as it was, some young Methodist girls did not dance.

One of my "English" acquaintances was sitting alone on a Sunday evening, when she heard a rap at the door, and a young Dutchman, an entire stranger, walked in and sat down, "and there he sot, and sot, and sot." Mrs. G— waited to hear his errand, politely making conversation; and finally he asked

whether her daughter was at home. "Which one?" He did not know. But that did not make much difference, as neither was at home. Mrs. G— afterwards mentioned the circumstance to a worthy Dutch neighbor, expressing surprise that a young man should call who had not been introduced. "How then *would* they get acquainted?" said he. She suggested that she did not think that her daughter knew the young man. "She would not tell you, perhaps, if she did." The daughter, however, when asked, seemed entirely ignorant of the young man, and did not know that she had ever seen him. He had probably seen her at the railroad station, and had found out her name and residence. It would seem to indicate much confidence on the part of parents, if, when acquaintances are formed in such a manner, the father and mother retire at nine o'clock, and leave their young daughter thus to "keep company," until midnight or later. It is no wonder that one of our German sects has declared against the popular manner of "courting."

I recently attended a New Mennist wedding, which took place in the frame meeting-house. We entered through an adjoining brick dwelling, one room of which served as an ante-room, where the "sisters" left their bonnets and shawls. I was late, for the services had begun about nine, on a bitter Sunday morning of December. The meeting-house was crowded, and in front on the left was a plain of book-muslin caps on the heads of the sisters. On shelves and pegs, along the other side, were placed the hats and overcoats of the brethren. The building was extremely plain, — whitewashed without, entirely unpainted within, with white-washed walls. The preacher stood at a small, unpainted desk, and before it was a small table, convenient for the old men "to sit at, and lay their books on." Two stoves, a half-dozen hanging tin candlesticks, and the benches, completed the furniture. The preacher was speaking extemporaneously in English, for in this meeting-house the services

are often performed in this tongue; and he spoke readily and well, though he now and then used such expressions as, "It would be wishful for men to do their duty"; "Man cannot separate them together"; and "This, Christ done for us."

He spoke at length upon divorce, which, he said, could not take place between Christians. The preacher spoke especially upon the duty of the wife to submit to the husband, whenever differences of sentiment arose; of the duty of the husband to love the wife, and to show his love by his readiness to assist her. He alluded to Paul's saying that it is better to be unmarried than married, and he did not scruple to use plain language touching adultery. His discourse ended, he called upon the pair proposing marriage to come forward; whereupon the man and woman rose from the body of the congregation on either side, and, coming out to the middle aisle, stood together before the minister. They had both passed their early youth, but had very good faces. The bride wore a mode-colored alpaca, and a black apron; also a clear-starched cap without a border, after the fashion of the sect. The groom wore a dark green coat, cut "shad-bellied," after the manner of the brethren.

This was probably the manner of their acquaintance:—If, in spite of Paul's encouragement to a single life, a brother sees a sister whom he wishes to marry, he mentions the fact to a minister, who tells it to the sister. If she agrees in sentiment, the acquaintance continues for a year, during which private interviews can be had, if desired; but this sect entirely discourages courting as usually practised among the Dutch.

The year having in this case elapsed, and the pair having now met before the preacher, he propounded to them three questions:—

1. I ask of this brother, as the bridegroom, do you believe that this sister in the faith is allotted to you by God as your helpmeet and spouse? And I

ask of you, as the bride, do you believe that this, your brother, is allotted to you by God as your husband and head?

2. Are you free in your affections from all others, and have you them centred alone upon this your brother or sister?

3. Do you receive this person as your lawfully wedded husband [wife], do you promise to be faithful to him [her], to reverence him [to love her], and that nothing but death shall separate you; that, by the help of God, you will, to the best of your ability, fulfil all the duties which God has enjoined on believing husbands and wives?

In answering this last question, I observed the bride to lift her eyes to the preacher's face, as if in fearless trust. Then the preacher, directing them to join hands, pronounced them man and wife, and invoked a blessing upon them. This was followed by a short prayer, after which the wedded pair separated, each again taking a place among the congregation. The occasion was solemn. On resuming his place in the desk, the preacher's eyes were seen to be suffused, and pocket-handkerchiefs were visible on either side (the sisters' white, those of the brethren of colored silk). The audience then knelt, while the preacher prayed, and I heard responses like those of the Methodists, but more subdued. The preacher then made a few remarks to the effect that, although it would be grievous to break the bond now uniting these two, it would be infinitely more grievous to break the tie which unites us to Christ; and then a quaint hymn was sung to a familiar tune. The "Church" does not allow wedding-parties, but a few friends may gather at the house after meeting.

Quiltings.

Some ten years ago there came to our neighborhood a pleasant, industrious "Aunt Sally," a mulatto; and the other day she had a quilting, for she had long wished to re-cover two quilts. The first who arrived at Aunt Sally's

was our neighbor from over the "creek," or mill-stream, Nancy K——, in her black silk, and Mennist bonnet, formed like a sun-bonnet; and at ten came my dear friend Matty S——, who is tall and fat, and very pleasant;

"Whose heart has a look southward, and is open
To the great noon of nature."

Her name is Magdalena, but we always call her Matty. Aunt Sally had her quilt up in her landlord's east room, for her own house was too small. However, at about eleven, she called us over to dinner; for people who have breakfasted at five or six have an appetite at eleven.

We found on the table beefsteaks, boiled pork, sweet potatoes, cole-slaw, pickled tomatoes, cucumbers, and *red* beets (thus the Dutch accent lies), apple-butter and preserved peaches, pumpkin and apple pie, sponge-cake and coffee.

After dinner came our next neighbors, "the maids," Katy and Mary Groff, who live in single blessedness and great neatness. They wore pretty clear-starched Mennist caps, very plain. Katy is a sweet-looking woman; and although she is more than sixty years old, her forehead is almost unwrinkled, and her fine fair hair is still brown. It was late when the farmer's wife came, — three o'clock; for she had been to Lancaster. She wore hoops, and was of the "world's people." Those women all spoke Dutch; for the maidens, whose ancestors came here one hundred and twenty years ago, do not speak English with fluency yet.

The first subject of conversation was the fall house-cleaning, and I heard mention of "die carpets hinaus an der fence," and "die fenshter und die porch"; and the exclamation, "My goodness, es war schlimm." I quilted faster than Katy Groff, who showed me her hands, and said, "You have not been corn-husking, as I have."

So we quilted and rolled, talked and laughed, got one quilt done, and put in another. The work was not fine; we laid it out by chalking around a small plate. Aunt Sally's desire was rather

to get her quilting done on this great occasion, than for us to put in a quantity of work.

About five o'clock we were called to supper. I need not tell you all the particulars of this plentiful meal. But the stewed chicken was tender, and we had coffee again.

Nancy K——'s husband now came over the creek in the boat, to take her home, and he warned her against the evening dampness. The rest of us quilted awhile by candle and lamp, and got the second quilt done at about seven.

At this quilting there was little gossip, and less scandal. I displayed my new alpaca, and my dyed merino, and the Philadelphia bonnet which exposes the back of my head to the wintry blast. Nancy K——, for her part, preferred a black silk sun-bonnet; and so we parted, with mutual invitations to visit.

Farming.

In this fertile limestone district, farming is very laborious, being entirely by tillage. Our regular routine is once in five years to plough the sod ground for corn. In the next ensuing year the same ground is sowed with oats; and when the oats come off in August, the industrious Dutchmen immediately manure the stubble-land for wheat. I have seen them laying down the black heaps when, in August, I have ridden some twelve or fourteen miles down to the hill-country in search of blackberries.

After the ground is carefully prepared, wheat and timothy (grass) seed are put in with a drill, and in the ensuing spring clover is sowed upon the same ground. By July, when the wheat is taken off the ground, the clover and timothy are growing, and will be ready to mow in the next, or fourth summer. In the fifth, the same grass constitutes a grazing ground, and then the sod is ready to be broken up again for Indian corn. Potatoes are seldom planted here in great quantities; a part of one of the oat-fields or corn-fields can be put into potatoes, and the ground will

be ready by fall to be put into wheat, if it is desired. A successful farmer put more than half of his forty acres into wheat; this being considered the best crop. The average crop of wheat is about twenty bushels, of Indian corn about forty.

I have heard of one hundred bushels of corn in the Pequea valley, but this is very rare. When the wheat and oats are in the barn or stack, enormous eight-horse threshers, whose owners go about the neighborhood from farm to farm, thresh the crop in two or three days; and thus what was once a great job for winter may all be finished by the first of October.

Peter S—— is a model farmer. His buildings and fences are in good order, and his cattle well kept. He is a little past the prime of life; his beautiful head of black hair being touched with silver. His wife is dimpled and smiling, and her two hundred and twenty pounds do not prevent her being active, energetic, forehanded, and “thorough-going.” During the winter months the two sons go to the public school, — the older one with reluctance; there they learn to read and write, and “cipher” a little, and possibly study geography; they speak English at school, and Dutch at home. Much education the Dutch farmer fears, as productive of laziness; and laziness is a mortal sin here. The S——s rarely buy a book. The winter is employed partly in preparing material to fertilize the wheat-land during the coming summer. Great droves of cattle and sheep come down our road from the West, and our farmers buy from these, and fatten stock during the winter months for the Philadelphia market.

A proper care of his stock will occupy some portion of the farmer's time. Then he has generally a great “Freundschaft,” or family connection, both his and his wife's; and the paying visits within a range of twenty or thirty miles, and receiving visits in return, help to pass away the time. Then Peter and Matty are actively benevolent; they are liable to be called upon,

summer and winter, to wait on the sick, and to help bury the dead. Matty was formerly renowned as a baker at funerals, where her services were always freely given.

This rich level land of ours is highly prized by the Dutch for farming purposes, and the great demand has enhanced the price. The farms, too, are small, seventy acres being a fair size. When Adam R——, the rich preacher, bought his last farm from an “Englishman,” William G—— said to him: “Well, Adam, it seems as if you Dutch folks had determined to root us English out, but thee had to pay pretty dear for thy root this time.”

There are some superstitious ideas that still hold sway here, regarding the growth of plants. A young girl coming to us for cabbage-plants said that it was a good time to set them out, for “it was in the Wirgin.” It is very doubtful whether she knew *what* was in Virgo, but I suppose that it was the moon. So our farmer's wife tells me that the Virgin will do very well for cabbages, but not for any flowering plant like beans, for though they will bloom well, they will not mature the fruit. Grain should be sowed in the increase of the moon; meat butchered in the decrease will shrink in the pot.

Farmers' Wives.

One of my Dutch neighbors, who, from a shoemaker, became the owner of two farms, said to me, “The woman is more than half”; and his own very laborious wife had indeed been so.

The woman (in popular parlance, “the old woman”) milks, raises the poultry, has charge of the garden, — sometimes digging the ground herself, and planting and hoeing with the assistance of her daughters and the “maid” (German, *magd*). To be sure she does not go extensively into vegetable-raising, nor has she a quantity of strawberries and small fruits; neither does she plant a great many peas and beans, that are laborious to “stick.” She has a quantity of cabbages and of “red beets,” of onions and of early potatoes, in her

garden, a plenty of cucumbers for winter pickles, and store of string-beans and tomatoes, with some sweet-potatoes.

Jacob R—— told me that in one year, off of their small farm, they sold "two hundred dollars' worth of *wedgable* things, not counting the butter." As in that year the clothing for each member of the family probably cost from ten to fifteen dollars, the two hundred dollars' worth of vegetable things was of great importance.

Our Dutch never make *store*-cheese. At a county fair, only one cheese was exhibited, and that was from Chester county. The farmer's wife boards all the farm-hands, and the mechanics,—the carpenter, mason, etc., who put up the new buildings, and the fence-maker. At times she allows the daughters to go out and husk corn. It was a pretty sight which I saw one fall day,—an Amish man with four sons and daughters, husking in the field. "We do it all ourselves," said he.

In the winter mornings, perhaps the farmer's wife goes out to milk in the stable with a lantern, while her daughters get breakfast; has her house "redd up" about eight o'clock, and is prepared for several hours' sewing before dinner, laying by great piles of shirts for summer. We no longer make linen; but I have heard of one Dutch girl who had a good supply of domestic linen made into shirts and trousers for the future spouse, whose "fair proportions" she had not yet seen.

There are of course many garments to make in a large family, but there is not much work put upon them. We do not yet patronize the sewing-machine very extensively, but a seamstress or tailoress is sometimes called in. At the spring cleaning, the labors of the women folk are increased by whitewashing the picket fences.

In March we make soap, before the labors of the garden are great. The forests are being obliterated from this fertile tract, and many use what some call "consecrated" lye; formerly, the

ash-hopper was filled, and a good lot of egg-bearing lye run off to begin the soap with, while the weaker filled the soft-soap kettle, after the soap had "come." The chemical operation of soap-making often proved difficult, and, of course, much was said about luck. "We had bad luck, making soap." A sassafras stick was preferred for stirring, and the soap was stirred always in one direction. In regard to this, and that other chemical operation, making and keeping vinegar, there are certain ideas about the temporary incapacity of some persons,—ideas only to be alluded to here. If the farmer's wife never "has luck" in making soap, she employs some skilful woman to come in and help her. It is not a long operation here, for the Dutch rush this work speedily. If the lye is well run off, two tubs of hard soap and a barrel of soft soap can be made in a day. A very smart housekeeper can make a barrel of soap in the morning, and go visiting in the afternoon.

Great are the household labors in harvest; but the cooking and baking in the hot weather are cheerfully done for the men folks, who are toiling in hot suns and stifling barns. Four meals are common at this season, for "a piece" is sent out at nine o'clock. One Dutch girl made some fifty pies a week in harvest; for if you have four meals a day, and pie at each, many are required. We have great faith in pie.

In the neighboring county of York, an inexperienced Quaker wife was left in charge of the farm, and, during harvest, these important labors were performed by John Stein, John Stump, and John Stinger. She also had guests, welcome perhaps as "rain in harvest." To conciliate the Johns was very important, and she waited on them first. "What will thee have, John Stein?" "What shall I give thee, John Stump?" "And thee, John Stinger?" On one memorable occasion there was mutiny in the field, for John Stein declared that he never worked where there were not "kickelin" cakes in harvest, nor would he now. *Küchlein* proved to be cakes

fried in fat, and the housewife was ready to appease "Achilles' wrath," as soon as she made this discovery.

We used to make quantities of apple-butter in the fall, but, of late years apples are not plentiful. We made in one season six barrels of cider into apple-butter, three at a time. Two large copper kettles were hung under the beech-trees, down between the spring-house and smoke-house, and the cider was boiled down the evening before, great stumps of trees being in demand. One hand watched the cider, and the rest of the family gathered in the kitchen, and labored diligently in preparing the cut apples, so that in the morning the "schnitz" might be ready to go in. (*Schneiden*, to cut, *geschnitten*.)

Two bushels and a half of cut apples will be enough for a barrel of cider. In a few hours the apples will all be in, and then you will stir, and stir, and stir, for you do not want to have the apple-butter burn at the bottom, and be obliged to dip it out into tubs, and scour the kettle. Some time in the afternoon, you will take out a little on a dish, and when you find that the cider no longer "weeps out" round the edges, but all forms a simple heap, you will dip it up into earthen vessels, and when cold take it "on" to the garret to keep company with the hard soap and the bags of dried apples and cherries, perhaps with the hams and shoulders. Soap and apple-butter are usually made in an open fireplace, where hangs the kettle. At one time, I have heard that there was apple-butter in the Lancaster Museum which dated from Revolutionary times; for we do not expect it to ferment in the summer. It dries away, but water is stirred in to prepare it for the table. Sometimes peach-butter is made, with cider, molasses or sugar, and in the present scarcity of apples, cut pumpkin is often put into the apple-butter.

Soon after apple-butter making comes butchering, for we like an early pig in the fall, when the store of smoked meat has run out. Pork is the staple, and we smoke the flitches, not preserv-

ing them in brine like the Yankees. We ourselves use much beef, and do not like smoked flitch, but I speak for the majority. Sausage is a great dish with us, as in Germany. My sister and I went once on a few days' trip through the county, and were treated alternately to ham and mackerel, until, at the last house, we had both.

Butchering is one of the many occasions for the display of friendly feeling, when brother or father steps in to help hang the hogs, or a sister to assist in rendering lard, or in preparing the plentiful meal. An active farmer will have two or three porkers killed, scalded, and hung up by sunrise, and by night the whole operation of sausage and "scrapple" making, and lard-rendering, will be finished, and the house set in order. The friends who have assisted receive a portion of the sausage, etc., which portion is called the "Metzel-sup." The metzel-sup is also sent to poor widows, and others.

We make scrapple from the skin, a part of the livers, and heads, with the addition of corn-meal; but instead, our Dutch neighbors make *liver-wurst* ("woorsht") or meat pudding, omitting the meal, and this compound, stuffed into the large entrails, is very popular in Lancaster market. Some make *parn-haus* from the liquor in which the pudding meat was boiled, adding thereto corn-meal. I have never seen hog's-head cheese in Dutch houses. If the boiling-pieces of beef are kept over summer, they are smoked, instead of being preserved in brine. We eat much smear-case (*Schmier-käse*), or cottage cheese, in these regions. The children, and grown people too, fancy it upon bread with molasses; which may be considered as an offset to the Yankee pork and molasses.

We have also Dutch cheese, which may be made by crumbling the dry smear-case, working in butter, salt, and chopped sage, forming it into pats, and setting them away to ripen. The *sieger-käse* is made from sweet milk boiled, with sour milk added, and beaten eggs, and then set to drain off the whey.

"Schnitz and knep" is said to be made of dried apples, fat pork, and dough dumplings, cooked together.

In the fall our Dutch make *sauer-kraut*. I happened into the house of my friend Matty, when her husband and son were going to take an hour at noon, to help her with the kraut. Two white tubs stood upon the back porch, one with the fair round heads, and the other to receive the cabbage when cut by a knife set in a board (a very convenient thing for cutting cole-slaw and cucumbers). When cut, the cabbage is packed into a "stand" with a sauer-kraut staff, resembling the pounder with which New-Englanders beat clothes in a barrel. Salt is added during the packing. When the cabbage ferments, it becomes acid. The kraut-stand remains in the cellar; the contents not being unpalatable when boiled with the chines or ribs of pork, and potatoes. But the smell of the boiling kraut is very strong, and that stomach is probably strong which readily digests the meal.

Our Dutch make soup in variety, and pronounce the word short, between *soup* and *sup*. Thus there is Dutch sup, potato sup, and "noodle" (*Nudel*) sup, — which last is a treat. Nudels may be called domestic macaroni, and I have seen a dish called *schmelkty-nudels*, in which bits of fried bread were laid upon the piled-up nudels, — to me unpalatable from the large quantity of eggs in the nudels.

We almost always find good bread at our farm-houses. In travelling through Pennsylvania to Ohio, and returning through New York, I concluded that Pennsylvania furnished good bread-makers, New York good butter-makers, and that the two best bread-makers that I saw in Ohio were from Lancaster county. We make the pot of "sots" (New England "emptins") overnight, with boiled, mashed potatoes, scalded flour, and sometimes hops. Friday is baking-day, but in the middle of summer, when mould abounds, we bake twice a week. The Dutch housewife is very fond of baking in the brick oven, but

the scarcity of wood will gradually accustom us to the great cooking-stove.

We keep one fire in winter. This is in the kitchen, which with nice house-keepers is the abode of neatness, with its rag-carpet and brightly polished stove. An adjoining room or building is the wash-house, where butchering, soap-making, etc., are done by the help of a great kettle hung in the fireplace, not set in brick-work.

Adjoining the kitchen, on another side, is a state apartment, also rag-carpeted, and called "the room." The stove-pipe from the kitchen sometimes passes through the ceiling, and tempers the sleeping-room of the parents. These arrangements are not very favorable to bathing in cold weather; indeed, to wash the whole person is not very common in summer or winter. In the latter season, it is almost never done in town or country, by the Dutch.

Will you go up stairs in a neat Dutch farm-house? Here are rag-carpets again. Gay quilts are on the best beds, where green and red calico, perhaps in the form of a basket, are displayed on a white ground; or the beds bear brilliant coverlets of red, white, and blue, as if to "make the rash gazer wipe his eye." The common pillow-cases are sometimes of blue check, or of calico. In winter, people often sleep under feather-covers, not so heavy as a feather-bed. In the spring there is a great washing of bedclothes, and then the blankets are washed, which, during winter, supplied the place of sheets.

Holidays.

I was sitting alone, one Christmas time, when the door opened and there entered some half-dozen youths or men, who frightened me so that I slipped out at the door. They, being thus alone, and not intending further harm, at once left. These, I suppose, were Christmas mummers, though I heard them called "Bell-schnickel."

At another time, as I was sitting with my little boy, Aunt Sally came in smiling and mysterious, and took her place by the stove. Immediately after, there

entered a man in disguise, who very much alarmed my little Dan.

The stranger threw down nuts and cakes, and, when some one offered to pick them up, struck at him with a rod. This was the real Bell-schnickel, personated by the farmer. I presume that he ought to throw down his store of nice things for the good children, and strike the bad ones with his whip. Pelznickel is the bearded Nicholas, who punishes bad ones; whereas Krisskringle is the Christkindlein, who rewards good children.

On Christmas morning we cry, "Christmas-gift!" and not as elsewhere, "A merry Christmas!" Christmas is a day when people do not work, but go to meeting, when roast turkey and mince-pie are in order, and when the Dutch housewife has store of cakes on hand to give to the little folks.

We shall hear of barring-out at Christmas. The pupils fasten themselves in the school-house, and keep the teacher out to obtain presents from him.

The first of April, which our neighbors generally call Aprile, is a great occasion. This is the opening of the farming year. The tenant farmer and other "renters" move to their new homes, and interest-money and other debts are due; and so much money changes hands in Lancaster, on the first, that pickpockets are attracted thither, and the unsuspecting Dutch farmer sometimes finds himself a loser.

The movings, on or about the first, are made festive occasions; neighbors young and old are gathered; some bring wagons to transport farm utensils and furniture, others assist in driving cattle, put furniture in its place, and set up bedsteads; while the women are ready to help prepare the bountiful meal. At this feast I have heard a worthy tenant farmer say, "Now help yourselves, as you did out there" (with the goods).

The Monday after Whitsuntide, which comes early in June, is a great holiday with the young Dutch folk. It occurs when there is a lull in farm-work, between corn-planting and hay-making. Now the new summer bonnets are all

in demand, and the taverns are found full of youths and girls, who sometimes walk the street hand-in-hand, eat cakes and drink beer, or visit the "flying horses." A number of seats are arranged around a central pole, and, a pair taking each seat, the whole revolves by the work of a horse, and you can have a *circular* ride for six cents.

On the Fourth of July we are generally at work in the harvest-field. Several of the festivals of the Church are held here as days of rest, if not of recreation. Such are Good-Friday, Ascension-day, etc. On Easter, eggs colored and otherwise ornamented were formerly much in vogue, but the custom of preparing them is dying out.

Thanksgiving is beginning to be observed here, but the New-Englander would miss the family gatherings, the roast turkeys, the pumpkin-pies. Possibly we go to church in the morning, and sit quiet for the rest of the day; and as for pumpkin-pies, we do not greatly fancy them. Raisin-pie, or mince-pie, we can enjoy.

The last night of October is "Hallow-eve." I was in Lancaster last Hallow-eve, and the boys were ringing door-bells, carrying away door-steps, throwing corn at the windows, or running off with an unguarded wagon. I heard of one or two youngsters who had requested an afternoon holiday to go to church, but who had spent their time in going out of town to steal corn for this occasion. In the country, farm-gates are taken from their hinges and removed, and it was formerly a favorite boyish amusement to take a wagon to pieces, and after carrying the parts up to the barn-loft, to put it together again, thus obliging the owner to take it apart and bring it down. Such "tricks," as described by Burns in the poem of "Hallow-e'en," may be heard of occasionally, perpetrated perhaps by the Scotch-Irish element in our population.

Public Schools.

About twenty years ago, I was circulating an anti-slavery petition among

women. I carried it to the house of a neighboring farmer, a miller to boot, and well to do. His wife signed the petition (*all* women did not in those days), but she signed it with her mark. I have understood that it is about twenty years since the school law was made universal here, and that our township of Upper Leacock wanted to resist by litigation the establishment of public schools, but finally decided otherwise.* It is the school-tax that is onerous. Within the last twenty years a great impetus has been given to education by the establishment of the County Superintendency of Normal Schools and of Teachers' Institutes. I think it is within this time that the Board of Directors met, in an adjoining township, and, being called upon to vote by ballot, there were afterwards found in the box several different ways of spelling the word "no."

At the last Institute, a worthy young man at the blackboard was telling the teachers how to make their pupils pronounce the word "did," which they inclined to call *dit*; and a young woman told me that she found it necessary, when teaching in Berks County, to practise speaking Dutch, in order to make the pupils understand their lessons. It must be rather hard to hear and talk Dutch almost constantly, and then go to a school where the textbooks are English.

There is still an effort made to have German taught in our public schools. The reading of German is considered a great accomplishment, and one necessary in a candidate for the ministry; but the teacher is generally overburdened in the winter with the *necessary* branches in a crowded, ungraded school. Our township generally has school for seven months in the year; some townships have only five; and in Berks County I have heard of one having only four months. About thirty-five dollars a month is paid to teachers, male and female.

* In a recent paper I find this statement: "West Cocalico did not until recently accept the provisions of the General School Law of the State."

My little boy of seven began to go to public school this fall. For a while I would hear him repeating such expressions as, "Che, double o, t, cood" (meaning good). "P-i-g, pick." "Kreat A, little A, pouncing P." "I don't like chincerpread." Even among our Dutch people of more culture, *etch* is heard for *aitch* (H), and it is a relic of early training.

The standard of our County Superintendent is high, and his examinations severe. His salary is about \$1,700. Where there is so much wealth as here, it seems almost impossible that learning should not follow, as soon as the minds of the people are turned toward it; but the great fear of making their children "lazy" operates against sending them to school. Industrious habits will certainly tend more to the pecuniary success of a farmer than the "art of writing and speaking the English language *correctly*."

Manners and Customs.

My dear old "English" friend, Daniel G—, had often been asked to stay and eat with John B—, and on one occasion he concluded to accept the invitation. They went to the table, and had a silent pause; then John cut up the meat, and the workmen and members of the family each put in a fork and helped himself. The guest was discomfited, and, finding that he was likely to lose his dinner otherwise, he followed their example. The invitation to eat had covered the whole. When guests are present, many say, "Now help yourselves," but they do not use vain repetitions, as the city people do.

Coffee is still drank three times a day in some families, but frequently without sugar. The sugar-bowl stands on the table, with spoons therein for those who want sugar; but at our late "home-coming" party, I believe that I was the only one at the table who took sugar. The dishes of smear-case, molasses, apple-butter, etc., are not always supplied with spoons. *We* dip in our knives, and with the same useful imple-

ments convey the food to our mouths. Does the opposite extreme prevail among the farmers of Massachusetts? Do they always eat with their forks, and use napkins? Those who eat with John Stein, John Stump, and John Stinger will be likely to accommodate their habits to those of the Johns.

On many busy farm occasions, the woman of the house will find it more convenient to let the men eat first, — to get the burden of the harvest dinner off her mind and her hands, and then sit down with her daughters, her "maid," and little children, to their own repast. But the allowing to the men the constant privilege of eating first has passed away, if, indeed, it ever prevailed. At funeral feasts the old men and women sit down first, with the mourning family. Then succeed the second, third, and fourth tables.

We Lancaster Dutch are always striving to seize Time's forelock. *We* rise, even in the winter, about four, feed the stock while the women get breakfast, eat breakfast in the short days by coal-oil lamps or tallow candles, and by daylight are ready for the operations of the day. The English folks and the backsliding Dutch cry out when they hear their neighbors blow the horn or ring the bell for dinner. On a recent pleasant October day, the farmer's wife was churning out of doors, and cried, "Why, there's the dinner-bells a'ready. Mercy days!" I went in to the clock, and found it at twenty minutes of eleven. The Dutch farmers almost invariably keep their time half an hour or more ahead, like that village of Cornwall, where it was twelve o'clock, but half past eleven to the rest of the world. Our Dutch are not seen running to catch a railroad train.

We are not a total-abstinence people. Before these times of high prices, liquor was often furnished to hands in the harvest-field.

A few years ago a meeting was held

in a neighboring school-house, to discuss a prohibitory liquor law. After various speeches, the question was put to the vote thus: "All those who want leave to drink whiskey will please to rise." "Now all those who don't want to drink whiskey will rise." The affirmative had a decided majority.

Work is a cardinal virtue with the Dutchman. "He is lazy," is a very opprobrious remark. At the quilting, when I was trying to take out one of the screws, Katy Groff, who is sixty-five, exclaimed: "How lazy I am, not to be helping you!" "Wie ich bin faul."

Marriages sometimes take place between the two nationalities; but I do not think the Dutch farmers desire English wives for their sons, unless the wives are decidedly rich. On the other hand, I heard of an English farmer's counselling his son to seek a Dutch wife. When the son had wooed and won his substantial bride, "Now he will see what good cooking is," said a Dutch girl to me. I was surprised at the remark, for his mother was an excellent housekeeper.

The circus is the favorite amusement of our people. Lancaster papers often complain of the slender attendance which is bestowed upon lectures, and the like. Even theatrical performances are found "slow," compared with the feats of the ring.

Our Dutch use a freedom of language that is not known to the English, and which to them savors of coarseness. "But they mean no harm by it," says one of my English friends. It is difficult to practise reserve, where the whole family sit in one heated room. This rich limestone land in which the Dutch delight is nearly level to an eye trained among hills. Do hills make a people more poetical or imaginative?

Perhaps so, but there is vulgarity too among the hills.

WETTSTEIN.

IT is a pleasant thing to be a colonel of cavalry in active field-service. There are circumstances of authority and of responsibility that fan the latent spark of barbarism which, however dull, glows in all our breasts, and which generations of republican civilization can never fully quench. We may not have confessed it even to ourselves; but on looking back to the years of the war, we must recognize many things that patted our vanity greatly on the back,—things so different from all the dull routine of equality and fraternity of home, that those four years seem to belong to a dream-land, over which the haze of the life before them and the life after them draws a misty veil. Equality and Fraternity! a pretty sentiment, yes, and full of sensible and kindly regard for all mankind, and full of hope for the men who are to come after us; but Superiority and Fraternity! who shall tell all the secret emotions this implies? To be the head of the brotherhood, with the unremitted clank of a guard's empty scabbard trailing before one's tent-door day and night, with the standard of the regiment proclaiming the house of chief authority, with the respectful salute of all passers, and the natural obedience of all members of the command, with the shade of deference that even comrades show to superior rank, and with that just sufficient check upon coarseness during the jovial bouts of the head-quarters' mess, making them not less genial, but void of all offence,—living in this atmosphere, one almost feels the breath of feudal days coming modified through the long tempestuous ages to touch his cheek, whispering to him that the savage instinct of the sires has not been, and never will be, quite civilized out of the sons. And then the thousand men, and the yearly million that they cost, while they fill the cup of the colonel's responsibility (some-

times to overflowing), and give him many heavy trials,—they are his own men; their usefulness is almost of his own creation; and their renown is his highest glory.

I may not depict the feelings of others; but I find in the recollection of my own service—as succeeding years dull its details and cast the nimbus of distance about it—the source of emotions which differ widely from those to which our modern life has schooled us.

One of the colonel's constant attendants is the chief bugler, or, as he is called in hussar Dutch, the "Stabstrom-paytr": mine was the prince of Trompaytrs, and his name was Wettstein. He was a Swiss, whose native language was a mixture of guttural French and mincing German. English was an impossible field to him. He had learned to say "yes" and "matches"; but not one other of our words could he ever lay his tongue to, except the universal "damn." But for his bugle and his little gray mare, I should never have had occasion to know his worth. Music filled every pore of his Alpine soul, and his wonderful Swiss "Retreat" must ring to this day in the memory of every man of the regiment whose thoughts turn again to the romantic campaign of South Missouri. What with other buglers was a matter of routine training was with him an inspiration. All knew well enough the meaning of the commands that the company trumpets stammered or blared forth; but when they rang from Wettstein's horn, they carried with them a *vim* and energy that secured their prompt execution; and his note in the wild Ozark Hills would mark the head-quarters of the "Vierte Missouri" for miles around. From a hill-top, half a mile in advance of my marching command, I have turned the regiment into its camping-ground and dismounted it in perfect order by the

melodious telegraphy of Wettstein's brazen lips alone.

That other chief attribute of his, Klitschka, his little beast, stayed longer with me than his bugle did, and is hardly less identified with the varied reminiscences of my army life. I bought her, as a prize, with the original mount of the regiment, in Frémont's time, and was mildly informed by that officer that I must be careful how I accepted many such animals from the contractor, though a few for the smaller men might answer. Asboth, Frémont's chief of staff, with a scornful rolling up of his cataract of a mustache, and a shrug of his broad, thin shoulders, said: "Why for you buy such horses? What your bugler ride, it is not a horse, it is a cat." His remark was not intended as a question, and it ended the conversation. Months after that, he eagerly begged for the nine-lived Klitschka for one of his orderlies; being refused him, she remained good to the end. She was an animal that defied every rule by which casual observers test the merit of a horse; but analytically considered she was nearly perfect. Better legs, a better body, and a better head, it is rare to see, than she had. But she lacked the arched neck and the proud step that she needed all the more because of her small size. By no means showy in figure or in action, it took a second look to see her perfect fitness for her work. Her color was iron-gray, and no iron could be tougher than she was; while her full, prominent eye and ample brain-room, and her quick little ear, told of courage and intelligence that made her invaluable throughout four years of hard and often dangerous service. Like many other ill-favored little people, she was very lovable, and Wettstein loved her like a woman. He would never hesitate to relax those strict rules of conduct, by which German cavalry-men are supposed to govern themselves, if it was a question of stealing forage for Klitschka; and he was (amiable fellow!) never so happy as when, from a scanty supply in the country, he had taken

enough oat-sheaves to bed her in and almost cover her up, while other horses of the command must go hungry; and was never so shaken in his regard for me as when I made him give up all but double rations for her.

Double rations she often earned, for Wettstein was a heavy youth, with a constitutional passion for baggage out of all proportion to his means of transportation. Mounted for the march, he was an odd sight. Little Klitschka's back, with his immense rolls of blankets and clothing before and behind, looked like a dromedary's. Planted between the humps, straight as a gun-barrel, the brightest of bugles suspended across his back by its tasselled yellow braid, slashed like a harlequin over the breast, his arms chevroned with gorgeous gold, — Wettstein, with his cap-front turned up so as to let the sun fall full on his frank blue eye and his resolute blond mustache, was the very picture of a cavalry bugler in active campaign.

Smoking, gabbling, singing, rollicking, from morning until night, and still on until morning again if need be, he never lost spirit nor temper. He seemed to absorb sunshine enough during the day to keep every one bright around him all night. When at last his bugle had been stilled forever, we long missed the cheer of his indomitable gayety; wearying service became more irksome than while his bubbling mirth had tempered its dullness; and even little Klitschka, although she remained an example of steady pluck, had never so potent an influence as while he had put his own unfailing mettle into her heels. After she was bequeathed to me, she was always most useful, but never so gay and frisky as while she carried her own devoted groom. No day was too long for her and no road too heavy; her brisk trot knew no failing, but she refused ever again to form the personal attachment that had sealed her and Wettstein to one another.

The two of them together, like the fabled Centaur, made the complete creature. He with the hardened frame and

bright nature of his Alpine race, and she with her veins full of the Mustang blood of the Rocky Mountains, were fitted to each other as almost never were horse and rider before. Their performances were astonishing. In addition to a constant attendance on his commander (who, riding without baggage, and of no heavier person than Wettstein himself, sometimes fagged out three good horses between one morning and the next), the Trompaytr yet volunteered for all sorts of extra service, — carried messages over miles of bad road to the general's camp, gave riding-lessons and music-lessons to the company buglers, and then — fear of the guard-house and fear of capture always, unheeded — he never missed an opportunity for the most hazardous and most laborious foraging.

He was a thorough soldier, — always "for duty," always cleanly, always handsome and cheery, and heedlessly brave. If detected in a fault (and he was, as I have hinted, an incorrigible forager), he took his punishment like a man, and stole milk for himself or fodder for Klitschka at the next convenient (or inconvenient) opportunity, with an imperturbability that no punishment could reach.

Once, when supplies were short, he sent me, from the guard-house where he had been confined for getting them, a dozen bundles of corn-blades for my horses; not as a bribe, but because he would not allow the incidents of discipline to disturb our friendly relations: and in the matter of fodder in scarce times he held me as a helpless pensioner, dependent on his bounty. When in arrest by my order, his "Pon chour, Herr Oberist," was as cordial and happy as when he strolled free past my tent. Altogether I never saw his like before or since. The good fortune to get such a bugle, such a soldier, and such a mount combined, comes but once in the lifetime of the luckiest officer. It was only his uncouth tongue that kept him from being pilfered from me by every general who had the power to "detail" him to his own head-quarters.

So universal, by the way, was this petty vice of commanding officers, that I was never safe until I adopted the plan, in selecting a staff officer, of securing his promise to resign from the service point-blank if ordered to other duty, and more than one offended general was indignant at my policy. With Wettstein, I felt perfectly easy, for the average capacity of brigadier-generals stopped far short of the analysis of his dual jargon. Several tried him for a day, but they found that his comprehension was no better than his speech, and that his manifest ability was a sealed book to them. He always came home by nightfall with a chuckle and, "Le général versteht mich nicht. Je blase 'marrsch' für 'halt.'"

So it was that, for a couple of years, this trusty fellow trotted at my heels through rain and shine, by day and by night, with his face full of glee, and his well-filled canteen at the service of our little staff. Mud and mire, ditches and fences, were all one to him and Klitschka; and in Vix's day they followed her lead over many a spot that the others had to take by flank movement.

Our work in Missouri was but little more than the work of subsistence. We were a part of an army too large for any Rebel force in that region to attack, and too unwieldy to pursue guerillas with much effect. But now and then we made a little scout that varied our otherwise dull lives; and at such times Wettstein always attached himself to the most dangerous patrolling party, and Klitschka was usually the first to bring back news of the trifling encounters.

At last, in February, 1863, when we had lain for a month in delicious idleness in the heart of a rich country, literally flowing with poultry and corn-fodder, I, being then in command of a division of cavalry, received an order from Davidson to select six hundred of the best-mounted of my men, and to attack Marmaduke, who was recruiting, ninety miles away, at Batesville on the White River in Arkansas. His

main body, three thousand five hundred strong, lay in the "Oil-Trough Bottom," on the other side of the river. A brigade of Western infantry was to march as far as Salem (thirty miles), and to support me if necessary; though I afterward found that at the only moment when I might have had grave occasion to depend on them, they were, with an inconsistency that was not the least attribute of my commanding officer, withdrawn without notice to me.

We were to go in light marching order, carrying only the necessary clothing, and rations of salt and coffee. Wettstein's ideas of lightness differing from mine, I had to use some authority to rid poor Klitschka of saucepans, extra boots, and such trash; and after all, the rascal had, under the plea of a cold, requiring extra blankets, smuggled a neatly sewn sausage of corn, weighing some fifteen pounds, into one of his rolls. Eager men, too, whose horses were out of trim, had to be discarded, and the whole detail to be thoroughly overhauled. But the jovial anticipation of seeing Batesville once more — a New England village planted on a charming hill-side in Arkansas, where we had sojourned with Curtis the summer before, and where we all had the pleasant acquaintance that even an enemy makes in a town from which the native men have long been gone, and only the women remain — made the work of preparation go smoothly, and long before dawn Wettstein's bugle summoned the details from the several camps. There was a ringing joyousness in his call, that spoke of the cosey, roaring fire of a certain Batesville kitchen to which his bright face and his well-filled haversack had long ago made him welcome, and prospective feasting gave an added trill to his blast.

The little detachments trotted gayly into line, officers were assigned for special duty, temporary divisions were told off, and a working organization was soon completed. Before the sun was up, such a *Ra, t't'a, t't'a, t't'a!* as South Missouri had never heard before, broke the line by twos from the right,

and we were off for a promising trip. Marmaduke we knew of old, and personal cowardice would have deterred no one from joining our party, for he could be reached from our stronger army only by a complete surprise; and in a country where every woman and child (white, I mean) was his friend and our enemy, a surprise, over ninety miles of bad roads, seemed out of the question. Indeed, before we had made a half of the distance, one of his flying scouts told a negro woman by the road-side, as he checked his run to water his horse, "There's a hell's-mint o' Yanks a comin' over the mountain, and I must git to Marmyjuke"; and to Marmaduke he "got," half a day ahead of us, only to be laughed at for a coward who had been frightened by a foraging-party.

The second night brought us to Evening Shade, a little village, where one Captain Smith was raising a company. They had all gone, hours ahead of us, but had left their supplies and their fires behind them, and these, with the aid of a grist-mill (for which an Illinois regiment furnished a miller), gave us a bountiful supper. At daybreak we set out for our last day's march, still supposing that Marmaduke's men would put the river between themselves and us before night, but confident of comfortable quarters at Batesville. A few miles out, we began to pick up Rebel stragglers, and Wettstein soon came rattling through the woods, from a house to which he had been allowed to go for milk, with the story of a sick officer lodged there. Following his lead with a surgeon and a small escort, I found the captain of the Evening Shade company lying in a raging fever, with which he had found it impossible to ride, and nearly dead with terror lest we should hang him at once. His really beautiful young wife, who had gone to enliven his recruiting labors, was in tears over his impending fate. While we were talking with him concerning his parole, she bribed Wettstein with a royal pair of Mexican spurs to save his life, evidently thinking from his display of finery that he was a major-general at

the very least. The kind fellow buckled the spurs on my heels, and they evidently gave me new consequence in his eyes as we rode on our way.

Presently we struck a party of about twenty-five, under a Captain Mosby, who had been making a circuit after conscripts and had had no news of us. After a running fight, during which there occurred some casualties on the other side, we captured the survivors of the party and sent them to the rear.

From midday on, we heard rumors of a sally in strong force from Batesville, and were compelled to move cautiously, — straggling parties of Rebel scouts serving to give credibility to the story. At sunset we were within six miles of the town; and, halting in the deep snow of a large farm-yard, I sent a picked party of thirty, under Rosa, to secure the ferry if possible, — Wettstein and Klitschka accompanying to bring back word of the result. After two anxious hours, he came into camp with a note from Rosa: "Marmaduke is over the river and has the ferry-boat with him; three of his men killed. Wettstein did bravely." The poor fellow had a bad cut on his arm and was in pain, but not a moment would he give himself until brave little Klitschka, smothered in bright straw, was filling herself from the smuggled bag of corn. At last he came to the surgeon and had his wounded arm duly dressed. Although evidently suffering and weak from loss of blood, he gave us a cheering account of Rosa's fight, and dwelt fondly on the supper he had bespoken for us at good Mrs. —'s house, where we had quartered in the summer. At nine o'clock, after Klitschka had fed and the patrols had come in, we set out on our march. It was still snowing hard, and even the dead men that marked Rosa's recent ride were fast being shrouded in purest white. One of them Wettstein pointed out as the man with whom he had crossed sabres, and he asked permission to stay with the party detailed to bury him, for he had been a "braff homme." With his tender sympathy for friend or

foe, he was a truer mourner than a dead soldier often gets from the ranks of his enemy. Even this sad ride came to an end, as all things must, and at the edge of the town soldierly Rosa stood, to report that the pickets were posted and our quarters ready. Giving him a fresh detail to relieve his pickets, and asking his company at our midnight supper, we pushed on to our chosen house. Here we found all in order, save that the young lady of the family had so hastily put on the jacket bearing the U. S. buttons of her last summer's conquests, that she failed quite to conceal the C. S. buttons on a prettier one under it. She and her mother scolded us for driving the Rebel beaux from town, when there was to have been a grand farewell ball only the next night; but they seemed in no wise impressed with regret for the friends who had been killed and wounded in the chase. It turned out that Marmaduke had grown tired of reports that we were marching on him in force, and would not believe it now until his own men rode into town at nightfall, with the marks of Rosa's sabres on their heads. The place had been filled with the officers of his command, and he with them, come for their parting flirtations before the ball. They were to march to Little Rock, and their men were nearly all collected in the "Bottom," over the river. On this sudden proof of the attack, they made a stampede for the flat-boat of the rope-ferry and nearly sunk it by over-crowding, the hindmost men cutting the rope and swimming their horses across the wintry torrent.

We had full possession of the town and were little disturbed by the dropping shots from the Rebel side. We visited on our unfaithful friends such punishment as enforced hospitality could compass, and on the whole we had n't a bad time. The morning after our arrival we levied such contributions of supplies as were necessary for our return march, and, in order that the return might not look like a retreat, we loaded two wagons with hogsheads of

sugar (which would be welcome in Davidson's commissariat), and made every arrangement for the establishment of the camp of the whole army in the country back of the town; for our force was so small that, with our tired horses, it would have been imprudent to turn our backs to Marmaduke's little army, if he supposed us to be alone.

Keeping the town well picketed and making much show of laying out an encampment, I started the teams and the main body of the command at nightfall, holding back a hundred men for a cover until a later hour.

During the evening the Rebels on the south side of the river became suspiciously quiet, and there was apparently some new movement on foot. The only possible chance for an attack was by Magnus's ferry, ten miles below, where the boat was so small and the river so wide that not more than twenty horses could be crossed in an hour, and my sharpshooters were sufficient to prevent the removal of the Batesville boat to that point. Still it was important to know what was going on, and especially important to prevent even a scouting party of the enemy from harassing the rear of my tired column by the shorter road from Magnus's to Evening Shade; and I started at nine o'clock (when the moon rose), with twenty men, to go round that way, directing the remainder of the rear-guard to follow the main body at midnight.

The ride to Magnus's was without other adventure than bad roads and almost impassable bayous always entail, and in a few hours we reached the plantation, where I had a former ally in an old negro, who had done us good service during Curtis's campaign. He said that the Rebels had left the Bottom, and were going to Little Rock, but as a precaution he took a canoe and crossed over to the house of another negro on the south bank, and returned with a confirmation of his opinion. As it was very important to know whether the only enemy of Davidson's army had really withdrawn from his front, and as

this might be definitely learned through the assistance of an old scout who lived in the edge of the Bottom, it seemed best to cross the river to give him instructions for his work.

I took Roubie, my best horse. He was a sure reliance under all circumstances, and he and I knew each other perfectly. We were at home in every foot-path in the country, having had many a summer's swim in this very river; and now, accompanied only by Wettstein and Klitschka, I went on to the ferry-boat. It was what is known as a "swing" ferry. A stout rope is stretched between trees on the opposite shores, and the boat is attached to a couple of pulleys arranged to traverse the length of this rope. The attaching cords—one at each end of the upstream side of the boat—are long enough to allow it to swing some rods down the stream; by shortening one of the ropes and lengthening the other, the boat is placed at an angle with the swift current, which propels it toward one shore or the other, the pulleys keeping pace in their course on the main rope.

The main rope was rough from long use, and often the pulleys would halt in their course, until the pull of the advancing boat dragged them free. Then the rickety craft, shivering from end to end, would make a rapid shoot, until another defective place in the rope brought her to again. At each vibration, the horses nearly lost their feet, and the surging stream almost sent its muddy water over the gunwale. It was a long and anxious trip,—the rotten guy-rope hardly serving to hold us to our course. At last we reached the shore and rode on to Craikill's house in the Bottom. He had been "conscripted," and forced to go with the army, so his wife told us, and she had seen him march with the rest on the Fairview Road for Little Rock. The last bird had flown, and we could safely march back at our leisure.

Wettstein filled his pipe, emptied his haversack for the benefit of Craikill's hungry children, and, cheery as ever,

followed me to the ferry. On the way over he had been as still as a mouse, for he was too old a soldier to give an enemy any sign of our approach. But, as we set out on the return trip, in the cold moonlight, he sang the "*Ranz des Vaches*," fondled his little mare, and, unmindful of his wounded arm, gave way to the flow of spirits that the past few days' duty had checked. I never knew him more gay and delightful; and, as we stood leaning on our saddles and chatting together, I congratulated myself upon the possession of such a perpetual sunbeam.

We were barely half-way across, when suddenly, coming out of the darkness, riding half hidden in the boiling, whirling tide, a huge floating tree struck the boat with a thud that parted the rotten guy-rope, and carried us floating down the stream. For a moment there seemed no danger, but a branch of the tree had caught the corner of the boat, and the pulleys had become entangled in the rope. When this had been drawn to its full length, and the tree felt the strain, the boat dipped to the current, filled, and sank under our feet. I called to Wettstein to take Klitschka by the tail, but it was too late: he had grasped the saddle with the desperation of a drowning man, and made her fairly helpless. The boat soon passed from under us, and, relieved of our weight, came to the surface at our side, but, bringing the rope against poor Wettstein's wounded arm, tore loose his hold, and soon went down again in the eddy, and Klitschka was free.

"Adieu, Herr Oberist, tenez Klitschka pour vous! Adieu!" And that happy, honest face sank almost within reach of me. The weight of his arms prevented his rising again, and only an angry eddy, glistening in the moonlight, marked his turbid grave.

Roubie, snorting, and struggling hard with the current, pulled me safely to the shore, and little Klitschka followed as well as her loaded saddle would permit. For the moment, with my own life and the lives of two tried companions to care for, I thought of nothing else; but as I sat drying at Magnus's roaring hearth the direst desolation overwhelmed me. Very far from home, — far even from the home-like surroundings of my own camp, — I had clung to this devoted fellow as a part of myself. He was a proven friend; with him I never lacked the sympathy that, in the army at least, is born of constant companionship, and he filled a place in my life that dearer friends at home might not find. He was the one comrade whose heart, I was sure, was filled only with unquestioning love for me. Henceforth I must look for support to companions who saw me as I was, who knew my faults and my weaknesses, and whose kind regard was tempered with criticism. The one love that was blind, that took me for better or for worse, had been, in an instant, torn from my life, and I was more sad than I can tell.

But Duty knows no sentiment. A saddened party, we mounted, to join the main command; and, as we rode on through the rest of that desolate night, no word passed to tell the gloom that each man felt.

The petty distinctions of earthly rank were swallowed up in a feeling of true brotherhood, and Wettstein — promoted now — rode at our head as a worthy leader, showing the way to a faithful performance of all duty and a kindly and cheerful bearing of all life's burdens; and, through the long and trying campaigns that followed, more than one of us was the better soldier for the lesson his soldierly life had taught.

THE INCREASE OF HUMAN LIFE.

PART I.

THE halcyon days are in the past, and these are the days of degeneracy.

We hear these complaints, now and then, from persons whose eyes and ears are open to the evil and the suffering present to and around them, which they see and hear and feel, while they remember, or read of, or learn by tradition, only or mainly the virtues that were manifested, the good works that were accomplished, and the blessings that were enjoyed by their fathers. These are sad times, the world is going backward, say they ; and then they hang their heads in despair of the future.

The same was said last year and in the last century. Looking through the records of many hundred years past, we find, in every age, the same complaints, the same sorrowful discontent with the present, the same hopeless distrust of the future, and the same respect for the past.

Prominent among these complaints is the one that human life is waning, that a larger proportion die in childhood and youth, and that of those who survive their twentieth year a smaller proportion are permitted to enjoy the full period of labor and usefulness, and die in a good old age.

All this is without foundation. The sanitary history of the world shows that the reverse of this opinion is true, that life has been increasing both in power and in duration, and that it is now increasing more than ever before. As mankind has emerged from the rude conditions of barbarism, and made progress in civilization, there has been an almost constant improvement in life. As man has added to his means of subsistence and of protection, and to his comforts, in house and clothing, he has strengthened himself against destructive influences, saved himself from or carried

himself through the assaults of disease, and added to the number of his years on earth.

Early Records.

In the earlier periods of the world, no records were kept of disease and death, of life and its duration. Such records were few and far between in all ages until the present century. Even those that were made were not universal among any people. They were confined to special classes, and often made only for special purposes.

The records of the earlier ages were loosely made, and are probably sometimes mixtures of fact and fable, including what the writers thought as well as what they knew to be true. Moreau de Jonnès, the French writer on population, in his work on the Populations of Antiquity, says : "The ancients were very prone to exaggerate numbers." This French statistician finds much sympathy among those who wish to compare ancient with modern representations of similar facts in similar circumstances, or to estimate the value of old records in connection with the conditions attached to and with the circumstances that surrounded the things they describe.

None of the nations of antiquity and none in the Middle Ages took account and made general and public record of the three great events of man,—his birth, marriage, and death. It is only within four hundred years that in any nation, state, or town such reliable records have been kept by public authority as will show the longevity of the people ; and although, in most civilized countries, these facts are now recorded with various degrees of fulness and accuracy, yet few of the records reach back into the last century ; most of them have been begun, or have been made reliable, within less than fifty years.

Ancient Roman Life.

The oldest account of the mathematical value of human life is that of Ulpianus, — a Roman judge in the time of the Emperor Alexander Severus, — extending from two hundred and twenty-two to two hundred and thirty-five years after the Christian era. For the purpose of determining the value of life-estates, reversions, etc., he made inquiry as extensively as he could, and enlisted others to aid him as far as possible, and from their observations and researches into the personal history of many who had passed away, he calculated the average number of years that they had lived from birth, from their twentieth, twenty-fifth, thirtieth years, and other quinquennial epochs, and came to the reasonable conclusion that others, then and thereafter living, would enjoy, on an average, the same longevity, from birth and from the several other periods of life.

These calculations of Ulpianus, as to the value of life at birth and at the several after-ages, were adopted by the Roman courts as their rule in determining the worth of life-rights, reversions, etc. They seem to have been held in undisputed authority for the guidance of the judicial tribunals in these matters; and in the year 533, three hundred years after Ulpianus had made them, they were incorporated into and made a part of the Pandects of Justinian, by the learned commission which the emperor had appointed to revise and codify the Roman law.* During this period, and afterward while the Empire continued, these principles continued to be received by the courts and people as the true representation of the longevity of the richer, more cultivated, and favored classes among whom the original observations were made.

Mediæval Records of Mortality.

The oldest trustworthy and comprehensive record of modern times is that which has been kept in the canton and

city of Geneva, in Switzerland, for near four hundred years. The Genevans carefully recorded the ages of the deceased, and the number of births, and prepared and left a means of determining the value of life, and of showing its advancement through the last four centuries.

Many of the English towns and parishes took account of the baptisms and burials; and at times in some the causes of death were stated, from the middle of the sixteenth century. Similar records were made and have come down to us, covering the same period, in many towns of Germany and Holland, and in some of France.

About two hundred years ago John Graunt, an Englishman, wrote a book entitled, "Philosophical Observations on Bills of Mortality." A hundred years later Dr. Thomas Short published a work on the "Increase and Decrease of Mankind." Corbyn Morris made another valuable contribution to the history of life and mortality in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, by his history of the "Present and Past Growth of London."

These valuable and laborious writers seem to have been most diligent and painstaking in their researches into every sort of record that referred to death and its causes. They examined the town, city, parish, and church records of baptisms and burials, and in their books we find most important tables and statements of the numbers of baptisms and of burials in many towns and cities in England, and in some on the continent. Morris gives several tables, showing the numbers that perished from each fatal disease in London, in periods of years, from 1575 to 1757.

One of the most valuable sanitary histories of the world is the first volume of Part V. of the census of Ireland for 1851, a folio of five hundred and sixty pages. The author of this work went back in his researches, through history, record, and tradition, to ages before the Christian era, and, as far as his means allowed, showed the prevalent diseases

* Justiniani Pandectæ, Lib. 35, Tit. 2. Ad Legem Falcidiam.

and general mortality in Ireland, England, and some other countries of Europe, during more than two thousand years.

Mortality in Former and Present Times.

All these and other records of early times show the great prevalence and severity of many diseases—and especially those of childhood—that are now comparatively infrequent and harmless.

Cities were more unhealthy and destructive than they are now. The records of these places were made more fully and have been better preserved than those of the country districts. They show that some of the dense towns could not sustain their own population from generation to generation. Their deaths were more than their births, and they were indebted to immigration from the country for the continuance as well as the increase of their inhabitants.

In London, in the seventy-eight years from 1604 to 1682,—including the several ravages of the plague,—the births were six hundred and ninety-nine thousand six hundred and seventy-five, and the burials nine hundred and sixty-four thousand eight hundred and eighty-two.*

In the ten years, 1851 to 1860, there were, in London, eight hundred and sixty-four thousand two hundred and sixty-three births,† and six hundred and ten thousand four hundred and seventy-three deaths.‡ In the former period, for every hundred births there were one hundred and thirty-seven burials; and in the latter period, for every hundred births there were seventy-eight burials.

Not including the mortality from the plague, two hundred years ago, the deaths were one in twenty of the living, and including those from the plague the annual mortality was one in twelve and a half of the living. Now the rate

of death is only one in forty-two and thirty-one hundredths.*

In Dresden, 1617 to 1700, there were forty-six thousand four hundred and twenty-three births, and sixty-six thousand four hundred and sixty deaths.†

In Augsburg, through two hundred years,—1500 to 1700,—the births were two hundred and eighty-five thousand four hundred and twelve, and the deaths three hundred and twenty-six thousand one hundred and ninety.‡

In Breslau, the births were one hundred and eight thousand nine hundred and nineteen, and deaths one hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred and eighty-five, in the period from 1633 to 1734.†

In Paris, from 1728 to 1737, one hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and ninety-nine were born, and one hundred and eighty-two thousand four hundred and eighty-one died.‡ In the eight years, 1853 to 1860 inclusive, the births were four hundred and thirty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, and deaths three hundred and eighty thousand five hundred and seventy.‡ For every hundred births, in each of these periods, there were one hundred and eight deaths in the former, and eighty-eight deaths in the latter.

In Prussia, for every hundred children born, in each period, there were sixty-six deaths from 1698 to 1702,§ and sixty-two in the three years, 1861, 1862, and 1863.‖

In Silesia, the rate of mortality was one in thirty-one of the living, in the years 1728 to 1735, and one in thirty-five in the three years, 1861 to 1863.‖

Eighty-eight years ago, the mortality in Berlin was one in twenty-eight.¶ It is now one in thirty-seven and a half.‖

* Calculated from Short's and Registrar-General's Reports.

† Short, *Increase and Decrease of Mankind*, pp. 155, 161.

‡ *Statistique de la France*, 1860, Vol. XI. pp. xxiv., xxxiv.

§ Price, *Reversionary Payments*, II. p. 314.

‖ *Preussische Statistik*, 1864.

¶ Price, *Observations in Cyclopædia Americana*. 2

* Graunt, *Bills of Mortality*, p. 43.

† Registrar-General's 15th to 24th Reports.

‡ Supplement to Registrar-General's 25th Report, pp. 4, 5.

In Sweden, the rate of mortality was, in the period from 1755 to 1776, one in thirty-four and two thirds,* and from 1855 to 1860 it was one in forty-two and nine tenths of the living population.†

The rate in Dublin was one in twenty-two in the beginning of the eighteenth century,‡ and one in thirty-eight in the middle of the nineteenth.§

Decrease of Mortality.

Mr. Griffith Davis, a learned actuary, and writer on vital statistics, in the London Assurance Magazine, says:—

“By laborious investigation, I have ascertained upon indubitable evidence that a gradual diminution of mortality has taken place among the inhabitants of this country [England and Wales] through the last hundred years, and, taking all ages together, out of the same population there were—

Period.	Annual Deaths.	Period.	Annual Deaths.
1720 to 1730	106	1780 to 1790	79
1730 to 1740	104	1790 to 1800	75
1740 to 1750	92	1800 to 1805	70
1750 to 1760	85	1805 to 1810	66
1760 to 1770	84	1810 to 1815	61
1770 to 1780	86	1815 to 1820	62

—so that the mortality has decreased two fifths from 1720 to 1820.”||

This is corroborated by the statement of Mr. Edmonds in the London Assurance Magazine,¶ in connection with the deductions from the Reports of the Registrar-General, which show that the average rate of mortality in England and Wales was, in the first forty years of the eighteenth century, three hundred and forty in ten thousand living, and in the last forty years, 1821 to 1860, it was two hundred and seven in the same population.

Nearer home we find similar evidence of diminished mortality. In Boston, from 1728 to 1752, the deaths were one in 21.65 of the living. In the twenty years, 1846 to 1865, they were only

one in 42.08,—about half as numerous as a hundred years before.*

Expectation of Life.—Life-Tables.

The expectation of life, or the average time through which any number of persons will live, from birth or from any other age, is determined by calculation from the records of many people whose whole lives were subject to observation. Thus it is found and shown in Dr. Farr's Life-table, published in 1864, that of a thousand males born in England and Wales, though some may die in their first month and some at the end of a century, and the others at all the intervening ages, yet the whole sum of all their lives amounts to thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and ten years; which, divided equally among the whole, gives an average of 39.91 years for each; and this is their expectation of life at birth.†

In the same manner, the expectation of after-lifetime is determined from any other age; as, at twenty, a thousand will live thirty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty years; and at forty, the same number will enjoy a total of twenty-six thousand and sixty years; showing that at twenty the men of England may reasonably expect to live 39.48 years, and at forty, 26.06 years, longer.

The expectation of life at every age from birth to the extremity of human existence, is determined by the same processes of calculation; and thus we have the average of future longevity from every year, and the whole constitutes the life-table.

These life-tables are made in almost all civilized countries; and in some of them they have been made at two or more periods within the last three or four hundred years. In all cases, these life-tables are based on the facts of life and death, or the records of the observations of great numbers of persons who have lived and died in those countries, at and before the periods in which the calculations were made.

* Calculated from Mr. Shattuck's census of Boston, 1845, and recent mortality records.

† English Life-table No. 3, p. 36.

* Price, Observations in Cyclopædia Americana.

† Sveriges, Officielle Statistik, Bevolkerung. Calculated.

‡ Price, Reversionary Payments, I. p. 256.

§ Registrar-General's Reports, 1864, 1865, and 1866, Ireland.

|| Vol. V. p. 345.

¶ Vol. II. p. 268.

Life-Insurance and Annuity Companies.

It is the intention of the Life-Insurance Companies to receive so much in annual premiums, during the life of the insured, as, with the interest, will amount to the sum which they agree to pay at death to the heirs. It is therefore necessary that the calculated life, during which they are to receive annual premiums, shall not exceed the actual average of life from the age insured; otherwise they will receive payments insufficient to cover the amount to be paid to the heirs.

The Annuity Companies, for a certain amount received in advance, engage to pay back to the annuitant annually a certain amount agreed upon. For their security, it is necessary that the sum received should be sufficient, with the interest, to cover all the sums annually returned, through the life of the annuitant. It is further necessary that the calculated duration of life should be, at least, as long as the actual average; otherwise they will pay out more than they receive.

If the person insured live longer than the calculated average, he pays so many more premiums, and the company make it so much more profitable. If, on the contrary, he dies earlier, the company receive fewer premiums, and lose.

If the annuitant lives longer than the calculated term, the company pay him so many more annuities, and lose thereby. But if his life be ended earlier than the average, they save so many annuities, and make a profit on the contract.

The calculations in both companies being made on the average, and the business covering large numbers of persons of every age, the long lives which are injurious to the Annuity Office and profitable to the Life-Insurance Office are balanced by the short lives, which affect both of these companies in the opposite ways.

Both these classes of companies endeavor to have their life-tables represent exactly the average duration

or expectation of life from each year of age, and both are therefore safe, if they are correct in their calculations.

As the life-tables are intended to represent the actual average value of life at the time they are used for insurance or for selling annuities, it is needful that observations of the bills of mortality should be made anew from time to time, to adapt them to the actual experience of life and death. They may be therefore taken as evidence of the longevity of the people at the time they are used.

Taking, then, these life-tables, in their respective countries and at their respective times of observation, as the representatives of the value of human life, or of the average number of years enjoyed by the people from birth or from any specified age, they become valuable and available means of comparing the longevity of different periods of the world, and of different nations, with each other, whether contemporary or otherwise.

Ancient and Modern Longevity.

Comparing the longevity of people in earlier and in later periods of the world, as shown by their life-tables, we find another proof of the increase of human life with the progress of time.

According to the tables of Ulpian and the faith and practice of the Roman courts from the third to the sixth century, the average length of life granted to and enjoyed by all persons under twenty years of age was thirty years; that is, a thousand, taken as they are usually found, of all ages under twenty, — infants, children, and youth, — if observed until the last one died, were ascertained to have lived a total sum of thirty thousand years, or an average, for each one, of thirty years after the time of the observation.

Mr. Finlaison's calculations, based on the records of the lives of the annuitants of the British debt connected with the tontine of 1790, show that the average longevity of these people of Eng-

land was fifty years from and after all ages under twenty.*

According to Ulpian's tables, the average life of twenty-eight years was added to those who had already lived from twenty to twenty-five years. Mr. Finlaison showed that this additional boon was forty-one years and seventy days for the modern Englishman of the same age. In the next quinquennial period, — twenty-five to thirty years old, — the expectation of life was twenty-five years for those who lived in Rome in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, and thirty-eight years and fifty-four days for those who lived in Great Britain in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Take another and later period of life, — fifty to fifty-five years of age. The Roman had a reasonable expectation of living thirteen years longer, and the Briton had twenty-two years and two months added to his earthly existence.

The comparison of the ancient Roman with the modern English extension of life from all other ages shows a similar improvement with the progress of the world.

The Roman tables were calculated from observation of the more favored classes, the rich, the cultivated; but the great mass of the people, mechanics, workmen, the slaves, and the poor, who have a shorter life, were not included.

At the present time, among all the people of England, including the poor as well as the favored classes, the expectation of life at the age from birth to twenty is, for males, over forty-five (45.74) years, and for females, forty-six (46.46) years; and at the age from twenty to twenty-five, it is thirty-eight years for males, and about thirty-nine (38.98) years for females.†

In the United States, according to the calculations of Mr. L. W. Meech,‡ of the Census Office, for all classes of males and for all parts of the country, this expectation is, from birth to twenty,

forty-seven years, and from twenty to twenty-five it is thirty-nine years and five eighths.

Here was an increase of longevity, from the beginning of the third century to the end of the eighteenth, of fifty per cent among the more favored classes; and, sixty years later, the life of all classes in England and the United States was fifty per cent longer than that of the best among the Romans of the earlier day.

Geneva.

There is a record of mortality, kept at Geneva, in Switzerland, for almost four hundred years.*

The expectation of life was, —

In the 16th century,	21.21 years.
" 17th "	25.67 "
" 18th "	33.62 "
1801 to 1833	39.69 "
1814 " 1833	40.68 "

That is, the whole sum of life granted to a thousand persons, from birth to death, at whatever age, was twenty-one thousand two hundred and ten years in the sixteenth century, and forty thousand six hundred and eighty years in the nineteenth century, giving in the former an average of twenty-one years and one fifth, and in the latter an average of forty years and two thirds, and showing an increase of human life of nearly one hundred per cent in those three hundred years.

This improvement is mainly in the diminished mortality of infants and children. In the first period, one half were dead in their ninth year. In the last and present period one half lived forty-three years and one fifth. In the first period, only thirty-nine per cent of those who were born reached the period of maturity at twenty and entered upon self-sustaining and responsible life. In the last period, sixty-six per cent passed into the working period and became self-supporters.

In Sweden, the expectation of life at birth was, from 1755 to 1775, thirty-

* McCulloch, *British Empire*, I. p. 421.

† *English Life-table*, 1864, pp. 36, 38.

‡ *Massachusetts Insurance Commissioners' 13th Report*, Pt. II. p. cvi, 1867.

* Edward Mallet, in *Annales d'Hygiène*, Vol. XVII.

five years and three months; and from 1841 to 1855 forty-three years and five months.*

Fifty years ago, the Life-Insurance Company of Philadelphia used a table according to which this expectation was twenty-eight years and five months from birth.† The life-table of the United States, calculated in 1860, made it very slightly over forty-one years for males.‡

Professor Wigglesworth's table, made in 1789 on the observation of the mortality in Massachusetts, states the expectation from the tenth year to be thirty-nine years and a quarter.§ The table now used by the New England Mutual Life-Insurance Company makes the same to be forty-seven years and five months; and Mr. Meech's table for the whole United States, including the Southern and the new States, gives males at that age a chance of living, nearly a year longer than that given by the New England table.

In Holland, of ten thousand children ten years old, during the one hundred and twenty-five years, 1613 to 1738,|| five thousand six hundred and sixty-five survived to their fifty-first year. In the present century six thousand four hundred and forty-one lived to the same age.¶

English Tontines, 1693 and 1790.

The most remarkable and exact proof of the increase of human life during the hundred years from the first of the eighteenth to the first of the nineteenth century, is shown by Mr. Finlaison in his comparison of the results of the two tontines of the British government.**

In 1693, King William issued a tontine, a system of annuities, to be paid to the annuitants as long as they or any persons selected by them should live. In this contract, the sums that were to be annually paid by the govern-

ment to the annuitant bore a proportion to the sum originally received, according to the expectation of life of the person selected as the basis. As this expectation was based on observations of the length of lives at that period, it was a safe operation both for the government and the annuitants. The government borrowed sums of money of the annuitants, and repaid their principal and interest in annual instalments.

In 1790, William Pitt, prime-minister, issued another tontine, on the same basis of expectation of life, engaging to pay the annuitants annually the same percentage of that which they had paid in, during the lives of themselves or of the persons selected. This went on very well for a few years, but at length the government saw that the lives of these annuitants did not terminate so fast as did those of the former tontine, a hundred years before, and it was proving to be an unprofitable contract for the treasury, but a very profitable one for the other party. And, in 1830, the sale of annuities on this basis was stopped, for the people lived longer than they did when the calculations were originally made, in the seventeenth century; more annuities were paid, and the whole of these payments, before the lives of the annuitants should cease, would amount to much more than the sums originally received, with the accumulated interest. The government were thus paying an enormous and ruinous interest on the money they had borrowed in this way.

Mr. Finlaison's analysis and calculations showed that, while, under the age of twenty-eight, ten thousand of each sex had died in the tontine of 1693, only five thousand seven hundred and seventy-two males and six thousand four hundred and sixteen females had died in the tontine of 1790, in the same length of time. The mortality under the age of twenty-eight had diminished forty-two per cent among males and thirty-five per cent among females, during the hundred years.

It was shown that, from the age of thirty, the annuitants of the first tontine

* London Statistical Journal, XXV. pp. 126, 150.

† Seybert's Statistical Annals, p. 51.

‡ Mass. Ins. Commissioners' 13th Rep. 1867.

§ Sheet printed by N. E. Life Ins. Co.

|| Kerseboom.

¶ Statistisch Jaarboek, 1867, p. 406.

** Dr. Southwood Smith, in Trans. Brit. Social Science Asso., 1857, p. 498.

lived twenty-six years and eight months, and those of the second tontine lived thirty-three years and nine months; and the whole result is, that, within a century, one quarter was added to the life of the class of people who had thus loaned their money to the British government.

Change in Diseases and their Character.

Many of the dangers that beset humanity in former times have disappeared, or have been very greatly modified, and disarmed of their destructive power. The causes of sickness that robbed man of his strength, filled him with pain, or withered his life away, have been diminished in force and number, and many have been entirely removed. Diseases themselves have changed in their character, — some have become mild, some harmless, some have ceased to appear. Some, that formerly came as epidemics, and spread over and wasted whole districts, sweeping away multitudes in a single season, now appear only in a sporadic manner here and there, attacking individuals, but not whole peoples.

Records.

Although the simple facts of death have been recorded for a long period in many places and in several countries, yet the diseases or causes of death have been recorded in comparatively few. The fullest accounts are those of London, collected and published by Dr. Short, who quotes them from Corbyn Morris. They are copied apparently complete from 1675 to 1757, — a little more than eighty years, — from the original records of the parishes.

We have full accounts of the causes of death in London, through the last fifty years, and of England for near thirty years, and of many of the European nations for several of the late years, and of Massachusetts for twenty-six years.

These enable us to make some comparisons of the prevalence of disease in former and latter times.

Small-pox, which was almost con-

stantly present, and, from 1675 to 1757, destroyed seven to ten per cent of all the people in London, where the record was made,* is now almost entirely banished by the influence of vaccination. And in the ten years, 1851 to 1860, only about one per cent in London, and less than one per cent in all England, died from this cause.†

Measles was formerly very malignant and fatal: five, seven, and even ten per cent of all the deaths were due to this cause.* In the last twenty-five years, about two per cent of the mortality was produced by this disease.‡

Convulsions destroyed seventeen per cent, or one sixth, from 1675 to 1697; twenty-seven to thirty per cent, or more than one quarter, from 1701 to 1757, in London; * and in the thirteen years, 1848 to 1860, only three and ninety-four hundredths per cent.† In the last twenty-five years, in Massachusetts, less than two per cent died from this cause.§

Fevers were formerly one great dread of the people, and with good reason. Nearly one sixth, — 15.94 per cent, — of the people in London perished from this cause in the last quarter of the seventeenth century, and nearly as large a proportion in the next fifty years.* But in the ten years, 1851 to 1860, this proportion was found reduced three quarters, — to 3.66 per cent of the whole mortality.† In Massachusetts the proportion is 5.46 per cent.‡

Teething of children destroyed more than one twentieth, — 5.9 per cent, — from 1675 to 1727; a slightly diminished proportion in the next thirty years*; and less than one per cent in the fifteen years, 1850 to 1865.

Consumption, the dread scourge of the present day, was more dreadful in the former ages of the world. In the seventeenth century, 17 per cent, and in the first half of the eighteenth century, 16.93 per cent, of all the deaths

* Short.

† Supplement to Reg.-Gen. 25th Rep.

‡ Reg.-Gen. Reports.

§ Registration Reports.

|| Registration Report, 27th.

were produced by this cause.* But at the present time this proportion is reduced to 10.4 per cent in London, and to 12 per cent in England and Wales.†

Some other diseases, which are not known to the civilized world at the present day, prevailed with destructive havoc in the early and middle ages. Dr. Laycock, the learned professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh, in the report of the Commission on the Health of Towns, gives much of the sanitary history of York and of other parts of Great Britain and Europe. He speaks of the "black death, a glandular typhus or plague, by which, it is calculated, twenty-five millions perished in Europe during the years 1348 and 1349. In the latter year, in the city of York, it raged furiously from about the Ascension to the Feast of St. James the Apostle. As in London, so in York, the common graveyards were insufficient for the interment of the dead."‡ Clyn, the old monastic annalist, referring to this pestilence, says:—

"It seized the city of Avignon, where the Roman court then was, and where the churches and cemeteries were not sufficient to receive the dead, and the Pope ordered a new cemetery to be consecrated for depositing the bodies of those who died of the pestilence; insomuch that from the month of May to the translation of St. Thomas, fifty thousand bodies and upwards were buried in the same cemetery, — the river Rhone."§

"That pestilence deprived of human inhabitants villages and cities, castles and towns, so that there was scarcely found a man to dwell therein. That year, 1348, was beyond measure wonderful, unusual, and in many things prodigious." "That pestilence was rife in Kilkenny in Lent. Scarcely one alone ever died in a house; commonly husband, wife, children, and servants went the one way, — the way of death. And I, Friar John Clyn, of the order

of Friars Minor, and of the Convent of Kilkenny, wrote in this book these notable things which happened in my time, which I saw with my eyes and which I learned from persons worthy of credit."*

The sweating-sickness made similar havoc among the people in those days of low civilization, sickness, and suffering. This was "an epidemic resembling cholera in all its most essential features; the only difference being that in one the skin and in the other the bowels were affected." It appeared first in England in August, 1485, "being imported, according to Hecker and preceding historians, by the Earl of Richmond's invading army. This, however, is doubtful. Hollingshead distinctly observes, that, in the year 1252, 'sweats, agues, and other diseases' prevailed in England after a dearth; a murrain among the cattle following in autumn."†

Kaye, a writer of the time, says of the sweating-sickness: "Some in one hour, many in two it destroyed, and, at the longest, to them that merrily dined it gave a sorrowful supper. As it founde them, so it toke them, some in wake, some in sleepe, some in mirthe, some in care, some fasting, some ful, some busy, some idle, and in one house sometye three, sometye five, sometye seven, sometye eyght, sometye more, sometye all; of the which, if the haufe in every towne escaped, it was thoughte greate fauor."‡

The parish register of York says: "Above one half of the estimated population of this parish was carried off in the two summers of 1550 and 1551." And, in 1609, the clerk again records in the register: "In this yeare was the greate plague in Yorke." The word "greate" must not be understood in any limited sense, as we now use it when speaking of prevalent or fearful sickness. "What would now be esteemed a very high rate of mortality was then

* Short.

† Supplement to Reg.-Gen. 25th Rep.

‡ Health-of-Towns Report, I. p. 250.

§ Clyn's Annals, quoted in Mortality Report, Vol. I. of Part V. of Census of Ireland, 1851, p. 86.

* Clyn's Annals, quoted in Census of Ireland, 1851, Mortality, Vol I. p. 86.

† Health-of-Towns Report, I. p. 251.

‡ Quoted by Dr. Laycock, in Health-of-Towns Report, I. p. 251.

little thought of, so numerous were the causes of disease and death in the Middle Ages." When the plague was absent, the "purples" (petechial fever), small-pox, autumnal cholera, and exanthematous typhus were constantly rife. While these destroyed only one in ten or fifteen of the population, a "great plague" or "great visitation destroyed one in two or three in four."* Diseases were then so prevalent and fatal in ordinary years, that what now would be called very unhealthy seasons would then be esteemed highly favorable, and received with thankfulness. The seven-to-ten-per-cent rate of mortality was considered as the natural lot, and created no more alarm than a one-and-a-half to two-and-a-quarter per cent rate does at the present day. They were as grateful for the good years in which only a tenth or a fifteenth of the people died, as we are when only one sixtieth, fiftieth, or fortieth are carried away. They were aroused to fear and to taking measures for prevention when the epidemics spread thickly and widely and destroyed the people by thousands.

No Sanitary Measures adopted.

Even in the midst of this wide waste of death, the people took no pains to search out the causes of these pestilences; they only thought of contagion, and of endeavoring to prevent the spread of the disease from the persons and houses afflicted to those that were yet free from it. And though there were abundant sources of pestilence in their midst; though there were stagnant moats and pools; though there was no underground drainage, but superficial gutters filled with all sorts of filth, decaying animal and vegetable matters, and so choked that the water could not run off; though their houses were unswept and their inhabitants wore their clothing unwashed; though the air within and without was reeking with pestilential exhalations,—yet the people and the rulers took no note of these things. The wrath of Heaven, contagion, and sometimes the malice

of supposed enemies, were their especial objects of dread, which they endeavored to propitiate, or guard against and prevent.

Friar Clyn says: "This year, 1348, chiefly in the months of September and October, great numbers of bishops and prelates, ecclesiastical and religious, peers and others, and in general people of both sexes, flocked together by troops in pilgrimage to the water of Tachmoling, insomuch that many thousands of souls might be seen there together for many days. Some came on the score of devotion, but the greatest part for fear of the pestilence which raged at the time with great violence."* In other instances the Church ordered processions and masses, the people flocked to the churches, and some made pilgrimages to the shrines of the saints; and in all ways of devotion and prayer to the Deity, or to those who were supposed to have influence with him, they sought for relief from their dread destroyer.

The authorities, ignorant of the causes of the pestilence, made no efforts to prevent its first appearance or remove the causes of its extension, but bent their energies to preventing its spread by contagion after it had come to their people. The town-clerk of York leaves record of the doings of the town council in their days of trouble, one of which will show how they attempted to deal with this great adversity to human life in 1551:—

"vñ die Maij anno iiiiñ R. R. Edw. viñ

"It was agreyd, that all the wardens in ther wardes shall generally take shuche ordre for "saveguard of this citie, that all those whiche be, or hereafter shalbe, infectyd with the plaige, shall kepe their owen howses, and to be prepared for accordynglie. And if it fortun any of them uppon great necessite to go abrode, then such as dothe goe abrode, shall have a white Rodd in ther hands thentent they may be knownen; and that every howse that is infectyd shall have a Rede Crosse

* Clyn's Annals, quoted in Census of Ireland, 1851. Mortality, Vol. I. p. 86.

* Health-of-Towns Report, I. pp. 253, 254.

sat upon the Dower; and also that suche as departith upon the plaige shall be buried upon the day and not upon the nyght: and further when any person is departyd, that ymmediatlie before the corse shalbe hadd to the buryall, the bell shall be knyelled unto the corse be burried: and further that no dogges go abrode in this citie upon payn to forfait for every dogg that goith abrode vj.s. viij.*

In London, at the period of the epidemic in the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was ordered by the mayor that a red cross with the words, "*Lord, have mercy on us,*" be posted on the front-doors of all the houses wherein the pestilence existed, and all persons going out of such houses were required to carry a white rod two feet long in their hands.†

Besides these endeavors to propitiate Heaven and to prevent the spread of the pestilences, the people seemed to suspect that there might be causes of these diseases, but these causes were the wickedness of their fellow-men. "In 1348 they thought that the wells and springs had been poisoned, and thousands of Jews were slain with fire and sword as the poisoners, in conjunction with hundreds of Christians, their supposed accomplices."‡ In the weak philosophy of those days it was easy to cast odium on, and stir up popular wrath against, unpopular persons, like the hated Jews or others, as the authors of all this wide-spread disease.‡

But there was one philosopher at that time who saw the nature of the pestilence and the cause of its origin. Caius, or Kaye, in his "Boke or Counseill against the Disease commonly called the Sweate or Sweating Sicknesse," says: "The v. cause is close and vnstirred aire, and therefore putrified and corrupt out of old welles, holes in y^e grouūd made for grain whereof many I did se in and about Pesaro in Italy, by opening the afre a great space, as both those coutrimē do cōfesse, and also

by exāple is declared for y^e manye in openīg the ūnwarely be killed."*

Good counsellor Kaye preached in vain; the people gave dull ears to his advice. The dirty places remained uncleaned, the streets were not drained, the sources of disease were not closed. The cholera broke out in 1832 in the very spot where the plague and the sweating-sickness first appeared in York, three or four hundred years before, and typhus has had for centuries its favorite haunts undisturbed, and it has them now in some towns where typhoid diseases prevail and early death is the general law among the people.

The Plague.

The plague is to us but a matter of history, and few have now any conception of its power. It was a dreadful and present reality in the earlier ages of the world, and the most terrible scourge in Europe and in the East.

In London,† of which we have the full records, the average annual mortality was from five thousand to six thousand for some years previous to 1602; when the plague appeared, and there were forty-two thousand and forty-two deaths in the city in that single year, of which thirty-six thousand two hundred and sixty-nine were from this epidemic. From an average of about twelve thousand, previous to 1625, again the mortality increased, and fifty-four thousand two hundred and sixty-five died in that year, thirty-five thousand four hundred and seventeen from the plague.‡ Again, forty years later, in 1665, this epidemic appeared, and carried the mortality up to ninety-seven thousand three hundred and six, of which sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six were from this single cause.‡

No record tells of the mortality from plague previous to 1602. But in all the period from 1602 to 1665 it had its ceaseless work, destroying from one thousand to ten thousand and four hundred in each year.†

* Health-of-Towns Report, I. p. 252.

† Laycock, in Health-of-Towns Report, I. p. 254.

‡ Ibid., I. p. 263.

* Quoted by Dr. Laycock, in Health-of-Towns Report, p. 262.

† Webster, Epidemics, II. p. 3.

The plague made similar havoc in Dresden, Saxony, multiplying the mortality in some years five or six fold by its destructive presence. The same results are shown by the records of other towns where it was most prevalent and fatal.

From the earliest times, through the Middle Ages, it has appeared in the several countries of Central and Southern Europe, — Germany, Holland, England, France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Russia.

The records tell us of fifty-seven great pestilences that appeared, and greatly ravaged some parts of the world, from the time of Christ to 1789. In one of these, in 1656, two hundred and forty thousand are estimated to have perished in the city of Naples, and four hundred thousand in that kingdom.*

The cities were the especial haunts of the plague. They were then unpaved, undrained, and unswept, and the streets were the receptacles of all the filth of houses, shops, and barns, and pestilential air pervaded street, dwelling, store, and working-place, and the people were inevitably breathing

deadly exhalations and the causes of sickness.

Now, for near two hundred years, the plague has disappeared from Great Britain, and mostly from the central and northern parts of Europe. It still occasionally visits Turkey, Egypt, and Asia, where civilization has not yet removed its causes.

Other Diseases less virulent, and destructive.

In the progress of the world from infancy to maturity, the foes of human life have diminished and its friends have increased. Epidemics, pestilences, plagues, and malignant diseases have been gradually disarmed of their destructive power, and some have entirely disappeared; and many others, — fevers, small-pox, measles, scarlet-fever, etc., — have become comparatively mild and rare, and man has less to fear in his work and his walk through his present stage of being. Moreover, his constitution is better developed and sustained, for reasons that will appear in the succeeding articles; and thus man's life is more effective and enduring.

* Webster, Epidemics, I. p. 365.

AT RYDAL.

ONCE seemed it possible to know
The wisdom shut in printed books;
And once, to paint the fleeting glow
That gilds the woodland brooks:
But each must see a higher height
Who strives to conquer Wisdom's steep,
And each discern a peerless light
The pencil cannot keep.

The shadowy feet on Rydal Mount
Lead upward from a simple grave,
And ever travel toward one fount,
And follow but one wave:
Follow the sacred stream of Love;
What worth, Ambition! What hurt, Scorn! —
If fall the loving tears above
One who to Love was born?

A DREDGING EXCURSION IN THE GULF STREAM.

WE had arrived in the harbor of Havana on the 24th of February last, with the intention of leaving almost immediately on a cruise, the chief object of which was to make deep-sea soundings along the northern coast of Cuba and on the Bahama Banks. The steamer *Bibb*, of Coast-Survey renown, honorably known both in times of peace and times of war in almost every port of our Atlantic coast, was punctual to her appointment, and met us on the morning of our arrival. Transferred to her comfortable quarters, cordially welcomed by her captain and officers, and with the stars and stripes above us, we felt that it mattered little to us personally whether the city of Havana was in a state of siege, as the *New York Herald* reported it on the day of our departure, or whether it was, as we actually found it, as quiet as a New England Sunday, with no other indication of disturbance than its unusual stillness, — perhaps like the dead calm which precedes one of its own tornadoes.

Before starting on our exploration, however, there were certain official preliminaries to be settled. In the existing state of political disturbance, when every strange vessel was looked upon with suspicion, it was thought best that Mr. Agassiz should see the Captain-General and request the permission (most graciously granted, by the way) to make surveys in Cuban waters and enter any Cuban ports unmolested. This matter settled, we should have sailed immediately; but the work of sounding and dredging is peculiarly the sport of the winds and waves; nothing can be done in a rough sea; and an obstinate "norther" now set in and held us unwilling prisoners for several days.

All the amusements which usually make Havana so gay were interdicted. There was nothing to do but to talk over the insurrectionary news, to watch

the going and coming of troops, or to drive occasionally around the city or out to the Botanical Garden; — excursions of any length into the country being considered unsafe. The Botanical Garden is said to have been well kept formerly, but it is now in a state of complete neglect; the tanks and artificial streams dried up, the water-plants decaying, the growths tangled and ragged. The Alley of Palms remains its most beautiful and characteristic feature, but it does not compare in height and grandeur with that of the Botanical Garden in Rio de Janeiro.

At night, sitting on deck, we watched the wonderful phosphorescence of the harbor. So luminous was the water that every living thing within it was visible. We could count the rhythmical pulsations of the jelly-fishes by the rise and fall of a dim silvery glow which surrounded them; we could track the swift dart and whirl of the shrimps by sudden flashes of light; and every now and then a large fish coming to the surface would scatter a glittering foam for a yard and more around him. Every little boat carried its trail of light, and scattered golden spray from its oars. On examination the water was found to be full of animalcules, which are no doubt the chief source of the light, though it is partly due to a less pleasing cause, namely, the rapid decomposition of animal matter in the harbor. This accounts for the diffuse and spreading but duller glow which mingles with the more sparkling and vivid light.

At last, after a few days' delay, we were off, with a favorable wind and a smooth sea, skirting the northern shore of Cuba, dredging and taking soundings as we went.* The dredge was

* Wishing to give as impersonal a character as possible to this little sketch, I speak of the work in general terms, but it may not be amiss to say a word, in the outset, of the division of labor. Mr. Agassiz's share of the work, in connection with his friend M. de Pourtales, whose previous investigations of this

thrown for the first time some ten or fifteen miles east of Havana, at about two and a half miles from land, in four hundred and sixty-five fathoms of water. I confess that when the dredge was first thrown over the side of the vessel, I waited for its return with the impatience and curiosity of a novice, saying to myself, "What will it bring us from the deep sea?" Little or nothing this time but the dead. Yet its contents were not uninteresting. Of the pretty transparent shells of the Hyalæa, like or little bubbles of blown glass, purple or brownish in tint, there were four species; there were white Atlantas (Heteropods) resembling minute Nautili in appearance, though quite unlike them in structure, and a little Cleodora, formed like a three-cornered beech-nut, but pure white in color; besides these there were the wrecks of barnacles (Lepas), some joints of a coral (Isis), and a Cuvieria. But of living things there were none except a marine worm, and a hermit crab protruding his bright red claws from the tiny shell where he had made his home, little thinking to be disturbed, at least by any fishermen of the upper world, this peaceful morning, some two thousand feet below the surface of the sea. The next time we were more successful, the dredge being thrown in nearly the same locality but in shallower water, — the sounding giving only one hundred and fifty fathoms. It brought up living Gorgonias* (Fancorals), their delicate branches of a pale rosy hue, the stem here and there thickened by the growth of a small sponge upon it. As it lay in the glass bowl, separated from the mass of things which came up in the dredge, the different members of this pretty compound coral were in every degree of contraction and expansion. Seen through the lens, they were singularly like the buds of the Calmia (mountain laurel). Across

kind have given most valuable results to science, was simply to direct the dredgings. Captain Platt, the present commander of the Bibb, was continuing a hydrographic survey on the Florida Reef and neighboring coasts, which has been ably conducted by him for several years past.

* Acanthogorgia.

this branch rested a bit of glass-coral (Hyalonema), transparent, and hollow like a broken pipe-stem. Besides these specimens there were minute Crinoids, the crown not more than an eighth of an inch in length, Feather-stars, Terebratula, stalks of Isis, Sertularians in plenty, and also a bit of glass-coral growing from a little sponge. And so, with varying fortune, we kept on our way, stopping at short intervals to sound and dredge; sometimes with no return at all; sometimes only a broken net with a few small fragments of coral hanging to the frame of the dredge, telling us that perhaps we had lost some large coral mass which would have been a treasure, but which was heavy enough to burst the meshes in which it was caught. In this work there is many a slip between the cup and the lip: a strong current, an adverse wind, a rough sea, any untoward incident, however slight, is enough to disturb the apparatus and make success impossible.*

A word about the apparatus itself may not be out of place. The dredge is a strong net about a yard and a half in length, surrounded by an outer bag of sail-cloth. Both are open at the bottom, but laced above around an oblong frame of iron. This frame has two arms, with a ring at the end of each. One of these arms is securely fastened to the line by which the dredge is let down; but the other, instead of being attached to the line, is simply tied by a weaker cord to the first. This is in order that, in case the dredge should be

* Dredging in great depths is a slow and rather tedious process, requiring not only patience but very accurate observation. M. F. de Pourtales, of the Coast Survey, has been engaged on board the Bibb for the last three years in making dredgings in the Gulf of Mexico. These dredgings have included every variety of depth, from the shore outward to soundings of six, seven, and eight hundred fathoms, eight hundred and sixty fathoms being the deepest. They have brought to light the most astonishing variety of tiny beings, — especially crowded on rocky bottoms, but not altogether wanting even in the deepest mud deposits. A report of the results obtained in his first two years' dredgings has been partially published by M. de Pourtales in the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. They form a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the animals existing in the deep sea.

caught on the bottom, as often happens, one of the arms may give way, allowing it thus to change its position slightly and be more easily freed. It is an important precaution; for sometimes the dredge is caught so fast that it requires not only the force of the small engine to the reel, holding seventeen hundred fathoms of line, is attached, but the additional strength of all hands on board, to disengage it. When the dredge is lowered, — being of course weighted, so as to sink rapidly, — a cord is tied around the bottom of the net, while the sail-cloth is left open; thus allowing the free escape of water from the former, while the sail-cloth protects it from injury. When the dredge is landed on deck, a tub or bucket is placed under it, into which all its contents fall the moment the cord around the bottom of the net is untied. Sometimes a large tub is filled at one dredging with all sorts of living specimens, — shells, corals, shrimps, barnacles, sea-urchins, star-fishes, polyps, sponges, and sea-weeds, with all their natural brilliancy of tints.

On the second morning, having passed Matanzas in the night, we found ourselves off Cruz del Padre, a lighthouse station situated on a part of the coast where islands and shoals make navigation dangerous. The day before, the shore had presented a gently rising slope, consisting, so far as its geology could be made out with a glass from the deck, of marine dunes consolidated into a conglomerate limestone. Behind this was a broken picturesque range of hills. But now we were anchored in front of a line of low, flat islands like the Florida Keys, divided from each other by open channels. Midway between our ship and the islands was a coral reef, invisible to me, but revealed at once to the initiated by a dark purplish band in the water. Immediately after breakfast the boat was manned, and we started for an exploration of this reef.

It was a delicious morning, with a light breeze stirring which made the heat endurable. As we approached the reef, coming into comparatively shoal water, its beauty gradually unfolded. The

water itself, wherever it flowed over a sandy bottom, was of a wonderful color, like the green of an emerald when the light strikes into it and gives you its palest, purest tints. A few more strokes of the oar brought us immediately over the reef in a depth of three or four feet — and it would indeed be difficult to describe what we saw. Here and there upon the floor, which lay spread out beneath us like a picture, were huge coral heads, each one a world in itself. Lovely sea-anemones were growing upon them, two or three inches in diameter, with all their plummy green tentacles fully open and softly stirring in the water. By their side were tiny sea-fans, not more than a finger in height, while others much larger, purple, rosy, or green, might be seen at various distances. I had always heard of the beauty of the living world under these transparent seas; but I had no conception that it would be so absolutely clear and distinct. We had with us a water-glass, which seemed to bring the bottom still nearer. It is nothing more than a square wooden tube, with a glass plate in the lower end. Sinking this under the water and looking through it, all the undulations of the surface, which distort objects below, are lost, and nothing obstructs the vision. Seen through this simple apparatus, the seabottom, or rather the summit of the reef above which we were floating, was like the most exquisite aquarium, the contents of which were ever shifting. We could see numberless little fishes swimming in and out between the blades of the sea-fans; among them the brightly-colored parrot-fishes, their vivid blues and greens coming out in strong contrast against the white coral sand. But while I looked and admired, the collecting was going on. P——, who is an old hand at the work, and had come in what he calls his diving-costume, plunged over the side of the boat and walked off up to his waist and presently up to his neck in water, striding about as much at his ease as if he had been on land. Every now and then he disappeared with a sudden dive, nothing but an oc-

casional view of his heels, or his hat floating, innocent of a head, somewhere in the neighborhood, giving any idea of his whereabouts. From these submarine excursions he usually issued like a very sea-god, bearing perhaps an enormous head of coral, some two feet in diameter, which he had dislodged with an iron crow-bar carried in his right hand. Staggering to the boat under his heavy load, presently he was off again, returning from time to time with ever new treasures, — great cups of the Madrepora; huge masses of *Mæandrina*; bunches of the crimson *Stylaster roseus*, a bright red coral growing generally on dead coral rock; fragments of *Mammillaria*, of *Porites* and countless other corals, some already known to Mr. Agassiz, others new. Our young friend G — followed him, and was also busy in collecting; while the boatmen, catching the fever, plunged into the sea, or with a net tried to entrap whatever came along. In the mean time the Professor remained in the boat, and, aided by the captain, examined and stored away the specimens which arrived almost too fast to be properly cared for. They broke up some of the larger masses of rock, and found them full of life. Besides the corals of various kinds growing over their surface, the interstices were full of animals. Sea-urchins and star-fishes, frightened by the commotion, crept out of their holes and offered themselves to the spoiler. Worms, so long that you wondered where their soft folds were hidden in what seemed solid rock, uncoiled themselves and dropped from secret recesses. Little crabs scuttled away, but were caught as they made their escape, and imprisoned in one or another of the jars or buckets standing in the bottom of the boat and now nearly full. At last, after passing a couple of hours on the reef, we rowed to the shore of the nearest key. Here was a protected harbor between the reef and keys, which we looked at rather longingly, thinking, were there only a channel deep enough for the Bibb to cross the reef, how comfortable an anchorage it

would make in case we should be caught by a "norther" outside. The shore presented nothing but a beach of coral sand, and a low shrubby growth coming almost down to the water's edge.

We returned to the ship, laden with treasures; and, once more at home, the naturalists were very busy assorting their specimens, and, after watching them awhile in their living condition, preserving the smaller ones in alcohol, and disposing the larger coral heads and fans on the deck for drying. The *Mæandrina*, or Brain Coral, is one of the most beautiful. The bleached specimens exhibited in museums give no idea of its appearance when living. Between all the ridges which make the undulations, so familiar to us in the dead coral, the furrows are filled in with a green floor, soft as velvet, delicate as moss. In this green floor the mouths of the different animals are set, surrounded by tentacles of the same color, outside of which, like a paler row of tentacles surrounding the first, are lasso cells, their internal coils being plainly visible with the lens. Outside of these soft parts are the waving brown ridges which border the furrows, and by their winding contour give this coral its resemblance to the human brain. There are other species, in which the filling of the furrows is gray; but those with the green floors are much the prettiest. We brought home many fragments of *Porites* also. It seemed a pity to take them from the sea, where their greenish-yellow tufts look so soft that one can scarcely imagine them to be hard and rigid in structure. When placed in deep bowls filled with sea-water, they soon recovered their beauty however, and we could watch the twelve tentacles, which form the summit of every member of such a community, creeping gradually out till each one had its crown. So also with the Madreporæ: they folded in all their soft parts when taken from the water, but, being restored to their native element, began to expand again; the tentacles, which in this species are divided into six smaller and six larger ones,

being fully extended in some, though only partially visible in others. Many of our specimens borrowed brilliancy from a crimson growth around the base, which we supposed to be sponge.

From Cruz del Padre we crossed in a northeasterly direction to Salt Key Bank, an extensive and very level rocky shoal, coming to the surface only here and there. We anchored, the next morning, off Double-headed Shot Key, or Elbow Key, as it is also called, a narrow ridge of dangerous rocks on the northwest corner of this bank. Here our good fortune in the way of weather deserted us; heavy clouds to the north had given us unpleasant warning the night before, and the "norther" now began to blow in earnest. Notwithstanding the high wind and rough sea, we went on shore, after breakfast, in a boat. No beaches fringe these steep rocks, which turn a vertical wall to the sea, but a flight of steps cut in the stone gave us easy access to the land, and here the lighthouse-keeper met us, with his family. This barren strip of rock, swept by the sea, where not a square yard of soil has foothold, is a home. Anchored in mid-ocean, sometimes not seeing in the space of three or four months a soul beside each other, there live here a man and his wife, with a family of bright intelligent children. I could not but pity the young people growing up in such strange solitude and in such dreary scenes. Even walking with much pleasure is denied them. Elbow Key is a ridge of rock, about fifty feet above the level of the sea in its highest part, some quarter of a mile in width, and perhaps a mile in length; the surface is so broken, cut, and gnarled in every direction, that walking upon it is not unlike walking over broken bottles. It is worn also into deep pot-holes, into which you are constantly in danger of falling, and in many places is pierced through its whole thickness by deep caverns and tunnels. Kneeling on the edge of these singular excavations, which are often at a considerable distance from the shore, you see the water boiling

and surging beneath you, and hear the moaning of imprisoned wind and wave, while every now and then a blinding eddy of spray is forced up into your face. The wife of the lighthouse-keeper told me that when she first came there, six years ago, these strange subterranean noises possessed her imagination; combined with the raging of storm and sea without, they added a mysterious element of terror to the situation. Now, she said, she was accustomed to them. I suggested to her that she might have some little garden ground, to give occupation to the children and cheerfulness to their home. "Garden!" she exclaimed; "why, ma'am, if one of us should die, there is not soil enough to dig a grave, unless for my little two months' baby here." It was a rather ghastly, but very expressive way of putting the case. This man receives from the English government for his services here about four hundred dollars a year, and his rations, consisting, they told me, of little besides salt meat and potatoes. They complained bitterly of the want of books. They said that to most lighthouses, especially in such lonely situations, a library was attached, and they had petitioned for one, but without success. We had taken on shore with us a few books and papers, which they received with hearty gratitude. Indeed, the Bibb and her officers were old friends to them, the vessel having been anchored on the same spot, a year before, for a few days.

We walked over a great part of the island, sitting down from time to time to watch the breakers as they drove in upon the rocks and broke in clouds of spray against them. The strip of rock on which the lighthouse stands is separated from the rest of the ridge by a narrow channel. The whole ridge consists of rounded masses, in some parts only slightly lifted above the sea level, at others rising from twenty to thirty and fifty feet in height. The geology is curious. The whole key is formed of limestone, the strata dipping at various angles in different directions; but the surface is, as I have said, worn in many

places into pot-holes, which have again been filled by more recent formations, and these in their turn eaten away, leaving a mere shell lining the original excavation. In Mr. Agassiz's notes, taken on the spot, he says: "Double-headed Shot Key is a long, crescent-shaped, rocky ridge, of rounded knolls not unlike *roches moutonnées*, at intervals interrupted by breaks, so that the whole looks like a dismantled wall, broken down here and there to the water's edge. The whole ridge is composed of the finest oölite, pretty regularly stratified, occasionally torrential, the stratification more distinctly visible where the rocks have been weathered at the surface into Karren. The uniformity of the minute oölites leaves no doubt that the sand must have been blown up by the wind and accumulated in the form of high dunes before it became consolidated. The rock is very hard, ringing under the hammer, and reminds one of the bald summits of the Jura, such as Tête de Rang, near La Chaux-de-Fond."

The next morning, Sunday, the 7th of March, neither wind nor sea gave any indication of subsiding, and as it was not worth while to cross the Gulf to the Florida Reef in weather which precluded all possibility of sounding or dredging, Mr. Agassiz proposed to Captain Platt that we should run down to Salt Key, about fifteen miles to the south of Elbow Key, that he might have an opportunity of taking another geological ramble, and comparing the formation of the two keys. To this the captain readily acceded, and we started forthwith; but as it happened we found there was a Sunday's work before us very different from that we had projected. We were well on our way, when the captain with his glass thought he descried a schooner aground, on a shoal called the Lavanderas, to the east of Salt Key. Determining to go at once to her assistance, he changed his course, and, in about an hour from the time she was first seen, we were alongside of her, or at least as near as it was safe to go. There

she was,—a fine schooner fast in the rocks, and likely to be knocked to pieces on them before long with such a sea as was now running. A boat was despatched to her immediately; and to me, who am but a land-lubber, or at least an ardent land-lover, her course looked perilous,—bobbing up and down like a cork, lost in the waves one minute, and half out of water the next. Having reached the vessel, a rope was thrown to her, and she was drawn near enough for the captain to jump in. He came off to consult with Captain Platt as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. He was bound from New York to Havana, in the schooner *Americus*, and had had a prosperous voyage until the preceding evening, when in attempting to cross the Bank he had run upon the shoal a little after sunset, and had been lying there all night. He knew the position of the *Lavanderas*, and had taken his course so as to give them a wide berth, but had been unconsciously drifted astray by one of the treacherous currents which are the seaman's dread in these waters. Since the schooner struck, a Spanish wrecker had been hovering about her, but the sea was so rough that she could not come near enough to render efficient assistance; and indeed the only help she offered was to lighten her of her cargo of potatoes, charging for the service seven hundred dollars, which naturally enough the captain declined to give. She had now retreated, and was anchored under the shelter of Salt Key. Captain Platt advised throwing overboard at least a part of the cargo, and then, with all sail set, trying to drive the schooner over the shoal. He sent the captain back in our boat, with as many men to help in the work as he could spare, and presently the sea was strewn with barrels, hogsheads, and boxes of all shapes and styles. She was laden with cement, potatoes, empty hogsheads to be filled with molasses at Cuba, lumber, and other miscellaneous matters. Lightened of her load, and the sails set, she began to give signs of life; she

stirred, changed her position a little, and after a few moments of suspense, floated and moved on.

There was an exclamation of delight from all the watchers on our deck, but they were presently checked; for, as she passed us, so close that the two vessels almost touched, we saw that her rudder was gone, and the boat returning with part of our men reported that she had large holes in her bottom, and was filling fast. Meanwhile, under full sail, she was moving off rapidly, somewhat to our anxiety; for who can tell at what moment or how suddenly a sinking ship may go down, and she had not only all her own people on board, but four of ours. We got up steam, and followed in all haste. Again within hearing distance, by means of much calling through speaking-trumpets till both captains were hoarse, the master of the schooner made it understood that, notwithstanding his crippled condition, he intended to keep on to Havana. "How can you," shouted Captain Platt, "without a rudder?" "I'm going to hang my rudder," was the answer; "stand by me while I do it." "But your rudder's gone, look over and see for yourself." Up to this moment he had supposed his rudder only unhung; but having satisfied himself that it was actually lost, he accepted Captain Platt's offer to tow him under shelter of Salt Key, and there see what might be done further.

The day was already far gone, and, having secured the crippled vessel to our own by a hawser, we proceeded to our anchorage. It offered little shelter, being only a roadstead deriving some little protection from the low, barren island which served as a sort of break-water against the force of the sea. Consequently, we tossed about, almost as if we had been in the open ocean. Once at anchor, Captain Platt sent a boat again to the *Americus*. He would gladly have taken all her crew on board at once, and had indeed but little hope that she could last till morning. The master of the schooner, however, still held to the resolve not to abandon his

vessel except in the last extremity, and intended to pass the night in the attempt to rig a new rudder. He hoped to keep down the water by means of the pumps; and, should she be afloat in the morning, he would still attempt to reach his destination. Captain Platt promised to stand by him during the night; and having done all in his power to help him while the daylight lasted, he agreed with the captain of the *Americus* that, should the disabled vessel need assistance before morning, she should run up a red light.

It was a rough night; the wind was loud, and all the noises which sound alarming at sea in the ears of the uninitiated were abroad. I confess that I was not insensible to their influence. It was still dusk when I heard one of the men come to the captain, who was lying down in the adjoining cabin, and tell him that the red light was up. He was out in a minute, and, as it was impossible to lie there and think of the sinking ship, I followed as soon as I could to the deck, where all our company were already assembled. The poor schooner was plunging head-foremost into the sea, the water breaking violently over her forward decks, and in the dim light we could see two or three of her crew, aided by our own men, still moving about her, trying to save instruments, papers, charts, and such personal effects as might be rescued at the last moment. But she sank faster; one by one the men dropped from her stern, which was still out of water, into the boats below, and at last the captain, not too soon, followed them. They rowed off, but, before they reached the *Bibb*, the *Americus* staggered over, and lay upon her side with the surf breaking across her. It was a sad sight to see. She looked so like a living thing, and she seemed to fight so hard for her life, struggling with the waves to the last minute! Indeed, the whole scene was dreary in the extreme. The sun was rising, but without glow or color, shedding only a gray, cold light over the waste of waters and the slowly dying wreck. How-

ever, we could not be too thankful that no lives were lost, and the rescued men themselves seemed to feel that they had more cause for gratitude than despondency, remembering what might have been the end had they remained on the shoal another night.

During the rest of that day, and the following night, we lay off Salt Key, awaiting the repair of our rudder, which was found to be badly split. In the mean time we had a dredging or two, not very rich in results, and Mr. Agassiz went on shore with a party from the ship, to examine the key. His notes give the following report:—

“The whole formation known as Salt Key Bank, and lying between Double-headed Shot Key, Salt Key, and Anguilla Key, is a level bank covered by from four and a half to six fathoms of water flowing over a fine sandy bottom. This sand is a result of the decomposition of corals reduced to oölites of various diameters, from fine powder to coarse sand, mingled with broken shells, among which a few perfect specimens are occasionally found. Upon the edge of the bank, which everywhere dips very abruptly and steeply into deep water, there are at several points rocky ridges, and at others sand dunes rising above the sea level. A close comparison of these formations shows, however, that they are only different stages of the same process, representing various degrees of progress in the accumulation, consolidation, and cementation of the same materials. On the flat top of the bank, that is, on the level surface lying between the islands or keys, and completely under water, the loose materials are pounded down to fine sand. In course of time this sand has been thrown up upon the shoalest portions of the bank, these shoaler portions lying upon its very edge, along which coral reefs have been formed. These coral reefs have thus become the basis for those parts of the margin of the bank which are now lifted above the water, as Elbow Key, Salt Key, and Anguilla Key. It has occurred to me—

though my data are too few to form the basis for a positive result—that in this bank, with its marginal islands, we see the beginning of something corresponding to the Athols of the Pacific Ocean. Should the growth of the reef, in the course of time, lift the whole edge of the bank above water, as it has already done in some places, the enclosed area would then be surrounded by a ring of dry land, similar to the circular coral islands enclosing quiet waters in the Pacific, the formation of which has been so admirably described by Darwin.

“The foundation rock resulting from the accumulation of loose materials above these reefs consists of a conglomerate of coarser oölite, rounded fragments of coral or broken shells, and even larger pieces of a variety of corals, and of ‘*Strombus gigas*,’ the larger conch-shell. The latter are so numerous that they give great solidity and hardness to the rocks. All the species are those now found living upon the bank, among which the *Strombus* is the most common. Among the corals, *Astræa*, *Siderina* and *Mæandrina* are the most prominent ones. The stratification is somewhat irregular, the beds slanting toward the sea at an angle of about seven degrees. Above this foundation rock immense masses of loose *Strombus*, dead shells, and corals have been thrown in banks or ridges, evidently the beginning of deposits similar to those consolidated below. There is, however, this difference between them; namely, that while the foundation rock is slightly inclined and never rises higher than the level of high-water, the loose materials thrown above the water level are heaped in steeper ridges, varying from fifteen to twenty or even thirty degrees in slope. These ridges are due to the action of high tides and unusual storms. In Salt Key they make a foundation for the accumulation of finer sand driven over them by the wind, and forming high sand dunes held together by a variety of plants, among which a trailing convolvulus (*Batatas littoralis*), various grasses, and shrubs are the most conspicu-

ous. These dunes rise to nearly twenty feet in height. On their leeward side, almost to their summit, there grows a little palmetto. The sand of the dunes is still loose, though showing here and there a tendency to incrustation at the surface. Their slope is rather steep, sometimes over thirty degrees, and steeper to the seaward than on the landward side. In the interior of Salt Key there is a pool of intensely salt water, the surface of which has a pinkish or flesh-colored tint, due to the immense accumulation of a microscopic alga, and is hedged all around with the purest white foam. Along the outer edge of the area occupied by this microscopic plant, it forms large cakes not unlike decaying meat, and emitting a very offensive odor. The foundation rock of this key corresponds exactly to what Gressly has described as the 'facies corallien' of the Jurassic formation, while the deposit in deep water, consisting of muddy lime particles, answers to his 'facies vaseux.'

Having completed the work as far as the weather would allow at Salt Key, and the rudder being temporarily repaired, the captain determined to return to Elbow Key. He had lingered at Salt Key, partly in the hope of giving the master of the schooner an opportunity of returning to the wreck, which still lay with her masts above water, in order to cut away the sails and such of her rigging as he could save. Her captain was also partly her owner, and we felt the strongest sympathy with him, for the vessel was not insured and the pecuniary loss was total. But the sea was so rough that it was unsafe to approach her, and the Bibb rolled and tumbled about so uncomfortably that it was thought best to seek a more quiet anchorage.

As we approached Elbow Key, on our return, the scene was picturesque and beautiful. Both wind and wave had moderated now, but the "norther" of the last two days had blown up a furious surf. On the farther side of the key the waves were rolling in magnificently; breaking over the very summit

of the ridge, they poured down in foaming cascades to the sea. The caverns, or spout-holes, as they are called, were throwing out white columns of spray, rising perhaps some twenty or thirty feet into the air. They seemed to start from the very rock, for many of the openings from which they issued were almost at the top of the ridge. There were three placed so close together that the same rise and fall of the sea affected them simultaneously, and their three jets of foam rose at one moment, often meeting and mingling before they fell. Even where we were anchored, half a mile from the shore, we could hear the booming and roaring of the surf in these holes. Before night the clouds cleared away, the sun came out over the glittering spray, and the sea took on a mantle of many hues, changing from green and blue to softest amethyst and purple.

The afternoon was not lost for work. As the swell had subsided considerably, half a dozen fishing-lines were rigged, and we caught a number of fish which seemed to have borrowed their brilliancy of color from the sea. Meanwhile Mr. Agassiz and Mr. Pourtalès dredged from the deck and brought up a variety of specimens,—a little cuttle-fish not more than a quarter of an inch long, with bright spotted body and black eyes ringed with gold; feather-stars of various colors, little scarlet crustacea, a minute sea-urchin hidden away in a bit of coral rock, exquisite rose-colored hydroids growing on a crimson base: such were some of the treasures we found off Elbow Key; farewell gifts as it proved, for the next morning we bade it good-by and started for the Florida Reef.

The sounding and dredging were continued at intervals all day. The first dredging to the west of Elbow Key, in three hundred and fifteen fathoms, gave as rich a harvest as we had had at any time, including exquisite living corals, growing not in communities but singly. Perhaps the most beautiful of all was a "*Desmophyllum*." Of these there were several, their white cups, very slightly tinged with rose at the

base, tapering to a delicate stem. They resembled small morning-glories, and looked, indeed, more like flowers than like animals. The tentacles were of a rich chocolate brown, and lay at first folded against the inner surface of the partitions; but when extended they stretched beyond the margin of the cup, and their soft feathery edges moved gently in the water. There were other corals in this dredging, also single, and almost as pretty as the "Desmophyllum," though smaller. I observed especially the *Thecocyathus*, — the cup about the size of a pea, white outside, salmon-color, verging on orange within. One was delicately mounted on a small shell, the prettiest thing to see in the world. Then there were very minute sea-urchins, the disk not more than the fifth of an inch in diameter, but the spines three times that length; crustacea of various kinds and very brilliant hues; star-fishes, especially ophiurans, and countless other dwellers in the deep sea.

That night we anchored in the quiet waters of Ship Channel, between the reef and the Florida Keys, and the following day about noon arrived at Key West. The little town, with its gardens of cocoa-nut, palms, and oleander trees in full bloom, looked very peaceful and quiet after our late experiences at sea. Our shipwrecked mariners were fortunate in finding opportunities for an immediate return to New York, a passage being offered to the captain and mate on board a steamer leaving that very afternoon, while the crew took service on board other vessels. No sooner had

the news spread, of the loss of the *Americus*, than four or five wreckers started like so many vultures to prey upon the corpse. They returned, after about a week's absence, having actually collected something over a thousand dollars' worth of rigging, sails, etc., which were sold in Key West. This pursuit bears an ill name from old association, but it is now a perfectly legal and systematized business, though a much less profitable one than it used to be in old times, when the absence of lighthouses along the reef made accidents far more frequent. The captain's only hope of saving any part of his vessel and cargo in those days was in allowing himself to be fleeced by the wreckers, who charged an enormous price for their services. Now a court of adjudication settles all disputes, and the wreckers assert that their occupation is one which protects rather than endangers the interests of commerce and navigation. Yet it may be doubted whether a business which is exclusively based upon other men's misfortunes can ever have a very benevolent character.

So ended our rather stormy and not uneventful cruise; full of interest for the naturalist, who rarely has an opportunity to study in their living attitudes and natural colors the animals which inhabit the deep sea. After a few days spent at Key West, while our coal and supplies were renewed and certain slight repairs made on the *Bibb*, we started upon another excursion of the same kind, an account of which will be found in a subsequent number.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CXLIV. OCTOBER, 1869.

MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.'S LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.—The catalogue containing the list of new works to be published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., during the present and the coming season, is thus epitomized in a late number of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:—

"Sagacious rulers in time of peace prepare for war. Similarly, enterprising publishers are never so busy as in the dull times of summer, in getting ready for the brisk campaign of the fall trade. We doubt if any American firm has employed the quiet months more profitably than Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., judging both from the length and the character of the autumn book-list which they will soon lay before the public. It is full in all the departments of new books, new library editions, elegant gift books for the Christmas season, and stories of smaller dimensions for the juvenile stocking.

"First under the first head must be mentioned the opening volume of Mr. William Cullen Bryant's translation of the *Iliad* into English blank-verse. One volume of this work, comprising the first twelve books, will appear in November; the other half during the spring of next year. It will be issued in a handsome octavo, uniform in style and price with Mr. Longfellow's translation of the *Divina Commedia*, which it will at least equal in the eager attention to be given it by the critical public of two countries. Other new books of high character will be, Mr. Whipple's 'Literature of the Age of Elizabeth,' Mr. Lowell's collection of critical and literary essays, entitled 'Among My Books,' Colonel Higginson's 'Army Life in a Black Regiment,' and Rev. E. E. Hale's 'Sybaris, and other Homes,'—though the readers of the periodical literature of the day have already made some acquaintance with all of them. Mr. Samuel J. May's 'Recollections of the Antislavery Conflict,' sketching prominent persons and incidents of the antislavery agitation, cannot fail to elicit attention and comment. Mr. Henry James's elaborate work on 'The Secret of Swedenborg,' Mr. William Mountford's 'Miracles, Past and Present,' and the 'Sermons' of Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, a distinguished English Unitarian, will interest different classes of the public. The whole scientific world will welcome the first volume of the 'Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil,' with Mr. F. Hart's treatise on the physical geography and geology of the Atlantic provinces, and Professor Agassiz's own observations on the natural history of the marine animals. In poetry not before collected the firm will issue Gerald Massey's 'Tale of Eternity, and other Poems,' and 'The Vagabonds, and other Poems,' by J. T. Trowbridge, besides a great variety of new editions of the works of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Scott, and Tennyson. It is somewhat remarkable that the house will issue only one novel this fall, and that an English story, 'Too Bright to Last,' to be published in cheap form from advanced sheets. Another new book so unique in character as to deserve special mention is Mr. John D. Sherwood's 'Comic History of America,' a sufficiently elaborate effort of humor to fill a large volume, and to give material for sixty comic illustrations.

"The new editions are too many to be even enumer-

ated here. Notable among them will be the issue of the novels of George Eliot, never before the American public in any uniform edition, in the 'household' style in which the stories of Thackeray and Reade have already appeared. Five volumes will contain the six books on which Mrs. Lewes's fame rests. This publication is specially authorized by the novelist. Miss Anne Thackeray has also given the weight of her name in favor of a two-volume edition, in the same type and binding, of her stories. The promised set of Thackeray's miscellanies, making the 'household' edition of his works the most complete before the public, will appear during October. A new edition, in two volumes, of the complete prose works of Mr. Emerson will meet a general demand.

"The leading gift-book of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. will be a gorgeous illustrated volume of Mr. Whittier's 'Ballads of New England,' uniform in plan and style with the illustrated 'Snow-Bound.' Messrs. Fenn, Homer, Eytinge, Hennessy, Darley, Ehninger, Colman, and others have furnished the drawings, sixty in number, which Mr. Anthony has engraved. Mr. Longfellow's 'Building of the Ship' has been made into a smaller gift-book, with twenty pictures by Hennessy and Gifford. 'The Gates Ajar' is also to make its appearance in holiday guise, with illustrations by Jessie Curtis and S. Eytinge, Jr.

"Miss Phelps's new work of this year leads off the juveniles, appearing in October, with the title of 'The Trotty Book.' Other works for children will be 'The Uncle Sam Series,' comprising four ballads, 'Rip Van Winkle's Nap,' by Stedman, 'The Story of Columbus,' by Trowbridge, 'Putnam the Brave,' by Stoddard, and 'The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln,' by Bayard Taylor, issued separately with colored pictures and illuminated covers. Mr. Aldrich's 'Story of a Bad Boy' and 'The William Henry Letters,' from *Our Young Folks*, will each appear as soon as they are completed as serials. Mr. Hammatt Billings, aided by Mr. Linton, has illustrated Dickens's 'Child's Dream of a Star,' and it will appear before Christmas."

MAY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONFLICT.—Hardly any other person in this country is so competent as Mr. May to tell the story of the struggle against slavery. He was identified with the antislavery movement almost from its beginning, was intimately acquainted with all the leaders, and shared the stormy experiences through which they passed. He was fully informed of all the tactics employed by both its assailants and its defenders; he knew, and in his own person experienced, the several degrees of social, political, and ecclesiastical ostracism endured by the abolitionists while the power of slavery was dominant, and the prompt recognition of their sagacity when its power was destroyed.

Mr. May has not attempted a complete history of the antislavery conflict, but from his well-stored memory has produced a most graphic and valuable series of sketches of prominent persons and incidents of the great struggle.

MALBONE.—The *Newport Journal* testifies to the faithfulness of the local coloring in the descriptions in Mr. Higginson's charming romance of Oldport. "Some of the critics," says the writer, "are doubting the correctness of the local descriptions in this novel, and especially the account of the house where the scene is mainly laid. Only in novels, they say, are houses found where 'most of the rooms have painted tiles and are wainscoted to the ceiling; the sashes are red cedar, the great staircase mahogany; there are pilasters with delicate Corinthian capitals; there are cherubs' heads and wings that go astray and lose themselves in closets and behind glass doors.' Above all, the secret stairway excites disbelief.

"Now there are colonial houses which might almost answer this description, in or near Portland, Portsmouth, Salem, Philadelphia, and on the Hudson. At any rate there are such in Newport, and the house particularly described in the story is well known among us. It is commonly known as the 'Hunter House,' on Washington Street, directly on the bay. It is now occupied as a boarding-house, and the author of 'Malbone' resided in it for two summers, and wrote most of the story there. It has a narrow spiral stairway, apart from the great staircase, and leading from cellar to attic, with doors on each floor, which appear like closet-doors, so that people have lived for weeks in the house without discovering the stairway.

"Near by is the baptismal ground described in the story, and opposite is the light-house to which the heroine swam. Her rescue, by her preserver's diving under the wharf of the light-house, is an actual occurrence, and happened to a gentleman and lady, who reside in summer in that same neighborhood.

"The French ship '*Jean Hoche*,' described in the book, is evidently the '*Jean Bart*,' which revisited us this summer.

"The Jewish cemetery is well known, and the romantic story of the Jewish lovers is the actual tale of Judah Touro and his cousin Catherine Hayes.

"The sail and walk to Bateman's (called Brenton's in the novel) are carefully described from the actual localities. The wreck of the light-ship took place as described, on October 19, 1865, and the author of the novel described in this journal, two days after, his visit to the scene. The vessel came ashore on Price's Neck, at a point accessible by a lane from the farm-house."

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.—Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s Household Edition of Thackeray's miscellaneous writings, uniform with the Household Edition of the Novels, will embrace "The Paris Sketch-Book," "The Memoirs of Mr. J. C. Yellowplush," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon," "Christmas Books," "Burlesques," "The Irish Sketch-Book," "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," "Sketches and Travels in London," "Character Sketches," "The Book of Snobs," "Roundabout Papers" (to which is added the "Second Funeral of Napoleon"), "Ballads and Tales," "The Four Georges," "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," "Denis Duval, and other Stories," "Catherine: a Story," "Little Travels," and "The Fitzboodles Papers."

MISS THACKERAY'S NOVELS AND STORIES.—Miss Thackeray's gifts as a story-teller are as genuine and characteristic as those of her father, and prove that genius is sometimes hereditary, in spite of innumerable instances to the contrary. A uniform edition, in the Household style, of Miss Thackeray's novels

and briefer essays in fiction will receive a warm welcome in America, where her writings from the very first have met with the readiest appreciation. Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s edition will include "The Story of Elizabeth," "The Village on the Cliff," "Five Old Friends," "From an Island," and various other stories and miscellanies from different English periodicals. The edition is published with the author's sanction and under the authority of the accompanying letter:—

LONDON, 16 ONSLOW GARDEN, May 27, 1869.

MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.:—

It is my wish that your firm should republish my stories in a collected edition, to which the writer is glad to give her authorization.

This is not the first time that I have to thank you for thinking of our interests in America.

Believe me, yours very truly,

ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY.

BROOKE'S SERMONS.—Mr. Brooke needs no introduction to American readers, being already favorably known by his admirable edition of the "Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson." He is regarded in England as one of the foremost preachers of London, and the remarkable discourses in this volume justify his title to a leading rank among the religious teachers of the day. Their freedom and vigor of thought, their reverent and catholic tone, and their striking adaptation to the needs and spirit of the present hour, make them, like Robertson's Sermons, a most valuable addition to our religious literature.

HIGGINSON'S ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT.—Colonel Higginson was in command of the First South Carolina Regiment of colored troops, from its organization until the close of the war. He observed minutely and with sympathy the peculiar modes of thought, expression, and movement of men transformed so suddenly from slaves to soldiers; he became familiar with their ideas respecting social, political, and religious matters. His book will attract general attention by its striking descriptions of scenery and character, its pervading sympathy, and frequent humorous touches.

THE TRUE STORY OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.—Mrs. Stowe's paper on the Byrons appears in the September number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, prefaced by the following editorial note:—

"Many readers of the *Diary* of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson must have been much struck by a letter from Lady Byron, there printed for the first time (Vol. III. p. 351). The tone of deep affection, and almost divine charity, in which she speaks of her husband, must have come with startling effect on those who knew her only through the misrepresentations of 'Don Juan,' and Mr. Moore's 'Life of Lord Byron.'

"The following paper, from the pen of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, on Lady Byron's life and relations to Lord Byron, is the first complete and authentic statement of the whole circumstances of that disastrous affair which has been given to the world. Painful and appalling as are the details, the time is come when they can no longer be concealed. This paper is, in fact, Lady Byron's own statement of the reasons which forced her to the separation which she so long resisted, and on which, out of regard for her husband and child, she maintained so religious a silence up to the day of her death. Evidence at once so new and so direct cannot but materially alter the whole complexion of this most painful question; and all former judgments, being based on insufficient data, must of necessity be

henceforward invalidated or superseded. A perusal of the facts here given for the first time will leave little doubt in the reader's mind both that Lady Byron's separation was the only course open to her, and that the motives for her persistent silence were of the same kind which governed her long life of active and noble beneficence. The intense faithfulness and love to her husband which survived private wrongs of the deepest kind, the continued attacks of Lord Byron himself, and a long course of public vituperation, were only a consistent part of her whole nature and life.

"Towards so pure and lofty a character, *compassion* would be out of place; but *justice* may be rendered, even after this lapse of time; and it is peculiarly gratifying to the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* that it should be rendered through these columns."

THE SECRET OF SWEDENBORG.—This new work of Mr. Henry James, author of "Substance and Shadow," is a valuable accession to the literature of metaphysical investigation. Mr. James has long been a thoughtful student of Swedenborg, and has brought to his subject rare qualities of mind. In this volume the author explains his doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity, and seeks to secularize the Christian dogma of the Incarnation, or take it out of the category of miracle, where it is commonly placed, and show it to be, on the contrary, the foundation truth both of nature and history.

TROWBRIDGE'S POEMS.—In "The Vagabonds, and other Poems," the reader will meet with many an old favorite besides the initial piece of the volume. The readers of American magazines have long looked to Mr. Trowbridge for a collection of his fugitive poems, and will certainly give the present book a very cordial greeting. The volume is exquisite in its typography, and contains a remarkably fine steel portrait of the author.

MR. E. P. WHIPPLE'S NEW WORK.—In "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," Mr. Whipple has contributed to American letters a book of permanent value. "The one criticism we have to make on Mr. Whipple as a critic," says the *Boston Gazette*, "is that he writes so little. The function of the critic is so exceedingly important and so inadequately performed by nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand who assume it, that when a man with positive genius for criticism comes he should give the world all possible benefit of his rare gift. No one who has read Mr. Whipple's 'Essays and Reviews,' or his 'Character and Characteristic Men,' will question his pre-eminence among American critics for keen analysis, unerring discrimination between gold and gilt, delicate appreciation of an author's most subtle and unnoticed excellences, and a fulness and precision of statement that leave no shadow of doubt as to his meaning.

"These rare and striking qualities of Mr. Whipple's critical papers are conspicuous in his new volume on the authors of the Elizabethan era. 'Out of the abundance of his heart' he speaks of 'rare Ben Jonson'; the fertile, flashing, ebullient spirit of Fletcher; the easy dignity of Massinger's thinking; the meditative fulness and tender fancy of well-languaged Daniel; of Sydney's genius and goodness expressed in behavior; of Bacon, whose comprehensiveness of intellect needs no celebration; of Hooker, in whom holiness passed into intelligence, and the spirit of love into the power of reason; of Shakespeare, the one-souled, 'myriad-minded,' who so unmistakably surpassed them all. Mr. Whipple has long been known as an ardent admirer and close student of the Elizabethan

literature; and in this volume he has gathered the rich fruits of his sympathetic study. Whoever wishes to gain a clear and adequate idea of the great writers who rendered the age of Elizabeth immortal, will find Mr. Whipple's book a most genial and reliable guide."

MR. ALDRICH'S STORY OF A BAD BOY will be published in book form early in November, with nine new illustrations in addition to those that have already appeared with the letter-press in "Our Young Folks." The story has been carefully revised by the author, and will contain several pages of fresh matter. The volume will be printed from large, handsome type, and bound in various attractive styles for the holidays.

WHITTIER'S POEMS COMPLETE.—Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have just issued a new and beautiful edition of Whittier's poems, in two volumes, to match the same author's prose works and the Farringford Tennyson. The Merrimack Edition of Whittier is printed from new electrolyte plates, and is in every respect the best edition for the library.

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK.—The last number of the *North British Review* contains an admirable paper on the Reminiscences of the late Henry Crabb Robinson. After a careful examination of Mr. Robinson's extended work, the critic says: "Before taking leave of the Diary, which will doubtless become a favorite book with the lovers of our best literature, let us briefly indicate the character of its author as manifested in its pages, and as exhibited in his life.

"It is impossible to resist the impression that Mr. Robinson had much in common with Boswell. They both set up for their ardent worship men whom they regarded as matchless heroes. To Boswell, Dr. Johnson was a literary Jupiter. In his eyes, wisdom was incarnated in the person of the burly, pompous, dogmatic, and proud lexicographer. Less narrow in his tastes, and more accurate in his judgment, Mr. Robinson selected, from among the celebrities of his generation, Goethe and Wordsworth as the two men who were depositaries of the sacred fire. To their weaknesses he was not blind, but he was most considerate of their shortcomings. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to spread abroad their fame. During his lifetime he succeeded in persuading many Germans to read the poems of Wordsworth, and in inducing many Englishmen to recognize the genius of Goethe. His Diary will continue the work. It will enable thousands to appreciate both these poets more highly than formerly, by enabling them to understand them better.

"Yet, despite many points of resemblance, Mr. Robinson and Boswell were in essentials the antipodes of each other. Shrewd and sensible as Boswell undoubtedly was, he had in him an element of the buffoon. He was as happy to be made a show of, himself, as to exhibit the excellences of his mind's idol. If he had not been extremely vain he would never have written a Life which will keep alive the memory of one who would otherwise have been wholly neglected by succeeding generations. But there was no screw loose in the intellect of Mr. Robinson. A clear head and a logical intellect kept him from committing any gross mistake owing to the intensity of his admiration for certain men. He was competent to judge of their quality. He did not hesitate to point out a blunder in a poem by Wordsworth, nor to admit that Goethe had made mistakes. He was a hero-worshipper, but no idolater.

"Those who look back with pleasure to the time when they heard from the eloquent lips of the writer of the Diary many of the neatly-phrased stories and pithy anecdotes with which it is filled will peruse it with the greater delight because the printed page, while recalling to their minds the image of the departed, is rich in materials wherewith to form an estimate of his disposition and talents even more honorable and lofty than the flattering estimate which, during his lifetime, they had formed and cherished. It is a work to which no review can do full justice. In order to be thoroughly appreciated it must be read from beginning to end. The two volumes which

compose it are large. Upwards of fifteen hundred pages are contained in them, yet there are few pages which the most exacting critic will desire to cancel, and there is not one which the sensible reader will pronounce to be dull. No small portion of the pleasure with which they will be read is owing to the care and discrimination with which the work has been edited. Dr. Sadler had at his disposal manuscripts of which but the thirtieth part has now been printed and given to the world. Additions and corrections may heighten the interest and increase the utility of a subsequent edition of this *Diary*. Still, we cannot more truthfully characterize and more justly commend the volumes before us than by pronouncing them invaluable to every student of English literature, and indispensable additions to every well-selected and really precious collection of English books."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, as Mr. Sparrowgrass would say, "is a good thing to have in the country." It is one of the ablest agricultural journals published in America, and one of the oldest, being now in its twentieth yearly volume. It not only discusses in a comprehensive way all topics appertaining to the farm, but brings to the fireside an entertaining miscellany of the freshest literary and social news, — sketches of travel, reviews, papers on popular science, brief tales, poems, etc., etc. Its illustrations are often valuable. Among the contributors to *Moore's Rural New-Yorker* are Horace Greeley, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, and other well-known writers on agricultural and literary subjects.

MR. GREENWOOD'S "SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON," published in this country by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., is thus spoken of in a late number of the *London Athenæum*: —

"Proclaiming by his title that he speaks of curses and has little to say of blessings, Mr. Greenwood prefaces his collection of essays with a table of contents which shows that the evils to which he draws attention are the results of criminal propensities, bad legislation, and the thoughtlessness which is more productive than heartlessness, of sin and the fruits of sin. The doings and experiences of neglected children, professional thieves, habitual mendicants, unchaste women, persistent drunkards, and betting gamblers are the topics which he takes under consideration. After describing the ills that flow from the action of our immoral classes, and from our scandalous disregard of the claims of helpless infancy, he concludes his book of homilies with two shrewd and thoughtful chapters on the consequences of misdirected and wasteful charity.

"That the volume contains pictures as stirring and forcible as the sketches by which Mr. Greenwood first rendered himself famous, we cannot say; but, together with a mass of clearly digested facts, that will afford no less of assistance to the social reformer than of entertainment to the curious investigator of the condition of the London poor, 'The Seven Curses of London' comprises not a little writing in which sympathy for distress is not more conspicuous than humorous suggestiveness."

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS. — Though George Eliot's writings have enjoyed in this country a popularity only less than that which has been attained by Dickens's novels, her works, like those of Thackeray and Charles Reade, have not until now been placed before American readers in a uniform, compact, and inexpensive form. The HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS, issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., is published under special arrangement with the author, as shown by the following letter: —

TO MESSRS. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.

DEAR SIRS: — Your intimation that my friends in America would welcome a new uniform edition of my novels, with the latest corrections, is very gratifying to me. Some of the most intelligent and generous sympathy I have received has come to me from your side of the Atlantic, and has given me a belief in my public there which is a precious

source of encouragement. I have also good reasons, not probably peculiar to myself among the English authors whose works you have reproduced, for especially wishing my books to appear under the auspices of your firm; and I therefore gladly authorize you to publish the proposed edition, leaving the form and price to your more experienced judgment.

I remain, dear sirs, yours faithfully,

GEORGE ELIOT.

London, May 20, 1869.

MESSRS. LEE AND SHEPARD have just published two very valuable musical works, — "Sabbath Songs for Children's Worship," with suggestive exercises for Sabbath-school concerts; and "Jubilant Voices," containing nearly four hundred pages of choice new music prepared especially for this book. "Sabbath Songs" is edited by Prof. Leonard Marshall, Director of Music at the Tremont Temple Church, Boston, and "Jubilant Voices" is prepared under the supervision of Messrs. B. F. Baker and D. F. Hodges. Both of these works are admirably conceived and executed, and deserve to be popular with all lovers of sacred music.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 364. Morocco cloth, \$1.75.

ADAM BEDE. By GEORGE ELIOT. *Household Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 315. Morocco cloth, \$1.00; Half calf, \$2.25.

THE SECRET OF SWEDENBORG. Being an Elucidation of his Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity. By HENRY JAMES. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 243. Morocco cloth, \$2.50.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR ANTISLAVERY CONFLICT. By SAMUEL J. MAY. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 408. Morocco cloth, \$1.50.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By GEORGE ELIOT. *Household Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 315. Morocco cloth, \$1.00; Half calf, \$2.25.

THE AUTUMN HOLIDAYS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. *Popular Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 356. Morocco cloth, \$1.25.

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." *Popular Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 443. Morocco cloth, \$1.25.

THE EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHER IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." *Popular Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 326. Morocco cloth, \$1.25.

SERMONS. By REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, Editor of "The Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson." 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 323. Morocco cloth, \$2.00.

ROMOLA. By GEORGE ELIOT. *Household Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 344. Morocco cloth, \$1.00; Half calf, \$2.25.

THE VAGABONDS, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE. With Steel Portrait of the Author. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 172. Morocco cloth, \$1.50; Half calf, \$3.00.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. Edited by REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE. *Popular Edition*. Uniform with Robertson's Sermons. 1 vol. 12mo. With Portrait. pp. 711. Morocco cloth, \$1.50; Half calf, \$3.00.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. *Red-Line Edition*. With twelve full-page illustrations. 1 vol. Small quarto, cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$4.50; Half calf, \$6.00; Turkey morocco, \$8.00.

GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By C. C. FELTON, LL.D., late President of Harvard University. *Popular Edition*. Two volumes in one. 8vo. pp. 1064. Cloth, \$5.00.

These books can be procured of the Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.

GET THE LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST!

MOORE'S Rural New-Yorker,

THE GREAT NATIONAL
RURAL, LITERARY, AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

THIS FAMOUS WEEKLY, so long noted for the ability, variety, and usefulness of its CONTENTS, and the taste and beauty of its STYLE, was vastly **Enlarged, Beautified, and Improved** in January last, and is now not only the leading and most popular, but by far the **Largest, Best, and Cheapest Paper of its Class in the World!**

Moore's Rural has no equal in its sphere of journalism,—far excels in value, attractions, and circulation,—and is a welcome visitor to tens of thousands of homes in city, village, suburb, and country, throughout the Union, Canada, etc. In all the essentials of a Practical, Scientific, Literary, Family, and General Newspaper, it surpasses any other journal, and is pronounced the

Best Weekly in America!

With offices in New York City and Rochester,—the great Commercial Metropolis, and the heart of a famed Rural District,—it possesses unequalled facilities; and having Seven Editors and Hundreds of Special Contributors and Correspondents (located in various parts of the United States, Canada, and Europe), renders true the remark of an exchange, that "THE RURAL is the most elegantly printed, widely circulated, and heartily welcomed paper, as a whole, which now finds its way among the people." The RURAL is **PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED** with appropriate and costly wood engravings.

Everybody Wants Moore's Rural!

All who cultivate Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, etc., even on a small scale (in city, village, or suburb), need the RURAL; while Farmers, Planters, Horticulturists, Stock Breeders, Wool Growers, Dairymen, Poultry Fanciers, etc., will find it invaluable. In the Family it is highly regarded; its Literary and Miscellaneous Departments furnishing choice and entertaining reading for all. It is National in character and objects, and has a Continental circulation.

FORM, STYLE, AND TERMS.

MOORE'S RURAL is published on a *Mammoth Sheet*, comprising *Sixteen Large Double Quarto Pages of Five Columns*,—making it the **Largest Illustrated Paper in America!** Superior in value, variety, and purity of contents, printed in extra style, and adapted to both *Town and Country*, it is the paper for **You, Your Family, and Friends**. Examine a number and decide. Note that the RURAL is not a monthly, but the **LARGEST, BEST, AND CHEAPEST WEEKLY** of its Class, and that though nearly double its former size, and greatly improved, its **Subscription Price remains unchanged!**

TERMS.—Single Copy, \$3.00 a year; less to Clubs, and great inducements to Local Club Agents. Specimens, Show-Bills, etc., sent free to Agents and all disposed to act as such. The RURAL's large and wide circulation renders it the **BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM** of its class. Rates from 75 cts. to \$2 a line, each insertion, according to position, display, &c.

A TRIAL TRIP!

The **13 Numbers of this Quarter** (October to January) sent **On Trial**, for **ONLY FIFTY CENTS**. Try the Trial Trip of the

Best Weekly in America!

Single Numbers for sale by all Newsdealers. Price, **Eight Cents**; by mail, post-paid, Ten Cents. Address
D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, New York.

SONSY TOILET SOAP.

THE SONS Y TOILET SOAP is manufactured by an entirely new process, from the choicest and purest materials, and will not injure the most sensitive flesh.

To ARTISTS and ARTISANS it is invaluable, removing dirt, fruit-stains, ink, grease, etc.

It always leaves THE SKIN SMOOTH, SOFT, and PLEASANT.

It is very healing, and especially recommended for CHAPPED HANDS OR FACE.

For the NURSERY, no family should be without it.

It is an excellent shaving soap.

It will not waste nor crack when left for hours in the water.

It will last nearly twice as long as any other toilet soap.

C. E. GRISWOLD & CO., Agents,
No. 38 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Established 1840.

GENTLEMEN improving their grounds, ORCHARDISTS, LANDSCAPE GARDENERS, NURSERYMEN, and DEALERS in Trees, will find our stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees the largest, and the collection the most extensive and complete in the United States.

All orders, large or small, will receive prompt and careful attention. Packing for distant points performed in the most skillful and thorough manner.

Small parcels sent by mail when so desired.

Descriptive and Illustrated priced Catalogues, sent prepaid on receipt of stamps, as follows:—

No. 1—Fruits, 10c. No. 2—Ornamental Trees, 10c.
No. 3—Greenhouse, 6c. No. 4—Wholesale, FREE.

Address **ELLWANGER & BARRY,**
August, 1869. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MIDDLETOWN

HEALING SPRING WATERS.

The attention of the public, and of invalids particularly, is directed to these WATERS, which are very highly recommended by physicians and others familiar with their wonderful effect on disease.

They are Unrivalled as a Remedy,
Refreshing as a Beverage,
and pronounced

Superior to all other Waters,
both Natural and Artificial.

Sold by Druggists. Hundreds of testimonials and best references.

Send for Pamphlet. Address

GRAYS & CLARK,
Middletown, Vermont.

THE BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

IN THE WORLD IS THE



PRINCIPAL AMERICAN AGENCIES.

New York—505 Broadway;
 Chicago—43 Madison Street;
 Cincinnati—28 West Fourth Street;
 Boston—141 Washington Street;
 Milwaukee—410 Milwaukee Street;
 Philadelphia—1123 Chestnut Street;
 St. Louis—612 North Fourth Street;
 Cleveland—43 Public Square;
 Detroit—158 Jefferson Avenue.
 Indianapolis—No. 27 Pennsylvania Street;
 Baltimore—140 Baltimore Street;
 Hartford, Conn.—382 Main Street;
 New Orleans—6 Chartres Street;
 San Francisco—111 Montgomery Street.

Report of the Judges at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, 1867.

The whole number of Sewing Machines on exhibition is thirteen; of these, twelve are entered for competition. The article bearing the number 730 (FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE) is decided to be the best on exhibition. It must also be stated incidentally that

This is better than any of its class known to the Judges.

Its merits are:—

- 1st.—Good material and thorough workmanship.
- 2d.—More absolute novelty than marks the usual improvements in Sewing Machines.
- 3d.—The ingenious arrangement by a positive motion for adjusting the thread during the passage of the shuttle, and the gathering up of it in the finish of the stitch.
- 4th.—The reversible feed.
- 5th.—The variety of work that can be done upon it.

We therefore decide that it receive the award of first-class.

(Signed) WM. PRATT,
 IRA S. CADY,
 L. J. KNOWLES.

This is to certify, that the foregoing is a true extract from the Report of the Judges of Sewing Machines, at the 37th Annual Fair, 1867.

JOHN W. CHAMBERS, Sec'y Board of Managers.
 NEW YORK, NOV. 18, 1867.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW, AND OTHER POEMS.

By J. W. WATSON.

The Sensation Volume of the Season.

Price, \$1.25, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by TURNER BROS. & CO., PUBLISHERS, 803 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. For sale by all Booksellers. Send for our Catalogue of New Books.

\$25 A DAY.—33 new articles for Agents. Samples sent free. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

Our Illustrated Catalogue



of School Material for 1869 and 1870 represents APPARATUS, BOOKS, CHARTS, GLOBES, MAPS,

School Furniture

of several SUPERIOR MODERN STYLES, and many other "ARTICLES FOR EVERY SCHOOL."

Mailed on demand, with stamp.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO.,
 Publishers and Manufacturers,
 14 Bond Street, New York.

LAW, LOAN, AND BANKING OFFICE, PITKIN C. WRIGHT, DeWitt, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, payable annually. Interest collected when due. All charges paid by borrower. Have been in business over seven years. Parties having money to invest, please notice.

(138)

THE RELIANCE WRINGER,

With new Cog-wheels which cannot get out of gear, and patent Keyed Rolls, the covering of which will not twist upon the shaft, is less complicated and better made than any other wringer, and is the most economical. Manufactured by

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,

PROVIDENCE, R I.

New York Store, No. 29, Beekman Street.

\$2000 a Year and Expenses

To agents, to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* First machine on trial. For further particulars address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

Gems of the Lyric Drama.

EDITED BY GEORGE W. TRYON, JR.

A bi-monthly periodical containing the

MUSIC AND LIBRETTO OF THE POPULAR OPERAS,

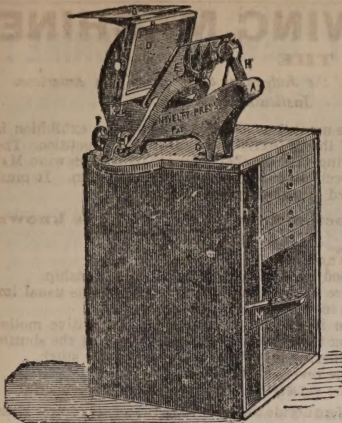
FRA DIAVOLO,
 MASANIELLO,

FAUST,
 CROWN DIAMONDS,

MARTHA,
 NORMA,

Will be included, in the two volumes for the year 1870, with steel Portraits of prominent Singers, wood engravings of scenes in the operas, richly illuminated title pages, and 384 PAGES OF ENGRAVED MUSIC, including the Overtures and all the principal Airs. Send Stamp for Circular.

Price Ten Dollars per annum, payable on receipt of first number. Separately, Three Dollars each opera. Subscribers' names can be forwarded to any Music or Book dealer, or to American Opera Publishing Co., 19 North Ash Street, Philadelphia.



DO YOUR OWN PRINTING With a Novelty Job Printing Press.

Which, for simplicity, durability, ease of working, and general excellence, far surpasses any other Press ever invented. The very finest printing may be done with it by perfect novices in the art, at a great saving of expense, and with a degree of pleasure that few other employments are capable of affording.

It was invented to meet the want long felt by business men and others, of a press low in price, simple in construction, and durable, that would do GOOD PRINTING. That it most admirably answers the purpose is evidenced by its great popularity, and by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietor, a few of which are appended.

Many of the wealthiest business and manufacturing firms in the country, and several colleges and academies, are using them with profit; and no greater convenience can be added to any business than one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of type.

The following correspondence is self-explanatory: —

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3, 1869.

BENJ. O. WOODS, Esq.: Sir,—Please send by express, "Collect on delivery," one of your Novelty Printing Presses, price \$15. The press is for the son of the President. Please address it "The President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C."

Truly yours,

O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1869.

BENJ. O. WOODS, Esq.: Sir,—The President requests me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst., and also the receipt of the press and material by express. The President wishes me to thank you for the kindness in supplying so much material for his son. Master Jesse is much pleased with it all.

I am, Sir, your ob't serv't,

O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

"The Novelty Press, wherever used, has given great satisfaction; doing excellent work and being a marvel of simplicity. Merchants, druggists, and business men generally, can make a great saving of time and expenses by its use." — *Boston Journal*, June 26.

JOHN O. RAUM, *Grand Sec. I. O. O. F.*, Trenton, N. J., says: "The press will more than pay for itself the first year. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it just the thing I wanted, and believe it will save me very many dollars I have been paying printers for work."

S. O. DANIELS, *Apothecary, Natick, Mass.*, says: "The press gives entire satisfaction."

Publishers Demorest's Magazine, New York City, say: "The press will be found most useful by dealers and tradesmen all over the country who have circulars, bill-heads, or any small job-work to print. It is very cheap, and very easy to use, and would make a capital gift to any enterprising boy who is ambitious to be a printer."

JAMES MUNROE, *Dry Goods Merchant, Thorold, Ontario*, says: "The press and type received from you have given great satisfaction. I can do as good work with them as is done at any of the common printing offices."

Price of Presses, \$15, \$30, \$32, \$50. Send to **BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor**, No. 351 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS., for descriptive circular containing testimonials from all parts of the country, with specimens of work done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Cuts, Borders, &c.

THE NEW YORK ALBION:

The best and most independent and entertaining Journal of Literature, Art, Politics, Finance, Field Sports, and News, in America. Published every Saturday morning, at 39 Park Row, New York.

KINAHAN CORNWALLIS, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription, with any one of the ALBION Engravings, sent free by post, \$5 per annum, strictly in advance. Subscription for six months, \$2 50, and for three months, \$1 25. Half-yearly and quarterly subscribers will receive a copy of the Prince of Wales's Portrait, or any one of the four last-mentioned engravings in the following list, free by post, these being smaller than the others. Clergymen and Teachers, \$4 per annum, without engravings. Subscription for one year, with any two of the large-sized ALBION steel engravings, in addition to a small one of the Prince of Wales, free by mail, Six Dollars in advance. Single copies, for sale by all newsdealers, ten cents. Subscribers will be supplied with extra Engravings at \$2 each, post-paid, but the price to non-subscribers will be \$3.

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 Cents per line, each insertion; 20 Cents per line for four or more insertions; 15 Cents per line for one year standing unchanged. Two agate line business Cards, with a copy of the Albion free, \$18 per annum.

ANNUAL CLUB RATES, until further notice, with a copy of any one of the following splendid Steel Engravings with each copy of the paper: —

Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Sir Walter Scott, Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Lord Nelson, St. Paul's, London, General Havelock, Three Members of the Temperance Society, The Castle of Ischia, Return from Hawking, Dignity and Impudence, Deer Pass, Florence Nightingale, Columbus's New World, Dr. Kane, The First Trial by Jury, The Falls of Niagara, Guess my Name, Duke of Wellington, Houses of Parliament, London; Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey —

For two copies, \$9 in advance.

For five copies, \$20 in advance.

For ten copies, \$35 in advance, with an extra copy to get-up.

For fifteen copies, \$48 in advance, with an extra copy.

For twenty copies, \$60 in advance, with two extra copies.

Subscribers, except in British America, to which prepayment is compulsory, must pay their own postage, Five cents per Copy, quarterly in advance, at their own Post-Office.

The ALBION, with any other weekly paper or with any monthly magazine published in the United States — the subscription price of which is not more than \$4 per annum — \$7 in advance, without Engravings.

Postmasters everywhere are invited to become agents for the ALBION, and a commission of twenty per cent may be deducted from all subscriptions remitted by them.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement once, or giving an equivalent notice of the ALBION, will be entitled to a copy for one year, upon sending marked copies to this office.



French Clocks,

BRONZES,

FANCY GOODS,

Musical Boxes, Fans,
Opera Glasses,

FINE WATCHES AND
JEWELRY,

Paris and Vienna
Novelties.

ALEX. M. HAYS & CO.,

No. 23 Maiden Lane, New York.

The above Goods comprise one of the largest varieties to be found in the city, and are offered at Low Prices.

☞ Sign of Gold Telegraph. ☜

SHEARS AND SCISSORS.



MANUFACTURED BY

HENRY SEYMOUR & CO.,

52 Beekman St., New York.

New and elegant in design, of superior material and workmanship, and elegant finish. The blades are secured by a simple contrivance, and the screw cannot possibly work loose. Every pair warranted. Sent by mail, post free, on receipt of

For Ladies' Shears (ordinary size) **\$1.00**
Family Shears (larger handles) **\$1.50**

HAVE YOU A HOUSE TO PAINT?

MASURY & WHITON'S

Reliable Ready-Made Colors

are the very best paints you can procure. Samples with directions sent free on application.

MASURY & WHITON,

Globe White Lead and Color Works,

No. 111 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

ESTABLISHED 1835.

"Hints on House-Painting." Cloth . . . 40 cts.

"How Shall we Paint?" Cloth . . . \$1.50.

Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

USE B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

Agents! Read This!

WE will pay Agents a Salary of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent Black or Brown. One Comb sent by mail for \$1. For sale by Merchants and Druggists generally. Address MAGIC COMB CO., Springfield, Mass.

THE ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN is the best and cheapest. Contains the latest improvements, *Vox Humana* and *Vox Jubilante*. J. ESTEY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, Brattleboro', Vt.

THE NEW

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

294 BOWERY. **EMPIRE** 294 BOWERY.



The extraordinary success of their new and improved manufacturing Machines for light or heavy work has induced the EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO. to manufacture a new Family Machine of the same style and construction, with additional ornamentation, making it equal in beauty and finish with other Family Machines, whereas in usefulness it far outstrips all competitors. The price of this now acknowledged necessary article comes within reach of every class, and the company is prepared to offer the most liberal inducements to buyers, dealers, and agents. Apply for circulars and samples to E. S. M. COMPANY, 294 Bowery, New York.

GOLD INK.

Violet and Fancy Colored Inks. Over one dozen of the most brilliant and delicate shades. These Inks flow freely from the pen and are unequalled for private correspondence. They can be used as paint, with a brush, and for Coloring Photographs or Pictures are unrivalled. Sent free for 50 cents. Great inducements to Agents. Send stamp for circular. ROBERTS & CO., P. O. Box 3986, New York.

EMPLOYMENT that pays. For particulars, address S. M. SPENCER & Co., Brattleboro', Vt.

\$9 a Day for all. Address A. J. FULLAM, New York.

Good Boys like Excellence better than Sham—Inquire Concerning

Riverview Military Academy,

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A wide-awake, thorough-going School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy.

OTIS BISBEE, A. M., Principal and Prop'r.

WATCHES for the MILLION!

THE Great Trade Improvement Association (Incorporated by the State) sell Fine Gold and Solid Silver Watches, upon the one price general average system, at \$10 each. Be sure to obtain a circular before buying elsewhere. Agents wanted. Address MICHELIN & CO., Managers, Broadway, Cor. Fulton St., New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.

Advertising Agents,

No. 40 PARK ROW, N. Y.

SEND FOR OUR 24-PAGE CIRCULAR, which contains: A list of over One Thousand Newspapers (THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUMS), and price cards showing advertising rates, and much valuable information on the subject of advertising, free for 3-cent stamp. Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents,

40 PARK ROW, N.Y.



Great and Unequalled Improvement
IN THE MANUFACTURE OF

PIANOS.

HALLET, DAVIS, & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, PARLOR GRAND, AND SQUARE PIANOS,

ALSO, THE NEW

"Orchestral Grand" Piano,

Of novel shape and elegant construction, and far superior in power to any grand piano yet produced, having in the short period in which it has been before the public received the unqualified indorsement of the highest professional authorities for its marvellous power and extraordinary richness of tone.

"The Orchestral Grand"

is the matured result of many years of study and practical experience in piano manufacture, and is now offered to the musical public with great satisfaction and confidence as an instrument having no superior in the Old or the New World. The THIRTY-FIVE premiums awarded by various fairs to

HALLET, DAVIS, & CO.,

for the excellence of their Pianos over large numbers of competitors, is a sufficient guaranty of the general character of the instruments produced by our house. We have in our Factory every convenience which new and modern machinery can give. We purchase our stock at the LOWEST CASH prices, and employ FIRST-CLASS workmen. We PERSONALLY superintend our business, and are constantly striving for perfection, and to make a BETTER Piano than any other first-class maker in the country, and will SELL IT LOWER. Every Piano is fully warranted for five years. Call and see our Pianos, or send for a Catalogue. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange.

Attention is called to the following entirely unsolicited indorsement of our new and unequalled

ORCHESTRAL GRAND.

NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE ASSOCIATION,
BOSTON, May 31, 1869.

DEAR SIRS,—I take great pleasure in advising you officially that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of this Association, holden on Saturday evening, it was, on motion of Mr. E. D. Jordan, unanimously voted,

That if any Pianos are to be used in the performances at the Coliseum, they shall be the Grand Orchestral Pianos of Messrs. Hallet, Davis, & Co.

I remain, gentlemen,

Respectfully, your ob't servant,
HENRY G. PARKER, Sec'y.

MESSRS. HALLET, DAVIS, & CO., Boston.

HALLET, DAVIS, & CO.,

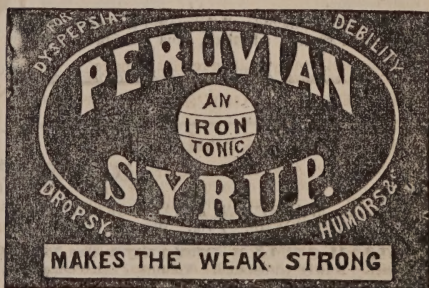
Warerooms, . . . 272 Washington Street, Boston.

DRY UP! CATARRH!

WHY will you suffer with this loathsome disease when a never-failing remedy is at hand? Dr. Wadsworth's Dry Up has cured thousands of cases of Catarrh, and numberless Colds in the head. Do not hesitate a moment, but procure the remedy at once and be cured. Price, \$1 per bottle. Pamphlet all about Catarrh sent on receipt of stamp to pay postage. H. H. BURKINGTON, Proprietor, Providence, R. I., also for sale by E. P. DWYER & Co., Chicago, Ill.; STRONG & ARMSTRONG, Cleveland, O.

THE CLIMAX KNITTER!!

THIS is, without question, the best family knitting-machine ever invented. It is small, light, neat, simple of construction, durable, works very rapidly, has but one needle, makes the old-fashioned knitting-needle stitch (and two others), with light or heavy, single or double yarn, sets up and finishes its own work, and needs no weights. It knits close or loose textures, hollow or flat web, large or small fabrics, — anything that can be knit by hand, and in a much better manner. A child can readily operate it, and can learn to do so much sooner than to knit with ordinary needles. There is nothing to be done but to thread a needle and turn a crank, until the heel is reached, which is formed to perfection, with little trouble and no sewing; the same is the case with the toe. The price of this knitter is but \$25, which places it within the reach of every family. It is destined to be very popular, and we can offer agents, general and special, exceedingly liberal terms for engaging in its sale. Send for circulars. Address ESSICK KNITTING MACHINE CO., S. W. cor. 11th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.



CAUTION.—All genuine has the name "PERUVIAN SYRUP," (not "Peruvian Bark,") blown in the glass. A 32-page pamphlet sent free. J. P. DINSMORE Proprietor, 36 Dey St., New York.
Sold by all Druggists.

Messrs. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.'S

NEW BOOKS FOR AUTUMN, 1869.

SEPTEMBER LIST.

LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. By E. P. WHIPPLE, author of "Character and Characteristic Men," &c. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.75.

GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By C. C. FELTON. *New Edition.* 1 vol. 8vo. Cloth, \$5.00; Half calf, \$8.00.

THE SECRET OF SWEDENBORG. By HENRY JAMES, author of "Substance and Shadow." 1 vol. 8vo. \$2.50.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR ANTISLAVERY CONFLICT. By Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE ELIOT. *Household Edition* to match THACKERAY and READE. This Edition includes

Adam Bede.

Romola.

The Mill on the Floss.

Felix Holt.

Scenes of Clerical Life.

Silas Marner.

5 vols. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00 each; Half calf, \$2.25.

SERMONS. By REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, author of "The Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson." 1 vol. 12mo. \$2.00.

THE VAGABONDS AND OTHER POEMS. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. With Steel Portrait of the Author. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50; Half Calf, \$3.00.

WHITTIER'S COMPLETE POEMS. *Merri-mack Edition*, from new electrotype plates, to match WHITTIER'S Prose Works and *Farringford Tennyson*. 2 vols. 16mo. Cloth, \$5.00; Half calf, \$9.00; Turkey morocco, \$12.00.

The best edition of Whittier's Poems for the Library.

TENNYSON'S COMPLETE POEMS. *Globe Edition.* Entirely new plates. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

ARMY-LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

TOO BRIGHT TO LAST. A Novel. *From Advance Sheets.* 8vo. Paper, 35 cents.

OCTOBER LIST.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S COMPLETE POEMS. *Diamond Edition.* 1 vol. 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; Half calf, \$3.00; Turkey morocco, \$3.75.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S COMPLETE PROSE WORKS. *New Edition* from new plates. 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, \$5.00; Half calf, \$9.00; Turkey morocco, \$12.00.

This edition comprises all the matter in the six volumes of Emerson's Prose Works published at \$2 each.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S SYBARIS AND OTHER HOMES. Uniform with "If, Yes, and Perhaps." 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TALES OF A GRAND-FATHER. *Illustrated Library Edition.* Uniform with Illustrated Waverley. 3 vols. 12mo. \$4.50; Half calf, \$9.00.

W. M. THACKERAY'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS. *Household Edition.* Uniform with Thackeray's Novels. 5 vols. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.25; Half calf, \$2.50 each volume.

This edition will include all the matter in the late English Edition with various additions, thus making it with the novels

The cheapest and most complete Thackeray in the market.

MISS ANNE THACKERAY'S COMPLETE WRITINGS. *Household Edition.* Uniform with her father's works. 2 vols. 16mo. \$1.00 each; Half calf, \$2.25.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON'S LIFE AND LETTERS. Edited by REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE. *New Edition.* 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50; Half calf, \$3.00.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1870. With profuse illustrations and a most interesting list of contents, comprising articles by LOWELL, HIGGINSON, HOWELLS, WHITTIER, MISS PHELPS, HALE, KATE FIELD, TROWBRIDGE, DICKENS, THACKERAY, MISS MITFORD, &c. 50 cents.

THE COUNTRY PARSON'S WORKS. *New and Cheaper edition.* 8 vols. 16mo. This edition includes

Recreations. 2 vols. \$2.50.

Graver Thoughts. 2 vols. \$2.50.

Leisure Hours in Town. 1 vol. \$1.25.

Counsel and Comfort. 1 vol. \$1.25.

Autumn Holidays. 1 vol. \$1.25.

Every-Day Philosopher. 1 vol. \$1.25.

NOVEMBER LIST.

GERALD MASSEY'S A TALE OF ETERNITY AND OTHER POEMS. 1 vol. 16mo.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S The Iliad of Homer. Newly translated. Volume First, comprising the first twelve books. 1 vol. 8vo. Uniform with Longfellow's Dante. Price \$5.00.

Volume Second, completing the work, will be published in the spring of 1870.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD'S MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT. 1 vol. 12mo. \$2.00.

LOUIS AGASSIZ and F. HARTT'S SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF A JOURNEY IN BRAZIL. Vol. I., containing the Physical Geography and Geology of the Atlantic Provinces, by F. Hartt, and the Natural History of the Marine Animals, by L. Agassiz.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW'S THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE. *New and cheaper Edition.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S AMONG MY BOOKS. 1 vol. 16mo.

Messrs. FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.'S

New Books to be issued during the Autumn of 1869.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER'S BALADS OF NEW ENGLAND. With 60 Illustrations by Fenn, Eytinge, Hennessy, Ehninger, Darley, Colman, Fredericks, Homer, and Perkins. Engraved on Wood by Anthony, and printed at the University Press. 8vo. Bevelled and gilt, and richly bound in cloth, \$5.00. Uniform with the Illustrated "Snow-Bound." Turkey morocco, \$9.00.

 *The most beautiful holiday book ever produced in America.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW'S BUILDING OF THE SHIP. Illustrated Edition. With 20 pictures by Hennessey and Gifford, and red line border. The engravings by Anthony and Linton. Small quarto, uniform with "Sir Launfal," cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$3.00. Turkey morocco, \$5.50.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS'S GATES AJAR, Illustrated. With 12 full-page drawings, by Jessie Curtis and S. Eytinge, Jr., engraved by Linton. The text newly set in handsome type with red-line border. 1 vol. 4to. Cloth, \$3.50; Turkey morocco, \$7.00.

OWEN MEREDITH'S LUCILE. *Red-Line Edition.* With 8 full-page Illustrations by George Du Maurier. 1 vol. Small quarto. Cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$3.50; Half calf, \$5.00; Antique morocco, \$7.00.

SCOTT'S COMPLETE POEMS. *Red-Line Edition.* With 12 full-page Illustrations by various artists. 1 vol. Small quarto, cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$4.50; Half calf, \$6.00; Turkey morocco, \$8.00.

 *The handsomest and cheapest illustrated Scott.*

LONGFELLOW'S COMPLETE POEMS. *Red-Line Edition.* With 12 full-page Illustrations. 1 vol. Small quarto. Cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$4.50; Half calf, \$6.00; Turkey morocco, \$8.00.

 *The cheapest illustrated Longfellow ever published.*

CHARLES DICKENS'S NOVELS. New Edition.

Complete in 7 volumes, each containing from 16 to 20 of the original illustrations selected as the best. 16mo. Cloth, \$12.25; Half calf, \$25.00.

 *This is the Charles Dickens Edition bound two volumes in one, and will be sold only in sets.*

JOHN D. SHERWOOD'S COMIC HISTORY OF AMERICA. With 60 Illustrations by Harry Scratchley. 1 vol. 12mo. \$2.50.

 *A thoroughly unique book.*

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1870. With profuse illustrations and a most interesting list of contents, comprising articles by Lowell, Higginson, Howells, Whittier, Miss Phelps, Hale, Kate Field, Trowbridge, Dickens, Thackeray, Miss Mitford, &c. 50 cents.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH'S THE STORY OF A BAD BOY. Profusely illustrated by S. Eytinge, Jr. 1 vol. \$1.50.

MRS. A. M. DIAZ'S THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS. With many Illustrations. 1 vol. \$1.50.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS'S THE TROTTY BOOK. A charming new Juvenile. With profuse illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr., and Lizzie B. Humphrey. 1 vol. 4to.

THE FAIRY EGG, And what it held. A charming volume, beautifully illustrated.

CHARLES DICKENS'S A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR. With 12 full-page pictures drawn by Billings and engraved by Linton.

OUR YOUNG OLKS for 1869. 1 vol. 8vo.

Cloth, plain edge, \$3.00.

" gilt edge, \$3.50.

THE UNCLE SAM SERIES For American Children, comprising

1. **Rip Van Winkle's Nap,** by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. With Illustrations in Colors, by S. Eytinge, Jr.

2. **The Story of Columbus,** by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. With Illustrations in Colors, by Alfred Fredericks,

3. **Putnam the Brave,** by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. With Illustrations in Colors, by Alfred Fredericks.

4. **The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln,** by BARBARA TAYLOR. With Illustrations in Colors, by S. Eytinge, Jr.

In Illuminated Paper Covers. 60 cents each.

TO BE ISSUED THIS FALL

BY

LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS,

149 Washington Street, Boston.

National Orations.

The Complete Works of Hon. Charles Sumner.

* Containing all his Public Orations and Speeches.

This edition will comprise the ORATIONS, SENATORIAL SPEECHES, and the MISCELLANEOUS ADDRESSES, LETTERS, and PAPERS of MR. SUMNER through his whole public life, and will be one of the noblest contributions to our National History and Literature ever published.

It is issued under the direct personal supervision of Mr. Sumner, who has prepared every page of this great work, and has brought to bear upon it the rich maturity of his marvellous powers, until in its completeness, its accuracy, and in its wealth of annotations, it will ever stand an honor to its author and the nation.

It has peculiar claims upon the pride and patriotism of every American citizen, as the only authorized edition of the works of the distinguished Senator who has for so many years been identified with every important question relating to the Nation's prosperity, honor, and existence, and who has been for almost a generation, and now is, the acknowledged leader in the cause of Human Rights.

This edition will be elegantly printed at the University Press, from new type, will have a BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT of MR. SUMNER, will be furnished with a Complete Analytical and Topical Index, and will be

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Speeches, Lectures, and Letters.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS. A new edition, Crown 8vo, with Portrait. \$2.50.

National Sermons.

Sermons, Letters, and Speeches on Slavery and its War.

From the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill to the Inauguration of President Grant. By REV. GILBERT HAVEN. Crown 8vo. 656 pages. Tinted paper, bevelled boards, gilt top. \$2.50.

New America.

Alaska and its Resources.

By W. H. DALL (Director of the Russian Telegraph Expedition). Illustrated with nearly One Hundred fine wood-cuts from drawings by the author, together with an entirely new Map. One volume. Crown 8vo.

The Sunset Land.

Being the record of a trip from the Hills of Berkshire to the Golden Gate. By REV. JOHN TODD, D. D. 16mo. Cloth \$1.50.

New Volume of "Golden Truth Series."

Living Thoughts.

By MRS. CHARLOTTE A. MEANS, author of "Golden Truths" and "Words of Hope." 4to. Tinted paper, gilt tops, morocco cloth. \$2.00.

THE GOLDEN TRUTH SERIES

In a neat box. Price \$6.00.

Golden Truths, Words of Hope, Living Thoughts.

A New Novel.

Hester Strong's Life-Work.

By MRS. S. A. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Lawrence Monroe," &c. 16mo. Cloth \$1.50.

A Companion to "Chimes for Childhood."

Echoes from Home.

A collection of Songs, Ballads, and Home Poetry. By the Editor of "Chimes for Childhood." Illustrated by Hammett Billings. Tinted paper, bevelled boards. \$1.50. Full gilt, \$2.50.

A New Edition of

"A Remarkable Book."

C R E D O.

1 Volume. 16mo. \$1.50.

"Evangelical Christians will find the book both safe and edifying, while thinkers and reasoners of every grade, though they may dissent from his views, will admire the author's tact and brilliancy."

A Fascinating Volume by George Wood.

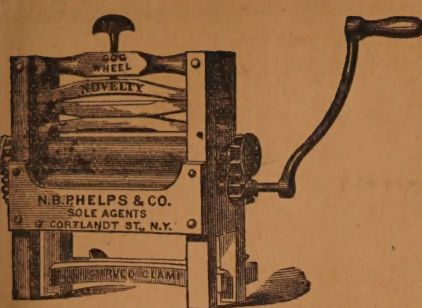
GATES WIDE OPEN.

1 Volume. 16mo. \$1.50.

Several large editions of this popular book have been called for, and still the demand continues.

Catalogues of Lee & Shepard's publications sent to any address, and any volume sent by mail post-paid on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.



Buy the **NOVELTY WRINGER**, or at least take it trial with any or all others, and keep the Best.
For sale everywhere. **N. B. PHELPS & CO.,**
Gen. Ag'ts, 17 Cortlandt St., New York.

NEW BOOKS.

A most valuable contribution to the literature of criticism.

THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

By E. P. WHIPPLE, author of "Character and Characteristic Men," &c. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.75.

Important Scenes in American History.

COLLECTIONS OF OUR ANTISLAVERY CONFLICT.

By REV. SAMUEL J. MAY. 1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

A Book for Thinkers.

THE SECRET OF SWEDENBORG:

Being an Elucidation of his Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity. By HENRY JAMES, author of "Substance and Shadow." 1 vol. 8vo. Tinted paper. \$2.50.

SERMONS.

By REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, author of "The Life and Letters of Rev. F. W. Robertson." 1 vol. 12mo. \$2.00.

THE VAGABONDS, AND OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE. With Steel Portrait of the Author. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50; Half calf, \$3.00.

LONGFELLOW'S COMPLETE POEMS.

Red-Line Edition. With 12 full-page Illustrations. 1 vol. Small quarto, cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$4.50; Half calf, \$6.00; Turkey morocco, \$8.00.

The cheapest illustrated Longfellow ever published.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

Edited by REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE. New Edition, uniform with the Sermons. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50; Half calf, \$3.00.

*** For sale by all booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.



FROM INFANCY TO OLD AGE.

Give to the babe with nausea sore distressed,
Gagging and sickening at the mother's breast,
That rare Stomachic, for all ages meant—
Tarrant's pure, healthful, mild Aperient.
Nurses and matrons say their charges thrive
On the delicious, harmless sedative.
In doses small administered, it calms
Their tender stomachs, and relieves their
qualms,
Keeps their blood pure, pulse even, bowels
free,
And is, in sooth, the Balm of Infancy.
At every stage of life from youth to age
Its virtues rare a hundred ills assuage;
To all the ailing give it promptly then,
From cradle cherubs to "threescore and ten."

PREPARED ONLY BY TARRANT & CO., 278 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

*"INDISPENSABLE TO ALL LOVERS
OF LITERATURE."*

Henry Crabb Robinson's

DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE.

2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, \$4.00; Half calf, \$7.50.

"Few persons in America have hitherto heard of Henry Crabb Robinson; but this name will soon rank with that of Boswell, as contributing some of the most agreeable personalities of great men found in literature. Mr. Robinson died in 1867 at the age of ninety-two, and, in the inscription upon his tomb, it is recorded that he was the 'friend and associate of Goethe and Wordsworth, Wieland and Coleridge, Flaxman and Blake, Clarkson and Charles Lamb.' It might have been added that he knew Rogers, Southey, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Horne Tooke, Fuseli, Talfourd, Mrs. Barbauld, Robert Hall, Edmund Keau, De Quincy, Irving, O'Connell, Hazlitt, Madame de Staël, and met hosts of others, both in England and Europe."—*Appletons' Journal*

"A king is said once on a time to have offered a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. We promise the pleasure and do not require the reward, if the few remarks we can afford to make on them shall induce any of our readers to open the attractive volumes now before us."—*Saturday Review*.

"A work teeming with anecdote about the sayings and doings of the literary world for something like three quarters of a century."—*Fortnightly Review*.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON, & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

THE HALFORD

LEICESTERSHIRE

TABLE SAUCE:

THE BEST ARTICLE IN USE

For Every Gentleman's Table.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

In Use at all the Best Hotels, viz.:

PARKER HOUSE, Boston, FIFTH AVENUE New York,

CONTINENTAL, Phila., SHERMAN HOUSE, Chicago,

&c., &c., &c.

THE BEST FAMILIES PREFER IT TO ALL OTHER.

At once the BEST and the CHEAPEST.

ONLY FIFTY CENTS PER PINT BOTTLE.

Electrotyped and Printed at the University Press, Cambridge, by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

SOLD FROM ST. PAUL TO NEW ORLEANS.

SOLD FROM PORTLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
The Small Sins of Congress.	517	The Brick Moon. II.	603
The Foe in the Household. IX.	534	Mohammed, and his Place in Universal History	611
From the Orient direct	542	The Old Bankers of Florence	629
Earthquakes of the Western United States	549	Bonaparte, Aug. 15, 1769. — Humboldt, Sept. 14, 1769	637
Our Phil.	560	Reviews and Literary Notices	639
A Dredging Excursion in the Gulf Stream. II.	571	Lecky's History of European Morals. — The History and Philosophy of Marriage. — Clark's Sketch of his Campaign in the Illinois in 1778-9. — Higginson's Army Life in a Black Regiment.	
In Memoriam	578		
The Increase of Human Life. II.	581		
A Pedestrian Tour	591		

BOSTON:

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$4.00.

CLUBS: Two Copies, \$7.00; Five Copies, \$16.00; Ten Copies, \$30.00,
and each additional Copy, \$3.00.For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished *gratis*.

Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" should have the name of the STATE as well as the Post-Office from which it comes.

Persons ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the *old* and the *new* address IN FULL. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

For 1870.

The Conductors of OUR YOUNG FOLKS, encouraged by the great interest everywhere manifested in their Magazine, not only by young people, but by parents, teachers, and others, intend to make the volume for the coming year superior in attractiveness and value to any that have preceded it. It is the aim both of the Editors and the Publishers to produce a Juvenile Magazine which shall be, in the large variety and interesting character of its contents,

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

The Publishers of OUR YOUNG FOLKS gratefully appreciate the remarkable favor bestowed upon the volume of the Magazine for the current year. The many expressions of entire satisfaction which have reached them from the readers of the Magazine, during the present and previous years, convince them that juvenile literature, embracing a large amount of valuable information, and pervaded by a high moral tone, can be made attractive to youthful minds.

MR. ALDRICH'S "Story of a Bad Boy," which has formed the leading serial during the present year, has been received by both young and old with a favor never before bestowed upon a similar work. It has been welcomed everywhere as a fresh and valuable contribution to juvenile literature. The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that MR. ALDRICH will contribute to OUR YOUNG FOLKS for 1870, and the many admirers of the *Bad Boy* need no assurance that what MR. ALDRICH has to say will be full of interest.

THE SERIAL STORY FOR 1870

will be written by MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY, whose charming story, "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," is familiar to many readers of OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Publishers take great pleasure in announcing that they have secured a very interesting and valuable series of articles on subjects in Natural History from COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

MRS. AGASSIZ will continue her popular articles about *The World we live on*; and MR. PARTON will take his readers on many perilous voyages of discovery.

"CARLETON," the popular author of "Winning His Way," will tell our young folks many curious and important facts gathered in his recent trip around the world.

MRS. DIAZ, MAJOR TRAVERSE, MR. TROWBRIDGE, MR. HALE, and other well-known writers, will furnish contributions of the greatest interest and value.

Charades, Enigmas, Puzzles, Rebuses, &c., &c.,

WILL BE GIVEN AS USUAL.

☞ A full Prospectus will be announced next month.

TERMS.

The price of OUR YOUNG FOLKS is \$2.00 per year. No club terms. An extra copy gratis for every five subscriptions. OUR YOUNG FOLKS and ATLANTIC MONTHLY, \$5.00 per year.

**FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., PUBLISHERS,
124 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.**

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC, FOR 1870.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC

for 1870 is nearly ready, and will be of the same general character as those for 1868 and 1869, which have proved so acceptable to the public. In the high character and large variety of its Literary Contents, in the number and excellence of its Illustrations, and in the fulness and value of its Statistical and Astronomical matter, the Publishers feel assured it will commend itself to popular favor.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

- A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
SWIMMING. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
TWO IFS. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Author of "The Gates Ajar."
THE MODERN SINDBAD; Or, Thirty-one States in Thirty Days. Being the Diary of George Greenfell, an Englishman. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
BO PEEP. By W. D. HOWELLS.
SONG-BIRDS OF AMERICA. By THOMAS M. BREWER. A description of the White-throated Sparrow, Bobolink, Thrushes, etc., with Illustrations.
SOMEBODY'S HUMMING-BIRD. By NORA PERRY.
IN AND OUT OF THE WOODS; A Record of Experience and Adventure in the Adirondacks. By KATE FIELD.
A FARM-YARD SONG. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
CHOPS, THE DWARF. By CHARLES DICKENS.
THE BREAKING OF THE TRUCE. Translated from Homer's Iliad, by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
MY FIRST WALTZ. By W. M. THACKERAY.
THE MYSTIC. By ALFRED TENNYSON.
LITTLE MISS WREN. By MISS MITFORD.
And other interesting contributions.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ALMANAC is profusely illustrated from designs by the most skilful of American Artists. The pictures are both attractive in their subjects and excellent as works of art, adding greatly to the interest and value of the Almanac.

The Astronomical and Statistical Matter

is full and accurate, having been prepared by competent and careful hands, expressly for the ATLANTIC ALMANAC.

It is believed that the ATLANTIC ALMANAC combines all that is useful in any Almanac, with all that is best in Illustrated Annuals, the high excellence of its entire contents making it a valuable repository of Literature and Art.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers.

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

CHOICE NEW JUVENILES.

The Uncle Sam Series, FOR AMERICAN CHILDREN.

THIS Series has been prepared with a view to furnishing American Children books of a higher order than most of the current juvenile literature. Believing that intelligent parents will regard with peculiar favor an attempt to secure for their children reading which shall at once be full of interest and marked by high literary merit, the publishers have taken special pains to make this series worthy of universal acceptance. In its production they have been so fortunate as to enlist the pens of four very popular writers and the pencils of two of our most skilful artists. The Pictures are entirely new, having been designed expressly for the illustration of *The Uncle Sam Series*, and reproduced with great care.

The subjects are persons famous in American history or legend, and have a perpetual attraction for all American boys and girls. They are as follows:

1. RIP VAN WINKLE'S NAP.

By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Author of "The Blameless Prince," etc. With Illustrations in Colors, by S. EYTINGE, Jr.

"This way, children, and hear me tell
Of Rip Van Winkle's wonderful nap,—
The oddest fortune that ever befell
A merry and good-for-nothing chap;
Of all the snoozes and slumbers deep,
The strangest, longest, and strongest sleep,
Up in the heart of the Hudson hills,
The lordly, beautiful Kaaterskills."

2. THE STORY OF COLUMBUS.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, (Father Brighthopes)
With Illustrations in Colors, by ALFRED FREDERICKS.

"King Ferdinand, august and grand,
Sat in his royal chair;
Beside him, gracious and serene,
Sat Isabel, his famous queen,
As wise as she was fair.
"I offer you new realms, O King!
O Queen!" He spread his chart,
And poised his globe. "This world,—'tis round;
A part," he said, "is solid ground,
And rolling seas, a part."
"Here Europe lies; there, Africa;
Vast Asia stretches here."

Look, now, what boundless wastes must be
Beyond, of unknown land or sea,
To make the perfect sphere."

3. PUTNAM, THE BRAVE.

By R. H. STODDARD. Author of "Adventures in Fairy Land." With Illustrations in Colors by ALFRED FREDERICKS.

"Of all our great commanders,
The soldiers of renown,
Who stoutly fought for freedom
Against the British Crown,
Was none like General Putnam,
Of whom you now shall hear;
Where all were brave, the bravest,
A man that knew not fear."

4. THE BALLAD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By BAYARD TAYLOR. With Illustrations in Colors, by S. EYTINGE, Jr.

"Come, leave the tales you love so well,
Of fairy joy and woe;
Another story I shall tell
Of one whose name you know.
"And who he was you can't forget;
You've surely guessed his name;
For all the land is ringing yet
With Abraham Lincoln's fame."

These four volumes will be ready in October. They are illustrated with Colored Pictures, and bound in Illuminated Paper Covers.

PRICE, 60 CENTS EACH.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Boston.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIV.—NOVEMBER, 1869.—NO. CXLV.

THE SMALL SINS OF CONGRESS.

STROLLERS about the Capitol at Washington frequently pause to admire the ingenuity and the studious habits of a certain respectable colored man who serves as door-keeper to an august national court. It is an established principle at Washington that an American citizen visiting the capital of his beloved country shall never be allowed to open a door for himself; and, consequently, wherever there is a door, there must needs be a door-keeper. A being more superfluous than a door-keeper to the room in which this high court is held it would be difficult to imagine. The door has been provided by a grateful nation with a convenient loop or handle of brass, adapted to the meanest capacity, and with a spring which causes it gently to close without the interposition of human hands. It closes, too, upon something soft, so that there is no danger of the deliberations of the court being disturbed by a bang. Most of the persons who enter the room are familiar with all its arrangements; and if their hands should chance to be full of papers, they could easily thrust out one little finger, and,

inserting it in the handle, pull the light and unlatched door wide open. Nor does the door-keeper show to a seat the awe-struck visitors who are occasionally attracted to the apartment by curiosity. Within the room other officers, white in color or higher in rank, stand ready to prevent ladies from rushing forward to the bench of the judges or losing themselves among the lawyers within the bar. The sole business of that respectable colored man from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. is to open a light door which shuts itself. Being a man of resources, he has provided himself with a chair and tied a string to the handle of his door. He goes to his place every morning provided with reading-matter, and there he sits, holding his newspaper or book in one hand, and the end of his string with the other. When any one approaches, he knows it by instinct, and gives the string a mechanical pull, without looking up or being mentally aware that he has performed an official duty.

Behold the typical man in him! He represents a class in Washington. He

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

is one of the small sins which Congress permits and commits.

The sins of this kind which Congress commits are worse than those which it permits. After satisfying the curiosity of the ladies with a view of the Supreme Court, — a work of three minutes, — you naturally ascend to the gallery of the Senate. This is the paradise of door-keepers. I think I counted fourteen doors to this gallery. There are doors which admit only ambassadors, door-keepers' friends, and other privileged persons. There are doors which exclude the public from the Reporters' Gallery, writing-room, and telegraph office. There are many doors which admit ladies, and many more that open into the portions of the gallery used chiefly as a warming-place by unemployed negroes. Each of these doors consists of two leaves that swing together, and are kept shut by the attraction of gravitation. What a field for door-keeping is here! At nearly every leaf of these numerous doors sits or stands a door-keeper, his hand inserted in his brass loop, — one man outside to let in the coming, and another inside to let out the parting guests. From their keeping such a tight clutch upon their handles, I think there must be more door-keepers than there are doors. Every man seems afraid that if he should let go his handle another might get hold of it, and thus rob him of his slight pretext for being on the pay-roll. Half a dozen locks and a hundred latch-keys would deprive of all semblance of pretext the gentlemen who exclude the miscellaneous public from the Ambassadors' Gallery and the Reporters' apartments: and the rest of the door-keeping could be well done by two men. But that would never do in Washington. The pretext for being on the pay-roll is the very thing wanted.

If the visitor is rash enough to hint that two men to each door is rather a lavish expenditure of human force, considering the scarcity of labor on this continent, he is silenced by the question, How could two or three or half a dozen men "clear the galleries"? They

could not. Nor could forty, if the auditors were determined to sit fast. But the Speaker's simple order, addressed to people habituated and wholly disposed to obey properly constituted authority, clears them with all requisite despatch. If not, there are thirty-three bored, yawning, inexpressibly idle men about the capitol, in blue uniform and steeple-crowned hats, who are styled the Capitol police. They have a captain and two lieutenants, to head any onset upon a stubborn public which the Speaker might order, and it would relieve the monotony of their existence to be ordered upon any duty whatever.

Congress has, indeed, furnished itself most liberally with servants. The Senate, which consists of seventy-four members, is served by at least one hundred officers of all grades, from secretary to page. The House, which numbers two hundred and fifty-three members when the States are fully represented, has not less than a hundred and fifty officers, although the investigator does not find so many in the published list. We observe a considerable number of persons employed about the Capitol whose names elude the search of those who pore over the Blue Book of Mr. Disturnell, or the useful and excellent Congressional Directory of Major Ben Perley Poore. If we add to the officers employed about the two chambers the printers and binders who do the work of Congress in the public printing-office, we shall find that Congress has many more servants than members. It may be that most of these are necessary. The Secretary of the Senate may require the assistance of twenty-one clerks. The heating-apparatus of the Capitol may be of such a complicated and tremendous nature that it is as much as fourteen men can do to manage it. Members may read and consult such a prodigious number of books and documents as to need the assistance of more librarians than are employed in the Mercantile Library of New York, which has ten or twelve thousand subscribers, as well as an im-

mense reading-room. Including the librarians of the library proper and those of the sub-libraries and document-rooms of the two houses, there are twenty-four persons in the Capitol supposed to be chiefly employed in ministering to the intellectual wants of members of Congress. All these persons may be indispensable, but they do not seem so to the casual observer. The casual observer receives the impression that the servants of Congress, like those of the government generally, would be improved if two very simple and easy things were done, — the salary of the chiefs doubled, and the number of their assistants reduced one half.

I can show the reader, by relating a little incident which I witnessed in Washington last winter, how it comes to pass that so many more officers get appointed than seem to be necessary. While resting in the office of the public printer, after going over the most admirably complete and efficient printing-office in the country, a well-dressed, polite young man came in, and presented a letter of introduction to the superintendent. Clouds gathered over the face of that functionary as he read it; and he invited the bearer to be seated in a tone which implied that he wished he was in Jericho. I was afterward favored with an explanation of the scene; and that explanation applies to a large number of the names in the Blue Book. A few days before, the superintendent had discharged thirty compositors because he had no work for them. This nice young man, who was one of them, went to one of the senators from his State, stated his case, and asked the senator to procure his reappointment. That senator, not considering the gross impropriety of his interference, but complying with the established custom, wrote a letter to the superintendent, of some length and much urgency, asking him to put his constituent back to the place from which he had been removed. I am afraid that this most improper request was complied with; for the officer to whom it was addressed was a servant of Con-

gress, who might one day want that senator's vote. It is of no consequence whether he complied or not. Every reader acquainted with governments or with human nature knows that nine men out of ten, in that superintendent's place, would have found work, or a pretence of work, for that man. Nor can we so much wonder at the conduct of the senator. He also looks to re-election. He also desires to make friends. This pleasing young man may have an uncle who controls a newspaper or an iron-foundry in the senator's State, and it is convenient, at a critical time, to have the hearty support of a few uncles of that description. The difficulty is, that at Washington there is no rock of security anywhere in the system, against which applications like this can strike and be repulsed. If that superintendent were properly secure in his place, he would have shown the young man to the door, just as any other printer would have done, with the simple remark that he had no work for him.

Some time will probably elapse before the people gain such a triumph over the politicians as to secure permanency of appointment to government officials. Meanwhile members of Congress should disdain to listen to applications like this; especially members whose position has some basis of security.

A stranger to politics and to Washington is astonished to observe how general the feeling is, that a public man is justified in gratifying an impulse of benevolence, or in discharging a private obligation, at the cost of the public. Some time ago, General Grant chanced to be looking out of a window while a salute was firing in his honor, and he saw a man lose one of his legs by the bursting of a cannon. When the man had recovered his health, General Grant was President of the United States. What more natural than that the President should ask Mr. Boutwell to give the unfortunate man, if convenient, a watchman's place in the treasury? He pitied the man, and he had the power to give him effectual relief at the public expense. Most men would have yield-

ed to this impulse of benevolence, as General Grant did, and most men perhaps approved the act. Nevertheless, it is just in this way that the Capitol, the departments, the post-offices, and the custom-houses get clogged with superfluous persons. It is thus that one-legged incompetence pushes from its place two-legged ability. Some one, *who cannot be refused*, asks the appointment, and then one of two things must happen, — either a man must be summarily and unhandsomely, if not inhumanly, thrust from his post, or two men must be set to doing one man's work. Generally, both these things are done. The two men go on for a while, until some new broom sweeps one or both away, to make room for the favorites of another irresistible personage.

An entertaining writer, some weeks ago, favored the public with reminiscences of former administrations, in order to show that the people cordially sustain a President who indulges his personal feelings at the people's cost. He told a story of General Jackson, which might have been true, the incident being entirely characteristic. "General," asked an old friend of the ex-President, at his Tennessee Hermitage, "tell me why you kept yourself and all your friends in trouble, through your first Presidential term, by keeping Mr. Gwinn Marshal of Mississippi?" To this General Jackson replied: "When my mother fled with me and my brother from the oppression of the British, who held possession of North Carolina, we were very, very poor. My brother had a long sickness (occasioned by a wound received from a British officer because he refused to do some menial service), and finally died." In the midst of our distress and poverty, an old Baptist minister called at our log-cabin, and spoke the first kind words my mother heard in her new home; and this good man continued to call, and he finally made our house his lodging-place, and continued to prefer it, when better ones in the neighborhood were at his service. Years rolled on, and this good man died. Well, sir, when the news was

brought me that I was elected President, I put up my hands and exclaimed, 'Thank God for that, for it will enable me to give the best office under the government to the son of the old minister who was the friend of my mother, and of me in my youth'; and I kept my promise, and, if it had been necessary, I would have sacrificed my office before he should have been removed."

The feeling was natural and noble. The only question is, whether a man should requite at the expense of his country services done to his mother. The relater of the anecdote appends to it this commentary: "General Jackson was triumphantly re-elected to a second term." It is true; but it was in spite of such errors as this, not in consequence of them. Members of Congress who can remember that mad period of our political history will not justify personal government by the example of General Jackson.

Few of us, perhaps, have an adequate sense of the superior sacredness of public property to private, of public trusts to private. Little things betray our sluggish public conscience. No man, except a thief, would think of taking a sheet of postage-stamps from the desk of a banker or merchant; but, in Washington, it seems to be only men exceptionally honorable who scruple to use, or even to take, franked envelopes, which appear to be lying about everywhere. Still fewer have a proper sense of how much worse it is to steal from all their fellow-citizens than it is to steal from one of them. In everything relating to the government, a citizen of the United States should feel that he is upon his most sacred honor. We are here in double trust. Our difficult and still doubtful experiment is for mankind as well as ourselves. I would not magnify a small sin into a great one; still less would I assume to be more virtuous than others; and yet it seems to me that a citizen of the United States should shrink from accepting a proffered frank, as he would avoid touching only enough pitch to defile the tips of his fingers. I would not blame, but

forgive, a Frenchman for cheating his government, which is itself a cheat; but the citizens of free countries defraud and despoil themselves when they do or permit an action which implies that public property is less sacred than private.

A special calamity of the small sins of Congress is, that their results are exceedingly conspicuous, and bring upon Congress an amount of odium or ridicule that ought to be excited only by great transgressions. I have mentioned the superfluous door-keepers and the swarms of officers everywhere to be seen about the two chambers. The amount of money wasted upon these gentlemen is not great; but the waste is obvious and striking. The dullest visitor comprehends that a small party of ladies can gain admittance to a gallery by a light and easy door without the assistance of two able-bodied men. Some of the small sins of Congress entail effects still more glaring, and fix a permanent, unconcealable stain upon the nation itself. Not a stain upon its honor; but such a stain as a lady incurs when her dress comes in contact with a freshly painted railing. We do not want fair Columbia to be thus disfigured. We wish her to be spotless and glorious even in the garments that she wears and in the ornaments that adorn her. We desire her to be tasteful in her splendors.

The reader has probably often asked himself, while wandering about the Capitol, what could possess Congress to throw away the public money upon some of those pictures that disgrace the western continent, and human nature generally, in the Rotunda. He has, perhaps, also, after giving up that conundrum, essayed to conjecture why no member has risen superior to the clamor of economists, and proposed an appropriation of two dollars to white-wash them from the view of mankind. It was bad enough to put them there; but to keep them visible, year after year, and give new commissions to the painters who produced them, are acts almost too abominable to be reckoned

among the small sins of the national legislature.

Congress no doubt interpreted correctly the wishes of the people in making the Capitol stately and ornate; and it was an exquisite thought to go on decorating and completing it while the hosts of the Rebellion were intrenched within sight of its rising dome. Every building that belongs to the nation, every object that bears upon its surface the letters "U. S.," should have something in its style and appearance that will convey to the mind of the beholder a feeling of the imperial grandeur of the country's mission and destiny. Those nasty and cheap sub-post-offices in the city of New York, and those conspicuously shabby, rusty, cast-iron lamp-post letter-boxes, are an abomination in my eyes; not merely because they are stupidly inconvenient, but because they are mean in appearance; because I desire that whenever American eyes rest upon an object bearing the stamp of the nation, they should rest upon something which they can contemplate with satisfaction and pride. Hence, it is always a pleasure to get round to the front of the Capitol, and turn away from the shanties, the shops, the sand-heaps, the general dilapidation and shabbiness of the region, and gaze for a while upon the magnificence of that vast range of architecture, with its avalanches of snowy steps, that glorious dome floating lightly over the centre, and the small, brilliant flag above each wing, denoting that Congress is in session. In this brave attempt to express in marble the grandeur and glory of the United States, we see the prophecy of those chaster splendors, that simpler magnificence, which will enchant and exalt our grandchildren when they visit the future and final capital of the country. It was an excellent thing, perhaps, after all, to try our 'prentice hand on Washington, and exhaust all the possibilities of error there.

The interior of the Capitol is chaos, of course. That is unavoidable when a large building is erected over a smaller one. The visitor forgives and is

amused at the labyrinthine intricacies in which he is continually lost; and when at last he stands beneath that beautiful dome, which hovers over him like an open balloon of silk illuminated by the sun, he experiences a renewal of the joy which the exterior afforded him. Doubtless, we are running too much to domes; we are putting a dome over every building of much magnitude, — it is such a fruitful source of contracts. But this one justifies itself, and startles the coldest spectator into admiration. It was also a fine conception to place under it in that perfect light a series of large historical paintings. Nor was it necessary that they should be of the highest rank as mere works of art; because it is not certain that there are now living upon earth artists capable of executing paintings of that magnitude in a truly excellent manner. No artist in these times can get the many years of large practice which is necessary for the attainment of the large manner; and, I suppose, the best we can hope for, at present, in pictures of great size, is correct, refined, excellent scene-painting. But some of the paintings in the Rotunda, besides being singularly hideous as pictures, are historical falsehoods, which any school-boy might be able to detect at a glance. That one, for example, which is supposed to have been suggested by De Soto and his men discovering the Mississippi River, — what a curiously ridiculous lie it is, with its display of superb costumes, its well-conditioned horses, and its plump cavaliers as fresh and gay, in their silk and velvet, as if they were careering in the streets of Madrid on a day of festival! What is better known than that these Spaniards reached the banks of the Great River in woful plight after a wearisome march of many months through the wilderness! It is also particularly recorded that De Soto was sparing in expenditure for gay apparel, and that every rag of clothes, except what his followers wore, was burnt after one of their bloody encounters with the Indians. An hour's research in the library of Congress, un-

der the intelligent guidance of the librarian, would have put the painter in possession of all the picturesque details of the real scenes, and given him subjects for several pictures of peculiar interest. A picture could have been composed for that panel which would have such fascinating power as a mere exhibition of truth, that few would have cared to criticise it as a work of art.

But the question recurs, Why are such artists employed? The shameful answer is, Because they lobby for a commission and know how to lobby with effect. It is not an honest ignorance of art and history which has thus disfigured the Capitol; for these paintings are the constant theme of ridicule among members as they are among private citizens. One artist won his commission, it is said, by assiduous flattery of the wives and daughters of members of Congress. While artists of merit were toiling after excellence in distant studios, this wiser man in his generation was enjoying elegant leisure in the drawing-rooms of Washington, where he made sketches in the albums of ladies who could influence votes, or painted their portraits in some Italian or Spanish costume from his portfolio. He is thought to have secured votes by pretending that the excellent but not beautiful wife of a member of Congress reminded him constantly of an exquisite model he once had in Rome, — one of the loveliest creatures in the world. He had, moreover, some little talent in small album-sketches and little fancy portraits in costume. This, doubtless, deceived some members, who did not reflect upon the infinite difference between a grand historical painting and an imitation of the velvet in a cavalier's doublet. If that man's claim to the highest honor which the nation can bestow upon an artist had been openly discussed in committee, his name would never have reached the House at all. It was private lobbying that brought this dishonor upon art, upon Congress, and upon the national taste.

It has been proposed to introduce the rule that no man shall be appointed

to office who seeks office. Congress may rely with certainty the most complete upon this, that no artist capable of worthily filling one of the panels of the Rotunda will ever lobby for the commission in the drawing-rooms of Washington. If that artist should ever be wanted, he will have to be looked for and solicited.

The reader has perhaps wondered also why Congress should have selected for the execution of the national statue of Abraham Lincoln a person of no standing or experience as an artist. Miss Vinnie Ream is a young lady of perfect respectability, and, no doubt, highly estimable in her private relations. No one can blame *her* for her good fortune. She has done little more than open her mouth and let the plum fall into it. But what has Congress done? Here was a piece of work to be given out, — the statue of a man as little statuesque as any we can imagine, — which required in the artist a combination of artistic skill and *judgment*, love of the man, and love of truth. The work was to be seen by hundreds who had been familiar with the subject, and by tens of thousands who would take a kind of affectionate interest in the artist's management of its difficulties. The Abraham Lincoln of future generations was to be created. In the selection of the artist a national fame was either to be conferred or enhanced. Congress assigned this work to a girl who had the rudiments of her art still to learn, and who had given no proof of her capacity to acquire those rudiments. She exhibited a model. It was about to be overlooked. She burst into tears. The results to her were, a ten-thousand-dollar commission, a universal celebrity, and two years in Europe, — three immense boons, neither of which had been a fit requital for long-tried excellence. And, as if this were not enough, a room was given her in the Capitol itself in which to execute and exhibit her work. Congress bestowed upon this unknown and untried child honors which it has persistently withheld from artists who have

conferred upon the country whatever name it has in the world of art, but who hardly know what the word "lobbying" means. Recognition one tenth as distinct and emphatic as this, how it would have cheered the early years of the excellent sculptors of whom the country is proud! Such caprice does not harm *them*; for when Congress confers distinction thus, it parts with its power to confer honor, and sensibly lessens its own.

Five minutes' conversation with Miss Vinnie Ream explains this ridiculous behavior of Congress. She is one of those graceful, animated, bright-eyed, picturesque, undaunted, twinkling little women, who can make men say *Yes* to anything they ask. She also wore a pretty blue, turban-like covering for her hair, which was killing at five paces; and there is that in her manner which puts men in the humor of uttering *badinage*, and at the same time gives them the idea that she is a helpless little body who would cry if she could not have her own way. The visitor to her room in the Capitol had but to stand apart and see the modest audacity of her demeanor, and observe the assured, lively manner in which she held a circle of men in conversation, in order to comprehend why Congress, in its easy, thoughtless good-nature, should have granted to her the most signal honors it ever bestowed upon an artist.

Men are naturally susceptible to the picturesque in woman. It is natural also to feel like caressing and protecting whatever reminds us of tender, graceful childhood. Members had done well to give a private commission to this agreeable young lady by way of encouraging her to attempt acquiring some skill in modelling. But they were false to their trust when they gave her an important public work to execute. Men who are charged by their fellow-citizens with the adornment of national edifices and the bestowal of national honors are much to blame in allowing a blue turban, a pair of speaking eyes, a trim waist, and a fluent tongue

to carry off prizes due only to tried merit. Members can form little idea of the dishonor, nay, the contempt, which they bring upon Congress by indulging a whim of this kind. Millions witness the result; only a few individuals see the bright excuse; and of those few only one sex admits that it is any excuse at all.

There is an impression in Washington that a great deal of legislation is influenced by female lobbyists; and the easy success of this young lady gives countenance to the idea. A woman of attractive presence and of a certain audacity of manner, who should be able to live and entertain in handsome style, could no doubt win favor and votes for some measures. Many members come from homely homes, the ladies of which have expended their vivacity and beauty in that American phase of "the struggle for life" which Fanny Fern style, "grappling with Erin." Such members, when they find themselves in a drawing-room next to a lady who expends *her* vivacity in entertaining them, and arrays *her* beauty in all the charms of novel costume and bewitching decoration, are only too apt to surrender to the fascinating influence. But such women cannot be hired to go lobbying. It occasionally happens that a circle interested in a scheme contains one such who will render the service required. Generally speaking, however, the female lobby is small and insignificant. A lady informed me last winter that she had defeated international copyright; and, indeed, she was the Washington agent of the weak opposing influence. But a pebble can stop a six-horse coach when it is going *up* a steep hill, and the horses are tired, the driver indifferent, and the passengers asleep.

Of all the smaller sins of Congress, there are none, perhaps, which excite so much odium as that multitude of petty transgressions covered by the words "Contingent Expenses." The mere running expenses of Congress, including its share of the public printing, amount to about twice the revenue of the government under President Washington. I have tried in vain to

get at the total cost of a session of Congress. The mere list of the Contingent Expenses of the House fills a volume of two hundred and twenty pages, and there is no hint anywhere of the sum total. It is certain, however, that a session of Congress costs the country as much as four millions of dollars, including pay, postage, printing, and contingent expenses. "Will the honorable member from Ohio allow me five minutes to make an explanation?" asks an honorable member from Somewhere Else. If that request is granted it costs the people of the United States a little over six hundred dollars. The chaplain's prayer, which usually lasts one minute, consumes one hundred and thirty-eight dollars' worth of time every morning. Calling the Yeas and Nays, an operation of half an hour, comes to over four thousand dollars. Allowing six months for an average session, and twenty days a month as the average number of meetings, Congress costs us something more than thirty-three thousand dollars a day. Who would begrudge his share of this great expense, if it were necessary? It is not necessary. A vigorous man of business, who should have the contract for running Congress, could save enough in the three items of printing, postage, and contingencies to double the salaries of members, give a decent compensation to the justices of the Supreme Court, the judges of the Court of Claims, and heads of departments, and have a handsome surplus for himself. Nothing is so extravagant and undemocratic as to pay such salaries to the judges, cabinet ministers, and members of Congress as to exclude from those high and honorable posts the great body of able men who are neither rich nor reckless. A fraction of the mere waste of Washington would support them all respectably, and render it possible for men of talent who have little property to serve the government.

This book of the Contingent Expenses of the House of Representatives is amusing literature indeed. There is an air of candor about it that edifies the

mind. It looks so *very* honest, the publication of such items as "2 mice-traps, 50 cts." "Repairing 3 chairs, \$1.50." "Easing drawer, 25 cts." "1 paper of needles, 10 cts." "One long poker, \$3.00"; and "2 pounds of putty, 25 cts." It is such a satisfaction to know that the poker which cost so much was long! It is also interesting to note, that to clean and polish that extremely absurd relic of barbarism, the "mace," cost three dollars; and that, during one session of Congress, the people paid for "hauling" more than *ten thousand cart-loads* of documents! There are many items, however, which excite interest of another kind. When we find two hundred "porte-monnaies" charged at prices ranging from \$1.20 to \$4.25 each, we cannot help feeling that each and every one of those articles is a petty fraud. The United States has not undertaken and is not bound to supply any portion of its servants with porte-monnaies. What a scandal, too, is that annual penknife business! One thousand and ninety-eight penknives, at prices averaging about three dollars each, I find after a few minutes' search charged among the "Contingent Expenses" of the second session of the Fortieth Congress! I could probably make up the amount to two thousand by going through the book, in which the items are apparently published, but are really interred and covered up. There are charges also of "Half dozen Martinique snuff, \$25.00," "50 lbs. of tobacco, \$25.00," "2 doz. pocket-scissors, \$28.00," "2 doz. hair-brushes, \$48.00," "12 cotton stay-laces, \$6.00," "5 extra morocco desks, \$67.00," and endless charges for inkstands, newspapers, and periodicals; stationery by the mountain, of course. I spend my whole time, from January to December, in one unending, unchanging task of spoiling white paper; but I cannot get through more than three reams per annum, which costs about twelve dollars. Knowing how far a little stationery will go, I read of the inconceivable quantities consumed about the Capitol with amazement.

It is to be hoped that none but men

in sound health will be sent to Congress, for it costs a great deal to get a member home if he should happen to die in Washington. The following is the bill paid to the Sergeant-at-arms of the House for transporting the body of a deceased member from Washington to Easton in Pennsylvania:—

Hack hire, assistance in care of remains, and arranging for the funeral in the House of Representatives	\$ 50.00
18 white silk sashes for officers of House and Senate	254.00
8 black silk sashes for committee of arrangements	96.00
20½ dozen kid gloves	615.00
2 dozen kid gloves	54.00
2 dozen kid gloves	60.00
1 dozen kid gloves	33.00
200 black crape scarfs	300.00
Travel of messenger to New York and return	47.00
Hacks to carry escort and friends to depot	16.00
Fare and expenses of escort and remains from Washington, D. C., to Easton, Pa.	245.00
Hotel bills and hacks at Easton	42.65
Fare and expenses on return to Washington	194.00
Travel of assistant sergeant-at-arms and 2 messengers, Washington to Easton and return, 460 miles each	138.00
	\$ 2,144.65

The fee system, it appears, is still employed to compensate some of the officers of Congress. If there is a "call of the House," i. e. a general hunting up of absent members, the Sergeant-at-arms is permitted to charge five dollars and twenty cents for "arresting, bringing before the House, and discharging" each absentee. If a hundred members are absent, which is not unfrequently the case, a call of the House costs the country five hundred and twenty dollars. If witnesses are summoned to testify before a committee, the Sergeant-at-arms charges a fee and mileage for each. Thus every person summoned from New Orleans to testify with regard to the negro massacre cost us three hundred and seventeen dollars, and the cost of merely summoning the witnesses in that affair was \$2,392. It cost three hundred and seventeen dollars to summon "General Hamlin" to testify before a committee. The object of the committee could no doubt have been accomplished for three cents and a half,—half a cent for stationery and three cents for postage.

Now, if money is to be thrown away in this reckless manner, if the Capitol is to remain the scene of waste and profusion we find it now, then I say the people have a choice with regard to the persons who shall be benefited by it. They do not see any justice or any propriety in Henry Wilson's being compelled to pinch on five thousand dollars a year, while servants of the body to which he belongs retire rich after four years' service. It brings a blush to the cheek of every properly constituted person to think that a justice of the Supreme Court should be compelled to expend his whole salary for two rooms and the board of his family, while a man who gets stationery contracts sets up his carriage and buys pictures. If the government is to be plundered at every point by every hand, it is time the spoils were more fairly divided.

There is only one remedy for this profusion at the Capitol. Congress has honestly attempted to cut off the opportunities for petty larceny. It has attempted it many times, but never with much success. The mileage system, the franking-privilege, the wild and wondrous waste of stationery, the pocketing of French inkstands and costly pen-holders, the lugging home of half-reams of paper, and all the small stealings of committee-rooms, have been, by turns, the theme of ridicule and, the object of legislation. Some leaks have been stopped; but others have been immediately opened, and the same thieves who pilfered under the old law have plundered under the new. We ought to know by this time that a privilege is a thing which is always and everywhere abused. We ought to know that a perquisite is always and everywhere a means of corruption. We ought to know that nearly every one in the world who is compensated by fees gets much too much or much too little, or riots in abundance now, to be starved to-morrow. Let Congressmen simply abolish fees, perquisites, and privileges, and accept in lieu thereof a proper increase to their salaries, — say,

double what they now receive. Let members pay their own postage, charge no mileage, subscribe for their own newspapers, buy their own envelopes and writing paper, and compensate all their officers by salaries.

Nothing short of this will ever answer the purpose. If Congress should permit only so much as a bottle of ink to be furnished to each committee-room, once a week, and charged to Contingent Expenses, a widening crevice would be established through which a torrent of colored fluids would continually pour. Add pens to the ink, and you would see exquisite pen-holders, fitted with the most costly diamond-pointed gold pens, and huge cases of the finest products of Gillott, heaped high in the store-rooms of the Capitol. Complete the list with paper, and you have a thick volume of wonderful items, and run up a stationery bill the mere clippings and extras of which build houses and found estates. The sole remedy is to pay each member a decent compensation, — not less than ten thousand dollars a year, — and allow neither to members nor to committees so much as a sheet of foolscap or a penny pen-holder.

The completion of the Pacific Railroad antiquates the system of mileage, by destroying the necessity for it. Indeed, ever since railroads brought two thirds of Congress within forty-eight hours' ride of Washington, a system of mileage which gives to one member eight dollars for his travelling-expenses, to another several hundred dollars, and to another several thousands, has been growing ridiculous. But now that a member from Oregon can get to the capital in eleven days, it is too absurd to pay him fifteen times as much mileage as Henry Clay used to get for his six weeks' horseback ride from Kentucky. Away with Congressional mileage! The honorable member from Oregon will, of course, have to incur a little more expense in getting to Washington than the honorable member from Baltimore; but he will not find this an insupportable burden. He will be pretty sure to have free tickets to

most places presented him a few hours after his election, and I am afraid he will be weak enough to accept them until Congress makes it unlawful for him to do so. More than that, a palace-car will be assigned to his exclusive use, as long as the Pacific Railroads have favors to ask, or retribution to fear, from the body of which he is a member.

The surrender of the franking-privilege, besides being the most popular act which Congress could do, would be also one of the most beneficial to itself. It would operate as a tonic. The flow of buncombe speech would be checked, millions of infinitesimal frauds would be prevented, and a source of demoralization would be annihilated.

Abolish perquisites, abolish fees, abolish privileges, and double salaries. There would be a little buncombe opposition from members and editors who set up as champions of economy, but their buncombe could be triumphantly refuted if Congress *saved* the million and a half additional pay out of the running expenses of the Capitol, the post-office, and the public printing-house.

I believe I express the opinion of all the gentlemen who have held the office of public printer, when I say that half a million dollars per annum is worse than wasted at the public printing-office. Having examined the office, the reports of the superintendent, and several of the more expensive volumes issued, I see clearly enough that if there were such an officer as National Editor, with the usual editorial power to select, cut down, and exclude, he could save the country much more than half a million a year by merely drawing his pencil through useless matter. What havoc he would have made, for example, in the gorgeous quarto (962 pages) in which are preserved the letters, resolutions, and addresses of condolence called forth by Mr. Lincoln's assassination! In that huge and splendid work, which cost us eighteen thousand dollars, there may be ten pages worth saving; and those the National Editor would have forwarded per boy to Newspaper Row, opposite Willard's, at a cost of two

car tickets. The saving on that one item would have made the Supreme Bench comfortable for a whole year. In the Agricultural Report for 1867, which fills five hundred and twenty-two "large octavo pages" handsomely illustrated, of which two hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred copies were given away, at a total expense of a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, what gashes an intelligent National Editor would have made! or rather, would he not have selected the valuable portions and sent copies to each of the agricultural newspapers and periodicals? They would give to matter really valuable all the publicity that could be desired. The Patent-Office Report has annually swollen, until it now makes over two thousand pages,—four large octavos, of which one half the space is occupied by engravings. Of this most expensive work sixty thousand copies are given away. The Reports of the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition of 1867 will fill several profusely illustrated volumes, which will of course be given away profusely. When we read the names of some of the Commissioners, we know very well what a gifted National Editor would do with their contributions.

In the last report of Mr. John De-frees, Congressional printer, a gentleman who knew the precise value of the mountains of books which Congress ordered him to manufacture, we find this interesting paragraph:—

"The Army Register of Volunteers has also been completed in eight volumes. Fifty thousand copies were ordered to be printed, *for sale at cost*, by the joint resolution of June 30, 1864. An edition of five thousand copies of the first four volumes was printed, but finding very little demand for the work, the edition of the residue of the volumes was reduced to one thousand."

For sale at cost! That is the true method, if Congress must manufacture books. Observe how the enormous error of this publication was rebuked and corrected by bringing it to the test of sale at cost. If the people want a

book, they will buy it at cost; if they will not buy it at cost, it is proof positive that they do not want it enough to justify an appropriation of their money. It was an amiable idea to preserve the name of every man who fought for his country during the war; but to preserve such a catalogue did not necessitate its publication in eight volumes. Such extravagance keeps alive in the general mind the false, pernicious idea, that the government may properly expend money on principles which would be absurd and ruinous in an individual.

Do members of Congress sell West Point and Annapolis cadetships? I am afraid I must confess that it has been done. Not often; for members are abundantly blessed with nephews, and friends who have nephews, and they are generally besought for those appointments as soon as it is rumored that they intend to run for Congress. Not often; for members generally want all their small change of that nature during the canvass. Not often; for few men of an infinitesimal calibre have yet found their way to Congress. And still I fear that the member who gave a cadetship to the son of a person who presented his wife with a grand piano was in some degree influenced by the circumstance. There are lobbyists who profess to be able to procure cadetships for money, but most of them are strikers. Some members find their election expenses a heavy burden, and I believe that, occasionally, a distinct arrangement has been entered into between a member of the lobby and an anxious father, to this effect: the anxious father agrees to send a check for two thousand dollars to the chairman of the member's committee, as a contribution to the expenses of the election, and the man of the lobby agrees to induce the member to give the anxious father's son a cadetship in one of the national academies. In a very few instances such an arrangement may have been fulfilled. Some members, I fear, regard the duty of making these important appointments in the light of a perquisite, and, as just remarked, the word "per-

quisite" is generally synonymous with corruption. Congress will perform an act as wise as it will be noble when it relinquishes a privilege that has always been abused, and always must be, by men who have sons, nephews, and election committees.

Before leaving this small branch of a large subject, I must not fail to remark that many of us seem to be unduly alarmed at the corruptions and abuses of the government. The American people are so accustomed to honesty in their dealings with one another, and to a certain frugality of ordinary expenditure, that they start back affrighted from the scene of profusion, and worse than profusion, of government offices. Let us see then how it is with other governments. Let us see if government by the people for the people is less or more profuse, less or more corrupt, than the vaunted governments by a class for a class.

That is a pretty piece of scandal which advocate Mathieu Marais relates in his *Mémoires*, of the dissolute Regent of France and the Abbé de Broglie. The Abbé having warmly commended a certain wine, the Regent said he would like to have some of it, and the Abbé sent him three hundred bottles. The prince insisted on paying for them, and accordingly the priest handed him a bill in proper form, like this:—

His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent		Dr.
To the Abbé de Broglie.		
60 gallons of wine,	400	francs.
300 bottles,	60	"
300 corks,	15	"
Twine,	4	"
Sealing-wax, Spanish,	9	"
Baskets,	25	"
Carriage,	7	"

Total: The Abbey of Mount St. Michael.

The prince paid the bill. The governorship of an abbey, and a handsome income for life of other people's money, was the reward which this man, entrusted with the revenues of church and state, felt to be due to a profligate young ecclesiastic who had given him a moment's amusement. This was in 1721. Fifty years later, the young Abbé de Talleyrand won his first preferment, which con-

sisted of two abbeys, by saying a good thing to Madame Dubarry, the king's mistress. He, the most licentious young man in Paris, had sat silent while others amused the mistress with tales of intrigue and gallantry. She asked him at length why he did not favor the company with one of his numberless amorous adventures. "Because," said he, assuming a melancholy tone, "in Paris, at present, it is so much easier to win the favor of ladies than to get preferment in the Church." This small joke made the king laugh, when it was told to him, and it was worth to the youth who uttered it the two abbeys just referred to.

On similar principles the church benefices of every established church on earth have been usually bestowed. That is to say, the appointing power does not usually so much as *think* of appointing the fittest attainable man, but gives or sells benefices, abbeys, bishoprics, archbishoprics, *solely* for its own pleasure and purposes.* If the Archbishop of Canterbury should die to-day, Mr. Gladstone would bestow the vacancy upon that man in England who, in that place, could do most to help him retain and increase his majority in the House of Commons; unless, perchance, the services have already been rendered which give to some person, family, club, or clique a claim to the appointment. No one could blame

him. The system requires it of him. He could not be Prime-Minister, and act on any other principle.

A French gentleman resident in New York related to me the other evening the particulars of a case which he thought showed advantageously for the government of the present usurper. A custom-house officer at a French seaport, after many years of faithful service, was dismissed from his place for accepting two gifts from an importer, of the value of one dollar and thirty cents. Respectable merchants petitioned for his restoration, but the minister replied that he had not the power to restore him; there was no provision in the system of the government for the pardon of such an offence. It simply could not be done. This was supposed to be extremely virtuous. But, surely, we cannot call that system pure in which the great thieves want so much that they will not and cannot permit the little people to steal at all, — which loads with plunder the men who help steal *all* the revenues of France, and covers with diamonds the women who assist to dazzle and delude the people. At the very time when this poor old man was thrust out into hopeless destitution for a momentary weakness or inadvertence, the woman of one of the head plunderers was selling off some hundreds of thousands of francs' worth of diamonds merely because she had so many jewels that she did not know what to do with them.

In England, too, they are rigid in dealing with petty corruption, — as they ought to be. An instance occurred recently. A navy clerk caused to be conveyed to a timber merchant an intimation that for thirty pounds he would get for him a certain contract to supply timber to one of the navy-yards. Both the clerk and his messenger were tried for conspiracy to obtain money by false pretences, and on being convicted were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment at hard labor. This was just. But, on the other hand, there is in this same England an amount and variety of political immorality, particularly

* Since writing this passage, I read the following in an English paper: "The account of the biddings for the next presentation to the rectory and vicarage of Westborough and Dry Donnington, in the county of Lincoln, which was put up to auction at the Mart on Tuesday, certainly offers food for reflection to thoughtful minds. It appears that the living is worth seven hundred and eight pounds per annum. There are two churches to serve, — a mile and a half apart, — service being held alternately at each place, viz. in the morning at one, and in the evening at the other, and *vice versa*. There was, the auctioneer stated, good society; he thought he might add, good hunting, and, allowing one hundred pounds a year to a curate to do the dirty, disagreeable work, such as attending to the sick and dying, there would remain a net profit of about six hundred pounds a year for the rector. The outside sum offered for the privilege of attending to the eternal salvation of the inhabitants of the two parishes in question was four thousand eight hundred pounds. This did not reach the reserve price, and accordingly the living was withdrawn, doubtless to the great disappointment of young divines with 'a call,' but no ready money."

among great lords, capitalists, and corporations, which leaves the United States stainlessly pure in comparison. We all know what English elections are. The reason why we all know is, because the corruption at those elections has become an established jest, which the national humorists, such as Hogarth, Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, have found available for their art. Through the works of these great authors we have become perfectly familiar with that corruption, and with the national average of moral feeling which joyfully accepts the bribing and debauching of free citizens as a legitimate source of fun. Englishmen urge foreigners to stay over another steamer on purpose to witness "the humors of an English election," as Spaniards detain their guests for the Sunday bull-fight.

We may also pass lightly over that long period in the history of England when every minister bought an essential portion of his majority by bank-notes put into the hands of members in the House of Commons. "The sums varied," as we learn from Wraxall, "from five hundred to eight hundred pounds a year," which sums were "conveyed" to gentlemen of the House of Commons "in a squeeze of the hand" as they passed the ministerial agent. It was the business of that agent in Lord Chatham's time "to distribute with *art* and *policy*, amongst the members who had no ostensible place, sums of money for their support during the session, besides contracts, lottery-tickets, and other *douceurs*. It is no uncommon circumstance at the end of a session for a gentleman to receive five hundred or a thousand pounds for his *service*." * There has been published a letter from an English minister to Cardinal Henry, who was minister of Louis XV. of France at the beginning of his reign. Here is an edifying extract: "I pension half the Parliament to keep it quiet; but as the king's money is not sufficient, they to whom I give none

clamor loudly for a war. It would be expedient for your Eminence to remit me three millions of French livres in order to silence the barkers. Gold is a metal which here corrects all ill qualities in the blood." A pension of two thousand pounds a year will make the most impetuous warrior in Parliament as tame as a lamb." * There is also a letter extant, in which Louis XIV. authorizes his minister to offer the Duke of Marlborough four millions of francs for a peace on certain conditions. With regard to the peace of 1763, against which Lord Chatham so eloquently protested, it is known to have been accomplished by the most lavish expenditure of money and promotion. "The Royal household had been increased beyond all former example. The lords and grooms of the bedchamber were doubled. Pensions were thrown about indiscriminately. Five - and - twenty thousand pounds were issued in one day, in bank-notes of one hundred pounds each. The only stipulation was, *Give us your vote!* . . . The city of London refused to address (in favor of peace), although the sum of fourteen thousand pounds was offered to complete the bridge. . . . The Lord-Lieutenants had begging-letters sent to them to use their influence; and five hundred pounds, secret service, were added to each letter. The sum of five hundred pounds was the notorious price of an address. Some addresses cost a much larger sum. The sum was regulated according to the importance and magnitude of the place from which the address was obtained." † We also read, in the memoirs of that time, of men holding offices of which they only drew half the salary, "being *rode* for the other half"; and these individuals, both the riders and the ridden, were not city-clerks and contractors, but men of rank and influence.

But these things occurred a long time ago, — one hundred and six years, —

* Anecdotes and Speeches of Lord Chatham, Dublin, 1792, Vol. I. 137.

* Memoirs of Pompadour, Vol. I. 57.

† Anecdotes and Speeches of Lord Chatham, Vol. I. pp. 268, 282.

when all the world, except Prussia, was corrupt; and Prussia is an empire to-day because she was not corrupt then. Since that time England has nobly grappled with many a hoary abuse, has made important advances toward free trade and purity of government, and is still pressing onward. And yet we read astounding things of the venality of the present generation of her ruling class. The history of railroads in Great Britain appears to be little more than a history of giant frauds, from the day of honest George Stevenson to that of collapsed Morton Peto. The English biographer of the Stevensons tells us of a great duke who caused the defeat of a railroad bill in Parliament, because the engineer had laid out the line too near one of his Grace's fox covers; of a "party" in a committee of lords offering to withdraw opposition to a projected road for ten thousand pounds; of opposition "got up mainly for the purpose of being bought off"; of railway directors boasting of the number of votes they could "command" in the House of Commons; of parliamentary log-rolling in the "Yankee" style of "You help me roll my log, and I'll help you roll yours"; of a railway bill which it cost the directors eighty-two thousand pounds to get passed; of another, the total cost of passing which was four hundred and thirty-six thousand, two hundred and twenty-three pounds, about *three million dollars* of our present currency; of needy members "conciliated" by being paid five thousand pounds for a strip of land worth five hundred; of members who "systematically sold their parliamentary interest for money considerations"; of an "impoverished nobleman" receiving thirty thousand pounds for a narrow strip of his estate, the whole of which was not worth more than that sum, and then selling another corner to another company for a second thirty thousand pounds, thus getting sixty thousand pounds "damages" for what greatly increased the value of his property. "Of course," remarks Mr. J. C. Jeffer-son, "it was well understood that the

two sums of thirty thousand pounds did not represent the price of the land, but the price of the peer's parliamentary interest."

It seems, too, that many of the petty infamies incident to the infancy of popular government — infamies which we are about to abolish — are in full activity in England. English politicians have not yet discovered the puerility of bribing obscure and utterly unimportant newspapers by lavish advertising. Advertisements for navy rum were inserted by the last Tory administration in a little weekly paper, circulating a few hundred copies among clergymen of conservative politics. Comic papers of the same politics were subscribed for in considerable numbers for distribution in government asylums. Advertisements were paid for at rates three or four times higher than the regular price. At the time of the last general election, as we learn from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "an advertising-agent was instructed by a government department to send advertisements to a certain provincial journal. This journal was so excellent a medium for the purpose that the agent, whose business it is to know these things, was quite unaware of its existence. He had to make inquiries as to whether there was such a newspaper or not. His investigations were successful. It turned out that the influential and widely circulated print had been started a few weeks previously to serve the interest of the Tory candidate for the borough in which it was published. Accordingly, the government advertisements were sent for the support of the paper; and there we have seen them, column after column, week after week."

The same journal informs mankind that this extremely primitive, provincial, and generally useless form of bribery is "rampant" in England, as well as that of giving exclusive news for fulsome laudation. "In short," adds this able newspaper, "it comes to this: it is the custom of ministers in England, as well as in foreign parts, to

subsidize the press for their own benefit." But how stupidly they do it! During the recent general election in England, there was a certain "industrious literary compiler," named Townsend, who wrote on the D'Israeli side with great diligence and small effect. He was promised by Mr. D'Israeli, not a petty office in the custom-house for four years, but a post in the mint for life, worth a thousand pounds a year; or, if that should not fall vacant, he was to have the still more lucrative place in the inland revenue held by a brother of the Premier, whose death was daily expected. But before the vacancy occurred, Mr. D'Israeli had lost the power to confer such munificent rewards for services so trifling, and the new ministry, upon the death of Mr. James D'Israeli, had the virtue to abolish the sinecure he had held so long. The disappointment was too much for the unhappy writer, who stabbed himself to the heart; an occurrence which led to the disclosure of the facts. All this is very much in what Englishmen flatter themselves is the American style: only, more so.*

Indeed, they have in England most of the small sins of popular government as well as all of the great ones. I read in the London papers, at the close of a session, that the House of Commons, like the House of Representatives, is idle during the first half of a session; which obliges it to hurry bills through with such velocity at last, that members can hardly catch their titles, but merely ascertain whether an act is favored or opposed by the min-

* Here is another anecdote of the last general election in England: "Some time ago a well-educated young Welshman came into possession of a farm left him by his father, and, being a Liberal in politics, he voted at the last election for the Liberal candidate. He was in the habit of churning his butter by water-power, which he obtained from a brook which ran through the land of his neighbor, a powerful conservative landed proprietor, and member of Parliament. To punish the young farmer's audacity in voting according to his principles, the Tory magnate ordered the course of the water to be diverted, so that it might not be used any longer to churn the Radical farmer's butter. This was actually done. The farmer found one day the water turned from his house, and now he has to churn his butter by hand."

istry, and vote accordingly. It appears, also, that ministers cram the public offices with superfluous clerks, and that absurd and fraudulent charges are covered by that convenient word, "contingencies." Dr. Russell was in the Crimea lately, and wrote home to the Times, that "the French and Russian dead have been reverently gathered together, but the English cemetery on Cathcart's Hill is in a shameful state, notwithstanding the thirteen thousand pounds paid by the government for its proper maintenance. The Russian government has done more than could be expected of it, but all the monuments in the cemetery are being chipped to pieces, and no attempt has been made to gather the remains of our fallen soldiers in one spot." There is, also, in England, a "pardon lobby," which can sometimes get a man of rank released from prison before his term has expired; as in the United States a forger of wealthy family can occasionally (though very rarely) procure a similar favor.

Mr. Froude's recent utterance with regard to the prevalence of fraud in England would surely be an exaggeration if applied to the United States. It could not be truly said of the business of America that it is "saturated with fraud." "So deep has it gone," added the historian, "that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article that you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating, and shoddy everywhere. Yet the clergy have seen all this grow up in absolute indifference; and the great question which at this moment is agitating the Church of England is the color of the ecclesiastical petticoats." This is not true of the United States, where, as a rule, men of business comprehend well, and act upon their belief, that the sole possible basis of a business permanently great is to give a good dollar's worth for a dollar. Probably Mr. Froude, like Mr. Carlyle, lives very much among

his books, and does not possess personal knowledge of anything which cannot be learned in a library. As to the clergy, their existence as a privileged order is in peril; they are engaged in Mr. Darwin's "struggle for life." Clergymen of ability, who have several strings to their bow, do not meddle with the petticoat question.

There is a poem by Mrs. Browning, written before we had emancipated ourselves from slavery, in which she told us that the penalty we paid for consenting to remain under that shameful yoke was that we forfeited the right to glow with indignation, and hurl the sharp rebuke, at atrocious deeds done anywhere on earth. In the presence of our own giant iniquity, we must remain silent when we heard of distant outrage. But the principle to which she gave expression in this fine poem is, perhaps, of universal application. No nation is so pure that it can with propriety point the finger of reproach at another; because, if the sins of one are different from those of the other, it does not follow that they are less. I do firmly believe that the people of the United States are the most honest people in the world; but I do not know that we should be such if it were as hard to live in the United States as it is in the densely peopled and entirely appropriated countries of the Old World. There was no stealing in the California mining-region when every man was making his pile. Considering how much our virtues and our vices are produced by circumstances, it is as ridiculous to boast as it is vulgar to taunt.

Why then parade those examples of the weakness and corruption of other governments? For several reasons. It is comforting to have companions in misfortune, and it is reassuring to know that governments that were once wholly corrupt are now but partially so. The court of Louis XIV. and their servants numbered three thousand persons, and the king carried on his war by the sale of places. There were lieutenant-colonels then in the French army ten years

of age, and archbishops under twenty-one. It is not so bad as that in France now; and in England several entire species of corrupt practice have been extirpated. The tendency of governments to become corrupt is powerful and constant, and they can be kept enduringly honest only by eternal vigilance. Besides, a year or two since, when the North American Review exposed the government of New York, the English Tories seized the articles with avidity, and caused them to be republished in England, and circulated as "campaign documents." All the Tory organs commented upon them, and drew inferences unfavorable to government by the people for the people; omitting to mention that the corrupt governments of our three largest seaports are sustained by voters whom the Tory system of Europe had kept in brutal ignorance. If New York aldermen steal, it is because Great Britain has been governed by a class. Send us intelligent, educated emigrants, ye supercilious Tories! Send us men trained in the duties of citizenship, and we will soon expel the thieves from city-hall and lobby. We shall do it, as it is; but not as soon as we should like.

After all, we are but serving an apprenticeship in the art of government by the whole people. We have done very well hitherto. Evils have arisen, but they have been grappled with and suppressed. Evils exist, but there is no reason to think that the recuperative energy of the system is near exhaustion. It is only people who do not know much about the period of Washington and John Adams, who think the government was better then than it is now. It is better now, upon the whole, than it was then; and *much* better, considering how difficult a task governments now have. In its worst estate, it was better than the best despotism. Congress, I am sure, will repent of its small sins; and by and by it will so reorganize the public service that the temptation to commit many of them will be removed.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BOYD read the telegrams awaiting him in Mr. Elsdén's office.

"Squally," he said; and then, with more spirit, "We'll weather it through though, unless Cook and Thomas go down. In that case I don't know but we shall have to 'man the life-boat.'"

"They are as good as the government," said Mr. Elsdén; "I should almost expect a general suspension of business on top of their suspending."

But on his way to town — for Christopher left home that same day for the capital — he read in the evening edition of a paper picked up on the train, that Cook and Thomas had suspended. He had merely used the name of this firm to signify to the superintendent the confidence he felt in himself in spite of the threatening aspect of things. And Mr. Elsdén, understanding his meaning, had silently commented: "If the worst comes to the worst you are in no danger. There are dozens of employments you could turn your hand to." In fact, Mr. Elsdén felt remarkably easy about Mr. Boyd.

The day after Christopher left home, Max went to Mr. Elsdén's office and asked him whether his brother was in a tight place.

No tighter than common, Mr. Elsdén told him. Every business man had felt cramped, he said, since things began to slide as they did six weeks ago. Mr. Elsdén could not account for the slide, unless it had been occasioned by over-trading. "Your brother is as safe as anybody is," he said.

"No safer?" asked Max. That Christopher should "go down," that he should even stand in jeopardy, was a thing Max did not like to consider.

"I have been surprised, I confess, to see what houses have stopped payment," Mr. Elsdén answered. "Your

brother has his money scattered about a good deal. That may be favorable, or the reverse, it is hard telling which, yet. There is no reason for being scared, though, for if anybody is likely to weather the storm, Christopher Boyd is."

The next day Maxwell sought Mr. Elsdén again. He was on his way to Emerald, and he had passed through his first sleepless night on account of business.

"We have all these men's money in the bank," said he. "I have been thinking, if we go down, where is the security?"

"There is n't any," said Mr. Elsdén, with, Max could n't help thinking, a strange indifference. "The bank is your brother's individual concern."

Max knew that before, but he wanted to talk about it, he wanted counsel; and in spite of the evidence that he should not get what he wanted here, he went on.

"Did my brother speak about it to you, Mr. Elsdén?"

"About what?"

"The bank business."

"No, sir. I presume it was quite crowded out of his mind by weightier matters."

"I wish he *had* thought of it. You will be paying the men off to-morrow night in our bills."

"They will want their money, and there are no other bills on hand. They will be glad enough to get them, too. Why, man! have n't you nerve enough to round the cape on a good stout raft? If you intend to do business you must not expect that every cloud signifies a tornado."

"I don't believe I like business, if this belongs to it," said Max, to himself, as he went his ways. He had expected something very different from what he had received, of Mr. Elsdén, —

sympathy for the miners at least, and perhaps a little for his brother.

Mr. Elsdén paid off the men at the usual hour in the usual manner. Boyd's bills never looked more attractive than they did while passing from his hands into those of the laborers. The name of Max was written on each one of them as cashier. "If these bills are not redeemable," thought he, as he counted the sum Mr. Elsdén had ordered, "I shall never hold my head up again. It staggers me to think of all Christopher has on his mind."

John Edgar came to the bank to deposit his money after he had received his payment. Max declined taking it, and John was of course offended, for he at once supposed that Mr. Maxwell intended this refusal as a personal affront. He had been more suspicious of Max than he liked to own to himself, ever since Max had employed Edna to draw his likeness. The latter saw that he was not understood, and said, — and much it cost him : —

"I shall not take a dollar of any man's on deposit, if I can help it, until my brother comes back. That may be a fool's way of doing business, but suppose everybody fails and we are dragged down too, you would beg harder to get your money out of the bank than you do to put it in. I'll not receive it, John. Put it in your pocket-book, and do your own banking."

"You're a gentleman, any way," said Edgar, "but it *is* a fool's way of doing business, and I don't know but it would be better for you if you let us deposit. If the bills ain't worth anything, these fellows who go and spend them far and near will make it all the worse for other folks."

Max reflected on that. "You are right," said he. "I will take your money if you wish it. The Boyds will be good for every dollar in the long run. Christopher is n't the man I take him for, if he lets a poor fellow lose by him." And after that he felt easier about that note for six hundred and ninety-five dollars which the doctor had

told him belonged to Edna Gell. And so, when the miners came to deposit, he wrote down the amounts in their little bank-books, and charged the bank, and business went on as usual.

"We're going to the devil," wrote Christopher to Mr. Elsdén. "It looks now like ten cents on a dollar in less than a month's time. But tell Max we shall work our way out, sure as thunder."

Maxwell himself received a letter by the same mail from Christopher, in which the elder brother made as explicit a statement of the condition of affairs as was possible at the time. He instructed Max how to proceed, and concluded in the most hopeful strain. The spirit of this man had never fallen down and worshipped the work of his own hands.

Max went at once to the superintendent's office with his letter, and found Mr. Elsdén there alone. That gentleman at once laid before him Christopher's communication.

"I expected it," said Max, when he had read it. "That letter was written after the one which I have just received. I wish Christopher would come home. What will you do, Mr. Elsdén?"

"Just what he has suggested. The business here is but an item, as I have told you before. It can be managed easily. The men have had one strike since I undertook the charge. They lost more time and money then than it is likely they will do now."

"Poor fellows! they can't afford to lose! I am sure Christopher will be sorry for them. If it was only to be stripped clean of everything, that could be endured, but ten cents on a dollar!"

"O, your brother may have overstated it a little; but debt *is* a burden. I have carried a load and know. Still, you must keep up a stiff upper lip, as they say. You are young, and your brother has all in him there ever was."

"You mean he has in him the make-up of a dozen ordinary men," said Max,

brightening a little, at the thought of Christopher.

"You are right," responded Mr. Elsdén. "I have n't the slightest doubt that Christopher Boyd will come out of this difficulty right side up and right foot foremost."

But when Mr. Elsdén saw John Edgar, he was reminded of other interests. He seized his opportunity at once, and said: "If we had the money to operate with, there would be no difficulty about beginning on Pit Hole any day; Mr. Boyd's business is nearly wound up here, and it would make matters easier if the miners—they are no better than a lot of children—could have their attention turned in a new direction."

Then was John Edgar led up into the mountain to be tempted there.

Not knowing whither the question might conduct, he asked, "Will all this property be sold out around here?"

"I don't see any other way," he was answered. "It is a kind of property that is constantly changing hands. Not so wonderful as you seem to think. Mr. Boyd took hold of the mines and gave an impetus to all the interests of all the region by his enterprise, and now it seems as if he had finished his part. Well, that is the way we are retired, when we least expect it, and whether we will or no."

"Shall we be likely to go through the same experience?"

"Very likely. Unless we know when we are well off, and go before we are ordered off."

"What is to be done about Hook, sir?" asked John, who had his suspicions concerning that mine,—suspicions which the present moment seemed favorable for verifying or for dissipating.

"Hook is a bad bargain for whoever wants coal," said Mr. Elsdén, unconcernedly.

"Do you really think so, sir?"

"What have I always said?"

"You have said there was coal enough there, if it was worked the right way."

"Are you going to dispute it?"

"No. I believe there is."

"But it proved a sink for Boyd's money, because we went to work wrong."

"But, Mr. Elsdén," said John, his voice unconsciously taking a lower tone, and apparently not quite certain how the information he conveyed would be received, "Pit Hole is n't to be compared with Hook for iron."

The superintendent looked quietly at John Edgar as he made this statement. His impassive face betrayed nothing. "When did you find that out?" said he; and then, without waiting for answer, he went on: "If you had the money, John, you might buy Hook yourself. If a miracle happens to hinder, it will not be in the market. Otherwise it will."

John was as dumb as if he had nothing to say to this proposition.

"You would n't be required to pay a dollar down within six months," continued Mr. Elsdén; "drive business, man, drive! and within a year your fortune will be made. You may sing a lively tune then for the rest of your life; take Edna and go abroad; get a degree of any university before you are thirty; do what you will."

"But," said John, after a long pause, which Mr. Elsdén gave him for reflection,— "but Mr. Boyd sells Hook for coal, if he sells."

"Hook will be in the hands of his creditors before you see him back here again. Say he throws coal into the market. 'What's in a name?' buy, and find out you have iron. All the better for you. Must you shut your eyes, because the next man can't see? Mr. Boyd's creditors sell what they consider a worthless mine; you buy what you know to be a valuable one. Both parties are satisfied. Hook has about as bad a reputation in the market as a mine can have" ("thanks to me" he did not add). "The Ridge will go high even in these times. Mr. Boyd will be able to do much better, very much better, than ten cents on a dollar. I am speaking to you, John,

in business language. A man can know nothing of friendship in business transactions. There's as little romance in business as in mathematics. I am speaking to you as I would to a son. It is a long time since I ceased to think of you as one of the workmen merely."

That last sentence was well expressed and timely. John felt the force of it. The business aspect of things was different from anything he had supposed; still, should he assume that his hands were whiter than Mr. Elsdén's? It was not likely that he would shrink when that gentleman walked forward at his own dignified pace to take the place which was about to be vacated by Mr. Boyd.

"Business is business," said Mr. Elsdén again, when he fancied he saw something like indecision in John's face. "The man who neglects to look out for himself, in his fancied obligation to look after everybody else in the world, is n't a fit person to fill any responsible position. That is all that can be said of him. Self-defence and self-preservation, sir, are among our first duties. A business man has himself to be true to, first of all. He must see to it that society has an efficient man in him. There is no reason why one man should prosper rather than another, except this: he is more efficient. The true philosopher is neither defeated by his failures, nor elated beyond measure by successes. Christopher Boyd cannot really go to the wall, so don't waste sympathy on him, but look out for yourself, and see if this commotion discloses a foothold for you."

Afterwards, in thinking of all that had been spoken in this interview, John Edgar's mind took note of two hints which Mr. Elsdén had thrown out, and he determined to profit by them. First, the present was his opportunity; rightly improved, the path, as the tide, would "lead on to fame and fortune." He resolved to seize the golden moment. And second, it was impossible not to understand the hint that Edna's money, judiciously em-

ployed at the present juncture, or in the operations which were presently to be entered upon, would prove the important auxiliary to success.

His imagination, seizing hold of the ideas suggested, became bold, — foreign travel, university honors, wealth, — what! was he to be hindered by a girl's qualms, or a woman's reported excellence? He actually nerved himself to go down and ask of Mrs. Holcombe the information which he began to see Edna would never require in her own behalf. And he thought as he went that it would be a good thing to drop into Detwiler's office before long, and let him know how his affairs were prospering. But no, the community itself would hasten to inform the doctor when prosperity was once secured.

But when he looked at the bishop's wife, John found it was impossible for him to claim a right of her; the very presence of the honesty he had intended to arraign silenced him. He was ashamed even in the presence of himself. He must proceed in some other way. Perhaps, then, Mr. Elsdén could show it him. Doubtless Mr. Elsdén could.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MAXWELL BOYD found his way to the bishop's house more easily, and still not easily. He had conferred with Mr. Elsdén on the state of affairs, and his perplexities and anxieties had found no relief. In the discussion of business affairs between them, there was wanting that which would have sufficed him, — given him, if not confidence in the prosperous issue of events, some ease of mind, and a strength that would have enabled him to look diffidely in the face without flinching. The vision of ruin could not under any circumstances have been agreeable, but it could have been less than terrible, if just now his confidence in Mr. Elsdén had not nearly failed him. A simulated friendship will not answer the need of him who is in the fight with foes; the beautiful trumpery in

which a selfish spirit may disguise itself is no more than worthless rags to the unsealed eyes of dying hope. Away with it!

Max felt forsaken, and that feeling alone would have led him to Mrs. Holcombe, but he had also another reason for going. He wished to assure her, if any rumor had reached her ears, that all persons holding any claims against his brother at the bank, or elsewhere, would in the long run not be losers. It would relieve him to say this, not only because of Miss Edna's note, but because he knew that soon the poor miners and farmers round about would be cursing the name of Boyd, and he wanted Mrs. Holcombe to know that Christopher's failure did not compromise his brother's honor; that there was no fraud anywhere; that it had been brought about solely by an enterprise which everybody had extolled, — an enterprise which impelled Christopher to keep his capital afloat, when he might have secured it for his own personal benefit: if Max could make her see that, he would be satisfied.

He did as he had proposed to himself; he did tell her everything. And he had not been mistaken in Mrs. Holcombe. She knew now, as she had always known, how to sympathize with trouble, perplexity, and sorrow. The impoverished in heart and in fortune found in her always a helper, and a helper Max found her. She felt for the wounded pride, the conscious integrity, which must consent to wear a stain. Christopher Boyd had a pledged friend in Swatara from the moment when Max had told his story, and the bank a creditor in the preacher's house who would be content to wait until just debts could justly be paid.

"I see," she said, as he went from point to point, and ended by saying that his brother would suffer most of all, thinking of the people, because they might be put to temporary loss, for Christopher had himself known what it was to be poor. She did see and understand. What sorrow or anxiety did she not comprehend?

"God bless you!" said Max as he

left her; and her face brightened as if the benediction had an untold value.

On his way home from that visit, Max walked with a light step. Now and then he sang a line or two of a gay song. The aspect of affairs had changed to him. The faces of the miners whom he met were no longer dark with threatening frowns.

Walking past the engine-house, he saw John Edgar in the midst of a group of workmen, talking busily. Max beckoned, and said: "Come and dine with me, I am confoundedly lonesome at the house."

John looked down. He was not willing that Maxwell or any one should see the pleasure this invitation gave him.

"Come," said Max, again, "you're not going to decline. I want to talk, and to hear you talk."

"Thank you, sir," said John.

"You're welcome." Then they both laughed, and they walked away together.

"I want to show you some books," Max explained, as they took the road leading to Christopher's house. "The place is as solemn as the grave since my brother went away. . . . We shall have a splendid sunset." He seemed to be reading a bill of fare to Edgar, seeking to make him see that it was worth his while to go with him.

"I have been to see Mrs. Holcombe," he continued after a moment, while John was thinking of something to say. "I wanted to tell her how things stood, for she knows everybody, and it's killing to think of what people will say about Christopher." It never seemed to enter Maxwell's head that he was promising perhaps too freely for his brother. His confidence in Christopher's integrity was without a flaw. He was able to speak after this fashion to John, because Mrs. Holcombe had received his communication in so generous a spirit.

"It's a thing that's happening now every day, I'm told," said John. "They say you can't take up a newspaper, but

you'll read of a big failure somewhere. And just now there's appearance of a general smash."

"It does n't happen every day though, that a man like Christopher is washed high and dry."

"You're right there. But though failure is ruin for some folks, it is n't for his kind."

"You are right, John. You always liked Christopher," said Max, well pleased. "Debt will be so much stimulus to him. But I don't like it, I tell you, to see him so bothered."

"What did Mrs. Holcombe say?"

"Say! What *would* she say. I declare I love that woman. I could go through anything to serve her! She shall lose nothing by us,—nor any of them. Everybody must know that my brother is a first-class business man,—none of your speculating rogues. He has always done a legitimate business, honorable, outright. If he fails, he'll not keep a dollar to call his own. I remember, John, when I first came here you told me how much you liked Christopher, and that made me like you first."

John winced, but he answered heartily: "I never saw a man to equal Mr. Boyd, according to my notions."

He did not return Maxwell's look though, and so missed the gratitude there was in it.

He seemed to be observing the western sky; and Maxwell's eyes followed in the same direction.

"Is n't that great?" he exclaimed.

A slight mist was rising from the valley; the solemnity of twilight was over the green earth, the purple hills, and the golden sky. "Such a scene as that makes one feel contemptible when one has been worrying all day," said he. "One can't worry very well up here, except when one is alone and it rains, as it did last night. I felt as if I never wanted to come back when I left the house this morning. But come in and look at the books and things. Make yourself at home. You'll find something to amuse you."

After a moment Max left John alone

in the parlor and went to give orders in the stable-yard. John looked around him. He tried to imagine himself at home,—Edna somewhere within call. To secure such a realm, what could he not do and dare!

As he gazed around, the first thing he perceived with any distinctness was the likeness of Rosa Holcombe lying in a costly frame on the centre-table. When Max came in he was walking about the room.

"That is one of Barlow's—you know him; and you know the point that was taken from, Edgar, don't you," said Max, going up to John and taking his arm in a very friendly manner; and so they stood for a moment looking at the picture, and talking about its truthfulness, and the splendor of the coloring.

Then it came about that the portrait of little Rosa was brought under inspection, and Maxwell said: "You have helped Miss Edna a good deal, John, in her drawing."

To which John answered modestly, "O, not worth mentioning."

But Max persisted in thinking that it was worth mentioning, and wanted to know how it came about. John did n't know; he had really forgotten.

"But there must have been a beginning. She must have found out that she wanted to draw."

"Well, as near as I can recollect," said John, not so awkwardly as ungraciously, for he had not come here to talk about Edna for Mr. Max Boyd's edification, "she was in the shop one day with some folks, and she saw what I was doing, and told me that she had been trying to copy some things from an old book. I had good pencils, too, and she had none, to speak of. And so things went on till"—he hesitated, and decided it was best to go on—"till they came to their present pass between us."

Max looked around at John quickly, and in great wonder. There was not the least effort to conceal the surprise he felt.

"It seems as though you must have something more to say after that," said he.

"I don't know as there's anything more to say, but there's a good deal to do," answered John.

"Eh? what now?"

"Marry her, sir, of course. Get ready for it, first."

"You, Edgar!" But the exclamation had no sooner escaped Max than he added: "Excuse me, but I never thought of that. I am surprised."

The surprise was in itself enough to excite John's anger.

"I don't know as it's necessary for you to be thinking about it anyway, surprise, or no surprise," said he. "It's my business, you know, not yours."

"Don't be foolish," said Max. "Of course it's none of my business. I acknowledge it. Only, do you mean when you say that you are going to marry her, that you are engaged, you two?"

"Yes, I mean that. I suppose a girl's consent is all that is necessary when a man has made up his mind that he must have her."

"You are a lucky fellow," said Max. "She is the finest girl I've seen. She will make a splendid woman."

"Is that why you were so surprised?" asked John. He had been looking around for his cap, and now picked it up and put it on.

"Come to dinner and we will talk about it," said Max; and he stretched out his arm to possess himself of the cap, but he had seriously offended Edgar.

"I have some business to attend to; I must go. I don't know what I was thinking of to come up," he said; "but I thought you needed me. You don't, I see. So, good evening."

Max did not laugh at this. He said: "Very well, sir, I am sorry. Good night"; and he neither dined nor slept that night. Troubled and vexed as he was already, his guest had added tenfold to the vexation and the trouble.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In a day or two Christopher Boyd came home. Mr. Elsden had told

John that before they saw him again the mining property would have been made over to his creditors, and in this he was not mistaken.

The first time John saw the superintendent after Mr. Boyd's return, that gentleman said to him: "We can buy if we please. I know the men who have Hook. They will turn the property over to me and be glad to get rid of it."

"But,—" said John; this looked so very much like double-dealing that he did not feel equal to it. And yet it was Mr. Elsden, a genuine gentleman, and a skilful business man, who proposed it. Gentleman and business man he had resolved to be; and so, though he said "but," he seriously considered the proposal, and expected nothing besides a turning over of the property to Mr. Elsden. The superintendent, perceiving what was passing through his mind, concealed his impatience at the necessity of dwelling on the preliminaries, and said with a rather surprised superiority: "There are no buts about it. You talk as if this were not legitimate business. That is because you know so little about it. Boyd had completed his arrangements before he came back. He did not consult me. It's not my business to follow him like a dog and look out that he makes no mistakes. He considers himself abundantly able to transact his own business, and so do I. He is going away from here; and, as I told you, there is no such thing as putting him down. Learn something from his conduct. He is going into new operations at once, and I have n't a doubt that he will pay all his debts within three years. I shall stay here on account of Pit Hole, and for other reasons. Hook must be worked by somebody. The parties who are going to take hold of the Ridge will superintend for themselves. You see, Edgar, the train is moving on; I advise you to jump aboard. We shall hear more about that other business in a day or two at furthest, I think."

There was vigor in Mr. Elsden's words. His entire aspect seemed to

have changed within a few days. His time had come, — that good time which had been so long in coming. All the world was moving on. Would John Edgar move along with it, or would he lag behind? Be somebody's man, or his own man, henceforth and forever?

With such a guide it was impossible that the young man should hesitate long. In that very hour he made his calling and election sure.

Yes, Christopher Boyd had come back, and it was plain to see that he had been off on no pleasure trip. The men who saw him when he stepped from the train at the Emerald station, said that he looked fifty years older than when he went away. He had been working day and night since he went. All Swatara, since the day of the first settler, had not computed so many figures, looked into so many interests, examined so many claims, acknowledged so many responsibilities, faced so many risks, as this man since he left the mountains one week ago. He came back sane, sober, equal to himself, more than a match for fortune; having not once felt tempted to blow his brains out, run away, or get himself reported drowned. He esteemed himself, though merely one man, more important than a railroad, or a coal-mine, or a bank, or than all three combined. Still, he was made of flesh and blood, and had felt an honorable pride in his successes, and had valued his good name when it was a power; he told Max when they met that he had been through hell since he went away.

After all he had experienced it would perhaps seem to him a small matter that these miners should lose the sums of money they had deposited in his bank. But it was not so, when he went down among the men and told them that the mining business would now be carried on by a new company, but that the superintendent would remain there as before, and somebody had the courage to ask if it was true that hard-working chaps like them must lose all their earnings, he cried out, "Say that

again!" as if he had been insulted by a friend.

The man had courage to repeat the question, for he knew when Mr. Boyd spoke that way that he would answer the men as they had a right to expect.

"Did you think, any of you," said Christopher, "that I was going away without settling all these matters fair and square? There is n't one of you that will lose a dollar by me. You shall have your wages cent for cent, and I'll give you my note on that. I am sorry to put you to inconvenience and make you wait; but you must try to be patient, for you see all this came very sudden on me."

"Be n't you going to stay here, sir, then?" asked another of the men, with by no means the voice of an angry creditor.

"No, my boy, I'm going out West; but do you stay here, every soul of you, and you shall have your money. I shall keep Mr. Elsdon informed where I am. You understand I'm going to earn the money to pay my honest debts to you, for I'm broke an honest man. I have n't laid up any funds for my own use anywhere. But I've got as much as any of you have. I have my hands and my feet, and the head on my shoulders which God Almighty put there for me."

That was all. Christopher had made his farewell address. The men raised a cheer, and they all honored him. He had come into Swatara in a coach and four, as one might say, and was going out of it on foot; but his flag was flying still, and his trumpet sounding. Mr. Elsdon, in the rising scale, might even have envied Mr. Boyd.

Christopher had accepted the office of superintendent of a Missouri railroad.

"Will you go with me, Max?" he asked, when they were alone. He dreaded to ask that question; almost feared to hear the answer. He knew that if power had given him success, success had conferred the power upon him which was felt by men in general.

For the first time since this storm of fortune his eyes were wet with tears, when Max answered, "To the world's end, Christopher!"

It was not loss of money that could impoverish this good man. Maxwell's love could enrich him. Everything

else might go; Barlow's pictures, even; but he had still his young brother's diploma, and Max himself, to make good all his promises.

Was Max going into exile though, because going from Swatara and from Mrs. Delia Holcombe?

FROM THE ORIENT DIRECT.

WELL, what next? We have done the Mission Dolores and its quaint old red-tile-roofed, adobe-walled, and curiously ornamented altar, standing amid the graves of the pious fathers, whose faith led them here and helped them to rear this structure on the far confines of heathendom, generations ago. We have galloped over the broad macadamized road—out past Lone Mountain, with its City of the Dead gathered around the tall white shaft which marks the resting-place of the gallant Broderick, and Mount Calvary, with another City of the Dead gathering around the white cross gleaming from its summit—to Point Lobos, where we have seen the ships from Europe, Asia, Australia, the Atlantic ports, and the islands of the Pacific, come sailing in through the Golden Gate. From the balcony of the Cliff House, overhanging the roaring breakers, we have looked down for hours with never-flagging interest upon those strange monster survivors of the World Before the Flood, the sea-lions, as they crawled from the depths of the slimy sea upon the rugged rocks, writhing and wriggling as if in mortal agony, fighting, and howling in infernal chorus over the degeneracy of the days upon which, through some mistake never fully explained, they have fallen, ages and ages after their co-inhabitants of the primeval world had perished. Fruit we have indulged in, to a surfeit. Wine? We went round through the cellars yesterday until our heads were,

or felt as if they were, as large and as full as the great casks holding thousands of gallons, in which the champagne was being prepared for bottling. The Barbary Coast, with its reeking vice, seething crime, and nameless, unutterable human degradation, we did last night; this evening we do the Chinese Theatre; to-morrow the Geysers; next week the Big Trees and Yosemite. But what to-day?

There is a small white flag, inscribed with the letters U. S. M., flying from each of the San Francisco street-cars as it passes: a mail-steamer from some part of the world has entered the Golden Gate. From the direction of North Beach a messenger of the Merchants' Exchange comes galloping at full speed along Stockton Street, his half-wild Spanish horse—with head erect, nostrils distended, and lustrous eyes (the glory alike of Spanish steeds and women) that flash like coals of fire—bounding over the rough pavement as proudly as if conscious that he bore the fate of Cæsar and his empire. "What is it?" we call out as the messenger flies past us. "The Great Republic, from China and Japan," is the answer he gives without even turning his head to see who asked; and the loud report echoing over the city tells us that the proud steamer, which has borne our starry flag to the uttermost parts of the earth, is safe in port, and is rounding Telegraph Hill on her way up the harbor to the wharves of the

P. M. S. S. Co. at Rincon Point. Eureka! here is the wished-for sensation. Let us be off for South Beach!

Looking down from Rincon Hill, we see the long shed-covered wharf of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company stretching far out into Mission Bay to the southward, huge steamers lying in the docks, or at anchor in the stream, a stone's-throw off, and in front, outside the high, closed gates, a vast crowd of Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics commingled, and a jam of vehicles of every description, gathered in anticipation of the steamer's arrival at her wharf. Descending the hill and making our way slowly through the crowd, we reach the gates at last, and, approaching the group of police-officers on duty, offer the card inscribed, "*Admit the Bearer on Great Republic*," which are received at the Company's office on Sacramento Street as a special courtesy from the great corporation. The officer has already recognized our companion as a member of the San Francisco "press-gang," and passes us through the side door with a quiet nod, not even condescending to look at our ticket. Passing down the long wharf, between the great steamers lying on either hand, we find in waiting a few vehicles,—hacks sent to bring away some particular persons known to be on board, the United States Mail and express wagons,—some gentlemen and ladies who, having friends on board, have secured passes to go inside the gates, a crowd of custom-house officers, detectives in the employ of the company, the captain of the San Francisco police, with his entire watch in gray uniforms, and armed with clubs and revolvers, and fifty to one hundred leading Chinese merchants, consignees of the cargo, or representatives of the "Six Companies," to whom all the Celestial emigrants or immigrants are consigned.

The Great Republic, flying the flag of our country, that of the P. M. S. S. Co., and the yellow dragon flag of China, has meantime rounded Rincon Point, and is lying in the stream, off the southern end of the wharf, with hawsers

out, vainly endeavoring, against the strong ebb tide, to warp into her berth on the western side. The bow hawser parts at last, and she drifts out towards Yerba Buena Island, then swings slowly round under steam, heads away towards San José, and then, when half a mile away, turns gracefully and, with her monster wheels beating the bay into a foam, comes rushing at full speed directly down toward the wharf. The picket gates, which separate the southern end of the shed from the section of open wharf beyond, are opened in an instant by the officers, and the people rush at their utmost speed down towards the northern gateway, apprehensive lest the leviathan, now approaching with the fleetness of a race-horse, should miss the point aimed at by a few feet, knock the pine-timber-built wharf into kindling-wood, and send those upon it into Davy Jones's locker in an instant. Needless alarm! The monster of the deep obeys her helm to perfection, comes rushing swiftly into her berth right alongside the wharf, and, before we have ceased wondering at the immense proportions of this magnificent specimen of American marine architecture, her wheels are reversed, and she has ceased to move. Then, for the first time, we observe that her main deck is packed with Chinamen,—every foot of space being occupied by them,—who are gazing in silent wonder at the new land whose fame had reached them beyond the seas, and whose riches these swart representatives of the toiling millions of Asia have come to develop. The great gangway-planks—bridges they might be called more appropriately—are run out from the wharf and hoisted into place, the health-officer, who had boarded the steamer off "the Heads," comes down bowing and smiling as he parts with the officers of the vessel, the custom-house officers ascend to the decks, the detectives and policemen range themselves at the gangways fore and aft, and—hats off in front!—the grand panorama of the Orient is about to be unrolled!

The forward gangway is reserved for the disembarkation of Chinamen exclusively; the after gangway is for the cabin passengers, mostly Americans and Europeans. Several Chinese merchants, neatly-dressed and quiet, gentlemanly-behaved men, attempt to go on board by the after gang-plank, and are hurled back with, it would seem, needless violence by the officers stationed there. The sub-agents and *employés* of the Six Companies, who attempt to reach the main-deck by the forward gangway, are repulsed with even greater rudeness and force: the orders are that none shall be allowed to go on board until the custom-house officers have done their work. Half a dozen United States Navy officers, from the squadron in Chinese and Japanese waters, coming home on leave of absence, come down the after gangway, and are told to get their luggage all together in one place on the wharf, and it will be passed immediately by the officers. Their lacquered boxes, trunks, open-work rattan chairs and lounges for reclining upon in a tropical climate, boxes of rare plants, and small collections of "curios" from the far East, — West it seems to us, — are soon run through, and chalked with the names of the examining officers, and they enter carriages in waiting, and are driven away to the hotels. A stout-built, manly-looking American, forty years of age or thereabouts, comes down the plank, and a fair-faced woman, who, with her four half-grown-up children around her, has been standing patiently for hours in a corner of the building on the wharf, grows suddenly pale in the face, runs towards him, and with the single exclamation, "O Joe!" has her arms around his neck in an instant. A few ladies and gentlemen, looking curiously about them, issue from the cabin, point out their luggage on the wharf, receive the proper directions, and, entering carriages admitted through the gates one at a time to receive them, are hurried away, apparently half glad at finding themselves standing on the solid land once more,

half sorry to part from those with whom they have voyaged across the broad Pacific and dared the perils of the sea. And now from the cabin emerges a tiny creature, clad in costly robes of satin, richly embroidered, and stands at the upper end of the plank in the gangway opening, as if in doubt which way to turn or how to proceed. She is not more than four feet in height, — slender and graceful of figure. Her lustrous blue-black hair is puffed out at the sides and fashioned into a wonderful rudder-shaped structure behind, supported with gold and silver skewer-like ornaments thrust through it; and her head, guiltless of hat or bonnet, is surmounted by a small wreath of bright-colored artificial flowers. Her face is really pretty, — the features being delicately formed, — despite the obliquity of the almond-shaped eyes and the slight projection of the anything but Grecian nose. Her complexion, naturally whiter than that of the common working-people of her country, has been so cunningly improved by her maid-servant — who could teach our enamellers and beautifiers the first rudiments of their profession — that she is as fair to look upon as the blond beauties of our race, and you would hesitate long before you would swear whether the red which tinges her cheeks and lips is real or the work of "high art" in its perfection. Her tunic or sack is of sky-blue satin, embroidered with flowers in bright-colored silk; her wide, loose trousers of darker blue satin, similarly but more elaborately embroidered; and her dainty little feet are encased in slippers of blue satin with gold-bullion embroidery and thick white felt soles with thin bottoms of polished wood. In her hand she holds two fans, with which she endeavors to keep her face hidden as far as possible from the public gaze. Timid to the last degree she seems, and probably is, and she looks neither to the right nor the left, but keeps her eyes fixed on the plank beneath her, as if anxious to avoid the sight of everything else in the world. As she stands there in the open gang-

way, she looks the perfect counterpart of something we have seen, or dreamed of, before. Ah yes; we remember now! Thirty years ago, — fifteen or sixteen years before this little thing was born, — our big cousin came home from a sailing-voyage around the world, and among the curious things he brought with him was a book of rice-paper, white as snow and soft as velvet, each leaf of which bore a single, wonderfully elaborate little picture, in colors more brilliant than the rainbow; her picture, correct and perfect in the most minute detail, was there; no one could fail to recognize it at a glance. She is the bride of an opulent Chinese merchant of San Francisco who has been home to get her; his parents selected her for him from one of the most respectable families in the Central Flowery Empire, and he had no trouble with courting and such-like Caucasian nonsense. He leads her down the plank, the bracelets and bangles of silver and green semi-transparent stone which encircle her wrists and ankles clinking musically as she walks; and at the wharf a policeman, detailed for the purpose, receives and escorts the party through the crowd, which opens respectfully before the end of his club, and they enter a carriage. Another and another come down the plank; the last two are accompanied by bright-eyed, richly-dressed children, who follow mechanically in their mothers' footsteps, furtively glancing at the strange crowd as they pass through it. These are the wives and offspring of Chinese merchants resident here, who married before coming to California; you had better take a good look at them now, while you can, for they — the women and female children — will be kept in the strictest seclusion from the moment they set foot in their husbands' and fathers' houses, and they may live many years, and die, here in the midst of a great Christian city, and yet never again be looked upon by Caucasian eyes. You may purchase exquisite pictures, on rice-paper, of these "first-chop" Chinese ladies, at the bazaar of

Chy Lung & Co., on Sacramento Street, but the living married Chinese women or respectable young girls you will never so much as catch a glimpse of, except on such an occasion as this.

Following the Chinese ladies comes an Englishman returning from the Indies, a broad, burly fellow, with dogged resolution, self-complacency, and a stout, unconquerable determination to grumble at everything he meets in "this blarsted country, you know," traced upon every lineament. His feet are encased in clumsy thick-soled gaiters, his nether limbs in gray, very scant cassimere pantaloons, which hang limp as withered cabbage-leaves around his ankles; a coat broader than it is long covers his shoulders and reaches down just below his waist, and on his head is a hideous Monitor-shaped hat, as large as the shell of a green turtle, and as unmanageable and badly out of place in the San Francisco summer trade-winds as a balloon in a Western tornado. Surely we have seen somewhere the counterpart of this figure also: yes, it was years ago, when we were laid up with a broken leg, and the fever of our waking hours was followed by the nightmare in our troubled sleep.

The custom-house officers have done their work here quickly, and perhaps effectually, and now all is ready at the forward gangway. A living stream of the blue-coated men of Asia, bearing long bamboo poles across their shoulders, from which depend packages of bedding, matting, clothing, and things of which we know neither the names nor the uses, pours down the plank the moment that the word is given, "All ready!" They appear to be of an average age of twenty-five years, — very few being under fifteen, and none apparently over forty years, — and, though somewhat less in stature than Caucasians, healthy, active, and able-bodied to a man. As they come down upon the wharf, they separate into messes or gangs of ten, twenty, or thirty each, and, being recognized through some to us incomprehensible free-masonry system of signs by the agents of the

Six Companies as they come, are assigned places on the long, broad-shedded wharf which has been cleared especially for their accommodation and the convenience of the customs officers. Each man carries on his shoulders or in his hands his entire earthly possessions, and few are overloaded. There are no merchants or business-men among them, all being of the coolie or laboring class. They are all dressed in coarse but clean and new blue cotton blouses and loose baggy breeches, blue cotton cloth stockings which reach to the knee, and slippers or shoes with heavy wooden soles (these last they will discard for American boots when they go up country to work in the dust and mud); and most of them carry one or two broad-brimmed hats of split bamboo, and huge palm-leaf fans, to shield them from the burning sun in the mountains or valleys of California or the fertile fields of the South, towards which many of them will eventually direct their steps. There is a babel of uncouth cries and harsh discordant yells, accompanied by whimsically energetic gestures and convulsive facial distortions, as the members of the different gangs recognize each other in the crowd, and search out the places assigned them. The luggage is deposited on the wharf, and each group squat on the planking, or stand silently beside their little property, waiting in patience and perfectly soldier-like order the arrival of the officers who are to search them for smuggled goods. "Here, this way!" "Here, here on this side!" "There, over there on that side!" shout the policemen, as they swing their clubs about and frantically endeavor to direct the tide, often really creating disorder among these most orderly and methodical people, who would get things straightened twice as quickly without such assistance. For two mortal hours the blue stream pours down from the steamer upon the wharf: a regiment has landed already, and still they come. The wharf is covered with them so densely that the passage-way for carriages through the centre can with dif-

ficulty be kept open, and yet the stream is unbroken for a single moment. You wonder where such a swarm of human beings found stowage-room, — the bulk already seems greater than that of the steamer, — and wonder still more when told that the vessel with all these on board had still room for a cargo of thousands of tons; her freight capacity being some six thousand tons, and her custom-house registry measurement between four and five thousand. This steamer actually brought one thousand two hundred and seventy-two Chinamen; last week one thousand two hundred came by sailing-vessels, and behind them are yet four hundred millions of the most patient, ready, apt, and industrious toilers on the face of the earth.

The writer shares none of the prejudice against this people which is manifested so strongly by the lower order of the European-born residents of California and leads to so many disgraceful acts of violence and outrage; but such a sight as this awakens curious thoughts, and suggests doubts of the future in the mind of every one who has made political economy and free institutions a study to any extent. The Chinese-labor question is destined within the next ten years — five years, perhaps — to become what the slavery question was a few years since, to break down, revolutionize, and reorganize parties, completely change the industrial system of many of our States and Territories, and modify the destiny of our country for generations to come. Educated, thinking men do not, as a rule, fear the result, or see in this vast semi-civilized immigration any danger to republican institutions; nevertheless, it is a movement fraught with mighty consequences for good or ill, and the question demands and must receive a most careful consideration in all its bearings. Commerce, religion, politics, capital and labor, education, our whole social fabric, must be affected more or less. Occident and Orient stand face to face at last, and the meeting must signalize a notable era in the history of mankind.

The customs agents search the person of every Chinaman as he lands, and go through the luggage of every group or mess as thoroughly as possible, in quest of opium, the one blighting curse of China, for which she may thank Christian England, and for which her children will run any risk and bear any privation. The deadly drug is so costly in proportion to its bulk, that, next to gold and precious stone, it offers the greatest inducement for smuggling; and on the arrival of every steamer and sailing-vessel from China large seizures are made by the officers. On this occasion one officer detected and confiscated forty boxes of opium, each worth eight or ten dollars in coin, which had been concealed in the false bottom of a box containing merchandise of comparatively small value. To do them justice, we should say that one of the Chinese companies' agents directed the officer's attention to the box, and so caused him to make the discovery. Another officer discovered a suspicious protuberance on the person of a Chinaman, and had just reached out his hand to examine it, when the frightened Celestial flung from him into the bay half a dozen boxes of the poison. Bladders of it, flattened out like pancakes, were found concealed in the linings of blankets or bed-quilts and the stuffed undergarments worn by some of the men. In all, several thousand dollars' worth thus fell into the hands of the officers, and a moiety of its value will go into the treasury of Uncle Sam, if the costs cannot be made large enough to swallow up all his share.

Fifteen or twenty Chinese girls, — the poor raft and boat born women of Canton, trained, from childhood, to lewdness, and as utterly ignorant of the ways of virtue or any sense of shame or moral responsibility as so many blocks of wood, — were landed also; some steamers bring them by hundreds, in spite of the efforts of the Six Companies to discourage the traffic. These women signed contracts, in China, to serve their masters a given number of years for their passage-money, board, and

clothing, and, despite our laws, will submit to live and die in a slavery more horrible than any other which ever existed on earth; all efforts of our authorities to break it up having proved utterly unavailing. As they land, they are searched in no delicate manner by the officers, and then received by their purchasers, and delivered into the charge of the shallow old hags in black costume with bunches of keys in the girdles at their waists, who are called "old mothers," and who will hold them in horrible bondage and collect the wages of their sin — if those who have no idea of moral responsibility can be said to sin — for the remainder of their days. The girls are dressed in silk or cotton tunics and trousers, similar in shape and color to those worn by the married ladies, but far less costly, are painted gaudily on cheeks and lips, and wear on their heads the checked cotton handkerchiefs which are the badge of prostitution. They are jeered and "hi-pied" by the crowd of common Chinamen waiting outside the gates, as they pass out to enter the open express-wagons waiting to receive them and carry them away to the dens in Murderers' Alley and along the Barbary Coast. As fast as the groups of coolies have been successively searched, they are turned out of the gates, and hurried away towards the Chinese quarter of the city by the agents of the Six Companies. Some go in wagons, more on foot; and the streets leading up that way are lined with them, running in "Indian file," and carrying their luggage suspended from the ends of the bamboo poles slung across their shoulders. By nightfall the throng has dispersed, the work of the officers is over, and the vast wharf is cleared for the delivery of the immense cargo in the hold of the steamer.

This cargo is made up of articles in a great measure strange to the people of the Atlantic States; and for their benefit the list is copied out in full from the manifest, as follows: —

For San Francisco: 90 packages cassia; 940 packages coffee, from Java and

Manilla; 192 packages fire-crackers; 30 packages dried fish, cuttle-fish, sharks'-fins, etc.; 400 packages hemp; 116 packages miscellaneous merchandise, lacquered goods, porcelain-ware, and things for which we have no special names; 53 packages medicines; 18 packages opium; 16 packages plants; 20 packages potatoes; 25 packages rattans; 2735 packages rice; 1238 packages sundries, — chow-chow, preserved fruits, salted melon-seeds, dried ducks, pickled duck's eggs, cabbage sprouts in brine, candied citron, dates, dwarf oranges, ginger, smoked oysters, and a hundred other Chinese edibles and table luxuries; 824 packages sugar; 20 packages silks; 203 packages sago and tapioca; 5463 packages tea; 27 packages tin.

For New York: 2 packages merchandise; 21 packages sundries; 150 packages silks; 465 packages teas; 144 packages rhubarb; 9 packages hardware.

For Panama, 1 package opium; 1 package sundries; 115 packages tea.

It is not the tea season, and this cargo is consequently a small one comparatively, — nothing, in fact, to what is sometimes landed from a China steamer; though, as will be seen from the foregoing manifest, it comprises no less than 13,354 packages of merchandise, many of them of large size, — a small mountain in the aggregate.

Having enjoyed to the utmost the pleasure of a new sensation, we leave the wharf, meditating on the strange scene which we have beheld, and wondering what is to be the end of all this, and wend our way back to Montgomery Street. Sitting by the fruit-laden table in our own room in the evening, and breathing the air charged with the odors of the fairest flowers that bloom, a doubt arises in our mind, and we begin to inquire if there was in sober truth any such scene as we fancy we have been witnessing. Was that little oval-faced woman, clad in blue, purple, crimson, and gold, shrinking in speechless fear from the strange throng around her, a being of flesh and blood after all, or a creature of the imagination? Did we

actually see her come out of the great black steamer's cabin and stand there hesitating in the gangway, or have we been gazing at some brilliant-tinted picture from the land where Marco Polo journeyed centuries ago, until one of the figures took on itself the semblance of life and action, and walked forth from its frame? Was it not in fact *all* a dream? A dream, we would almost swear! And yet a dream it could not have been, we find when we come to reflect upon it. There is the card of admission to the wharf, still lying on the table before us: that is tangible and real at least. The sunlight which the waters of the bay of San Francisco glistened under, and which flooded with its golden glory the mountains of Contra Costa and Alameda, looked and felt real. We can still hear the roar, of many voices shouting in an unknown tongue, and see the stream of men in blue blouses, with shaven foreheads, and with long braided queues of glossy black hair and silk hanging down their backs. The strange odor of Asiatic tobacco, spices, opium,

"Mandragora, and all the drowsy sirups of the East," which pervaded ship and cargo, still clings to our clothing, and finds its way into our nostrils. It was real, wholly real, after all! We have indeed stood on the farther shore of the New World, and seen the human tides which have surged around the globe from opposite directions meet and commingle, and have beheld the yellow flag, emblazoned with the red-dragon emblem of the "Lord of the whole Earth and Brother of the Sun and Moon," — master of the oldest nation which the sun shines upon, — and the starry emblem of a sovereign people, "By the Grace of God Free and Independent," floating side by side. It was a sight worth living long and coming far to look upon, — a scene to wonder at, to ponder over and reflect upon, to gaze upon once and remember through all the coming years of life, — a scene such as our fathers never beheld nor dreamed of, and of which our children and our children's children only may know the full purport and meaning.

EARTHQUAKES OF THE WESTERN UNITED STATES. ...

IF the reader will compare the general features of the continent of North America with those of Europe, he will perceive that the two continents differ very widely. Europe is a bundle of peninsulas grouped around a central mass which is divided into several distinct areas by trenchant geographical lines. North America is a land mass of singularly even contour, with but three or four well-marked geographical areas, whose boundaries are generally less distinctly drawn than those of Europe. The effect of these peculiarities of contour on the physical conditions or climate of the different regions of the two continents is easily seen, and has been frequently dwelt upon by geographers. In North America the climate varies less within a given geographical range than in any other continent, except possibly Africa. In Europe the variation as we pass from point to point is greater than on any other portion of the earth's surface.

That the climate should correspond with the surface is not at all remarkable, though the observer cannot but be surprised to find that variety in the manifestation of the earthquake forces seems to be equally dependent on the degree of complication of the surface, — that where the land mass is broken up into many distinct geographical areas the action of the seismic forces is more irregular than where the divisions are few and simple. In Europe the limitation of the severest shocks to certain well-defined areas, the juxtaposition of regions of great earthquake activity and regions where such activity is almost unknown, is very remarkable. It is less than a thousand miles from Lisbon, the seat of some of the most terrible catastrophes ever produced by the internal forces, to Paris, where we have no reason to believe that two stones were ever separated by an earthquake shock. Midway between Port-

ugal and Iceland, two regions of the most intense earthquake activity, lies Ireland, from which we have hardly a movement recorded. From the unshaken plains of Southern Russia to the earthquake region of the Caspian, a country really accursed by earthquakes, is less than eight hundred miles.

We must wait many centuries before we can have a sufficiently extensive record of American earthquakes to enable us to know their geographical distribution as well as we know that of European earthquakes; still, we can discern the general laws of their distribution quite well. It is, in the first place, evident that the continent of North America, at least excepting the southward prolongation on the west side of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, is far more uniformly subject to earthquakes than the European area. Excepting the Hudson's Bay country, Florida, Newfoundland, and some other areas, from which our information is too limited to enable us to take them into consideration, we may say that this continent is far more uniformly affected by earthquake-producing forces than Europe. There are no such areas as Portugal, Calabria, or Canton Valais, where an earthquake focus is bordered by regions rarely and slightly influenced by seismic forces. Shocks of moderate energy are, however, very far from rare over nearly the whole of the known surface of North America. The region just about New York City, with a good part of the surface of the adjoining Long Island and some of the valleys of the Alleghanies, are probably among the points of least disturbance. A few points, such as the region about the mouth of the Merrimack River, Haddam in Connecticut, and New Madrid on the Mississippi River, once promised to become the seats of local disturbances; but it has been a century and a quarter since the Newburyport earth-

quakes ceased to occur, the Haddam disturbances have gradually become less frequent, and New Madrid was the seat of continued shocks only for two years after the great earthquake of 1811.

The general law that earthquake disturbances are least likely to occur in the regions longest elevated above the sea is at least approximately verified in America, and it seems quite likely that longer observation will entirely confirm it. If we limit our observations to the earthquakes of the present century — and it is only during this time that any considerable portion of the continent's surface has been subjected to simultaneous observation, — we are led to believe that the intensity of earthquakes as well as their frequency increases as we pass from the Atlantic toward the Pacific Ocean; Western New England and Northern New York, the longest elevated of any area of equal size in the United States, having been the least disturbed, the Mississippi valley having been the seat of more numerous and intense movements, while the Pacific slope exceeds both, at least in the frequency of the severe shocks.

The earthquake area of the Mississippi valley is the only one of the three known North American areas outside of Mexico which has been observed to sympathize with the movements of the Caribbean region. The connection is very slight, there being only one or two rather questionable cases in which a shock has affected portions of the two continents at the same time. The isolation of the two Americas is apparently quite as perfect as is the separation of North America and Europe. The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are far more effectual barriers to the passage of shocks than the Mediterranean. Many shocks have passed the latter, affecting regions both to the north and south of its waters.

The first recorded shock which affected the Mississippi valley occurred in the summer of 1776, — day and month unknown. The only account of it is from Mr. John Heckewelder, a missionary

of the United Brethren, on the Muskingum River in Ohio. It happened about 8 A. M., and its duration is asserted to have been two or three minutes. "The southwest side of the house was raised with such violence that the furniture was nearly overturned. It was accompanied by a subterranean rumbling noise. The cattle were frightened by the shock, and the Indians continued after it to apprehend some great disaster of which they conceived this to be the precursor."

The next shock occurred in the year 1791 or 1792, — tradition has not preserved the year with certainty, — in April or May, about 7 A. M. Furniture in houses was agitated by the jar. The shock was preceded by a rumbling noise in the earth, which seemed to come from the west. The course of this movement was evidently the same as that of the great shocks of 1811. The region where the shock was felt was confined to the northern and eastern parts of Kentucky. There were at that time few settlements farther west, and it may have had a wider range without being observed.

At 3 A. M. on the 8th of January, 1795, a considerable shock was felt at Kaskaskia, in the Territory of Illinois and in the part of Kentucky to the south. Its direction was, like that of the preceding, from west to east, its duration about one minute and a half. A subterranean noise accompanied the shock. Two other shocks should be mentioned. One, at Niagara Falls, occurred at 6 A. M. on the 26th of December, 1796. It came from the northwest, was very slight, and affected the vicinity of the Falls over a radius of about fifty miles. Another occurred near the site of the city of Chicago, in 1804, at ten minutes past two on the 24th of August. It seems to have been quite a strong shock, though we have no accurate description of it. It was felt as far east as Fort Wayne in Indiana, nearly two hundred miles distant. As with the preceding shocks, the impression left upon the minds of the observers was that it came from the west. Although

the last two earthquakes were not felt over any portion of what is properly called the Mississippi basin, they were still within the earthquake area which we have named from the great river.

For more than seven years after the shock of 1804 there is no record of any movement of the earth in the Mississippi valley. Without premonitory shocks, and without those varied atmospheric symptoms which are so generally supposed to indicate the approach of a great subterranean disturbance, there occurred on the night of the 16th of November, 1811, a great and long-continued earthquake, which shook a larger area than any known shock except the Lisbon convulsion of 1755, and which in intensity was probably not surpassed by the movements which produced that great calamity.

The thinly-peopled condition of the region along the banks of the Mississippi, which precluded this great earthquake from producing any great loss of human life, has also made our accounts of the phenomena very imperfect. This latter result is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as there can be no doubt that many of the events of that convulsion were without a parallel in the history of earthquake shocks. The valleys of the great rivers of the world, at least the parts immediately adjacent to their banks, are rarely the seats of earthquake shocks of great severity. The Amazons, the Nile, the great rivers of Asia, even the Danube, the Po, and the Rhone, of Europe, have been very slightly affected by earthquake shocks. The course of a great river like the Mississippi must be much affected by a severe earthquake. Without the intervention of external disturbances the stream is constantly wandering over the plain through which its varying channel is cut. A slight accident, such as the sinking of a wreck or the lodging of a few sticks of floating timber, may so disturb the regular system of curves in which the water flows, that the position of the banks in its course for miles below the point of disturbance will have to be changed before the equi-

librium is restored. The sedimentary matter deposited by the overflows of the stream—which in the case of the Mississippi constitutes the great accumulation, from ten to one hundred miles wide and many hundred feet deep, through which the stream cuts its inconstant course—is not a compact mass, but in its structure frequently as loose and incoherent as an artificial filling. The settling which necessarily takes place when this matter is consolidated by sudden and violent agitations of the mass must greatly affect both the surface of the deposit and the course of the river. This irregular subsidence will doubtless account for many of the peculiar movements which occurred during the shocks; while the violence and extent of the movements thus dependent upon the sudden consolidation of the soil makes one suspect that it may have been centuries since the valley had been submitted to a similarly intense movement. The foregoing considerations will materially aid the reader in understanding the perplexing accounts of the events of the earthquake of 1811.

Owing to the fact that the region of greatest observed violence was in the country immediately about the village of New Madrid, on the west bank of the Mississippi, about fifty miles below the mouth of the Ohio, this earthquake is commonly known in history as the New Madrid shock; but the evidence leads us to suppose that the true centre of the shock was farther to the west. The first shocks were evidently not vertical at New Madrid, but seemed to come from some point beyond the line of the most western settlements. The Indians describe even more terrible effects of the convulsion in the region between the Mississippi and the great plains,—forests overthrown, rocks split asunder, and other indications of great violence,—than were observed at any place near the river. Everywhere the first movements seemed to come from the west, so that we are obliged to refer the origin of this earthquake, as that of many other earthquakes of the same

area, to some centre of disturbance lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. Now that population is spreading over all that region, we shall doubtless yet know, possibly by sad experiences, the true seat of the several disturbances of which we have evidently observed only the westward prolongations.

The first movements of the shock of 1811 were observed by parties of travellers on the Mississippi River; it occurred at about 2 A. M. and was exceedingly violent; we are so fortunate as to have from the pen of an English traveller, Mr. Bradbury, a botanist of some celebrity, a clear account of the occurrences of that night and the several succeeding days during which his voyage towards New Orleans carried him through the disturbed region. At the time of the earthquake this traveller was sleeping in his boat, which was moored to the bank of a small island just above the point known as the Devil's Channel, near the Chickasaw Bluffs. This point is about one hundred and fifty miles below the village of New Madrid, and rather beyond the centre of the shock.* Bradbury's account is one of the most vivid descriptions of the effects of this earthquake extant, and we cannot do better than to transcribe a portion of it: "In the night I was awakened by a most tremendous noise, accompanied by an agitation of the boat so violent that it appeared to be in danger of upsetting. Before I could quit the bed, or rather skin, upon which I lay, the four men who slept in the other cabin rushed in and cried out in the greatest terror, 'O mon Dieu! Monsieur Bradbury, qu'est ce qu'il y a!' I passed them with some

difficulty, and ran to the door of the cabin, where I could distinctly see the river as if agitated by a storm; and although the noise was inconceivably loud and terrific, I could distinctly hear the crash of falling trees and the screaming of wild fowl on the river, but found that the boat was still safe at her moorings. I was followed out by the men and the patron, still in accents of terror inquiring what it was. I tried to calm them by saying, 'Restez-vous tranquils; c'est un tremblement de terre!' which they did not seem to understand." "By the time we could get to our fire, which was on a large flag in the stern of our boat, the shock had ceased; but immediately the perpendicular banks, both above and below us, began to fall into the river in such vast masses as nearly to sink our boat by the swell they occasioned; and our patron, who seemed even more terrified than the men, began to cry out, 'O mon Dieu! nous périrons!' I wished to consult with him as to what we could do to preserve ourselves and the boat, but could get no answer except, 'O mon Dieu! nous périrons!' and 'Allons à terre! allons à terre!' As I found Mr. Bridge the only one who seemed to have retained any presence of mind, we consulted together and agreed to send two men with a candle up the bank in order to examine if it had separated from the island, a circumstance that we suspected from hearing the snapping of the limbs of some drift trees which were deposited betwixt the margin of the river and the summit of the bank. The men on arriving at the edge of the river cried out, 'Venez à terre! Venez à terre!' and told us there was a chasm formed already, so wide that it would be difficult to pass it to attain firm ground. Immediately after the shock we noticed the time, and found it was near two o'clock. It was now nearly half past, and I determined to go ashore myself, after securing some papers and money, and was employed in taking them out of my trunks, when another shock came on, terrible, but not equal to the first. Morin, our patron, called

* There are reasons for believing that, although the centre, or, to use the especial language of the science, the seismic vertex, of the New Madrid shocks was at the outset much to the west of the Mississippi, it gradually moved eastward, until, towards the close of these movements, in 1813, it had travelled over two hundred miles in this direction, being then near the mouth of the Wabash River on the Ohio. The first movements at New Madrid were probably nearer horizontal than vertical; after some days however, the accounts say, the ground bounded up and down.

out from the island, 'Monsieur Bradbury, sauvez-vous! sauvez-vous!' I went ashore and found the chasm really frightful: it was not less than four feet in width; besides, the banks had sunk at least two feet. I took the candle, and examined to determine its length, and concluded that it could not be less than eighty yards; and where it terminated the banks had fallen into the river. I now saw clearly that our lives had been saved by mooring to a sloping bank. Before we had completed our fire we had two more shocks, and they occurred during the whole night at intervals of from six to ten minutes, but slight in comparison to the first and second. I had already noticed that the sound which was heard at the time of every shock always preceded it by about a second, and that it always proceeded from the same point and went off in an opposite direction. I now found that the shock came from a little northward of east and proceeded to the westward.* At daylight we had counted twenty-seven shocks during our stay on the island, but still found the chasm so that it could be passed. The river was covered with drift-timber, and had risen considerably, but our boat was still safe. Whilst we were waiting till the light became sufficient for us to embark, two canoes floated down the river, in one of which we could perceive some Indian corn and some clothes; we considered this a melancholy proof that some of the boats we passed the preceding day had perished. Our conjectures were afterwards confirmed, as three had been overwhelmed and all on board had perished. I gave orders to embark, and we all went on board. The men were in the act of loosening the fastenings, when a shock occurred, nearly equal to the first in violence. The men ran up the bank in order to save themselves on the island; but before they could get over the chasm a tree fell close by them and stopped their pro-

gress. The bank appeared to me to be rapidly moving into the river, and I called out to the men in the boat, 'Coupez les cordes!' On hearing this, the two men ran down the bank, loosed the cords, and jumped into the boat." The party landed again a few miles down the river, where the bank seemed more secure. While they were getting breakfast there were three more shocks; one was so violent that the party found it very difficult to keep their feet; the last came as they were about to re-embark, and one man was nearly precipitated into the river by the giving-way of the bank on which he stood. At eleven o'clock occurred another severe shock, which, says our author, "seemed to affect us as sensibly as if we had been on land. The trees on both sides of the river were violently agitated, and the banks fell in in several places, carrying with them innumerable trees, the crash of which falling into the river, mixed with the terrible sound attending the shock and the screaming of the geese and other wild fowl, produced an idea that all nature was in a state of dissolution." Bradbury's party experienced repeated shocks during the following days. They found the people at the settlements they passed distracted with terror and filled with the belief that the end of the world was at hand. The rapid current of the stream soon carried the travellers beyond the region affected by the shocks. During the six days of their course through the shaken region, they experienced several dozen shocks, most of great severity, and yet the phenomena witnessed by these travellers were produced by the shocks where they were of far less power than they were at New Madrid and other points nearer the focus of the earthquake.

We have but one other account of the experiences of persons travelling on the river. This is contained in a letter from William Shaler to his friend Samuel L. Mitchell, and published by the latter in his account of this earthquake. The statements were gathered by the writer of the letter from the patron of

* This direction, it seems from the precision of statement, may have been determined with a compass, but it differs so widely from that assigned to the shocks by other accounts that I am tempted to believe it a mistake.

a Kentucky boat which had descended the Mississippi during the disturbances. The description relates to the shocks which occurred during the first part of the month of February. The events recounted are so extraordinary that we transcribe a part of the account: "On the 7th of last February, at 3 o'clock A. M., being moored to the bank of the Mississippi about thirteen miles above New Madrid, he was awakened by a tremendous roaring noise, felt his vessel violently shaken, and observed the trees over the bank falling in every direction and agitated like reeds on a windy day, and many sparks of fire emitted from the earth. He immediately cut his cable and put off into the middle of the river, where he soon found the current changed and the boat hurried up stream for about the space of a minute with the velocity of the swiftest horse; he was obliged to hold his hand to his head to keep his hat on. On the current's running its natural course, which it did gradually, he continued to proceed down the river, and about daylight came to a most terrific fall, which he thinks was at least six feet perpendicular, extending across the river, and about half a mile wide. The whirls and ripples of this rapid were such that his vessel was altogether unmanageable and destruction seemed inevitable; some of the former, he thinks, were at least thirty feet deep, and seemed to be formed by the water's being violently sucked into some chasm on the river's bottom. He and his men were constantly employed in pumping and bailing, by which, and the aid of Providence, he says, he got safe through. As soon as he was able to look round he saw whole forests on each side fall prostrate, to use his own comparison, 'like soldiers grounding their arms at the word of command.' On his arrival at New Madrid he found that place a complete wreck, sunk about twelve feet below its level, and entirely deserted; its inhabitants and those of the adjacent country, who had fled there for refuge, were encamped in the neighborhood. He represents their cries as truly distressing. A large barge, loaded with five

hundred barrels of flour, besides other articles, was split from end to end and turned upside down upon the bank. Of nearly thirty loaded boats, only this and one more escaped destruction; the water ran twelve feet high, and threw many of them a great many rods on shore; several lives were lost among the boatmen. Another fall was formed about eight miles below the town, the roaring of which he could distinctly hear at New Madrid. He waited five days for the fall to wear away. During that time the earth was constantly trembling at intervals of about five minutes. He observed many fissures in the earth, below the town, five or six feet wide, extending in length out of sight, and one side several feet lower than the other. On the fifth day, he passed the lower fall, which had worn away to a practicable rapid. He felt a succession of shocks until he came down to Plum Island." Other statements corroborate this statement of the reversion of the current of the Mississippi, and the formation of barriers across its course, over which the river broke in cataracts. On many accounts these are among the most surprising results of earthquake action ever recorded.

It is difficult to estimate the intensity of these long-continued shocks. The buildings along the banks of the Mississippi at that time were entirely of wood; even the chimneys, which generally are built of stone, at that early day in the West were usually constructed of small logs of wood notched and fitting into each other at the corners. This mode of building with notched logs was used also in constructing the houses and out-buildings, which were almost always of one story, and rarely exceeding fifteen feet in height. It would be impossible to imagine a style of building better suited to withstand such shocks; nothing but the most violent movements would affect such structures; yet there can be no doubt that the houses of New Madrid were ruined by the convulsion, and that over a wide area most of these substantial huts were so shaken as to be-

come uninhabitable. The people of that region, as soon as their first terror was over, abandoned their dwellings and resorted to the forests. In order to secure themselves against the risk of falling into the fissures which were so frequently formed, they felled trees so that their trunks would be transverse to the general direction which the fissures took, and built tents upon platforms which they constructed on those broad foundations.

While these facts afford an idea of the intensity of the shocks, they do not enable the reader to conceive of the tremendous effects of the repeated convulsions on the surface of the earth. Many considerable tracts of land were submerged; at other points dams were thrown across the smaller confluent of the Mississippi, forming lakes, some of which remain to the present day. Reelfoot Lake, near the Mississippi River, in the State of Kentucky, a body of water about fifty miles in length and from one to two miles and a half wide, was formed by a "sand blow," or the eruption of a great amount of sand, which dammed the waters of the stream, heaping them up until they found a new channel by passing into the Obion River.* This extensive body of water had no existence until the earthquake shock. The valley was thickly wooded, and to this day, in the shallow parts of the lake, the dead cypresses stand in great numbers, their trunks blackened by the hunters' fires, the flames of which are wafted by the wind from the high grass of the shore and spread from tree to tree over the water.

Although nearly sixty years have elapsed since the earthquake occurred, and although the soil on which its chief force was spent is of a loose texture, which renders the obliterating effect of time on all irregularities of surface peculiarly great, one can still find in a day's journey frequent evidences of the action of those terrible shocks. In the southwest corner of Kentucky

the "earth-cracks" may be traced at many points, the fissures being from twenty to seventy feet wide and from one to four feet deep. In Obion County, Tennessee, where the effects were still more violent, depressions are even now visible one hundred feet deep, and varying from a few feet to one hundred feet wide. They are said to have had more than twice this depth when originally formed. Many of these fissures were produced by the escape of gases, which broke forth with all the violence of volcanic eruptions, throwing out great quantities of sand and water. There seems reason to believe that, although no indications of the coming shock were perceived in the atmospheric condition of the night on which it occurred, a very sudden change succeeded the earthquake: within five minutes after the first movement, the heavens, which had been peculiarly clear and serene, became overcast, and the air was filled with a dense vapor, which had a disagreeable smell and produced a difficulty of breathing. This condition of the air continued until the break of day, before which several other shocks occurred; it then cleared up. Soon after sunrise another shock of great violence succeeded, which overthrew the chimneys which had withstood the preceding movements, and rocked the houses very violently. The darkness immediately returned, and the terrified inhabitants fled from their homes. There seems no doubt that there were sudden flashes of fire at the moment of each shock. This, as well as the statement of the sudden change in the condition of the atmosphere, does not rest upon the authority of one observer, but is supported by so many independent observations that it cannot be considered doubtful. The formation of vapor does not seem difficult to account for; the tremendous character of the movement of the soil must have generated a great deal of heat. There is also abundant evidence that large quantities of hot water were ejected from the fissures in the earth. These agents may have been sufficient to have pro-

* This expanse of water includes Obion Lake, which is on the same level and seems to have been formed at the same time and by the same barrier.

duced the result. The electric flashes which accompanied the shocks have been observed in the case of most shocks of extreme violence occurring during the night-time. There can be no doubt that an immense amount of frictional electricity is evolved by the intense movements of the soil attendant on earthquakes of great violence, and it is quite natural that this should discharge itself into the atmosphere in lightning-flashes. These peculiar electrical and atmospheric phenomena were limited to the region of greatest observed disturbance, in the vicinity of New Madrid.

Our space will not allow us to trace in detail the various effects of this earthquake in different parts of the Mississippi valley. The physical effects were not observed over one fiftieth part of the region shaken. The scanty and illiterate population has left us only the most imperfect records of what they saw, yet enough remains to make it certain that since human history began the earth has rarely been shaken by a more tremendous convulsion.

The continuance of the shocks was as remarkable even as their violence or the peculiar phenomena they induced. From the morning of the 16th, to the 28th of December, sixty-seven shocks were counted. A competent observer, Dr. Robertson, a government surveyor, then living at St. Genevieve on the Mississippi River, about fifty miles below St. Louis, counted over five hundred shocks, when he became weary and abandoned the task. During the fourteen months succeeding the first shock, not a single day passed without a considerable movement of the earth, and often many shocks occurred within a few hours. After the expiration of a year the disturbances became more rare and lost their destructive violence, but another twelvemonth passed before the movements ceased to occur. During the first part of the series of shocks the centre of the disturbance seemed to be in the region lying to the west of New Madrid; but the point of greatest frequency gradually moved eastward,

until it was near the mouth of the Wabash River, in the Ohio valley. Here, over a region about twenty miles in diameter, a succession of shocks occurred for more than two years, during which time only a few days passed without bringing a distinct movement. Most of the oscillations were of such a slight character as not to be felt outside of this narrow district. The following account of the movements of the earth observed at Cincinnati, Ohio, will give the reader an idea of the force of the convulsion at a point on the extreme limit of the area disturbed, where shocks were reduced to the merest tremblings, which near their origin were of extreme violence. It is from the pen of Dr. Daniel Drake, an acute observer, who has supplied us the only connected and carefully recorded observations made upon the shock. The extract is from the Appendix to Drake's *Natural and Statistical View of Cincinnati*:—

"*December 16, 1811.*—At twenty-four minutes after two o'clock A. M., mean time, the first shock occurred. The motion was a quick oscillation or rocking, by most persons believed to be from west to east, by some south to north. Its continuance, taking the average of all the observations I could collect, was six or seven minutes. Several persons assert that it was preceded by a rumbling or rushing noise, but this is denied by others, who were awake at the commencement. It was so violent as to agitate the loose furniture in our rooms, open partition-doors that were fastened by falling latches, and throw off the tops of a few chimneys in the vicinity of the town. It seems to have been stronger in the valley of the Ohio than in the adjoining uplands. Many families living on the elevated ridges of Kentucky, not more than twenty miles from the river, slept during the shock; which cannot be said, perhaps, of any family in town.

"About three o'clock, or about forty-five minutes after the first, a slight vibration was felt.

"At twenty minutes after seven

o'clock A. M. of the same day occurred a moderate rocking, apparently southwest and northeast, of about one minute's duration, terminating in a strong throe of a few seconds. This was unattended by any sound in the earth or atmosphere.

"Thirty minutes past seven A. M., a slight oscillation.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock A. M., another of the same force.

"17th. — At fifteen minutes before twelve, a vibration stronger than the last.

"18th. — About thirty minutes past eleven, a moderate agitation.

"31st. — Between four and five o'clock, a few gentle rockings.

"January 3, 1812. — A slight vibration between two and three o'clock A. M.

"From the 3d to the 22d no vibration strong enough to attract general notice occurred; and it was generally believed in Cincinnati that the earth hereabouts was quiet. Others however assert that they felt many slight agitations, which undoubtedly was the case, for during that period shocks were every day felt along the Mississippi.

"23d. — About nine o'clock A. M. a great number of strong undulations occurred in quick succession. They continued four or five minutes, having two or three quick exacerbations during that time. An instrument, constructed on the principle of that used in Naples at the time of the memorable Calabrian earthquakes, marked the direction of the undulations from south-southeast to north-northwest. This earthquake was nearly equal to that which commenced the series, on the 16th ultimo.

"27th. — At forty-five minutes past eight A. M., a solitary heave, as strong as any single throe on the 23d.

"February 4. — About four o'clock P. M., a pretty strong agitation.

"5th and 6th. — During these days and the nights preceding them many slight jars and tremors were perceived by the aid of delicate plumb-lines. They were also perceptible to those

persons who were at rest in situations favorable for nice observation.

"7th. — At forty-five minutes past three o'clock A. M., several alarming shocks in rapid succession. The instrument already mentioned indicated the three principal heaves to be from the southwest, the south-southwest, and north-northeast. The last greatly surpassed any other undulation ever known in this place. It threw down the tops of more chimneys, made wider fissures in brick walls, and produced vertigo and nausea in a greater number of people, than the earthquakes of either the 16th of December or the 23d of January. It was said by some that this earthquake was preceded by a light and noise; but this was denied by others who were awake and collected in mind and senses.

"8th. — During most of this day the earth was (to borrow a term from chemistry) in a state of ebullition, as the gyration and other agitation of pendulous bodies indicated.

"About eight P. M., a slight agitation.

"At thirty minutes after eight o'clock P. M., another vibration; its continuance was nearly a minute.

"At forty minutes after ten o'clock, a shock considerably stronger than either of the preceding. It was observed to produce in suspended and elevated bodies a very sensible degree of trembling, but no oscillation, indicating perhaps a vertical, instead of the horizontal motion of the previous shocks. Immediately before this shock I had the pleasure of hearing, for the first time, a noise such as preceded, according to the report of some of our citizens, most of the principal earthquakes. It was a peculiar, faint, dull, rumbling or rushing sound, near the horizon, to the southwest. It seemed to approach, but not to arrive at the place of observation, and after continuing four or five seconds was succeeded by the shake. During the remainder of the night and the next day the earth was in the same state of tremor which it suffered on the 5th and 6th.

"10th. — About four o'clock P. M., a gentle vibration.

"11th. — About one o'clock A. M., another.

"11th. — About six o'clock A. M., another.

"13th. — About ten o'clock A. M., another.

"13th. — About two o'clock P. M., another.

"16th. — About ten o'clock P. M., another.

"17th. — At forty minutes after three o'clock A. M., a stronger shock; the undulation was south-southeast and north-northwest. About this time a great number of slight tremors and agitations were perceived.

"20th. — Between ten and eleven P. M., a slight shock.

"21st. — At thirty minutes past twelve o'clock A. M., a short but stronger shock.

"22d. — Between three and four A. M., another slight vibration: these three oscillations were south and north.

"March 3. — A few slight rockings about thirty minutes past six o'clock A. M.

"10th. — A stronger vibration about eight o'clock P. M.

"11th. — A slighter vibration between two and three o'clock A. M.

"April 30. — A moderate agitation.

"May 4. — About eleven o'clock A. M., a slight shock.

"10th. — About eleven o'clock P. M., a slight shock.

"June 25. — In the night, a slight shock.

"26th. — About eight o'clock A. M., a slight agitation.

"September 15. — At the dawn of day, a moderate vibration.

"December 22. — About three o'clock, another.

"March 6, 1813. — About ten o'clock P. M., a very slight shock.

"December 12. — Between ten and eleven o'clock A. M., another.

"December 12. — Between three and four o'clock P. M., another."

In the variety as well as the range of its effects in different parts of the

continent of North America, this convulsion can only be compared with the Lisbon earthquake. As in that memorable convulsion, the greater shocks of this earthquake, while diminishing gradually in force as we pass from the centre of disturbance to more distant regions, exhibited some peculiar features in their intensity at different points. The shocks were felt as far as the shores of Lakes Michigan and St. Clair on the north, to the Atlantic on the east, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south; but it was only the first movement and possibly one or two of the heavier shocks which occurred in the first year of the disturbance which extended their effects so far. The others were really local in character. The region shaken by the shocks of average force, although extensive, was much more limited than that affected by the severest movements. On the east, it reached Cincinnati, where over one hundred distinct shocks were felt; on the north it extended to the northern border of Illinois; and on the south to the point where the Mississippi enters the State of Louisiana.

The eastward extension of the greater shocks was much hindered by the Alleghany Mountains. This range interposed a barrier to the propagation of the movement, such as has frequently been noticed in connection with the shocks which have affected Central and Southern Italy, where the mountains limit the shocks in a remarkable degree. The movement of the shocks of the first day was felt, though indistinctly, as far as Richmond, Virginia, and Washington. They were not perceived farther north on the coast line, nor were any of the subsequent shocks noticed. From Columbia, South Carolina, southward, as we pass from under the protection of the Alleghany range, we find the effects of the shocks more intense. At the last-named city, plastering fell from the ceilings, and great terror was produced by the shocks. At Charleston, the church-steeple rocked so that the bells rang continuously; during December seven shocks

were felt. At Knoxville, on the western side of the mountains, the shocks were violent, and attended, as at many other points, with flashes like lightning. It would require a volume to recapitulate the recorded effects of these shocks at different points; we have given enough to enable the reader to form a conception of the nature of this grand convulsion. To the geologist, the most remarkable features are, that a convulsion of such violence and long continuance should have occurred at a region so remote from points of volcanic eruption, and in a country where so large a portion of the surface is formed of rocks, which seem to have been but little affected by the forces coming from beneath. But there are other considerations which cannot fail to interest the general reader even more than these scientific speculations; namely, what are the probabilities of a repetition of such a catastrophe in that region, and what would be the effects of such movements on the works of man?

To the first of these important questions only a qualified answer can be returned. As before stated, the occurrence of such a shock in a region like the Mississippi valley, on the borders of a great river, is probably unprecedented in the history of earthquakes; but, as it has occurred, all analogies indicate the probability of its recurrence within a century. In all those countries which have been visited by great convulsions, where observation has extended over a great length of time, it has been found that their visits may be expected as often as about once in a hundred years. If such a convulsion should revisit that region in its present populous condition, the destruction of life and property would be terrible indeed. In no portion of the world are the buildings less fitted to withstand such shocks. To feeble walls of great height, and with slight transverse supports, are added massive stone copings and heavily loaded floors. The architect's work is deemed to be the nice adjusting of strength to strain, so

that nothing is left for contingencies. The seismologist can have no doubt that the recurrence of a series of earthquakes like those of 1811, 1812, and 1813 would ruin many of the cities of the Mississippi valley. St. Louis, Memphis, Cairo, Nashville, the towns along the Ohio River below Cincinnati, and the cities generally within two hundred miles of New Madrid, would suffer terribly by a return of those movements which convulsed the region half a century ago. An earthquake which could render log-houses uninhabitable would play havoc with the flimsy structures which prevail in our Western cities. It is sincerely to be hoped that the conclusions of science may prove without foundation, and that this warning may be found to have as little basis as it will have effect; but the cautious man, building in a region which had been shaken as this region has been, would try to give his walls the strength of Roman masonry, and avoid all unnecessary elements of weakness in his buildings.

After the land in the Mississippi valley had ceased to vibrate with the frequently recurring shocks of the New Madrid earthquake, there came a long period of repose. Indeed, for nearly forty years only the most feeble tremors, occurring at long intervals, served to remind the people of the valley that the forces of the earthquake still existed under their feet. In February, 1857, there occurred a shock more violent than any since 1813. No damage was done to buildings, nor were any effects traced on the surface of the earth. Those people who had experienced the shocks of 1811 to 1813 were much frightened at the prospect of a similar calamity; but the mass of the population was unaffected by it. The work of collecting the records necessary to the formation of a catalogue of the earthquakes of the Mississippi valley remains to be done, so that it is not possible to present here a list of these shocks. This is the less to be regretted, inasmuch as they afford little matter calculated to interest the general reader.

OUR PHIL.

OUR Phil was blacker than the ace of spades. He was the blackest darky that ever was born. Jet, huckleberries, charcoal, ebony, and crows were nothing to him. On the old place at home it was considered quite a point to be black; if you could not be a "latter," or a mulatto, as you precise Northerners would say, why then, the next best thing was to be dead-black.

All of Phil's people were black; Aunt Dolly, his mother, who cooked at the "house" for twenty-five years, used to almost put the fire out when she looked into it; Uncle Pete, his father, and Sam, Cæsar, Hagar, and Ann, his brothers and sisters, were every one as black as Egypt.

After nearly a quarter of a century, Aunt Dolly began to fail a little in her cooking; she forgot the salt in the corn-cakes one day, and let the pot-pie burn the next.

"That will never do, Dolly," said my mother.

"Awful sorry, mistis," replied Aunt Dolly, penitently.

"You are not so young as you were, and you must not try to do so much. We will get some one in to help you; who shall it be, Dolly?"

"There's Jupe's Clarsy," said Aunt Dolly, after a minute's thought, "she's a likely gal; quite spry, I heerd, mistis, quite spry, since she come back."

"Very well, you shall have her, then."

This likely girl of Jupiter's, Clarissa by name, had recently come back to her father. She scarcely deserved the name of girl, for she was on the sensible side of thirty, and was a widow, or as much of one as a woman can be who does not know whether her husband is dead or alive. Her Jacob, a man twenty years older than herself, had gone away to sea five years before, and she had never seen or heard of him since. After wandering about

from place to place at service, she had finally come home again, and now she was to be installed as helper to Aunt Dolly.

These people were not slaves, but had been. Long before that eventful hour when the great public Proclamation of Freedom broke every bond in the land with one blow, the process of emancipation had been going on slowly but very surely in those sections of the South that bordered on the Northern States. Liberty cannot keep itself to itself. It was, in those old times, like a pear-tree planted near the boundary line of your garden; its shade, its fragrance, its leaves, and a goodly portion of its fruit, would fall over on the other side. So the desire to be free and to set free, the love of liberty in its fullest and widest sense, had crept down silently into many a plantation and old estate in Kentucky, Virginia, and along our Maryland coast.

How any one could ever oppress the weak, oppose the right, uphold the wrong, or stoop to any meanness or dishonor, in the face of the everlasting sea, I cannot understand. The boundless, restless, mysterious world of waters seems to link us closer to God than any other of his works. It utters his voice in tempest, and mirrors his heavens in calm. Its solemn booming at dead of night, like an accusing voice that protests against wrong and condemns the doer, might set a man crazy if he had guilt on his soul. And its laughing ripples on a spring morning, foaming and bubbling up the beach, while the water beyond is smooth as crystal and clear as the sea of glass in the vision of St. John, ought to persuade him to all goodness, faith, and mercy.

However all this may be, our negroes were free. My grandfather Calvert could never quite bring himself to take the step of freeing them, but the first

act of my father when the estate came into his hands was to carry out this long-desired purpose. That was before I was born, and more than a dozen years anterior to the memorable day when Aunt Dolly burned the pot-pie, and was furnished with an assistant in consequence.

Clarsy turned out to be a very likely girl indeed, and before she had worked in the kitchen a year our Phil fell in love with her. I always heard the gossip of the place from Phil's sister, Black Ann, so called in opposition to 'Latter Ann, who sometimes did the extra laundry work. Black Ann was house-worker, and was the strangest mixture of good and bad, of shrewd and silly, that ever grew up on the old place. One minute she seemed gentle and conscientious; the next hard as granite and utterly reprobate; one hour she would tell you horrible lies, and the next come and confess them to you without a particle of penitence; and in all my life I never saw her shed a tear. If anything disturbed or agitated her very much, she would give a loud, defiant sniff, and wipe her mouth hard with her apron.

I was coming down stairs one day when Black Ann was washing the woodwork. She caught my feet in her hands as I went to pass, exclaiming: "Bless your little feet, Miss Cathy! ain't no bigger than corn-cobs!"

"Don't, Anny," I replied, with as much dignity as a child of twelve could assume; "I don't like to have you touch my feet!"

"Don't, eh? Must let 'em go, then."

"And I don't like to be called Miss Cathy, either. Cathy is such a horrid name!"

"What then? Can't say 'Miss Kitty,' 'cause that's the mistis's name, and then we'd have to call her 'Old Miss Kitty,' and that's no manners."

"You can call me Miss Kate."

"Hi!" she said, with a laugh, "that will do for the quality! Reg'lar quality name! don't come nat'ral to a poor ducky like me."

It always made me feel bad to hear

Anny call herself a poor ducky, so I said: "Well, I don't care, Anny, you can say Cathy if you like, although it is ugly."

"Lor bless you! 't ain't ugly a mite! It's sweet as 'lasses! It's sweet as you be! Now I'll tell you something, 'cause you're so good. Phil wants to marry Clarsy!"

"Does he?"

"Yes, but he can't do it!"

"Why not?"

"Got one husband already."

"Why, no, Anny, she's a widow."

"Only 'bout half, Miss Cathy. They got to wait a year, anyhow; law ain't up till after seven years."

"Why, Anny, widows don't have to wait till their husbands have been dead seven years."

"Massy, no! not if they're stone-dead; then you can get married next morning; but if you ain't sartain sure, got to wait seven years, for fear he'll come back."

"That seems stupid, because he could come back in seven years and a day or a week."

"Don't know noffink 'bout that, Miss Cathy, only what I heerd 'em tell, that the law was up next year."

I troubled my head but little about the law, although I regretted very much that the fun of a wedding, with all its attendant good things, should be put off for a whole year, and I felt still worse when I heard through Anny, from time to time, that poor Phil was half sick with anxiety and fear, lest Clarsy's "Old Jake" should come back before the year was out.

"He can't think of noffink else, Miss Cathy," she said, one day. "Dreams of him every night, he says; thinks he sees him swimming ashore, or putting up to the dock, and he goes into cold sweats and nightmares. What's got hold of him to think so much of that Clarsy, I can't see! If old Jake comes back, let him take her, I say, and clar! No, lorst! She can cook pretty smart, but, lor! any poor ducky can cook! But then she's a good color, too, Clarsy is; none of your half-way niggers!"

Clarsy was black as a coal, too.

"I'm very sorry for Phil," said I, "but I think it will all come out right, Anny."

"So I tell him, Miss Cathy. More gals than Clarsy in the world, and better ones, too! But, massy me! when a man gits his mind sot onto a gal, it's just as if the handle was off the coffee-mill; can't turn him, nohow!"

But in spite of Phil's nightmare and terror, and Clarsy's feeble apprehension lest she might lose the wedding-cake, the ring, and the party, the year went round, the "law was up," and the marriage-day appointed. Mr. Scott, our minister, was to drive down and perform the ceremony, and remain with us over night; which he frequently did, as his house was seven miles away. All the people about were invited, and even two or three of Clarsy's relations were coming all the way down from the city to grace the occasion. Mother always took great pains to make our people happy, especially on their holidays and festivals, and wonderful preparations were made for the wedding. Clarsy took a journey to the city, expressly to buy her dress; but if she had gone to Europe on purpose she could not have found anything uglier. It was the most dismal shade of lead-colored alpaca, striped with black, gloomy enough to make you shed tears; but she thought it was beautiful, and Aunt Dolly commended her for buying goods that would "do sarvice." There were whole ovens full of cake and biscuit baked, and mother frosted the bride's loaf and put sugar-plums in the icing. The kitchen and back kitchen were newly whitewashed, and the great brick jambs painted black. At last, everything was ready; the day arrived; the shelves in the big milk-room fairly sagged with their burden of roast and boiled, and broiled and baked; dozens of long benches were brought in from the little meeting-house in the woods to accommodate the guests; the floors were sanded, the candles lit, and by dusk the people began to gather. The hour arrived, but Mr. Scott had not

come. Everything was ready, everybody waiting, time slipping by, and still no Mr. Scott. The darkies were seated in closely packed rows on the benches, keeping solemn silence in expectation of the minister's coming; 'Lias, the fiddler, and the two "banjo-pickers," being very much in the foreground, and quite conspicuous, kept tuning up their instruments to relieve their embarrassment; while the poor bride and groom, martyrs to etiquette, stood patiently all this time in the dark in the milk-room, with nothing but the smell of the refreshments to keep their spirits up while waiting their long-delayed summons.

My father was sitting lazily by the blazing fire in the dining-room, reading contentedly, in the easiest of arm-chairs.

"Leonard," said my mother, "it is half an hour past the time, and outdoors it is dark, and raining a little; I'm afraid Mr. Scott won't come."

"I dare say not," said father, carelessly.

"But what will they do?"

"O, let them wait till to-morrow night."

"Now, Leonard, you know that's impossible! Think of all the people, and how far some of them have come! Besides, the cake and biscuits will be dry, and the syllabub spoiled! Suppose you marry them, dear; you are a judge, and you know you married a couple once."

"I? Pshaw! pshaw! Let them jump over a broomstick! I can't do it!"

"Now, Leonard," she answered, reprovingly, "you must not speak in that trifling way. Marriage is a very solemn thing, not to be made fun of. Come, now, you marry them, dear; they will all be so disappointed otherwise; won't you?"

"Well, well, if I must, I must. I suppose I can tie them tight enough! Give us the book then!" and he rose reluctantly, and stretched out his hand for the prayer-book.

"But you won't do it in that shooting-jacket, dear."

"Why not?"

"Nor in those red slippers, with that wicked-looking fox-head on them!"

"What's the matter with the slippers?" he said, turning them sideways and looking intently at them.

"Of course you'll put on your boots and your dress-suit."

"Will I?"

"Certainly, dear; you wouldn't look dignified enough, otherwise."

"Well, if you say so, it must be done! Bless me! I dare n't, though! I'm afraid I'll have to salute the bride!"

"Never fear. Hurry now, it is so late, dear."

Father loved dearly to tease mother a little with his nonsense, but he was at heart as good as gold and as sweet as honey. Presently he appeared in his black clothes and white cravat, looking as grand and handsome as a prince, I thought. He gave us children a comical wink as we followed him to the kitchen, that set us all laughing; but mother held up her finger at us, and we knew we must be quiet then.

Phil had on a huge white vest; and, either because he was warm, or uneasy, or vain, or perhaps all three, he had turned his coat so far back at the sides that the vest looked like a full-sized square pillow-case. Clarsy's lead-colored alpaca was more melancholy than ever by candle-light; but then she had a pocket-handkerchief nearly the size of Phil's vest, which she held tight against the middle of her waist, and that relieved the gloom a little. Poor things! they both looked frightened, but Phil the most so. Clarsy had been through it once before, and he had n't; besides that, Phil had a big heart, and she a little one; and, moreover, there was no doubt a perpetual vision before his mind of the possibly resuscitating "Old Jake."

When the ceremony was over, father congratulated them in the most courteous way; mother did the same; and then the "quality" was supposed to retire; although Lucy and I and George, by Aunt Dolly's special invitation, witnessed the fun through a wide

and premeditated crack in the kitchen door. And O, what fun! The only drawback to our enjoyment was that Fred was away at school, and could not see it too. George went so far as to wish he was a darky himself; and Lucy and I had to appeal to every feeling of delicacy there was inside of his little nine-year-old breast to keep him from rushing in, and participating actively in the proceedings.

"O dear!" he groaned, "if it was n't a double-shuffle I could stand it!" But he had to stand it, nevertheless, although he would make his feet go on the entry floor, in spite of our nudges and entreaties. They had come to the genuine, old-fashioned "Old Virginny never-tire" double-shuffle now, and no wonder it set him crazy.

Just after the marriage ceremony was over, the cake and coffee had been passed; then Clarsy's city cousins being introduced to the company, had done their best to overawe the rustic assembly by an amazing display of airs and attitudes, and then the dancing had begun. A little space was cleared in the middle of the floor, hardly big enough to turn around in, and Sam and Cæsar, as brothers of the groom, opened the ball with the time-honored favorite, the double-shuffle. They stood facing each other, their hands hanging straight down by their sides, their eyes rolling, their heads lolling back on their shoulders, or else by way of variety hanging forward with their chins on their breasts. They danced till the floors shook, the rafters trembled and shed dust, and the candles tottered in their sockets; the perspiration streamed down their faces, and the cords of their hands stood out like cables. Neither would give in, though both were ready to drop; the excitement augmented every instant, the spectators cheered and "hi-ed!" and finally joined the instruments with a kind of wild, tuneless, minor chorus, the favorite couplet in which seemed to be,—

"Jump up, Josy, right in de middle on it,
Don't take it all, Josy, lebe us a little on it."

Still Sam and Cæsar danced on with stern determination, fainter and fainter, feebler and feebler, neither willing to be first to yield, both panting and distressed, till finally a brilliant notion struck Sam: he flung his arms around Cæsar with a bear-like hug, and both shuffled down upon a bench together.

Then Clarsy's city cousin, Charles, proposed to show them how folks did these things in the city. "Hullo for Chawls!" "Clar de kitchen for Chawls!" "Out de way for de city nigger!" resounded from different parts of the room; and "Chawls," no-wise daunted, came forward. He was a very wiry little man, with white cotton gloves on his hands, and small gold hoops in his ears; and his hair was braided in eight tight, stiff little tails, standing out like four horns on each side of his head. He was brimful of airs and graces and bows, and he made all his gestures with his fingers spread to their utmost extent, and the palms of his hands facing his hearers, as if metaphorically he was putting them down flat and holding them there.

But there was a little jealousy against the "city nigger" and his assumption of superiority; and 'Lias and the other players did not favor him at all; in fact, they put him out as much as possible. Chawls finally had to stop in the very middle of one of his flourishes, — he danced altogether in the air, and only came down to the floor at long intervals, to get a base for another series of springs, — in the very middle of one of his most wonderful flourishes, and appealed to them most piteously, with the palms of his hands pawing the air: —

"If de gent'lum what scrapes de wio-lin and de gent'lum what picks upon de banjos would please to keep little better time, dey would make demselves most agree'ble to my feelinks. You see, gent'lum, I would n't make dis request, but, you see, de way we dance to the city we need de best kind of time. De way you dance to de plantation, you see, where you hangs onto de floor wid your feet all de time, and can't let go,

why it's all de same, whedder or no; but de way *we* do it, when we got just so much to get along wid, between each step, we need wery partikler time, gent'lum, wery partikler time indeed."

The appeal was not without effect, and he completed his performance with approbation on the part of the spectators, and intense complacency on his own.

After that the dancing became general, and between the dances they played games. All of these latter were accompanied by wild, rollicking tunes, sung to very amazing words, and seemed to consist chiefly in choosing favored friends out of the ring, embracing them affectionately, after more or less coquettish reluctance, and then leaving them to make their choice in turn. All this, being done to music, was of course perfectly proper, according to certain rules of high life. The couplets they sang had rather a sameness of sentiment: —

"I looked to de east, and I looked to de west,
And I looked to de one dat I liked best."

Another great favorite, which they sang about forty times over, was this: —

"O, my love, she is so sweet!
O, my love, she is so neat!
O, there 's none so fair
As can compare
With you, my dear!"

A third, which also occasioned great delight, was sung by the whole circle, while a woman sat on a chair in the middle with a handkerchief over her head to represent a veil, which was finally plucked off by the victorious suitor: —

"My lady is handsome, she sits in the sun,
As sweet as a lily, as brown as a bun."

How long the dancing and singing and eating went on, there 's no telling, for we children were called away and sent to bed hours before it was over.

After all the jollity was past and ended, the city cousins gone home, the floors scrubbed, the leavings eaten up, and the benches put properly back into the little meeting-house again, as if they had n't been to a dance and had sassafras-beer spilt on them, Phil and Clarsy set up housekeeping in a snug

little cabin on the bank of Eel Creek. Mother gave Phil a table and set of chairs and a wooden clock; Aunt Dolly "spared" him a feather-bed; and, with the remains of Clarsy's former household possessions, they were right comfortable. The cabin had a front and back door, and before each entrance Phil had paved a space a yard square with clam-shells. On the outside of each door hung a stout loop of string to lift the wooden latch by; but it was n't often used, for the door stood open from morning till night, and Clarsy's chickens wandered in at one door, picked up the crumbs and scratched in the sand on the floor, and walked out at the other, in a happy, easy, and unrebuked way. The ducks waddled in and thrust their bills in the suppawn pot standing on the hearth, not at all deterred by Clarsy's mild manner of saying, "Wal, now! what'll you do next, I wonder!" A fine little pig grunted in a new sty close by; a black cat dozed away a contented existence on the sunny door-sill; Phil's gun hung along the rafters on three wooden hooks; and, to crown the whole, two china dogs and a plaster parrot painted green glorified the mantel-piece. Nothing seemed wanting to complete their felicity, and poor Phil, after all his tribulations, was as happy as a king.

Clarsy made him a tidy, pleasant, sweet-tempered wife; for, though her brain was weak, it was pliant, and though her heart was small, it was a kind little heartlet as far as it went.

Two years went by as smoothly as possible, and everybody had forgotten there ever had been an old Jake, when, one day, as mother was sitting in her room at work, Clarsy knocked at the door with a trembling hand, and then entered, with her eyes fixed and her lips ashy with fright.

"Why, Clarsy," said mother, "what is the matter? Do speak, child; do speak!"

"It's — it's — it's old Jake!" stammered Clarsy.

"Old Jake!"

"Old Jake, mistis! Flesh and blood,

and no spook! wish 't was!" and then poor Clarsy burst into violent tears. "Lord, Miss Kitty," she said, piteously, wringing her hands, "will I be took up and swung?"

"No, no, Clarsy, of course not. You have not done anything wrong; but it is dreadfully unfortunate! Where has Jake been all this time?"

"Wal, the first time he come back he got a chance to ship agin right off, and then he was wracked onto a lonesome sort of a place and had a hard scramble to git along, and after that he went whalin' a couple of viages, and when he got ashore this time he took a notion to come home."

"Jake ought to be ashamed of himself," said mother, indignantly, "not to send you any word or any money in all that time, so that you could know, at least, that he was alive."

"Lord, Miss Kitty, whose wife be I, anyhow? for, sartin sure, I don't know. Jake says I'm hisn, and I know Phil sets great store by me, and I'm afeerd to tell him."

Father was called in and consulted, and finally, out of pity to Clarsy, assumed the unwelcome task of telling Phil that old Jake had come back.

Then there was a terrible time for a few days. Old Jake was obstreperous and wanted his own, half out of stubbornness, for if he had cared much for her he need not have stayed away nine years; and Phil loaded his gun afresh in the presence of four witnesses, and swore he'd "kill him if he did n't clar!"

Black Ann scoured and scrubbed with the power of an engine from morning till night, singing "Bright Canaan" between her teeth all the time, with a face as hard as granite. She came to my room one night and sat down upon the floor near the door, clasping her arms around her knees, and rocking herself to and fro.

"You like your brudder, Mars Freddy, Miss Cathy? Do you?"

"Why, Anny," I replied, "you know I love him dearly."

"I don't care noffink for Phil, I don't.

Poor ducky like me ain't got no feelinks!" and she gave one of her defiant sniffs and rubbed her mouth violently.

"Anny," I said, "don't talk in that silly way to me. I know just how bad you feel, and I feel very bad about it, too."

"Do, eh, Miss Cathy? Why don't you do suffink then?"

"What can I do, Anny?"

"Tell Mars Lennie to swing Jake!"

"Swing him! Why, Anny, you can't hang a man unless he's guilty, and then it must be done by order of a judge."

"Mars Lennie's a judge."

"But Jake would have to be tried in court first, and he has n't done anything wicked that I know of."

"He's 'sarted his wife."

I laughed, in spite of my perplexity and Anny's sorrow. "Then how could you punish him for coming back to her?"

"Well, if you can't swing him, tie him up and strap him! Mars Lennie's too soft! 'T wa' n't so in old marsa's time! Mind your manners, or you'd git cut over! Been tied up and strapped more 'n once, myself!" and again she sniffed defiantly.

"I'm sorry, Anny; it was cruel; but you don't want to be cruel to Jake!"

"Yes, I do! Kill him. I would, if I wa' n't afeerd of gittin' cotched!" and she rocked herself to and fro, harder and harder.

"I'm sure you would n't, Anny," I said, "you're not so bad as that. Wait awhile and see what the end will be."

"I can see it now, Miss Cathy. Don't need no specs for that! All the sense that ever I had I've got it yit. There's Clarsy, now, she never had a grain into her! Allers was as sholler as a milk-pan! Her head's like one of these 'ere wa'nuts that's been lyin' out all winter: looks like other folk's heads on the outside; but come to crack it, and there ain't no meat into it, nothing but a little dirty juice. Miss Cathy'll see what Clarsy'll do! Miss Cathy'll see! I heerd 'em tell how old Jake had four hundred dollars stored up in the bank; and when Clarsy gits a

chance, Miss Cathy'll see what she'll do! B'lieve it's the Lord's world, Miss Cathy?"

"I know it is, Anny."

"Lord may be marsa, but 'pears like he's put Satan in for overseer! Said your prayers yit, Miss Cathy?"

"No, Anny."

"Put Black Ann into 'em to-night, Miss Cathy, sartain sure, will you?"

"I always do; but, Anny, you've said a very wrong thing."

"Makes no odds, Miss Cathy! Noffink but poor ducky! Could n't be noffink else, if we tried ever so hard! You're good, Miss Cathy, you ain't bad like Black Ann, be you? Good night." And before I could answer, with a grotesque movement she had rolled herself to the door, and gone out.

I did not believe Anny's prophecy when she spoke it, but it proved true at last. Jake had seemed to retire, and yield the victory to Phil, but there were repeated rumors of his having been seen about the cabin, while Phil was off at work in the field; and Clarsy came out almost every week in some new thing or another, which she professed to have bought of a pedler or to have had stowed away for years. First it was a pair of ear-rings, so long, they nearly reached her collar-bone; then a shawl of fiery red plaid; then a huge bead net, which was not half filled out with her short wool, and hung down at each side, making her look like a lop-eared rabbit; then a pair of yellow cotton gloves, and so on, through a long list. Phil may have suspected the truth, but no one dared tell him of Jake's visits, and Clarsy always denied them.

In this manner, two or three months passed away, and the time for topping the tobacco came. The hands were always very busy then, and those who went to the lower plantation often stayed overnight to save time, and Phil was one of them.

All this time, while Jake was skulking in terror, and Phil half sick with anxiety, Clarsy rode upon the topmost wave of triumph. It was a most novel and pleasing sensation to be a heroine; to

keep two husbands trembling in suspense; to make gossip and excitement for all the neighborhood; to feel herself noted and important for the first time in her life. She took on more airs than a dashing belle spoiled with adulation, and snubbed the other women in a weak, venomless way, and flirted with the men, and dangled her ear-rings, and would n't feed the pig.

One morning, when Phil was at the lower plantation, topping away in the blazing sun, with busy fingers and an aching heart, there drew up on the carriage-road before the house a very Oriental-looking cavalcade. Old Jake headed it, in a blue shirt, with the ox-goad, or "gad" as he would have called it, over his shoulder, and a look of dogged satisfaction on his face. Behind him came an ox-team drawing a cart, on which were piled the entire contents of Phil's little cabin, the feather-bed surmounting the whole, and on top of that Clarsy, in her red shawl, her bead net, her yellow gloves, and blue parasol. After the cart came the pig, pulled along by a string tied to his yoke, rebellious and grunting. "Did n't like to clar out, without saying good by, mistis," Clarsy said to mother, who went to the door; "thought I'd just step off quiet like while Phil was to field. Phil allers takes on so, and makes such a high time! I'm kinder sorry, but I reckon you better give 'em the gad, Jake, for it's time we was gittin' along."

Phil did not come home till the next evening, and then he found a hearth-stone cold indeed: no fire, no supper, no wife, no household-stuff; the Lares and Penates clean gone forever, including the feather-bed, the pig, and the plaster parrot. Poor soul! how he raved and cried, and made impotent vows of vengeance. Then he took the molasses-jug, and paddled off in his boat to the "store," a few miles away. He came back toward morning as drunk as a fool, and so lay on his cabin floor three days and nights, till the jug was empty beside him. The fourth morning he got up and went to his

work with bloodshot eyes and trembling hands,—broken-spirited, mortified, miserable, ashamed.

The night that Phil came home from the plantation, Black Ann was missing all the evening. Probably she had gone off into the woods to sniff violently by herself; but when I was just ready to go to sleep, she knocked at the door of my room, and, when I opened it, she looked as vacant and unconcerned as if there were neither sense nor feeling in brain or heart.

"Said your prayers yet, Miss Cathy?"

"Yes."

"Hi! too late, be I? Can't put Black Ann into 'em to-night, eh?"

"Anny, I always put you in my prayers."

"Sartain sure?"

"Yes."

"I tell'd ye she go off, did n't I, Miss Cathy?"

"Yes, you did."

"I tell'd ye Satan had the upper hand round here, did n't I?"

"You did, but that is n't true."

"Hope to massy he's got power enough left to carry off old Jake and that jade Clarsy!"

"Now, Anny, you must not talk so. I can't see that anybody has been very wicked. Mother says it was not wrong for Clarsy to marry Phil, when she thought her old Jake was dead; and it was n't wrong for her to go back to Jake when she found he was alive. It's very unfortunate, it's a great pity, and it's very hard for poor Phil. He's the one that suffers, for he thinks a great deal more of Clarsy than she deserves. Be patient and good, Anny, and he'll get over it after a while. It's late, and you must go now. Good night."

But after I had shut the door and was half asleep, the poor creature came back once more.

"Miss Cathy, won't you git up and say them prayers again, and put Black Ann into 'em? I can't rest to-night, nohow."

"Anny, why don't you pray to God for yourself?"

"Lor, Miss Cathy, poor darky like me can't pray! Lord would n't pay no 'tention to me! Like 'nough don't know there is any Black Ann!"

"Try it and see. Your prayer is just as important in his eyes as if you were the President himself; and if you want rest and peace, you must ask God yourself, Anny. Will you?"

"Ain't sure, Miss Cathy. Mebbe I will, and mebbe I won't. But you say youn anyhow. Wisht I could hear 'em! Could n't Miss Cathy say 'em out loud?"

I was frightened, but I dared not refuse. We knelt down together; I laid my hand on her head to soothe her, and I felt her tremble under it like a leaf in the wind.

As for Phil, he was sober for a fortnight, and then went off again and was drunk two or three days. So the poor creature went on, for months and years. Mother's entreaties, father's expostulations, Black Ann's coaxings, and Aunt Dolly's scoldings, had not the least effect on him. He always answered pleasantly; said mistis was very kind, Mars Lennie was right, mammy and Ann must n't take on so; rum was the debbil, and he was gwine to quit; and then, in a week's time, he would be lying like a beast upon the cabin floor. After a while he was seized with a sort of mania, at those times, instead of a stupor. It seemed as if he drank himself to madness; and then he would leave home and roam through the pine woods by day, and sleep upon the slippery ground beneath them at night. Sometimes he wept and groaned, sometimes raved violently, sometimes was sullen or stupid, but always utterly irrational. Everybody was afraid of him then, and avoided all contact with him. I met him once on the narrow bridge that crosses the Long Marsh; Lucy was behind me, and there was no room for any one to pass. There could be no one more respectful than Phil in his senses; but this morning he was crazy with liquor, and he came towards us with a horrible expression on his face, half grinning and half fierce: it was the

leer of the devil within him, and not Phil's own self that looked so. We met face to face, and stood so for one dreadful moment.

"Get off, you rascal!" I said, impatiently, with a stamp of my foot. "Get off, and let your young ladies pass!"

He stepped down into the bog with a cringing bow, and grasped at his forlorn cap with his trembling drunken fingers.

"Please 'scuse Phil, mistis," he stammered; "he ain't very smart this mornin'."

I bowed and passed on. Heaven forgive me! I believe I never spoke harshly to one of the poor, patient souls before, nor ever have since; but something irresistible within me bade me do so then, and perhaps it was for the best.

Phil's drunkenness finally became so confirmed that reformation seemed utterly hopeless; no one attempted any further interference, and his miserable life went on for years without any change.

Clarsy, at first, had a most brilliant and prosperous time with her first and third husband; but after a while, to Black Ann's intense satisfaction, troubles began to come. The first shadow that fell across their path was that of the pig. It grew visibly less. He languished day by day; was finally killed just in time to forestall his natural dissolution, and cut up into a very small amount of very measly pork. Soon after that, the feather-bed got moth-eaten, and the green plaster parrot was shivered by an unlucky blow. The four hundred dollars, which had seemed an inexhaustible treasure to Clarsy, melted slowly away and left not a trace behind; and finally, old Jake took the "rheumatics," and kept his bed for months and years.

Many other changes had been going on during all this time: Black Ann herself was married and had several children; and I, her little Miss Cathy, came back to the dear old home one day, bringing with me, from a still dearer new home, a precious bundle of fat and cambric and flannel, — mother's

first grand-baby, my darling little son. Our civil war had been going on then for several years, and the disturbed state of things had made my husband unwilling that I should leave home; but when my baby was a year old, and neither grandfather nor grandmother had ever laid their hands on him in blessing, I petitioned so sorely for leave to take him to them, that my husband could refuse no longer.

I had hardly been at home a half-day, when Anny came up to see me. She chuckled over the baby and patted him with her big black hands.

"Reel Calvert, you be, little marsa," she said, — "reel Calvert! I reckon Miss Cathy don't think noffink of you, I reckon!" and with that she laughed and sniffed together.

I questioned her about her husband and family; but husband, house, and children could not quench the flame of sisterly love that burned in her faithful breast; and when my questions were answered, she began to talk of Phil.

"S'pose Miss Cathy knows the good news about Phil, how he's 'varted, he is?"

"I heard something about it, Anny, but not enough. How was he converted, poor soul?"

"S'pose you heerd how that new minister came down here 'bout a year and a half ago, and sot up meetin's in the housen?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"And how Phil got gwine and could n't stop? 'Peared like suffink drewed him right to 'em! He took on awful, sometimes, he felt so beat. Then he wanted to jine, and Brother Thompson would n't let him. Says he, 'I've heerd you can't keep stiddy two weeks gwine, and Scriptur' says, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Now,' says he, 'the Church of God is the nighest thing to his kingdom on airth, and we've got no right to take drunkards into it!' Then Phil cried, and took on tremendous."

"Poor Phil! I don't wonder!"

Anny sniffed twice, and went on. "Wal, then, he says to him, 'If you

want to come in, quit drinkin',' and Phil hollered right out before all the meetin', says he, 'I can't! I can't! the debbil's got his claw onto me tight!' Then Brother Thompson got up, and says he, 'The hand of the Lord Jesus is four-and-forty thousand times stronger than the debbil's claw! Take hold onto it, put Satan under your feet, and come into the kingdom!' Says he, 'You can do it, brother! never fear, keep hold of the Lord's hand and walk in! The narrow way is eeny jist wide 'nough for you and him, and no more and no less. Go home,' says he, 'and pray on your knees, till you slip out from under the debbil's grip like an eel! And when you come and tell me you have n't had a drop of liquor for six months, you shall jine, and we'll praise the Lord!' Now, Miss Cathy, what do you think?"

"I think he did it, Anny. I think God helped him, and he is a changed man."

"Jist so, Miss Cathy. He never touched a drop; and then he jined. That's six months ago, and he's stiddy as a ginerall yit!"

"How glad I am! and how happy Phil must be!"

"Hi! ain't he though! allers singin' or whistlin'! What's more, he's got another gal, an awful smart gal, and dreadful pious, too. Name's Matildy Jane. Lives over to the next plantation. She's 'mazin' light-colored, and reads books jist like quality. She's been a member five or six years, and would n't take no notice of Phil before he jined. Since that, they've settled it betwixt 'em, and, my! ain't Phil tickled! He sets great store by her! Got his house all prinked up, too; and if it wa'n't for the war, they'd be married right off. But Phil's got a notion into his scop about 'listin', and I'm despit feerd he'll go. Miss Cathy knows old Jake is dead, don't she?"

"No, I did n't, Anny."

"Lor, yes! Clarsy had to tend him, like a cross baby, for five or six years. He was all doubled up with the rheumatics, and he jawed most of the time.

What does Miss Cathy think Clarsy did after Jake was buried?"

"Nothing very wise, I'm afraid."

"Took and sent word to Phil that she was in the market again!"

"Why, Anny!"

"Yes, Miss Cathy, true as you live. If she ain't sassy, I don't know who be! Phil didn't take no notice of it, but I sent her word that Phil was out of the market, and if she was in, she better stay there. Sich second-hand trash did n't sell down this 'ere way. She's got her ear-rings yit, Miss Cathy, and that's all she wants, and Phil's got a smart gal that's got religion and larnin', and if he only gits that war-crank out of his head, he's sot up for all his days."

But the "war-crank" did not go out of Phil's head; it only went in deeper and deeper. The discussion of the emancipation question had been long and loud, and its reverberations reached the remotest corner of our Western Shore. Colonel Birney had established recruiting-stations in every county, and many of our hands and those from neighboring plantations had already enlisted. It appeared to be a point of conscience with Phil to go; there seemed to be a direct connection in his mind between his own changed and happy condition and the duty of serving the country or his own race.

"I've had so much done for me," was his own simple language, "that it 'pears like I must do suffink for somebody else."

The feeling was too strong upon him to be withstood, and at last he went to Lower Marlboro and enlisted. There were a few days of leave-taking, a few proud hours of stalking about in his trim new uniform, and then he left his little cabin, so lately fitted up, his friends, his faithful Brother Thompson, his peaceful little meeting-house, and his pious girl, and went away into the clamor and tumult of war.

In the edge of the oak woods, sheltered from the north winds, sloping toward the south, sleeping with their

faces to the east, repose the mortal remains of the grandparents, great-grandparents, and remoter ancestors of our family. Outside of the paling which encloses and protects the marble-marked graves of the "quality" stand numerous crosses of wood, painted white, and lettered in black. There are no dates upon them, no titles, no words of praise or texts of promise; only such names as "Hannibal," "Pomp," "Uncle Harry," "Old Ike," "Jake's Sally," "Pete's Billy," and the like.

Some of our Northern friends have smiled at their quaint appearance, but they do not bring the thought of a smile to me. They make my heart swell, till it feels as if it would burst; for do I not know all the stories of their patient lives?—who was happy, and who was sad; who was wronged, and who did wrong to others; their ignorance, their temptations, their struggles, their triumphs: I know them all. They have left these things far behind them now, and in death there is small difference between masters and servants. Their graves lie in the sun; the distant murmur of the waves upon the shore soothes all the air around; they face the east, too, and shall rise at the last day to meet the coming Christ.

But our Phil is not there. We heard indistinct rumors of him for a while, then followed a long interval of silence, and after that came the tidings of his death. We heard that he was wounded, but how nobody knew; and when he died, or where, no man could tell.

It matters not. There is One that knows and that cares. Dynasties rise and fall; peace broods over land and sea with dove-like wings, or war rends nations with its slaughtering sword; whole systems are born into the galaxy of stars, or suns go blazing out into darkness; and still the mighty Father of all forgets not the smallest need of his humblest child. Their sorrows touch him, their prayers reach him, their tears move him; he gathers them to himself in his own way; and so it matters not to us how, when, or where he took our Phil.

A DREDGING EXCURSION IN THE GULF STREAM.

II.

THE "Old Rhodes" of Florida reef is hardly known even by name out of its immediate neighborhood, but it was our misfortune to make a closer acquaintance with it than we cared to do, — a misfortune which the reader may share unless he take timely warning and refuse to enter with us the quiet harbor into which we were driven by stress of weather.

Still pursuing the objects of which I gave some account in a former article, we had started, on the 20th of March, from Key West for a second cruise in the Gulf, had successfully pursued our way up the reef to Carysfort, and had had a day or two of sounding and dredging between that point and Orange Key on the Bahama Bank. A strong wind and a rough sea made it necessary, however, to abandon the work until the weather moderated, and, returning to Carysfort, we ensconced ourselves near Key Largo and Eliot Key. Here is the enclosed harbor, almost surrounded by islands, known on the chart as the "Old Rhodes."

There could hardly be a better place for studying the formation of the Florida Keys, and indeed of Florida itself, than this very spot, and we made several boat excursions with that purpose. Passing through "Caesar's Creek," one of the narrow passages dividing the smaller islands between Key Largo and Eliot Key, we found ourselves in a perfect labyrinth of keys, lying behind these larger islands, and intersected by countless bays and inlets. Here, in immediate juxtaposition, may be found every stage of the process by which, in these outposts of nature, land is redeemed from ocean and gradually fitted for the habitations of men. There are the shoals of coral sand and fragments just beneath the surface of the water, and side by side with them are the flats, hardly visible above the surface,

where the little mangrove plants, a few inches high, have established themselves in the soft bottom, and are putting out shoots. In many places on the flats these mangrove plantations may be seen in numbers; presently they will begin to throw out their strange air-roots by hundreds from the branches, thus building a close network, within which sand, shells, weeds, and *débris* of all sorts will be caught and may accumulate so as gradually to fill in this rampart with a sandy soil. Next come the mangrove keys, where these singular trees have grown to a greater height, some twenty or twenty-five feet perhaps, and stand up, supported on their aerial roots. Looking at such a key from a little distance, you would say that it was a green wooded island, and you would approach it with the expectation of landing, and perhaps of having a ramble beneath its shade. Draw a little nearer and you will find that it is standing out of the water on innumerable stilts, as it were: there is not a spot of dry land in its whole extent; nor can you enter it in a boat, for its forest of roots is absolutely impenetrable. We are told by those who have lived on the coast of Florida many years, that the mangrove keys do not change their character with time. They never acquire a solid basis, the soil they accumulate being always marshy and unstable. Next come such keys as Largo, Eliot, and Pumpkin, which seem to have been formed by a different process. They have a rocky foundation, and along the margin are broken masses of coral, evidently thrown up by storms or high tides. The soil here is of an entirely different character from that which gathers about the mangrove-trees. It is the result of the gradual accumulation, decomposition, and re-cementing of coral growth and of all the materials

which accompany it, — shells, crustacea, and the like, — forming in the end a compact limestone. On this there springs up a varied vegetation, the seeds of which may be brought in many ways, — dropped by birds, for instance, or drifted or blown from the land. After sailing through this labyrinth and seeing the connection of its parts, one can hardly doubt that all the keys, mud-flats, and reefs lying outside the present coast of Florida will one day run together by a natural process of consolidation and be absorbed into the mainland, as has already been the case with the keys, mud-flats, and reefs of centuries gone by, known now as Shore Bluffs, Everglades, and Hummocks.

We landed on Pumpkin Key; the edge was fringed with fragments of coral rock so worn and gnarled that it was difficult to walk upon them. Beyond this rocky margin was a belt of high grass bordering the wood, which latter was itself a tangled mass not easily entered. Having made a vain effort to force my way into its recesses, and being driven back by brambles and mosquitoes, I found a crooked old buttonwood-tree at the water's edge, which gave a pleasant shade, while its overhanging branches framed the picture of the bay with its wooded islands. Here, while the others made collections along the shore, I sat and rested, pondering dreamily the old stories of pirates and robbers connected with these regions. Numerous traditions, of piratical bands haunting the keys and hiding their treasures, still buried, underground, abound in this neighborhood. The very "Black Cæsar's Creek," through which we had entered this tortuous wilderness of land and water, is said to be named after a negro pirate who once made his headquarters there. Unquestionably there is some foundation for these stories. Captain Platt told me that, many years ago, his father was attacked by a party of cutthroats, who put out from these keys as he was passing the reef, and boarded his vessel. They had, however, the worst of it, for he and his crew, chiefly ship-carpen-

ters, who had been building a vessel on the Florida coast and were carrying her North, killed several of the ruffians and carried the others to New York, where they were executed in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard.

With boating expeditions in the neighborhood, or an occasional fishing excursion to vary not only our mode of life, but our bill of fare also, the days of enforced inaction wore away. Though we could not go on with our deep-sea soundings while wind and wave continued inexorable, the study of Natural History was by no means at a stand-still. Sometimes we captured from the deck a Portuguese man-of-war, with his attendant convoy of little fishes. It is a singular fact that this animal is often thus accompanied, the fishes sheltering themselves among his long appendages. From the deck of a vessel one can form no just idea of the Portuguese man-of-war. You must capture him in a net and plunge him at once into a deep glass vase filled with seawater: then you will see the full beauty of his pearly float, shining and transparent as thin glass, with its ruffled crest sometimes of bright crimson, sometimes purple or blue; and you will see the graceful curves of his pendant streamers, each one of which has a life and function of its own. Always in motion, at one moment they are drawn close up against the lower side of the float; at another they are thrown out in countless coils and spirals, or, stretched to their full length, they drop straight as a plumb-line to the bottom of the vase.

Among the little fishes caught with the Portuguese man-of-war, or in its immediate neighborhood, were two or three very small flying-fish. When these creatures are seen, as they constantly are, skimming singly or in flocks over the surface of the water, they are usually of a considerable size, sometimes measuring a foot or more across when the fins are fully spread. Those we took were not more than an inch in length. Their silvery bodies and wings, or rather fins, were ringed with

gold, — the gold bands spotted with black. Their motion in swimming was singular. The position of the body was slightly oblique, the upper pair of fins quivering rapidly, the lower spread out but at rest, as if the animal found poise and movement at the same time. We did not see them fly; they made no attempt to do so while in the glass vessels in which we kept them. Mr. Agassiz regretted that, as he failed to obtain any larger specimens for comparison, he could not decide whether these small flying-fish represented distinct species or were the young of a larger kind. At a later hour on the same day we found two others of the same minute size, but differing from the first in certain details. One had a grayish body with brown rings, the fins being black with a gray edge. The other was of a more silvery, transparent gray; the anterior part of the fins, where they joined the body, was gray also, but their outer edge was black. This fish differed from all the rest in having two long black feelers under the chin. Besides our flying-fish, we caught with the hand-net several *Chironectes*, that curious little fish with the fins set off from the body on a sort of arms, so that they have the effect of hands. They are most voracious creatures. One of them, hardly larger than the flying-fish, darted upon one of the latter and had half swallowed him before he was detected. A vigorous pinch behind made him eject the precious specimen, which Mr. Agassiz could ill afford to lose.

With all these devices to cheat time and to substitute some other work for that which we were forced to suspend, the days were still rather long, and we were not sorry when the adverse winds culminated in a violent shower, accompanied with severe thunder and lightning. A brilliant sunset followed, and the next morning, with a cloudless sky and a smooth sea, we bade good by to "Old Rhodes."

We were bound to Orange Key, on the Bahama Bank, but we stopped for a day at Carysfort Light to examine the wonderful field of coral on which

the lighthouse is founded. I have already described the aspect of a coral reef under the transparent waters of the Gulf, and I will not weary the reader with repetition. It is, however, a pity that, while thousands pass this reef every year, — Carysfort Light being the guide for all vessels rounding the peninsula of Florida, — so few ever stop to look at it. The sight would well repay a little delay and trouble. It is worth our while for once to get an idea of the ocean floor, of its beauty, its picturesqueness, its manifold life and movement and color. We all are familiar with the wonders of the land, but who knows anything, except by imagination or theory, of the world beneath the sea?

The picture of Carysfort Reef — as seen from the dizzy height of the great lantern, lifted on its iron shaft a hundred feet above the surface of the water — is wonderful. The brown and purple or greenish beds of coral stretch away on every side, and even from that height you can distinctly see the numerous fishes, every color of the rainbow, — bright blue, blue and black, red, green, yellow, — swimming about in shoals or singly. The prismatic tints of the water, as the sun strikes into it, brighten a thousand-fold the brilliancy of this submarine spectacle. Still more beautiful is it when one rows, as we did, for hours over the reef in a boat. At a depth of two fathoms nothing escapes the eye, not even the smallest objects, — shells, sea-anemones, sea-urchins, etc.; while every detail of the coral growth is seen with the utmost distinctness. Once we floated over the remains of a wreck. There lay the white bed she had worn for herself in the coral sand before she went to pieces, and all about it were scattered such parts as the waves could not carry away. There was an iron door at one place, an iron box with a chain around it, overgrown with coral, at another; iron bolts, broken bits of iron and copper, were strewn in every direction, and we dredged up from the bottom an iron ring to which a large leaf of coral had grown fast. There

are many deep furrows in this coral field, where all the living coral is worn away and nothing left but white sand. It is said that these waste places mark the spots where wrecks have dragged over the reef, tearing up the corals; but I do not know that there is any reason for this notion, except the fact that these long narrow beds look like the track of a keel.

This extensive coral field consists in great part of the *Madrepora palmata* (leaf-coral). The stocks are of an immense size, growing chiefly in spirals, so that their broad leaf-like expansions rise tier after tier one above the other. Though the *Madrepora* is the most conspicuous, attracting the eye by its peculiar mode of growth, *Mæandrina* (brain-coral), *Astræa*, and *Porites* are abundant also, varying in size from tufts only two or three inches in diameter to enormous heads measuring many yards in circumference and eight or ten in thickness. Between these solid masses, the purple and green fans, and *Gorgonias* of many colors, — violet, brown, or yellow, — spring up on the white coral floor in numbers, their elastic branches in constant gentle motion, swaying to and fro with the water as it passes over them. A great many pretty shells live on the sea-fans. We often gathered the *Calpurnia* upon them. Even when the animal is dead the shell is pretty; but when the animal is alive, with its golden-brown mantle turned back over its glossy amber house, and the crimson-edged foot protruded, it is extremely beautiful. We found some very handsome sea-anemones also in the neighborhood of Carysfort. Instead of a simple wreath of feelers about the mouth, the whole upper surface of the body, which spreads out rather flat, is covered with bright green tentacles fading to grayish tints in the outer rows. But as I enumerate and vainly try to describe these objects, I am reminded of Emerson's "Each and All." You may gather the sea-fans and the lovely shells and the anemones, and look at them one by one, but you have broken the charm. The picture lies

hidden with the reef, fathoms deep, where the water ripples over it, and the broken light plays upon it, and the many-tinted fishes chase each other between the spreading leaves of the coral, and every crevice and recess has its living inhabitant.

I will not here dwell on the details of collecting; but it may not be amiss to state, in order to give an idea of the rich harvest gathered on this single day, that, when the Carysfort corals were removed from the "Bibb," to be stored in Key West, the steamer rose two inches. There cannot have been less than two tons of coral on her decks, consisting of large heads of *Astræa* and *Mæandrina*, the spreading stocks of the *Madrepores*, and the branching finger-corals and sea-fans. Mr. Agassiz owes this collection (which he hopes may be brought in safety to the Museum in Cambridge) in great measure to the cordial assistance of those on board. Almost the whole ship's-company, officers and men, from the captain down to the deck-hands, turned out. They made a kind of holiday of it. Old clothes and battered hats were in request, and, armed with pickaxes, crow-bars, boat-hooks, etc., plunging, diving, wading, they passed the whole afternoon in dislodging the coral and loading the boats, which were sent, over and over again, to the steamer to discharge their burdens and return for more. Indeed, we left with the impression that we had possibly made ourselves liable to prosecution for undermining the foundations of Carysfort Lighthouse by carrying off bodily the reef on which it stands.

From Carysfort we crossed the Gulf to Orange Key, completing the line of sections begun before the work was interrupted. So desolate a spot as Orange Key I have never seen anywhere else. Elbow Key and Salt Key, of our former cruise, were cheerful in comparison. We said, as we stood on the dreary ridge, "So must the first dry land have looked in the geological beginning of things." It is built of a half-formed, unfinished limestone, resembling the broken and burnt surface of

lava. It is worn into pits and holes by the action of the sea, and, with the exception of a single creeping plant, its desolation is uncheered by any vegetation. Neither is there a drop of fresh water over its whole extent; nothing but pools here and there, filled with brackish, briny washings from the tide. As we approached, hundreds of crabs, frightened at the noise of the boat, scrambled back to their holes. The rock was also studded with dull grayish shells, mostly of one kind; but, with these exceptions, there was little life, though we found numerous small fishes thrown up into the pools by storms and high tides. Orange Key is a marginal island, built on the north-western edge of the Bahama Bank, like Elbow Key and Salt Key. It is but a crescent-shaped strip, some ten feet high in the centre, a few yards in width, and perhaps three quarters of a mile in length from end to end, though it is broken through by channels in one or two places. I do not know what satirical or disappointed traveller named this spot Orange Key. It is difficult to imagine that flower or fruit should ever grow there. It looks as if a decree of barrenness had gone forth against it.

Our next dredging-ground, on returning to the Florida coast, was about French Reef, Indian Key, and the neighboring islands. Landing on Indian Key, a small and very symmetrical island, oval in shape and hardly more than a mile in circumference, we could not but recall the dreadful scene enacted there during the Seminole war. Only some half-dozen buildings, most of them in a ruinous condition, remain, of the thriving settlement which once covered the whole key. History and romance have made us familiar with the dreadful days when the villages of the early settlers in America were aroused in the dead of night by the war-whoop; when the mother clasped her baby in her arms with frantic terror, and the father seized his gun, to die on the threshold if need be. But those events, terrible as they seem, are so distant that they hardly impress us with a

sense of reality. The tragedy of Indian Key belongs to our own day and generation, and the details here narrated were given to us by one of the chief actors in the drama.

At the time of the massacre there were thirty-eight houses on the island, each one surrounded by its little garden planted with cocoa-nut trees and flowering shrubs. On the fatal night the inhabitants had retired to rest as usual, fearing nothing; the lights were extinguished; the little island was asleep. Happily, there was one man more wakeful than his neighbors. Opening his window about midnight, he was startled to see canoes stealthily approaching the shore. He left his house instantly, hoping to be in time to warn his neighbors. But a part of the Indian force must have landed already. As he crossed the street he was seen, dark as was the night, and the savages who were crouching along the fences, under cover of the cocoa-nut trees, supposing themselves detected, sprang to their feet with the war-whoop and fired upon him. In one moment the air was filled with the cries of some two hundred Indians,—a fearful odds, for there were but some seventy settlers on the island. The whole population was of course instantly aroused, but there was no possibility of concerted defence or of any communication between the inhabitants. The houses, it is true, were strongly locked and bolted, and the men were not without their loaded guns; for in those days, when the swamps of Florida swarmed with hostile Indians, an attack on the islands was always possible.

Mr. H—, from whom we had our information, was roused with the rest by the sudden tumult. There was not a moment for delay or consideration. He knew that the only hope was in getting down to the shore with his wife and children before the fury of the assailants was directed to his own house. He took the youngest child in his arms, his wife held another, and the rest followed. A singular incident delayed them. He put the baby on the floor

for a moment, while he took his gun from behind the door. When he turned to take the child again he could not find it. The room was large, and the little thing had crept away. He did not dare to strike a light; to call was of no avail, for the hideous din outside was so loud that they could not hear each other's voices. He felt over the whole floor, till at last he found the child cowering in a corner. Such a delay seems of little consequence in the telling, but it might, short as it was, mean life or death to them, and one can imagine the trembling distress in which the party waited till the baby was found. Then they opened the back-door, conscious that their first step over the threshold might be into eternity. But the enclosure behind the house was still empty. It was surrounded by a double picket-fence, with a row of cocoa-nut trees planted between the rows of pickets. They were high, and on that side of the house there was no gate. Mr. H—— tried in vain to make an opening from the inner side; he then climbed over, tearing his hand down to the bone in doing so, though he did not discover the wound till afterward. From the outside he contrived to force in the bars, and then dragged his wife and children through the opening. Now they were in the road, — the shouting savages on every side. But for the instant the attention of the Indians was drawn away by some other object; the night was excessively dark; and Mr. H—— and his family reached the shore, waded out into the water to their boat, and put off. Just as they started, the Indians descried them and rushed down to the beach, firing their rifles at the boat. The fugitives were not struck, however, the Indians, who were too busy with their work of destruction on land, made no attempt to follow them, and the party found shelter on board a small vessel lying near a neighboring island.

It was fortunate for the whites that they discovered their danger before morning. The intention of the Semi-

noles had been, to wait until daylight for their attack; and then probably every soul on the island would have been murdered. But, the night being cloudy and very dark, some of the people were fortunate enough to escape, as Mr. H—— had done, in boats; others hid themselves among the rocks. Another lucky circumstance was the intoxication of the Indians. They broke open the store-house, found liquor, and were soon very drunk. This increased their fury, but also made them less watchful. Yet though the greater part of the inhabitants made their escape, many were murdered. One whole family had hidden in an outhouse, but were betrayed by the crying of a child. Others were burned in their houses; for in the morning the Indians set fire to the whole town and destroyed all the buildings. The pretty settlement which had been like a garden the evening before was a pile of smoking ruins when they left it, and it has never been rebuilt.

Many were the daring acts and hair-breadth escapes that night. A mother and all her children were concealed in a bath-house under a wharf. When the Seminoles began to fire the buildings, they set fire also to a pile of wood on the wharf. The heat in the house below soon became almost unendurable. One boy, a lad of fourteen, declaring that he would rather be killed by the Indians than be burned alive, broke from his mother, who attempted in vain to hold him back, and ran out on the shore. At the moment of his escape, he caught sight of a canoe at some distance, which the savages were loading with plunder. They had left it for a moment, to bring down more booty. He ran to the spot, sprang into the boat, put back for his mother and the other children, and was well out from the shore before the Indians perceived their loss. This brave lad and the mother and brothers and sisters whom he had saved were taken up by the schooner on board of which Mr. H—— and his family had already found refuge.

We lingered some time in this neighborhood, increasing our collections considerably, though we had again to complain of unseasonable weather, which confined us to dredgings in shallow waters or along the shores. In the mean time our stock of coal was dwindling, and on the 7th of April we started on the return down the reef to Key West. We seemed destined to be knights-errant on the sea. It will be remembered that on our first cruise we had been called upon to succor a sinking schooner, and now we had not proceeded far when we were signalled by a fine clipper-ship in distress. Coming up with her, we saw that gangs of men were busy at her pumps; they were chiefly Chinese, for she was a Spanish coolie-ship returning from Havana to China, and taking as passengers coolies who had served their time and were going home, — let us hope with their fortunes made. On inquiry, we found that, in a violent gale of wind and rain two nights before, this ship had run down an English brig and sunk her. They had rescued the crew, the only life lost being that of one of the hands on board the Spaniard, a young fellow who had shown great bravery, and a disregard of his own safety, in rendering the most efficient assistance at the time of the collision. About half an hour afterward, when all the men of the English brig were safely on board the Spanish vessel, this man was instantly killed by the sudden descent of a block which became loosened and fell from the mast.

The stem of the "Dolores Ugarte" was badly fractured, and though they had kept relays of men at the pumps, all the coolies being called to join in the work, the water gained upon them fast. They were now making for Key West, and the captain, who did not know the Florida coast, was in great anxiety. Captain Platt immediately sent our pilot, who is familiar with every spot on the whole reef. We knew indeed that in Manuel they had a strong hand. Sink or swim, he is the man for an emergency; a first-rate

sailor, he understands his business well, and is, besides, an honest man, greatly respected in Key West; Spanish-born, he speaks the language easily, which was another advantage on this occasion. The "Bibb" and the "Dolores Ugarte" kept together through the day, and we had the pleasure of seeing the distressed ship enter the port of Key West safely at night.

This was almost the last of our dredging excursions. A week later we went out for a day's collecting on the plateau outside the reef, and had excellent success. On the 23d of April we bade good by to Key West, and proceeded up the west coast of Florida to Cedar Keys, where we were to take the cars on our homeward journey. On this trip the good weather for which we had so often sighed in the last two months, and the want of which had occasioned us so much loss of time and work, accompanied us now all the way. We had a sea without a ripple, and the balmiest of summer days, and the most glorious of moon-lit nights. We passed a day at Charlotte's Harbor, sailing up the bay for a considerable distance in a small boat, and landing on a broad sand-beach, where the morning was passed in dragging the seine, — always an entertaining sport where the fish are abundant. Mr. Agassiz obtained many valuable specimens which he had been wishing to add to his collections. An awning was rigged over a spreading tree for the lazy ones, and we acted as audience, while the rest performed a kind of amphibious drama, half in water, half on land, for our entertainment.

On our return to the ship we found that others of our ship's-company, with a less scientific but perhaps not less laudable motive, had gone in search of oysters. They got back in the evening wet to the skin; for a thunder-storm had come up in the afternoon, and a head-wind had delayed them. They had been, however, alarmingly successful, for they brought back twenty-five bushels of oysters. Now such a supply of oysters, in a warm climate, with

a limited number of guests at the feast, involves a serious responsibility for each one. During the next twenty-four hours, the "Bibb" rivalled any New York restaurant. Roast, boiled, fried, scalloped, on the shell,—oysters were to be had in every conceivable form, at all hours of the day or night. I think I may say, without vanity, that we found ourselves equal to the occasion, and that none of the oysters were lost or thrown away.

We also made a short pause at Tampa Bay, where we were very cordially received by Mr. Coones, who has charge of the Egmont Lighthouse. We were indebted to him for a variety of beauti-

ful shells, and for a good deal of information respecting the fishes and other animals to be found along the shores in that neighborhood. The next day we arrived at Cedar Keys, and took leave of the "Bibb." We had passed many happy hours on board this comfortable little steamer. Mr. Agassiz had had constant occasion to be indebted to the captain and officers, not only for personal kindness and attention to himself and his party, but also for hearty co-operation in his scientific projects. It will be believed that we did not part without regret, or without a cordial wish that by sea or land we might at some time cruise again together.

IN MEMORIAM.

I PLUCKED a sheaf of poppies and wild grass,
 And brought the handful to her as she leant
 Against an ancient olive-trunk, storm-bent,
 On the Campagna side.
 Clouds loitered on the blue, as loath to pass,
 Suspending silvery curtains of cool gray
 Above us on that May-day, as we lay
 Outwearing the noontide.

In the near thicket hummed the happy bees;
 And ruddy, sweet-juiced flowers beneath broad eaves
 Of matted vine-trails and acanthus-leaves
 Hoarded their nectar bland.
 Long grasses tossed and sank about our knees,
 And undulating air-wafts coursing past,
 Charged with contagion of the spring, filled fast
 The pulses of the land.

"Of twain one flesh,"—so pledged we troth that day,
 The world being counter. Was our love not sound?
 Dared saints and martyrs, fathoms underground,
 Make void our bonded "aye"?
 Out spake our hearts, contemptuous of frail clay:
 "Though Death's clutch choke the passage of the breath,
 Yet Love's rights rise colossal when poor Death
 Has had his sorry way."

"Man's *will* discrowns usurping Death and Fate."

Such to our hearts the revelation borne
By the Campagna's record that May morn,
And Rome's historic name.

The generations die : the years grow great,
Waxing to ripening under sun and wind,
Strong with the circling sap of humankind,
Heavy with fruit of fame.

If fissures lurked in scarred and time-worn towers,
Their rifts were masked beneath acacia-blooms :
E'en grass-grown tumuli and pagan tombs
Smiled shadowless that noon.

Loud sang the larks through all the happy hours,
White oxen lowed in pastures far away,
While, deep in joy, we recked not that the day
Wore to the west too soon.

In idless leaning by the olive-tree,
I watched the breezes — dallying in unrest —
Loosen stray poppies from her hand or vest
And drift them out to sea ;
Then, plucked new handfuls, to be sifted free
By each fresh surge of air, — she all the while
Holding my eyes in thrall with her sweet smile,
My ears with her light glee.

Sudden, a storm of color drove along,
Slanting in amber mist and crimson showers
Across the land ; and from Rome's hundred towers
The Angelus leapt out.
Down sank the sun — more livid waned the strong
Warm after-flush — till, o'er the rolling plain
Of emerald pastures and gold fields of grain,
The moist night-winds crept out.

Stretch after stretch drew on the violet gloom,
Rifted with lines of ashy, sea-bred mist,
And half a tremor smote us as we kissed
Once more — above the dead.
We looked to gaunt-limbed arch, to spectral tomb ;
Then rose, and from those gray wastes homeward trode,
Past the couched ghosts that guard the Appian Road, —
Dim starlight overhead.

That night we knew not that the end was nigh, —
The end of love and dreams ; that, far ahead,
The vista of a Via Crucis led
Up the bleak mount of doom ;

That not for us should roof-tree, arching high,
Give love a shelter from the rain and cold ;
Not hearth nor pillow lure us from fate's wold,
Cloud-bound with grief and gloom.

Ere the weird eyelids of the morrow closed,
A ghastly truth unmasked itself, that dimmed
Our noon to night, and all *our* future limned
In sinister outlines.

Ay, tragic fate betwixt us interposed
A shadowy Duty, barring fast our way ;
As to the Seer an angel barred one day
That road athwart the vines.

Bitter is duty ; bitterer were the love
Bought with the gold of duty — thus it stood ; —
Though costly were the price to flesh and blood,
We might not crave release.

“Right is omnipotent in Courts above :
Let it rule here ; God shall vouchsafe relief.”
Then silence set its seal upon our grief, —
Great sorrows hold their peace.

Long after, when Death signed her with his sign,
She sent, in memory of her troth to me
And those May hours beneath the olive-tree,
A faded poppy-sheaf.

I said, “Death's touch is kind : now she is mine, —
Life's walls being levelled, — and her voice is free
To come across the silences to me
And speak for my relief.”

To-day, I brought from the Campagna side
A sheaf of poppies to her quiet home, —
Her narrow home, beyond the walls of Rome,
Who might not be my wife.

I cannot count it sorrow that she died :
Hearts meet together when the grave can shield ;
They win at last, who falter not nor yield :
Death gives us more than Life.

THE INCREASE OF HUMAN LIFE.

PART II.

Improvements in Life not equal in all Ages, but always connected with the Progress of Civilization.

THE improvements in human life have made varied progress in the successive ages of the world. Sometimes they have been rapid, sometimes slow, and sometimes the work has gone backward; nor have they kept equal pace in all nations. They have been made in quick succession in some, and at the same time they have been stationary or were lost, in others.

But the general progress has been onward and upward in all civilized nations; for it has gone on side by side with civilization, — a companion to it and a part of it. Whatever has been done for this has been done for human life. The elements of civilization are among the causes of health and longevity.

Effect of Improvements in Arts, etc., on Health and Life.

The growth of wealth, the improvements in agriculture, the advance in the mechanic arts, the increase of comforts, the amelioration of personal, domestic, and social habits, the general culture, the diffusion of education, the elevation of morals, the refinement of manners, — all the ameliorations of personal and social life have their due influence on the development of vital power, on the maintenance of life, and the prolongation of man's days on earth.

Most, if not nearly all, of the improvements in the means and facilities of business, labor, and the arts, or in domestic and social life in their several ways and degrees, have presently or remotely this effect of increasing the vital power of man.

The exhibitions of inventions, whose

name is legion, in the Patent Offices and elsewhere, — models and descriptions of things new and of things improved, — are indications of progress in civilization, of increase in means of sustenance and human comfort, and consequently in human power and longevity.

The numberless varieties of stoves for warming and cooking afford better protection against cold and storm, and give opportunity to a large class of people for easier and better preparation of food than they could have without them; carding-machines, spinning-jennies, power-looms, sewing-machines, with their multiplied modifications and improvements, all contribute not only to the production of better and more varied clothing, suited to the wants of people in every season and on every occasion, and give better protection from the dangers of the elements, but by cheapening the cost of garments they put these more effective means of defence within the reach of a much larger class of the people than in the days of the fathers.

Ploughs, mowing-machines, horse-rakes, apple-parers, steel forks, all the kindred adjuncts of agriculture, increase the productions of the earth, while they lessen the labors of the cultivator or make them more effective. By aid of these, grain, hay, roots, fruits, cattle, sheep, etc., are produced more easily and abundantly, of better and more nutritious quality, and at less cost. The whole people, and especially the poor, are better nourished and strengthened, better armed to meet the responsibilities and to bear the dangers of life.

The steam-engine, man's powerful, tireless, and versatile co-operator, in its multifarious uses in manufactures and locomotion; ships, steamboats, railways, improved common roads, carriages for travel and for transportation,

—these, and thousands of other inventions and improvements, enable men to accomplish larger and more varied purposes; they lessen the burden of the laborer and increase his productiveness, and offer to the whole world means of sustenance such as the most favored in former ages could not procure.

Few, very few, of the improvements that belong to the civilized state are without their good effect, present or remote, direct or indirect, on human health. Small, infinitesimally small, and in many cases unperceived, may be the good that some produce; yet it is not an assumption without warrant, to say that whenever and wherever the means of sustenance and of generating vital force, or the means of protection against the elements or against any deteriorating or destructive influences, or the conveniences and comforts of life are increased, or whenever by lessening the cost of production, or by facilitating communication and transportation, these conveniences and comforts are placed within the reach of any persons or classes that could not obtain them, or made freely accessible to any who would otherwise use them but sparingly, —these improvements, of whatever variety and character, have their due influence in increasing the power and longevity of mankind.

Warm, comfortable, convenient, and pleasant houses, with ample rooms and space for family movements, appropriate furniture, easy beds and chairs, to give good support to the frame when working, or when seeking rest; easy carriages for locomotion, smooth roads; varied clothing, suited to the different seasons and well fitted to the body, trunk and limbs; food well cooked and digestible, pleasant to the palate and light to the stomach, — these and manifold other accompaniments of cultivated society, sometimes called mere luxuries and contemptuously despised by the hardy, are yet more than mere luxuries; they in their several ways and degrees are necessary for the fulness of life, in power and duration, which

is obtained only in the state of the highest civilization.

Surface of the Earth improved.

The earth itself has become more favorable to human existence. The forests have been cut down, wet lands have been drained, swamps have given place to dry and arable fields. The ground on which we stand and work sends forth less miasmatic and pestilential effluvia productive of fevers, dysenteries, etc.

European sanitary reports contain abundant evidences of the evil influence of marshy and wet grounds on the people that dwell upon them, and of the good effect of their drainage. Some large and many small districts that were formerly water-soaked or covered in part with ponds and stagnant pools have from time to time been ditched, drained, and dried, and the condition of the health and life of their inhabitants before and after their improvement are recorded and published. A few of these instances will be sufficient to represent the whole.

The district of Wisbech in England, formerly wet and marshy, was drained in the course of twenty years ending 1816. The improvements in vitality are shown by the records. "For every hundred births in the respective periods, the deaths were, from 1796 to 1805, ninety-four; from 1806 to 1815, seventy-nine; and from 1816 to 1825, sixty-four. In the first of these periods the rate of mortality was one in 31 living; in the second, one in 40; and in the third, one in 47."*

"The medical officer of Eastry says: 'Some years back a great part of the parishes adjoining the marshes was under water from the end of autumn to the early part of the following spring; then agues [intermittent fevers] and fevers of all characters prevailed to a great extent. But for the last few years, owing to the excellent plan of draining, very few diseases have occurred, in my opinion, that can be said

* Chadwick, Sanitary Condition of Laboring Classes, p. 80.

to be produced by malaria; there is very little ague, scarcely any continued fever, and a case of typhus has not been known along the borders of the marshes for the last three or four years.' " *

Many other reports bear similar testimony to the good effect of drainage, making the wet and fever-haunted places dry and healthy.

" *Banff*. — Healthy people, long-lived, — much drainage."

" *Fordoun*. — So much draining, that now no swamps: formerly agues common; now quite unknown."

" *Oswell*. — Ague prevailed formerly, but not since the land was drained."

" *Kinross*. — Agues prevailed sixty years ago, in consequence of marshes; now never met with." †

On a smaller scale, in most countries, the proprietors of swamps have drained them for the purpose of cultivation; and these water-soaked and submerged lands which had been merely useless mud, sending forth miasmatic exhalations and producing fevers, rheumatisms, and consumptions among the people living near them, were by drainage converted into dry and rich fields that yielded abundant crops of grain and sent forth no causes of disease.

The motive for these improvements of lands was pecuniary gain, and the reward in that way was generally large and sure; but a far better and equally sure reward, though unsought, was found in the improved health, the increased vigor and working-power, and lengthened years of the farmer and his family, and of others who lived on or near these lands.

Cities and Compact Towns.

Life has ever been and is lowest in the cities, where people were gathered in dense masses. The causes of sickness and the dangers of death are more abundant and effective there than in the open country. These causes and dangers are partly due to the fact of close aggregation of the people, and

to that extent are unavoidable; and in part to ignorance, selfishness, and neglect, and to that extent they may be removed.

Within the last forty or fifty years the attention of the people and rulers, and especially of the physicians and political economists, has been called to this excess of city mortality over that of the country districts. In Great Britain, and some other European countries, minute investigations of the condition of cities have been made, and the causes of the great sickness and death sought out. It was discovered that there were the most sicknesses and most frequent deaths, especially among children, in those towns that had the narrowest streets and lanes, and where these were filthy, unswept, and undrained. In different parts of the same city, of which some had wide, open, and well-cleaned streets, and others crowded, close, and filthy ones, a difference in mortality like that between country and city was observed.

The British Parliament passed laws authorizing towns to make improvements and to raise money to pay the cost. Under this authority many towns and cities have drained their streets with sewers. They have paved streets that were bare, cleansed filthy places, opened closed courts, widened narrow lanes, removed nuisances, and introduced water from pure streams or fountains, to be used in households instead of the corrupted water of the wells. These improvements have been followed by marked changes in the sanitary condition of the inhabitants. Sickness has diminished; some diseases that were very frequent, — fevers, dysentery, cholera, etc., — have become rare; and from some places they have disappeared. The rate of mortality has been reduced, and longevity has materially increased.

Manifold records of the health of these towns, before and after the improvements, show how greatly health and life have gained by the outward changes.

Salisbury drained, paved, and cleansed

* Chadwick, Sanitary Condition of Laboring Classes, p. 82.

† Ibid., p. 83.

its streets in 1854 and 1855. The deaths, which were sixty-nine in each of the winter quarters of the twelve previous years, were only fifty-four in each of the twelve winters succeeding; showing an improvement of twenty-seven per cent in vitality.*

In Liverpool, the rate of mortality, previous to 1847, was 3.84 per cent; or, one in twenty-six of the living died in each year. This great amount of death opened the eyes of the people and the rulers; and they began a system of cleansing and purification. They made sewers, introduced water, swept the streets, widened the narrow places. There were many closed courts, surrounded on all sides by buildings, with only a narrow passage-way under them at one end for an outlet and with no opportunity for the fresh air, and not much for the rays of the sun, to enter. These were opened at one end, and the winds allowed to visit them. Water was introduced, and the dwellers in many streets, lanes, and courts, who had before used and drunk only the polluted water of their wells, were allowed to have it pure and wholesome from the country.

At once there was a change for the better in the health of the people, especially of the poor. Sickness diminished, and the death-rate was reduced from 3.84 per cent to 2.7 per cent, — nearly one third.

Many other towns did a similar good work for themselves, and received a similar reward. The rate of mortality was reduced in London from 2.38 to 2.23 per cent, in Manchester from 3.71 to 2.71 per cent, in Glasgow from 3.39 to 2.78 per cent, by the same means.†

A great number of lodging-houses were inspected by the government commissioners or their agents. These had, in the aggregate, eighty thousand occupants. They were found filthy, unwashed, unswept, unventilated, and crowded with people. Typhus fever prevailed as an epidemic in these un-

healthy dwellings. The new law limited the number of lodgers, and ordered purification under the direction of the police. These houses were cleansed and ventilated, and the lodgers reduced to a reasonable number, and the fever appeared no more in them as an epidemic.*

In Macclesfield, the rate of mortality was 4.2 per cent, or one in twenty-four of the living, in the years 1845 and 1846, and 3.3 per cent through the seven preceding years; while that of the surrounding open country was 1.6 per cent, or one in sixty-two of the living. The rate varied in the different parts of the town according to their condition as to cleanliness. In the worst it was frightful, and in all it was bad.

Works of improvement were begun in the worst streets, lanes, and courts, those the most notoriously filthy and unhealthy. These parts were sewered, cleansed, and paved, and the houses drained; the yards and courts were cleansed, the dwellings ventilated, and water freely sent to the inhabitants. The general rate of mortality of the whole city was reduced from 3.3 to 2.6 per cent. The proportion of deaths to the number living, after the improvement, was 21 per cent less than before. But the worst districts, which had been the most foul and most sickly, and where the work of cleansing and purification had been the greatest, showed the largest improvement in health and life. The diminution of the rate of mortality varied among these according to their different degrees of previous degradation and suffering. In some it was diminished 34, in others, 40, 42, and in one 60 per cent. That is, while one hundred died in each of these districts, before they were improved, only sixty-six, sixty, fifty-eight, and forty died in them severally after that good work was done.

In the original state of the town, the average age of all who died was twenty-four years. But afterward it was twenty-nine years, showing a gain of 20

* London Medical Times, August, 1857.

† McGowan, in Transactions of Social Science, 1860, p. 728.

* Chadwick, in Transactions of Social Science, 1860, p. 722.

per cent in longevity. Comparing the improved districts with those not yet touched by the hand of the scavenger and sweeper, the average age in the cleansed is now thirty-four years, and in the foul only nineteen years, being a difference of 78 per cent.*

Dwellings.

Man, originally rude, ignorant, and poor, shelters himself in the holes and caverns of the earth, or builds huts of sticks and brush. His children advance, and make themselves cabins of stones, and mud, and clay. Another generation emerge from these and dwell in houses; and the houses are successively improved and made more comfortable and healthy, from age to age, as intelligence and wealth increase.

Several generations ago, the dwellings of the laborers and the poor had no floors. The inmates stood and lived on the ground, which was often wet and muddy. Seeking more comfort, they covered this earth floor with rushes or straw, which they seldom renewed, and suffered to become the receptacle of much of the waste and filth of the family. All these habitations, with the rotting straw and the mud beneath, sent forth foul and noisome exhalations and caused sickness in the inhabitants.

Erasmus, the learned scholar and writer, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, in his description of England, said: "The floors of the houses generally were made of nothing but loam, and are strewed with rushes, which being constantly put on fresh, without a removal of the old, remain lying there, in some cases, for twenty years, with fish-bones, broken victuals, and other filth, impregnated with the excretions of dogs, children, and men."

Even the houses of the rich had no carpets. The king himself had no covering for his floors, except straw, which was sometimes spread to receive and conceal the dirt.

The structure of the houses of the great mass of the people gave them nei-

ther good protection from the elements abroad nor pure air within. They were loose and leaky, exposing the inmates to winds and storms. They had imperfect means of warming, and in many houses these were entirely wanting, while no means of ventilation were provided.* They were equally ill-lighted. In early times they had for windows only the doorway and other open holes, which when closed left the family in darkness; afterward they used horn or other semi-translucent materials. But in 1557, Hollingshead said, the general run of houses were beginning to be improved. Instead of glass to their windows, they used to have lattice-work, or panels of horn, glass being scarce and dear.† Earlier than this, even horn windows were a luxury accessible only to the rich, and beyond the reach of the great mass of the people. In 1584, Harrison, in his description of England, said: "Of old time our countrie houses, instead of glasse did use much lattise and that made either of wicker or fine rifts of oke in checkerwise. I read also that some of the better sort in and before the time of the Saxons did make panels of horne instead of glasse, and fix them in wooden calmes (casements); but as horne in windowes is now, 1584, quite laid downe in everie place, so our lattises are also growne into disuse, because glasse is become to be so plentiful, and within verie little so good, cheape, if not better than the other." "Glass is now, 1839, introduced into almost every cottage of Great Britain,"‡ and most of the dwellings of the civilized world.

When glass was first introduced, it was so costly and perishable, that some families, even if they were able to purchase it, thought they could not afford to run the risk of its loss, when not in actual use; when, therefore, they had occasion to shut up their houses and leave them, they took the glass out and put it in a more secure place, or carried it with them.

* McCulloch, *Stat. Acct. Brit. Empire*, II. 522.

† *Social Hist. Great Britain*, I. 111.

‡ McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 603.

* John May, in *Transactions of Social Science*, 1857, p. 403.

The Northumberland Household Book, speaking of Alnwick Castle, in 1573, said: "And because throwe extreme winds, the glass of the windows of this and other my lord's castels and houses here in the country dooth decay and waste, yt were good the whole leights of everie windowe, at the departure of his lordshippe from lyinge at any of his castels and houses and dowering the tyme of his lordshippe's absence, or others lyinge in them, were taken doune and lade up in safety. And at sooche time as either his lordshippe or anie other sholde lye at anie of the said places, the same might then be set uppe of newe with small charges, whereas now the decaye thereof shall be verie costlie and chargeable to be repayred."* In Scotland, as late as 1661, the windows of ordinary country houses were not glazed, and only the windows in the upper parts of the king's palaces had glass; the lower ones having two wooden shutters.

Surely, then, the general population could no more indulge themselves in the luxury of glass at that time than their fathers could in horn windows in previous ages. In the early times the dwellings of the most favored were no better than the poorest now inhabit, and in some respects they were more unhealthy and uncomfortable.

A public report on the condition of the farmers of Scotland says that, in the sixteenth century, the houses even of the rich and the great were destitute of glass windows. The cottages of the poor were not only without glass, but also without chimneys. They were wretched, dirty hovels, built of stones and mud, or of clay and straw, filled with smoke and black with soot. But within a hundred years all the farm-houses, offices, and cottages of Scotland have been rebuilt, and they are now well-contrived, substantial, and commodious, and of course more healthy.†

These are the accounts of Scotland. But, with some modification, they may be taken as the type of other progres-

sive nations. The dwellings of America are still improving; they are larger, more airy, better warmed and ventilated, more convenient, and give better protection against the causes of disease, than our fathers enjoyed.

Furniture.

The furniture of mediæval ages corresponded to the dwellings; both were meagre, inconvenient, and uncomfortable, and both insufficient for the purposes of health, according to the notions of the present day. At the end of the thirteenth century the laborers' families had one or more beds that cost from three to five shillings each, and most had a brass pot that cost from one to three shillings, and this was almost their only cooking-utensil.* Nothing was said of tables and chairs. But two hundred and fifty years later, Markham, in his "Instructions to a Good Housewife," says: "A bare table will do as well as if covered with cloth; wooden and pewter dishes and tin vessels for liquor are best, as being most secure." Markham was one of the cautiously progressive spirits of his age. He halted between the conservatives, who held to old customs and were satisfied with wooden dishes and spoons, and the progressives, who were ambitious of a better style of domestic life, and wanted their table furniture to be made of pewter and tin. His advice is given to good housewives, presumptively to those who were thrifty and prosperous, and could therefore afford the cost of the new luxuries. So he recommends a mixture of these kinds,—wooden in part, and tin and pewter in part.

About the same time Holingshed speaks of the introduction of pewter utensils instead of treen (wooden) ones,—particularly platters,—and silver and tin spoons as substitutes for wooden articles, as remarkable proofs of luxury.

In another place Holingshed says, that in the village where he lived, "there were old men who could remem-

* Quoted by McCulloch, *Dict. Com.*, p. 603.

† McCulloch, *Stat. Acct. Brit. Empire*, II, 518.

* Sir Fred. M. Eden, *History of the Laboring Classes*, I.

ber when a man could hardly find four pieces of pewter in a good farmer's house."*

These new articles of luxury were not within the reach of the poor in those days, for the "pewter platter cost twelve pence and a tynnen quart ten pence, and a square tynnen pot six pence;"† and as the wages of the man haymaker was fourpence, and of the woman haymaker twopence a day, beside their board,‡ they must hesitate long before venturing upon such extravagance as pewter and tin for their tables.

Their bedchambers were furnished in a manner not more generous and comfortable than the kitchens and dining-rooms. Bishop Latimer was the son of a wealthy farmer of Leicestershire. In a sermon preached before the king, Edward VI., March 8, 1549, he spoke of the manner of life among the people of the middle classes, and said: "My father was a yeoman; he tilled as much as kept six men, and his mother's dairy consisted of thirty milch-kine. He kept hospitality with the neighbors, and gave some alms to the poor. The family laid upon straw pallets or rough mats, covered with a sheet; the under coverlet of dog's wain [very coarse mantle] or hap-harlots, [very rough cloth], and a good round log of wood under the head instead of a bolster or pillow. If within seven years after marriage a master of a family could purchase a mattress or flock-bed and add thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head, he thought himself well lodged."§

This economy was necessary for people commencing housekeeping in those days, from the limited outfit of the bride. The bishop, in the same sermon to the king and the court, says: "My father married my sisters with a dowry of five pounds each." He also spoke of the beginning of the change of treen [wooden] platters for pewter,

and of wooden spoons for tin and silver. But it can hardly be supposed that the bishop's sisters, with their twenty-five dollars' outfit,—still less other young brides, marrying from or into families less wealthy than his father's and with less than five pounds' outfit,—would feel justified in adopting the new fashion of pewter for their table furniture; they were probably content with wood until they became more prosperous or ambitious.

Clothing.

Among the world's great improvements, those in textile fabrics are the most prominent and beneficial. Cloths of manifold kinds, thick, strong, soft, and warm, are now produced instead of the few thin, coarse, hard, and cold sorts that were used in mediæval times.

McCulloch says: "The luxury of a linen shirt was confined to the higher classes [in the sixteenth century and previously]. The cloth used by the bulk of the people was mostly of home manufacture, and, compared with what they now [1839] make use of, was at once costly, coarse, and comfortless.* Cotton was then unknown to the rich as well as to the poor.

The introduction of cotton not only produced cloth cheap and within the reach of the poorest, but afforded garments to be worn next to the body that can be and are frequently changed and washed. Queen Elizabeth, some three hundred years ago, with all her wealth and power, with all her ambition and pride in display of dress, and even with the three thousand garments that she left behind, was, in some respects, more poorly and less healthfully dressed than the humblest woman of our day. The new varieties of woollen and cotton goods, their manifold adaptation to the wants of men, women, and children, allow opportunities of health and comfort and of personal cleanliness, that neither peasant nor prince, neither washerwoman nor queen, enjoyed or even conceived of in the ages gone by.

* Roberts, *Social Condition of Southern Counties*, p. 324.

† *Ibid.*, p. 345.

‡ *Social Hist. Great Britain*, p. 16.

§ *Sermons*, I. 93.

* *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, II. 512.

Food.

The same progress has been made in the means of nutrition. The improvements in agriculture, the better and more extensive cultivation of the earth, the introduction of new grains and vegetables, have greatly increased the quantity and variety of vegetable food, and the improved means of raising and preserving fodder for the winter have increased the amount of fresh animal food for the people throughout the year.

Potatoes, which are now on everybody's table, were unknown to the civilized world before the latter part of the sixteenth century. They were a long time in getting into general use, and becoming a common and cheap article of diet for all; and for many years after they were introduced into Europe they were the rarest luxuries, to be bought and eaten only by the nobles and the wealthy. In 1633, in the list of prices established by proclamation of the government, potatoes were ordered to be sold for two shillings (fifty cents) a pound, equal to thirty dollars a bushel. A few years previously the wages of a bailiff of husbandry, head man on the farm, were fixed by the court at fifty-two shillings (about thirteen dollars) a year; and of mechanics, carpenters, masons, etc., at eight pence (about sixteen cents), with board, a day.

Thirty-two years later, in 1665, Muffet, writing on food and diet, says: "Potato-roots are getting to be quite common now; even the husbandman sometimes buys them to please his wife."

Grains have improved. More of the richer grains, wheat, etc., are raised, and the people have better bread. Morgan, in an old account of the agriculture of Scotland, 1590 to 1605, said: "They, the Scotch, eate harchcakes of oates, but in cities some have wheaten bread, which, for the most part, is bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens."*

Sir Frederic M. Eden, in his great

* Quoted by Eden in Hist. Laboring Classes, I. 515.

and valuable work on the History of the Laboring Classes, quotes the Westmoreland Agricultural Report of 1797, which says that, "in Westmoreland, in 1797, a laboring man will eat sixteen pounds of oatmeal a fortnight." The report adds: "The cost of this is one and a half to two and a half shillings, average two. Then his bread, which was almost his whole food, cost him a shilling [twenty-five cents] a week."*

Substantiality of diet was the peculiar and exclusive privilege of the higher classes. Eden says: "A maid of honor perhaps breakfasted on roast beef; but the ploughman in those good old times [sixteenth century], as they are called, could, I fear, only banquet on the strength of water-gruel."†

Harrison, in his description of England, says: "The bread throughout the land is made of such graine as the soil yieldeth: neverthelesse the gentilitie commonlie provide themselves sufficientlie of wheat, for their own tables, whilest their household and poore neighbors in some shires, are enforced to content themselves with rie and barlie: yea, in times of dearth, manie with bread made either of bran, or of otes, or of all together, and some acorns among, of which scourge the poore do soonest tast, sith they are least able to provide themselves better."‡

"In the sixteenth century wheat was scarcely used at all, rye but little, mostly oats and barley by the laboring people."§

"'Brown bread' hath little or no floure left therein at all. It is not only the worst and weakest of all, but also appointed in old times for servants, slaves, and inferior people to feed upon. Hereunto likewise, because it is drie and brickle in the working, for it will hardly be made up handsomelie into loaves, some add a portion of rie meale, in our time, whereby the rough drieness or drie roughness thereof is somewhat removed."|| "In champeigne coun-

* Eden, Hist. Laboring Classes, I. 512.

† Ibid., 116.

‡ Quoted by Eden.

§ Eden, I.

|| Holingshed, Chronicles, p. 168.

tries, much rye and barley bread is eaten, especially when wheat is scant and gesort.*

For three hundred years the laboring people have been gradually getting from oats and barley to rye, and from rye to wheat, and thus improving their nutriment, their capacity for labor, their health, and their longevity.

With the improvements in agriculture, the earth yields more abundantly; the products of the farms of Great Britain have much more than doubled since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and they better sustained the fourteen millions of people in 1820 than they did the six millions in 1550.

In 1691, Sir William Petty, in his elaborate essay on Political Economy, said: "As for the land of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by draining of fens, improving of forests and commons, making heathy and barren grounds bear sain foyne and clover grass, meliorating and multiplying several sorts of fruits and garden stuffe, the land in its present condition is able to bear more provision and commodities than it was forty years ago."† Improvements in the production of food have gone on more rapidly since Sir William's day. McCulloch, writing in 1839, said: "Wheaten bread is now universally made use of in towns and villages and almost everywhere in the country. Barley is no longer used except in distilleries and in brewing. Oats are employed only in feeding horses. The consumption of rye bread is comparatively inconsiderable. The produce of the wheat crop has been, at the very least, trebled since 1760."‡

Animal Food.

The improvement in the production of animal food is greater than in that of vegetable. "According to the estimate of Dr. Davenant in 1710, the average weight of the *net* carcase of black cattle was only three hundred and sev-

enty pounds, of calves fifty pounds, and of sheep twenty-eight pounds."* In 1795, a committee of Parliament, who had the matter of the food supply under investigation, reported that cattle and sheep had at an average increased in size and weight about a fourth since 1732. McCulloch thinks that the increase is much greater than this, and that forty-four years later the average net weight of the cattle after drawing was five hundred and fifty pounds, of calves one hundred and five pounds, and of sheep over fifty pounds, making the increase of food offered to man from these animals from 50 to 100 per cent.*

In other civilized countries, both of Europe and of America, there has been a similar increase of the supply of vegetable and animal food, and the quality has gained as well as the quantity. These improvements did not stop in 1839, when McCulloch examined the matter and reported; but without doubt they have gone on as rapidly within the last thirty years as in the last century.

Fruits.

There has been a greater improvement in fruits in respect to abundance, nutritiousness, and healthfulness. Instead of the hard, small, sour crab, we have hundreds of varieties of rich, nutritive, and digestible apples. Instead of the wild and worthless sloe, we have manifold kinds of healthy plums. Pears, peaches, berries, have also been multiplied and made subservient to the sustenance and strengthening of the human race.

So the farm, the garden, the orchard, have all increased their contributions to the diet of man immensely in quantity, and still more in nutritive power.

Famines and Plenty.

The seasons varied more in former ages than they do now; and agriculture, being imperfect, was less prepared to meet or modify the effects of the unfavorable vicissitudes of the weather. The crops therefore varied, and the

* Holingshed, *Chronicles*, p. 168.

† *Political Arithmetic*, pp. 96, 97.

‡ McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 182.

* McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 261.

people were very unequally supplied with food. In some years they might riot in abundance, and in others suffer from privation. In 1696, 1697, and 1698, the price of wheat in England averaged ninety-two shillings a quarter, and in the next succeeding six years the average price was thirty-three shillings and sixpence.

In those early days, the people had neither the means nor the habit of intercommunication; consequently there was no general knowledge of the condition of agriculture, or of the amount of food produced, in the various nations of the world, or in the various parts of any single country, and not always even in the different parts of a single district.

Roads and Transportation.

Beside this want of knowledge in the favored countries of the necessities of food in others, and ignorance, among the people whose crops had failed, of the more abundant supply that was offered elsewhere, there was a want of the means of transportation, both by sea and land, from nation to nation and from district to district. There was not then the broad and generous commerce that now, with its comprehensive eye, watches over all the nations of the earth, and, seeing their poverty and their riches, carries the surplus food of those whose crops are abundant to supply the wants of those whose crops have failed or are scanty, and thus equalizes the means of sustenance and compensates for the unequal distribution from the skill of men or nature's bounty.

Roads, as now in our least cultivated territories, were then hardly known; in summer the ways not unfrequently consisted of the bottoms of rivulets, and in winter they were hardly passable. Many roads were impassable for any wheel-carriages, and the transportation was done on horseback. Even in Scotland, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, all the goods, merchandise, and produce, even straw, hay, coal, etc., were conveyed in this way. The freight was usually placed

in sacks, baskets, or panniers, suspended on each side of the horse, or fastened with ropes to the animal's back in such way as the skill of the carrier could devise.

Wagons were then unknown; but when the distances between the places were very great, carts were employed, for the horse could not carry on his back a load sufficient to justify the expense of a long journey. These carts were heavy, clumsy, and difficult to be moved even when empty. At the same time, draught horses and cattle were of low breeds, imperfectly nourished, and weakened by exposure to cold and storm in rude sheds, or perhaps with not even this shelter. They were consequently incapable of great exertion, carried but small burdens, and travelled slowly. The common carrier, from Edinburgh to Selkirk, thirty-eight miles distant, required a fortnight for his journey, going and returning, between the two places.*

This great labor of transportation added very much to the expense of merchandise when carried from the cities to the country, and to the cost of grain and all agricultural produce in the cities. Bishop Fleetwood says, that sometimes there was a very wide difference in the price of grain in London and in the country districts. One year, 1557, he quotes the market prices of wheat as ten, twelve, and thirteen shillings a quarter in several of the counties, and sixty-four shillings in the metropolis.†

Jealousy of the Merchants.

Beside these inherent obstacles to equalizing the supply of food by means of trade, — carrying it from places where it was plentiful to places where it was scarce, — there was at that time, among both producers and consumers, a great jealousy of dealers in grain, and several laws were enacted in England to prevent their freedom of action, "especially in the reign of Edward VI., when the engross-

* McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 995.

† *Chronicon Preciosum*, p. 99.

ing of corn, or the buying it in one market with the intent to sell it again in another, was made an offence punishable by imprisonment and the pillory; and no one was allowed to carry it from one port to another without a license."*

Unthriftiness.

The uncultivated people of early times seem to have had little of that calculating thrift and that discipline and self-denial which, by economy in consumption of food in the autumn and winter, would save enough for at least a meagre support, and prevent destitution in the following spring and summer. When their stores were exhausted, or nearly exhausted, they suffered from privation until the new crop came to their relief. This was manifested in

the course of prices of grain through the years succeeding short crops. In 1556, after harvest, the price of wheat in England was eight shillings a quarter, and so continued until the following season. Grain was cheap and apparently abundant, want was out of sight, families lived freely until scarcity was forced upon them in the spring and summer, when the price rose to fifty-three shillings and fourpence 'a quarter, and so remained until the new harvest reduced it at once to eight shillings,* and then the people again lived freely.

In 1317, wheat was twenty shillings, —two hundred and forty pence,—a bushel before harvest, and fell to ten pence when the new crop had been gathered.†

* Fleetwood's *Chronicon Preciosum*, 113, 114.

† Eden, *Hist. Laboring Classes*.

* McCulloch, *Dict. Commerce*, p. 403.

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR.

WALKING for walking's sake I do not like. The diversion appears to me one of the most factitious of modern enjoyments; and I cannot help looking upon those who pace their five miles in the teeth of a north wind, and profess to come home all the livelier and better for it, as guilty of a venial hypocrisy. It is in nature that after such an exercise the bones should ache and the flesh tremble; and I suspect that these harmless pretenders are all the while paying a secret penalty for their bravado. With a pleasant end in view, or with cheerful companionship, walking is far from being the worst thing in life; though doubtless a truly candid person would confess that he would rather ride under the same circumstances. Yet it is certain that some sort of recreation is necessary after a day spent within doors; and one is really obliged nowadays to take a little walk instead of

medicine; for one's doctor is sure to have a mania on the subject, and there is no more getting pills or powders out of him for a slight indigestion than if they had all been shot away at the Rebels during the war. For this reason I sometimes go upon a pedestrian tour, which is of no great extent in itself, and which I moreover modify by always keeping within sound of the horse-car bells, or easy reach of some steam-car station.

I fear that I should find these rambles dull, but that their utter lack of interest amuses me. I will be honest with the reader, though, and any Master Pliable is free to forsake me at this point; for I cannot promise to be really livelier than my walk. There is a Slough of Despond in full view, and not a Delectable Mountain to be seen, unless you choose so to call the high lands about Waltham, which we shall behold dark blue against the western

sky presently. As I sally forth upon Benicia Street, the whole suburb of Charlesbridge stretches about me,—a vast space upon which I can embroider any fancy I like as I saunter along. I have no associations with it, or memories of it, and, at some seasons, I might wander for days in the most frequented parts of it, and meet hardly any one I know. It is not, however, to these parts that I commonly turn, but northward, up a street upon which a flight of French-roof houses suddenly settled a year or two since, with families in them, and many outward signs of permanence, though their precipitate arrival might cast some doubt upon this. I have to admire their uniform neatness and prettiness, and I look at their dormer-windows with the envy of one to whose weak sentimentality dormer-windows long appeared the supreme architectural happiness. But, for all my admiration of the houses, I find a variety that is pleasanter in the landscape, when I reach, beyond them, a little bridge which appears to span a small stream. It unites banks lined with a growth of trees and briers nodding their heads above the neighboring levels, and suggesting a quiet water-course; though in fact it is the Minkburg Railroad that purls between them, with rippling freight and passenger trains and evergurgling locomotives. The banks take the earliest green of spring upon their southward slope, and on a Sunday morning of May, when the bells are lamenting the Sabbaths of the past, I find their sunny tranquillity sufficient to give me a slight heartache for I know not what. If I descend them and follow the railroad westward half a mile, I come to vast brick-yards, which are not in themselves exciting to the imagination, and which yet, from an irresistible association of ideas, remind me of Egypt, and are forever newly forsaken of those who made bricks without straw; so that I have no trouble in erecting temples and dynastic tombs out of the kilns; while the mills for grinding the clay serve me very well

for those sad-voiced *sakias* or wheel-pumps which the Howadji Curtis heard wailing at their work of drawing the water from the Nile. A little farther on I come to the boarding-house built at the railroad-side for the French Canadians who have by this time succeeded the Hebrews in the toil of the brick-yards, and who, as they loiter in windy-voiced, good-humored groups about the doors of their lodgings, insist upon bringing before me the town of St. Michel at the mouth of the great Mont-Cenis tunnel, where so many peasant folk like them are always amiably quarrelling before the *cabarets* when the *diligence* comes and goes. Somewhere, there must be a gendarme with a cocked hat and a sword on, standing with folded arms to represent the Empire and Peace among that rural population; if I looked in-doors, I am sure I should see the neatest of landladies and landladies' daughters and nieces in high black silk caps, bearing hither and thither smoking bowls of *bouillon* and *café-au-lait*. Well, it takes as little to make one happy as miserable, thank Heaven! and I derive a cheerfulness from this scene which quite atones to me for the fleeting desolation suffered from the sunny verdure on the railroad-bank. With repaired spirits I take my way up through the brick-yards towards the Irish settlement on the north, passing under the long sheds that shelter the kilns. The ashes lie cold about the mouths of most, and the bricks are burnt to the proper complexion; in others these are freshly arranged over flues in which the fire has not been kindled; but in whatever state I see them I am reminded of brick-kilns of boyhood. They were then such palaces of enchantment as any architect should now vainly attempt to rival with bricks upon the most desirable corner-lot of the Back Bay, and were the homes of men truly to be envied: men privileged to stay up all night; to sleep, as it were, out of doors; to hear the wild geese as they flew over in the darkness; to be waking in time to shoot the early ducks.

that visited the neighboring ponds ; to roast corn upon the ends of sticks ; to tell and to listen to stories that never ended, save in some sudden impulse to rise and dance a happy hoe-down in the ruddy light of the kiln-fires. If by day they were seen to have the redness of eyes of men that looked upon the whiskey when it was yellow and gave its color in the flask ; if now and then the fragments of a broken bottle strewed the scene of their vigils, and a head broken to match appeared among those good comrades, the boyish imagination was not shocked by these things, but accepted them merely as the symbols of a free virile life. Some such life no doubt is still to be found in the Dublin to which I am come by the time my repertory of associations with brick-kilns is exhausted ; but, oddly enough, I no longer care to encounter it.

It is perhaps in a pious recognition of our mortality that Dublin is built around the Irish graveyard. Most of its windows look out upon the sepulchral monuments and the pretty constant arrival of the funeral trains with their long lines of carriages bringing to the celebration of the sad ultimate rites those gay companies of Irish mourners. I suppose that the spectacle of such obsequies is not at all depressing to the inhabitants of Dublin ; but that, on the contrary, it must beget in them a feeling which, if not resignation to death, is, at least, a sort of sub-acute cheerfulness in his presence. None but a Dubliner, however, would have been greatly animated by a scene which I witnessed during a stroll through this cemetery one afternoon of early spring. The fact that a marble slab or shaft more or less sculptured, and inscribed with words more or less helpless, is the utmost that we can give to one whom once we could caress with every tenderness of speech and touch ; and that, after all, the memorial we raise is rather to our own grief, and is a decency, a mere conventionality, — this is a dreadful fact on which the heart breaks itself with such a pang, that it

always seems a desolation never recognized, an anguish never felt before. Whilst I stood revolving this thought in my mind, and reading the Irish names upon the stones and the black head-boards, — the latter adorned with pictures of angels, once gilt, but now weather-worn down to the yellow paint, — a wail of intolerable pathos filled the air : “ O my darling, O my darling ! O — O — O ! ” with sobs and groans and sighs ; and, looking about, I saw two women, one standing upright beside another that had cast herself upon a grave and lay clasping it with her comfortless arms, uttering these cries. The grave was a year old at least, but the grief seemed of yesterday or of that morning. At times the friend that stood beside the prostrate woman stooped and spoke a soothing word to her, while she wailed out her woe ; and in the midst some little ribald Irish boys came scuffling and quarrelling up the pathway, singing snatches of an ob-scene song ; and when both the wailing and the singing had died away, an old woman, decently clad, and with her many-wrinkled face softened by the old-fashioned frill running round the inside of her cap, dropped down upon her knees beside a very old grave, and clasped her hands in a silent prayer above it.

If I had beheld all this in some village *campo santo* in Italy, I should have been much more vividly impressed by it, as an æsthetical observer ; whereas I was now merely touched as a human being, and had little desire to turn the scene to literary account. I could not help feeling that it wanted the atmosphere of sentimental association ; the whole background was a blank or worse than a blank. Yet I have not been able to hide from myself so much as I would like certain points of resemblance between our Irish and the poorer classes of Italians. The likeness is one of the first things that strikes an American in Italy, and I am always reminded of it in Dublin. So much of the local life appears upon the street ; there is so much gossip from house to house, and

the talk is always such a resonant clamoring; the women, bareheaded, or with a shawl folded over the head and caught beneath the chin with the hand, have such a contented down-at-heel aspect, shuffling from door to door, or lounging, arms akimbo, among the cats and poultry at their own thresholds, that one beholding it all might well fancy himself upon some Italian *calle* or *vicolo*. Of course the illusion does not hold good on a Sunday, when the Dubliners are coming home from church in their best, — their extraordinary best bonnets and their prodigious silk hats. It does not hold good in any way or at any time, except upon the surface, for there is beneath all this resemblance the difference that must exist between a race immemorably civilized and one which has lately emerged from barbarism "after six centuries of oppression." You are likely to find a polite pagan under the mask of the modern Italian; you feel pretty sure that any of his race would with a little washing and skilful manipulation *restore*, like a neglected painting, into something genuinely graceful and pleasing; but if one of these Yankeeified Celts were scraped, it is but too possible that you might find a kern, a Whiteboy, or a Pike-man. The chance of discovering a scholar or a saint of the period when Ireland was the centre of learning, and the favorite seat of the Church, is scarcely one in three.

Among the houses fronting on the main street of Dublin, every other one — I speak in all moderation — is a grocery, if I may judge by a tin case of cornballs, a jar of candy, and a card of shirt-buttons, with an under layer of primers and ballads, in the windows. You descend from the street by several steps into these haunts, which are contrived to secure the greatest possible dampness and darkness; and if you have made an errand inside, you doubtless find a lady before the counter in the act of putting down a guilty-looking tumbler with one hand, while she neatly wipes her mouth on the back of the other. She has that effect, observable

in all tippling women of low degree, of having no upper garment on but a shawl, which hangs about her in statuesque folds and lines. She slinks out directly, but the lady behind the counter gives you good evening with

"The affectation of a bright-eyed ease,"

intended to deceive if you chance to be a State constable in disguise, and to propitiate if you are a veritable customer: "Who was that woman, lamenting so, over in the graveyard?" "O, I don't know, sir," answers the lady, making change for the price of a ballad. "Some Irish folks. They gineralry cries that way."

In yet earlier spring walks through Dublin, I found a depth of mud appalling even to one who had lived three years in Charlesbridge. The streets were passable only to pedestrians skilled in shifting themselves along the sides of fences and alert to take advantage of every projecting doorstep. There were no dry places, except in front of the groceries, where the ground was beaten hard by the broad feet of loafing geese and the coming and going of admirably small children making purchases there. The number of the little ones was quite as remarkable as their size, and ought to have been even more interesting, if, as sometimes appears probable, such increase shall — together with the well-known ambition of Dubliners to rule the land — one day make an end of us poor Yankees as a dominant plurality.

The town was somewhat tainted with our architectural respectability, unless the newness of some of the buildings gave illusion of this; and, though the streets of Dublin were not at all cared for, and though every house on the main thoroughfare stood upon the brink of a slough, without yard, or any attempt at garden or shrubbery, there were many cottages in the less aristocratic quarters enclosed in palings, and embowered in the usual suburban pear-trees and currant-bushes. These, indeed, were dwellings of an elder sort, and had clearly been inherited from a

population now as extinct in that region as the Pequots, and they were not always carefully cherished. On the border of the hamlet is to be seen an old farm-house of the poorer sort, built about the beginning of this century, and now thickly peopled by Dubliners. Its gate is thrown down, and the great wild-grown lilac hedge, no longer protected by a fence, shows skirts bedabbled by the familiarity of lawless poultry, as little like the steady-habited poultry of other times, as the people of the house are like the former inmates, long since dead or gone West. I offer the poor place a sentiment of regret as I pass, thinking of its better days. I think of its decorous, hard-working, cleanly, school-going, church-attending life, which was full of the pleasure of duty done, and was not without its own quaint beauty and grace. What long Sabbaths were kept in that old house, what scanty holidays! Yet from this and such as this came the dominion of the whole wild continent, the freedom of a race, the greatness of the greatest people. It may be that I regretted a little too exultantly, and that out of this particular house came only peddling of innumerable clocks and multitudinous tinware. But as yet, it is pretty certain that the general character of the population has not gained by the change. What is in the future, let the prophets say; any one can see that something not quite agreeable is in the present; something that takes the wrong side, as by instinct, in politics; something that mainly helps to prop up tottering priestcraft among us; something that one thinks of with dismay as destined to control so largely the civil and religious interests of the country. This, however, is the aggregate aspect. Mrs. Clannahan's kitchen, as it may be seen by the desperate philosopher when he goes to engage her for the spring house-cleaning, is a strong argument against his fears. If Mrs. Clannahan, lately of an Irish cabin, can show a kitchen so capably appointed and so neatly kept as that, the country may

yet be an inch or two from the brink of ruin, and the race which we trust as little as we love may turn out no more spendthrift than most heirs. It is encouraging, moreover, when any people can flatter themselves upon a superior prosperity and virtue, and we may take heart from the fact that the French Canadians, many of whom have lodgings in Dublin, are not well seen by the higher classes of the citizens there. Mrs. Clannahan, whose house stands over against the main gate of the graveyard, and who may, therefore, be considered as moving in the best Dublin society, hints, that though good Catholics, the French are not thought perfectly honest, — "things have been missed" since they came to blight with their crimes and vices the once happy seat of integrity. It is amusing to find Dublin fearful of the encroachment of the French, as we in our turn dread the advance of the Irish. We must make a jest of our own alarms, and even smile — since we cannot help ourselves — at the spiritual desolation occasioned by the settlement of an Irish family in one of our suburban neighborhoods. The householders view with fear and jealousy the erection of any dwelling of less than a stated cost, as portending a possible advent of Irish; and when the calamitous race actually appears, a mortal pang strikes to the bottom of every pocket. Values tremble throughout that neighborhood, to which the new-comers communicate a species of moral dry-rot. None but the Irish will build near the Irish; and the infection of fear spreads to the elder Yankee homes about, and the owners prepare to abandon them, — not always, however, let us hope, without turning, at the expense of the invaders, a Parthian penny in their flight. In my walk from Dublin to North Charlesbridge, I saw more than one token of the encroachment of the Celtic army, which had here and there invested a Yankee house with besieging shanties on every side, and thus given to its essential and otherwise quite hopeless ugliness a touch of the poetry that attends failing

fortunes, and hallows decayed gentility of however poor a sort originally. The fortunes of such a house are, of course, not to be retrieved. Where the Celt sets his foot, there the Yankee (and it is perhaps wholesome if not agreeable to know that the Irish citizen whom we do not always honor as our equal in civilization loves to speak of us scornfully as Yankees) rarely, if ever, returns. The place remains to the intruder and his heirs forever. We gracefully retire before him even in politics, as the metropolis — if it is the metropolis — can witness ; and we wait with an anxious curiosity the encounter of the Irish and the Chinese, now rapidly approaching each other from opposite shores of the continent. Shall we be crushed in the collision of these superior races ? Every intelligence-office will soon be ringing with the cries of combat, and all our kitchens strewn with pig-tails and bark chignons. As yet we have gay hopes of our Buddhistic brethren ; but how will it be when they begin to quarter the Dragon upon the Stars and Stripes, and buy up all the best sites for temples, and burn their joss-sticks, as it were, under our very noses ? Our grasp upon the great problem grows a little lax, perhaps ? Is it true that, when we look so anxiously for help from others, the virtue has gone out of ourselves ? I should hope not.

As I leave Dublin, the houses grow larger and handsomer ; and as I draw near the Avenue, the Mansard-roofs look down upon me with their dormer-windows, and welcome me back to the American community. There are fences about all the houses, enclosing ampler and ampler dooryards ; the children, which had swarmed in the thriftless and unenlightened purlieus of Dublin, diminish in number and finally disappear ; the chickens have vanished ; and I hear—I hear the pensive music of the horse-car bells, which in some alien land, I am sure, would be as pathetic to me as the Ranz des Vaches to the Swiss or the bagpipes to the Highlander : in the desert, where the

traveller seems to hear the familiar bells of his far-off church, this tinkle would haunt the absolute silence, and recall the exile's fancy to Charles-bridge ; and perhaps in the mocking mirage he would behold an airy horse-car track, and a phantasmagoric horse-car moving slowly along the edge of the horizon, with spectral passengers closely packed inside and overflowing either platform.

But before I reach the Avenue, Dublin calls to me yet again, in the figure of an old, old man, wearing the clothes of other times, and a sort of ancestral round hat. In the act of striking a match he asks me the time of day, and, applying the fire to his pipe, he returns me his thanks in a volume of words and smoke. What a wrinkled and unshorn old man ! Can age and neglect do so much for any of us ? This ruinous person was associated with a hand-cart as decrepit as himself, but not nearly so cheerful ; for though he spoke up briskly with a spirit uttered from far within the wrinkles and the stubble, the cart had preceded him with a very lugubrious creak. It groaned, in fact, under a load of tin cans, and I was to learn from the old man that there was, and had been, in his person, for thirteen years, such a thing in the world as a pedler of buttermilk, and that these cans were now filled with that pleasant drink. They did not invite me to prove their contents, being cans that apparently passed their vacant moments in stables and even manure-heaps, and that looked somehow emulous of that old man's stubble and wrinkles. I bought nothing, but I left the old pedler well content, seated upon a thill of his cart, smoking tranquilly, and filling the keen spring evening air with fumes which it dispersed abroad, and made to itself a pleasant incense of.

I left him a whole epoch behind, as I entered the Avenue and lounged homeward along the stately street. Above the station it is far more picturesque than it is below, and the magnificent elms that shadow it might well have looked, in their saplinghood, upon the

British straggling down the country road from the Concord fight; and there are some ancient houses yet standing that must have been filled with exultation at the same spectacle. Poor old revolutionaries! they would never have believed that their descendants would come to love the English as we do.

The season has advanced rapidly during my progress from Dublin to the Avenue; and by the time I reach the famous old tavern, not far from the station, it is a Sunday morning of early summer, and the yellow sunlight falls upon a body of good comrades who are grooming a marvellous number of piebald steeds about the stable-doors. By token of these beasts — which always look so much more like works of art than of nature — I know that there is to be a circus somewhere very soon; and the gay bills pasted all over the stable-front tell me that there are to be two performances at the Port on the morrow. The grooms talk nothing and joke nothing but horse at their labor; and their life seems such a low, ignorant, happy life, that the secret nomad lurking in every respectable and stationary personality stirs within me and struggles to strike hands of fellowship with them. They lead a sort of pastoral existence in our age of railroads; they wander over the continent with their great caravan, and everywhere pursue the summer from South to North and from North to South again; in the mild forenoons they groom their herds, and in the afternoons they doze under their wagons, indifferent to the tumult of the crowd within and without the mighty canvas near them, — doze face downwards on the bruised, sweet-smelling grass; and in the starry midnight rise and strike their tents and set forth again over the still country roads, to take the next village on the morrow, with the blaze and splendor of their "Grand Entrance." The triumphal chariot in which the musicians are borne at the head of the procession is composed, as I perceive by the bills, of four colossal gilt swans, set tail to tail, with lifted wings

and curving necks; but the chariot, as I behold it beside the stable, is mysteriously draped in white canvas, through which its gilding glitters only here and there. And does it move thus shrouded in the company's wanderings from place to place, and is the precious spottiness of the piebalds then hidden under envious drapery? O happy grooms, — not clean as to shirts, nor especially neat in your conversation, but displaying a Wealth of art in India-ink upon your manly chests and the swelling muscles of your arms, and speaking in every movement your freedom from all conventional gyves and shackles, "*seid umschlungen!*" — in spirit; for the rest, you are rather too damp, and seem to have applied your sudsy sponges too impartially to your own trousers and the horses' legs to receive an actual embrace from a *dilettante* vagabond.

The old tavern is old only comparatively; but in our new and changeful life it is already quaint. It is very long, and low-studded in either story, with a row of windows in the roof, and a great porch, furnished with benches, running the whole length of the ground-floor. Perhaps because they take the dust of the street too freely, or because the guests find it more social and comfortable to gather in-doors in the wide, low-ceiled office, the benches are not worn, nor particularly whittled. The room has the desolate air characteristic of offices which have once been bar-rooms; but no doubt, on a winter's night, there is talk worth listening to there, of flocks and herds and horse-trades, from the drovers and cattle-market men who patronize the tavern; and the artistic temperament, at least, could feel no regret if that sepulchrally penitent bar-room then developed a secret capacity for the wickedness that once boldly glittered behind the counter in rows of decanters.

The house was formerly renowned for its suppers, of which all that was learned or gifted in the old college town of Charlesbridge used to partake; and I have heard lips which breathe the loftiest song and the sweetest humor —

let alone being "dewy with the Greek of Plato"—smacked regretfully over the memory of those suppers' roast and broiled. No such suppers, they say, are cooked in the world any more; and I am somehow made to feel that their passing away is connected with the decay of good literature.

I hope it may be very long before the predestined French-roof villa occupies the tavern's site, and turns into lawns and gardens its wide-spreading cattle-pens, and removes the great barn that now shows its broad, low gable to the street. This is yet older and quainter-looking than the tavern itself; it is mighty capacious, and gives a still profounder impression of vastness with its shed, of which the roof slopes southward down almost to a man's height from the ground, and shelters a row of mangers, running back half the length of the stable, and serving in former times for the baiting of such beasts as could not be provided for within. But the halcyon days of the cattle-market are past (though you may still see the white horns tossing above the fences of the pens, when a newly arrived herd lands from the train to be driven afoot to Dimton), and the place looks now so empty and forsaken, spite of the circus baggage-wagons, that it were hard to believe these mangers could ever have been in request, but for the fact that they are all gnawed, down to the quick as it were, by generations of horses—vanished forever on the deserted highways of the past—impatient for their oats or hungering for more.

The day must come, of course, when the mangers will all be taken from the stable-shed, and exposed for sale at that wonderful second-hand shop which stands over against the tavern. I am no more surprised than one in a dream, to find it a week-day afternoon by the time I have crossed thither from the circus-men grooming their piebalds. It is an enchanted place to me, and I am a frequent and unprofitable customer there, buying only just enough to make good my footing with the custodian of its marvels, who is, of course, too true

an American to show any desire to sell. Without, on either side of the doorway, I am pretty sure to find, among other articles of furniture, a mahogany and hair-cloth sofa, a family portrait, a landscape painting, a bath-tub, and a flower-stand, with now and then the variety of a boat and a dog-house; while under an adjoining shed is heaped a mass of miscellaneous movables, of a heavier sort, and fearlessly left there night and day, being on all accounts undesirable to steal. The door of the shop rings a bell in opening, and ushers the customer into a room which Chaos herself might have planned in one of her happier moments. Carpets, blankets, shawls, pictures, mirrors, rocking-chairs, and blue overalls hang from the ceiling, and devious pathways wind amidst piles of ready-made clothing, showcases filled with every sort of knick-knack and half hidden under heaps of hats and boots and shoes, bookcases, secretaries, chests of drawers, mattresses, lounges, and bedsteads, to the stairway of a loft similarly appointed, and to a back room overflowing with glassware and crockery. These things are not all second-hand, but they are all old and equally pathetic. The melancholy of ruinous auction sales, of changing tastes or changing fashions, clings to them, whether they are things that have never had a home and have been on sale ever since they were made, or things that have been associated with every phase of human life.

Among other objects, certain large glass vases, ornamented by the polite art of potichomanie, have long appealed to my fancy, wherein they capriciously allied themselves to the history of aging single women in lonely New England village houses,—pathetic sisters lingering upon the neutral ground between the faded hopes of marriage and the yet unrisen prospects of consumption. The work implies an imperfect yet real love of beauty, the leisure for it a degree of pecuniary ease: the thoughts of the sisters rise above the pickling and preserving that occupied their hear-

tier and happier mother; they are in fact in that æsthetic, social, and intellectual mean, in which single women are thought soonest to wither and decline. With a little more power, and in our later era, they would be writing stories full of ambitious, unintelligible, self-devoted and suddenly collapsing young girls and amazing doctors; but as they are, and in their time, they must do what they can. A sentimentalist may discern on these vases not only the gay designs with which they ornamented them, but their own dim faces looking wan from the windows of some huge old homestead, a world too wide for the shrunken family. All April long the door-yard trees crouch and shudder in the sour east, all June they rain canker-worms upon the roof, and then in autumn choke the eaves with a fall of tattered and hectic foliage. From the window the fading sisters gaze upon the unnatural liveliness of the summer streets through which the summer boarders are driving, or upon the death-white drifts of the intolerable winter. Their father, the captain, is dead; he died with the Calcutta trade, having survived their mother, and left them a hopeless competency and yonder bamboo chairs; their only brother is in California; one, though she loved, had never a lover; her sister's betrothed married West, whither he went to make a home for her, — and ah! is it vases for the desolate parlor mantel they decorate, or funeral urns? And when in time, they being gone, the Californian brother sends to sell out at auction the old place with the household and kitchen furniture, is it withered rose-leaves or ashes that the purchaser finds in these jars?

They are empty now; and I wonder how came they here? How came the show-case of Dr. Merrifield, Surgeon-Chiroprapist, here? How came here yon Italian painting? — a poor, silly, little affected Madonna, simpering at me from her dingy gilt frame till I buy her, a great bargain, at a dollar. From what country church or family oratory, in what revolution, or stress of private

fortunes, — then from what various cabinets of antiquities in what dear Vicenza, or Ferrara, or Mantua, camest thou, O Madonna? Whose likeness are you, poor girl, with your every-day prettiness of brows and chin, and your Raphaellesque crick in the neck? I think I know a part of your story. You were once the property of that ruined advocate, whose sensibilities would sometimes consent that a *valet de place* of uncommon delicacy should bring to his ancestral palace some singularly meritorious foreigner desirous of purchasing from his rare collection, — a collection of rubbish scarcely to be equalled elsewhere in Italy. You hung in that family-room, reached after passage through stately vestibules and grand stairways, — and O, I would be cheated to the bone, if only I might look out again from some such windows as were there, upon some such damp, mouldy, broken-statued, ruinous, enchanted garden as lay below! In that room sat the advocate's mother and hunchback sister, with their smoky *scaldini* and their snuffy priest; and there the wife of the foreigner, self-elected the taste of his party, inflicted the pang courted by the advocate, and asked if you were for sale. And then the ruined advocate clasped his hands, rubbed them, set his head heart-brokenly on one side, took you down, heaved a sigh, shrugged his shoulders, and sold you — you! — a family heirloom! Well, at least you are old, and you represent to me acres of dim, religious canvas in that beloved land; and here is the dollar now asked for you: I could not have bought you for so little at home.

The Madonna is neighbored by several paintings of the kind, called Grecian, for a reason never revealed by the inventor of an art as old as potichomanie itself. It was an art by which ordinary lithographs were given a ghastly transparency, and a tone as disagreeable as chromos; and I doubt if it could have been known to the Greeks in their best age. But I remember very well when it passed over

whole neighborhoods in some parts of this country, wasting the time of many young women and disfiguring parlor walls with the fruit of their accomplishment. It was always taught by Professors, a class of learned young men who acquired their title by abandoning the plough and anvil, and, in a suit of ready-made clothing, travelling about the country with portfolios under their arms. It was an experience to make loafers for life of them; and I fancy the girls who learnt their art never afterwards made so good butter and cheese.

“Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.”

Besides the Grecian paintings there are some mezzotints; full-length pictures of presidents and statesmen, chiefly General Jackson, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, which have hung their day in the offices or parlors of country politicians. They are all statesmanlike and presidential in attitude; and I know that if the mighty Webster's lips had language, he would take his hand out of his waistcoat front, and say to his fellow-mezzotints: “Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation, bringing your household furniture and miscellaneous trumpery of all kinds with you.”

Some old-fashioned entry-lanterns divide my interest with certain old willow chairs of an hourglass pattern, which never stood upright, probably, and have now all a confirmed droop to one side, as from having been fallen heavily asleep in, upon breezy porches, of hot summer afternoons. In the windows are small vases of alabaster, fly-specked Parian and plaster figures, and dolls with stiff wooden limbs and papier-maché heads, — a sort of dolls no longer to be bought in these days of modish, blue-eyed blondes of biscuit and sturdy india-rubber brunettes. The showcase is full of an incredible variety, as photograph albums, fishing-hooks, socks, suspenders, steel-pens, cutlery of all sorts, and curious old colored prints of Adelaide, and Kate, and Ellen. A rocking-horse is stabled near amid pendent lengths of second-

hand carpeting, hat-racks and mirrors; and standing cheek-by-jowl with painted washstands and bureaus are some plaster statues aptly colored and varnished to represent bronze.

There is nothing here but has a marked character of its own, some distinct yet intangible trait acquired from former circumstances; and doubtless all these things have that lurking likeness to former owners which clothes and furniture are apt to take on from long association, and which we should instantly recognize could they be confronted with their late proprietors. It seems, in very imaginative moments, as if the strange assemblage of incongruities must have a consciousness of these latent resemblances, which the individual pieces betray when their present keeper turns the key upon them and abandons them to themselves at night; and I have sometimes fancied such an effect in the late twilight, when I have wandered into their resting-place, and have beheld them in the unnatural glare of a kerosene-lamp burning before a brightly polished reflector, and casting every manner of grotesque shadow upon the floor and walls. But this may have been an illusion; at any rate I am satisfied that the bargain-driving capacity of the storekeeper is not in the least affected by a weird quality in his wares; though they have not failed to impart to him something of their own desultory character. He sometimes leaves a neighbor in charge when he goes to meals, and then, if I enter, I am watchfully followed about from corner to corner and from room to room, lest I pocket a mattress or slip a book-case under my coat. The storekeeper himself never watches me; perhaps he knows that it is a purely professional interest I take in the collection; that I am in the trade and have a second-hand shop of my own, full of poetical rubbish, and every sort of literary odds and ends, picked up at random, and all cast higgledy-piggledy into the same chaotic receptacle. His customers are as little like ordinary shop-pers as he is like common tradesmen.

They are in part the Canadians who work in the brick-yards, and it is surprising to find how much business can be transacted and how many sharp bargains struck without the help of a common language. I am in the belief, which may be erroneous, that nobody is wronged in these trades. The taciturn storekeeper, who regards his customers with a stare of solemn amusement as Critturs born by some extraordinary vicissitude of nature to the use of a language that practically amounts to deafness and dumbness, never suffers his philosophical interest in them to affect his commercial efficiency; he drops them now and then a curt English phrase or expressive Yankee idiom; he knows very well when they mean to buy and when they do not; and they, equally wary and equally silent, unswayed by the glib allurements of a salesman, judge of price and quality for themselves, make their solitary offer, and stand or fall by it.

I am seldom able to conclude a pedestrian tour without a glance at the wonderful interior of this cheap-store, and I know all its contents familiarly. I recognize wares that have now been on sale there for years; I miss at first glance such accustomed objects as have been parted with between my frequent visits, and hail with pleasure the additions to that extraordinary variety. I can hardly, I suppose, expect the reader to sympathize with the joy I felt the other night, in discovering among the latter an adventurous and universally applicable sign-board advertising *This House and Lot for Sale*, and, intertwined with the cast-off suspenders which long garlanded a coffee-mill pendent from the roof, a newly added second-hand india-rubber ear-trumpet. Here and there, however, I hope a finer soul will relish, as I do, the poetry of thus buying and offering for sale the very most recondite, as well as the commonest articles of commerce, in the faith that one day the predestined purchaser will appear and carry off the article appointed him from the beginning of time. This faith is all the more touching because the collector

cannot expect to live until the whole stock is disposed of, and because, in the order of nature, much must at last fall to ruin unbought, unless the reporter's Devouring Element appears and gives a sudden tragical turn to the poem.

It is the whistle of a train drawing up at the neighboring station that calls me away from the second-hand store; for I never find myself able to resist the hackneyed prodigy of such an arrival. It cannot cease to be impressive. I stand beside the track while the familiar monster writhes up to the station and disgorges its passengers, — suburbanly packaged, and bundled, and bagged, and even when empty-handed somehow proclaiming the jaded character of men that hurry their work all day to catch the evening train out, and their dreams all night to catch the morning train in, — and then I climb the station-stairs, and “hang with grooms and porters on the bridge,” that I may not lose my ever-repeated sensation of having the train pass under my feet, and of seeing it rush away westward to the pretty blue hills beyond, — hills not too big for a man born in a plain-country to love. Twisting and trembling along the track, it dwindles rapidly in the perspective, and is presently out of sight. It has left the city and the suburbs behind, and has sought the woods and meadows; but Nature never in the least accepts it, and rarely makes its path a part of her landscape's loveliness. The train passes alien through all her moods and aspects; the wounds made in her face by the road's sharp cuts and excavations are slowest of all wounds to heal, and the iron rails remain to the last as shackles upon her. Yet when the rails are removed, as has happened with a non-paying track in Charlesbridge, the road inspires a real tenderness in her. Then she bids it take on the grace that belongs to all ruin; the grass creeps stealthily over the scarified sides of the embankments; the golden-rod, and the purple-topped iron-weed, and the lady's-slipper, spring up in the hollows on either side, and — I am still think-

ing of that deserted railroad which runs through Charlesbridge — hide with their leafage the empty tomato-cans and broken bottles and old boots on the ash-heaps dumped there; Nature sets her velvety willows a waving near, and lower than their airy tops plans a vista of trees arching above the track, which is as wild and pretty and illusive a vista as the sunset ever cared to look through and gild a board fence beyond.

Most of our people come from Boston on the horse-cars, and it is only the dwellers on the Avenue and the neighboring streets whom hurrying homeward I follow away from the steam-car station. The Avenue is our handsomest street; and if it were in the cosmopolitan citizen of Charlesbridge to feel any local interest, I should be proud of it. As matters are, I perceive its beauty, and I often reflect, with a pardonable satisfaction, that it is not only handsome, but probably the very dullest street in the world. It is magnificently long and broad, and is flanked nearly the whole way from the station to the colleges by pine palaces rising from spacious lawns, or from the green of trees or the brightness of gardens. The splendor is all very new; but newness is not a fault that much affects architectural beauty, while it is the only one that time is certain to repair; and I find an honest and unceasing pleasure in the graceful lines of those palaces, which is not surpassed even by my appreciation of the vast quiet and monotony of the street itself. Commonly, when I emerge upon it from the grassy-bordered, succory-blossomed walks of Benicia Street, I behold, looking northward, a monumental horse-car standing — it appears for ages, if I wish to take it for Boston — at the head of Pliny Street; and looking southward I see that other emblem of suburban life, an express-wagon, fading rapidly in the distance. Haply the top of a buggy nods round the bend under the elms near the station; and, if fortune is so lavish, a lady appears from a side street, and, while tarrying for the car, thrusts the point

of her sun-umbrella into the sandy sidewalk. This is the mid-afternoon effect of the Avenue; but later in the day, and well into the dusk, it remembers its former gayety as a trotting-course, — with here and there a spider-wagon, a twinkling-footed mare, and a guttural driver. On market-days its superb breadth is taken up by flocks of bleating sheep, and a pastoral tone is thus given to its tranquillity; anon a herd of beef-cattle appears under the elms; or a drove of pigs, many-pausing, inquisitive of the gutters, and quarrelsome as if they were the heirs of prosperity instead of doom, is slowly urged on toward the shambles. In the spring or the autumn, the Avenue is exceptionally enlivened by the progress of a brace or so of students who, in training for one of the University Courses of base-ball or boating, trot slowly and earnestly along the sidewalk, fists up, elbows down, mouths shut, and a sense of immense responsibility visible in their faces.

The summer is waning with the day as I turn from the Avenue into Benicia Street. This is the hour when the fly cedes to the mosquito, as the Tuscan poet says, and, as one may add, the frying grasshopper yields to the shrilly cricket in noisiness. The embrowning air rings with the sad music made by these innumerable little violinists, hid in all the gardens round, and the pedestrian feels a sinking of the spirits not to be accounted for upon the theory that the street is duller than the Avenue, for it really is not so.

Quick now, the cheerful lamps of kerosene! — without their light, the cry of those crickets, dominated for an instant, but not stilled, by the bellowing of a near-passing locomotive and the baying of a distant dog, were too much. If it were the last autumn that ever was to be, it could not be heralded with notes of dissimilar effect. This is in fact the hour of supreme trial everywhere, and doubtless no one but a newly-accepted lover can be happy at twilight. In the city, even, it is oppressive; in the country it is desolate;

in the suburbs it is a miracle that it is ever lived through. The night-winds have not risen yet to stir the languid foliage of the sidewalk maples; the lamps are not yet lighted to take away the gloom from the blank, staring windows of the houses near; it is too late

for letters, too early for a book. In town your fancy would turn to the theatres; in the country you would occupy yourself with cares of poultry or of stock: in the suburbs you can but sit upon your threshold, and fight the predatory mosquito.

THE BRICK MOON.

[From the Papers of Colonel Frederic Ingham.]

II.

HOW WE BUILT IT.

THE orange was squeezed dry! And how little any of us knew,—skilful George Orcutt, thoughtful Ben Brannan, loyal Haliburton, ingenious Q., or poor painstaking I,—how little we knew, or any of us, where was another orange, or how we could mix malic acid and tartaric acid, and citric acid and auric acid and sugar and water so as to imitate orange-juice, and fill up the bank-account enough to draw in the conditioned subscriptions, and so begin to build the MOON. How often, as I lay awake at night, have I added up the different subscriptions in some new order, as if that would help the matter: and how steadily they have come out one hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars, or even less, when I must needs, in my sleepiness, forget somebody's name! So Haliburton put into railroad stocks all the money he collected, and the rest of us ground on at our mills, or flew up on our own wings towards Heaven. Thus Orcutt built more tunnels, Q. prepared for more commencements, Haliburton calculated more policies, Ben Brannan created more civilization, and I, as I could, healed the hurt of my people of Naguadavick for the months there were left to me of my stay in that thriving town.

None of us had the wit to see how the problem was to be wrought out further. No. The best things come

to us when we have faithfully and well made all the preparation and done our best; but they come in some way that is none of ours. So was it now, that to build the BRICK MOON it was necessary that I should be turned out of Naguadavick ignominiously, and that Jeff. Davis and some seven or eight other bad men should create the Great Rebellion. Hear how it happened.

Dennis Shea, my Double,—otherwise, indeed, called by my name and legally so,—undid me, as my friends supposed, one evening at a public meeting called by poor Isaacs in Naguadavick. Of that transaction I have no occasion here to tell the story. But of that transaction one consequence is that the BRICK MOON now moves in ether. I stop writing, to rest my eye upon it, through a little telescope of Alvan Clark's here, which is always trained near it. It is moving on as placidly as ever.

It came about thus. The morning after poor Dennis, whom I have long since forgiven, made his extraordinary speeches, without any authority from me, in the Town Hall at Naguadavick, I thought, and my wife agreed with me, that we had better both leave town with the children. Auchmuty, our dear friend, thought so too. We left in the ten-thirty Accommodation for Skowhegan, and so came to Township No. 9 in the 3rd Range, and there for years we resided. That whole range of town-

ships was set off under a provision admirable in its character, that the first settled minister in each town should receive one hundred acres of land as the "minister's grant," and the first settled schoolmaster eighty. To No. 9 therefore I came. I constituted a little Sandemanian church. Auchmuty and Delafield came up and installed me, and with these hands I built the cabin in which, with Polly and the little ones, I have since spent many happy nights and days. This is not the place for me to publish a map, which I have by me, of No. 9, nor an account of its many advantages for settlers. Should I ever print my papers called "Stay-at-Home Robinsons," it will be easy with them to explain its topography and geography. Suffice it now to say, that, with Alice and Bertha and Polly, I took tramps up and down through the lumbermen's roads, and soon knew the general features of the lay of the land. Nor was it long, of course, before we came out one day upon the curious landslides, which have more than once averted the flow of the little Carrotook River, where it has washed the rocks away so far as to let down one section more of the overlying yielding yellow clay.

Think how my eyes flashed, and my wife's, as, struggling through a wilderness of moosewood, we came out one afternoon on this front of yellow clay! Yellow clay, of course, when properly treated by fire, is brick! Here we were surrounded by forests, only waiting to be burned; yonder was clay, only waiting to be baked. Polly looked at me, and I looked at her, and with one voice, we cried out, "The MOON."

For here was this shouting river at our feet, whose power had been running to waste since the day when the Laurentian hills first heaved themselves above the hot Atlantic; and that day, I am informed by Mr. Agassiz, was the first day in the history of this solid world. Here was water-power enough for forty fly-wheels, were it necessary to send heavenward twenty moons. Here was solid timber enough for a

hundred dams, yet only one was necessary to give motion to the fly-wheels. Here was retirement, — freedom from criticism, an escape from the journalists, who would not embarrass us by telling of every cracked brick which had to be rejected from the structure. We had lived in No. 9 now for six weeks, and not an "own correspondent" of them all had yet told what Rev. Mr. Ingham had for dinner.

Of course I wrote to George Orcutt at once of our great discovery, and he came up at once to examine the situation. On the whole, it pleased him. He could not take the site I proposed for the dam, because this very clay there made the channel treacherous, and there was danger that the stream would work out a new career. But lower down we found a stony gorge with which George was satisfied; he traced out a line for a railway by which, of their own weight, the brick-cars could run to the centrings; he showed us where, with some excavations, the fly-wheels could be placed exactly above the great mill-wheels, that no power might be wasted, and explained to us how, when the gigantic structure was finished, the BRICK MOON would gently roll down its ways upon the rapid wheels, to be launched instant into the sky!

Shall I ever forget that happy October day of anticipation?

We spent many of those October days in tentative surveys. Alice and Bertha were our chain-men, intelligent and obedient. I drove for George his stakes, or I cut away his brush, or I raised and lowered the shield at which he sighted; and at noon Polly appeared with her baskets, and we would dine *à fresco*, on a pretty point which, not many months after, was wholly covered by the eastern end of the dam. When the field-work was finished we retired to the cabin for days, and calculated and drew, and drew and calculated. Estimates for feeding Irishmen, estimates of hay for mules, — George was sure he could work mules better than oxen, — estimates for cement, estimates

for the preliminary saw-mills, estimates for rail for the little brick-road, for wheels, for spikes, and for cutting ties; what did we not estimate for—on a basis almost wholly new, you will observe. For here the brick would cost us less than our old conceptions, — our water-power cost us almost nothing, — but our stores and our wages would cost us much more.

These estimates are now to me very curious, — a monument, indeed, to dear George's memory, that in the result they proved so accurate. I would gladly print them here at length, with some illustrative cuts, but that I know the impatience of the public, and its indifference to detail. If we are ever able to print a proper memorial of George, that, perhaps, will be the fitter place for them. Suffice it to say that with the subtractions thus made from the original estimates—even with the additions forced upon us by working in a wilderness—George was satisfied that a money charge of \$ 197,327 would build and start THE MOON. As soon as we had determined the site, we marked off eighty acres, which contained all the essential localities, up and down the little Carrotook River, — I engaged George for the first schoolmaster in No. 9, and he took these eighty acres for the schoolmaster's reservation. Alice and Bertha went to school to him the next day, taking lessons in civil engineering; and I wrote to the Bingham trustees to notify them that I had engaged a teacher, and that he had selected his land.

Of course we remembered, still, that we were near forty thousand dollars short of the new estimates, and also that much of our money would not be paid us but on condition that two hundred and fifty thousand were raised. But George said that his own subscription was wholly unhampered: with that we would go to work on the preliminary work of the dam, and on the flies. Then, if the flies would hold together, — and they should hold if mortise and iron could hold them, — they might be at work summers and winters, days

and nights, storing up Power for us. This would encourage the subscribers, nay, would encourage us; and all this preliminary work would be out of the way when we were really ready to begin upon the MOON.

Brannan, Haliburton, and Q. readily agreed to this when they were consulted. They were the other trustees under an instrument which we had got St. Leger to draw up. George gave up, as soon as he might, his other appointments; and taught me, meanwhile, where and how I was to rig a little saw-mill, to cut some necessary lumber. I engaged a gang of men to cut the timber for the dam, and to have it ready; and, with the next spring, we were well at work on the dam and on the flies! These needed, of course, the most solid foundation. The least irregularity of their movement might send the MOON awry.

Ah me! would I not gladly tell the history of every bar of iron which was bent into the tires of those flies, and of every log which was mortised into its place in the dam, nay, of every curling mass of foam which played in the eddies beneath, when the dam was finished, and the waste water ran so smoothly over? Alas! that one drop should be wasted of water that might move a world, although a small one! I almost dare say that I remember each and all these, — with such hope and happiness did I lend myself, as I could, each day to the great enterprise; lending to dear George, who was here and there and everywhere, and was this and that and everybody, — lending to him, I say, such poor help as I could lend, in whatever way. We waked, in the two cabins, in those happy days, just before the sun came up, when the birds were in their loudest clamor of morning joy. Wrapped each in a blanket, George and I stepped out from our doors, each trying to call the other, and often meeting on the grass between. We ran to the river and plunged in, — O, how cold it was! — laughed and screamed like boys, rubbed ourselves aglow, and ran home to build

Polly's fire beneath the open chimney which stood beside my cabin. The bread had risen in the night. The water soon boiled above the logs. The children came, laughing, out upon the grass, barefoot, and fearless of the dew. Then Polly appeared with her gridiron and bear-steak, or with her griddle and eggs, and, in fewer minutes than this page has cost me, the breakfast was ready for Alice to carry, dish by dish, to the white-clad table on the piazza. Not Raphael and Adam more enjoyed their watermelons, fox-grapes, and late blueberries! And, in the long croon of the breakfast, lingering at the board, we revenged ourselves for the haste with which it had been prepared.

When we were well at table, a horn from the cabins below sounded the reveille for the drowsier workmen. Soon above the larches rose the blue of their smokes; and when we were at last nodding to the children, to say that they might leave the table, and Polly was folding her napkin as to say she wished we were gone, we would see tall Asaph Langdon, then foreman of the carpenters, sauntering up the valley with a roll of paper, or an adze, or a shingle with some calculations on it,—with something on which he wanted Mr. Orcutt's directions for the day.

An hour of nothings set the carnal machinery of the day agoing. We fed the horses, the cows, the pigs, and the hens. We collected the eggs and cleaned the hen-houses and the barns. We brought in wood enough for the day's fire, and water enough for the day's cooking and cleanliness. These heads describe what I and the children did. Polly's life during that hour was more mysterious. That great first hour of the day is devoted with women to the deepest arcana of the Eleusinian mysteries of the divine science of house-keeping. She who can meet the requisitions of that hour wisely and bravely conquers in the Day's Battle. But what she does in it, let no man try to say! It can be named, but not de-

scribed, in the comprehensive formula, "Just stepping round."

That hour well given to chores and to digestion, the children went to Mr. Orcutt's open-air school, and I to my rustic study,—a separate cabin, with a rough square table in it, and some book-boxes equally rude. No man entered it, excepting George and me. Here for two hours I worked undisturbed,—how happy the world, had it neither postman nor door-bell!—worked upon my *Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries*, and then was ready to render such service to the cause and to George as the day might demand. Thus I rode to Lincoln or to Foxcroft to order supplies; I took my gun and lay in wait on Chairback for a bear; I transferred to the hewn lumber the angles or bevels from the careful drawings: as best I could, I filled an apostle's part, and became all things to all these men around me. Happy those days!—and thus the dam was built; in such Arcadian simplicity was reared the mighty wheel; thus grew on each side the towers which were to support the flies; and thus, to our delight not unmixed with wonder, at last we saw those mighty flies begin to turn. Not in one day, nor in ten; but in a year or two of happy life,—full of the joy of joys,—the "joy of eventful living!"

Yet, for all this, \$152,000 was not \$197,000, far less was it \$250,000; and but for Jeff. Davis and his crew the BRICK MOON would not have been born.

But at last Jeff. Davis was ready. "My preparations being completed," wrote General Beauregard, "I opened fire on Fort Sumter." Little did he know it,—but in that explosion the BRICK MOON also was lifted into the sky!

Little did we know it, when, four weeks after, George came up from the settlements, all excited with the news! The wheels had been turning now for four days, faster of course and faster. George had gone down for money to pay

off the men, and he brought us up the news that the Rebellion had begun.

"The last of this happy life," he said; "the last, alas, of our dear MOON." How little he knew and we!

But he paid off the men, and they packed their traps and disappeared, and, before two months were over, were in the lines before the enemy. George packed up, bade us sadly good-by, and before a week had offered his service to Governor Fenton in Albany. For us, it took rather longer; but we were soon packed; Polly took the children to her sister's, and I went on to the Department to offer my service there. No sign of life left in No. 9, but the two gigantic Fly-Wheels, moving faster and faster by day and by night, and accumulating Power till it was needed. If only they would hold together till the moment came!

So we all ground through the first slow year of the war. George in his place, I in mine, Brannan in his,—we lifted as we could. But how heavy the weight seemed! It was in the second year, when the second large loan was placed, that Haliburton wrote to me,—I got the letter, I think, at Hilton Head,—that he had sold out every penny of our railroad stocks, at the high prices which railroad stocks then bore, and had invested the whole fifty-nine thousand in the new Governments. "I could not call a board meeting," said Haliburton, "for I am here only on leave of absence, and the rest are all away. But the case is clear enough. If the government goes up, the MOON will never go up; and, for one, I do not look beyond the veil." So he wrote to us all, and of course we all approved.

So it was that Jeff. Davis also served. Deep must that man go into the Pit who does not serve, though unconscious. For thus it was that, in the fourth year of the war, when gold was at 290, Haliburton was receiving on his fifty-nine thousand dollars seventeen per cent interest in currency; thus was it that, before the war was over, he had piled up, compounding his interest,

more than fifty per cent addition to his capital; thus was it that, as soon as peace came, all his stocks were at a handsome percentage; thus was it that, before I returned from South America, he reported to all the subscribers that the full quarter-million was secured; thus was it that, when I returned after that long cruise of mine in the Florida, I found Polly and the children again at No. 9, George there also, directing a working party of nearly eighty brick-layers and hodmen, the lower centrings wellnigh filled to their horizons, and the BRICK MOON, to the eye, seeming almost half completed.

Here it is that I regret most of all that I cannot print the working-drawings with this paper. If you will cut open the seed-vessel of *Spergularia Rubra*, or any other carpel that has a free central placenta, and observe how the circular seeds cling around the circular centre, you will have some idea of the arrangement of a transverse horizontal section of the completed MOON. Lay three croquet-balls on the piazza, and call one or two of the children to help you poise seven in one plane above the three; then let another child place three more above the seven, and you have the *core* of the MOON completely. If you want a more poetical illustration, it was what Mr. Wordsworth calls a mass

"Of conglobated bubbles undissolved."

Any section through any diameter looked like an immense rose-window, of six circles grouped round a seventh. In truth, each of these sections would reveal the existence of seven chambers in the moon,—each a sphere itself,—whose arches gave solidity to the whole; while yet, of the whole moon, the greater part was air. In all there were thirteen of these moonlets, if I am so to call them; though no one section, of course, would reveal so many. Sustained on each side by their groined arches, the surface of the whole moon was built over them and under them,—simply two domes connected at the bases. The chambers themselves were

made lighter by leaving large, round windows or open circles in the parts of their vaults farthest from their points of contact, so that each of them looked not unlike the outer sphere of a Japanese ivory nest of concentric balls. You see the object was to make a moon, which, when left to its own gravity, should be fitly supported or braced within. Dear George was sure that, by this constant repetition of arches, we should with the least weight unite the greatest strength. I believe it still, and experience has proved that there is strength enough.

When I went up to No. 9, on my return from South America, I found the lower centring up, and half full of the working-bees, — who were really Keltic laborers, — all busy in bringing up the lower half-dome of the shell. This lower centring was of wood, in form exactly like a Roman amphitheatre if the seats of it be circular ; on this the lower or inverted brick dome was laid. The whole fabric was on one of the terraces which were heaved up in some old geological cataclysm, when some lake gave way, and the Carrotook River was born. The level was higher than that of the top of the fly-wheels, which, with an awful velocity now, were circling in their wild career in the ravine below. Three of the lowest moonlets, as I have called them, — separate croquet-balls, if you take my other illustration, — had been completed ; their centrings had been taken to pieces and drawn out through the holes, and were now set up again with other new centrings for the second story of cells.

I was received with wonder and delight. I had telegraphed my arrival, but the despatches had never been forwarded from Skowhegan. Of course, we all had a deal to tell ; and, for me, there was no end to inquiries which I had to make in turn. I was never tired of exploring the various spheres, and the nameless spaces between them. I was never tired of talking with the laborers. All of us, indeed, became skilful bricklayers ; and on a pleasant afternoon you might see Alice and Bertha, and George and me, all laying

brick together, — Polly sitting in the shade of some wall which had been built high enough, and reading to us from Jean Ingelow or Monte-Christo or Jane Austen, while little Clara brought to us our mortar. Happily and lightly went by that summer. Haliburton and his wife made us a visit ; Ben Brannan brought up his wife and children ; Mrs. Haliburton herself put in the keystone to the central chamber, which had always been named G. on the plans ; and at her suggestion, it was named Grace now, because her mother's name was Hannah. Before winter we had passed the diameter of I, J, and K, the three uppermost cells of all ; and the surrounding shell was closing in upon them. On the whole, the funds had held out amazingly well. The wages had been rather higher than we meant ; but the men had no chances at liquor or dissipation and had worked faster than we expected ; and, with our new brick-machines, we made brick inconceivably fast, while their quality was so good that dear George said there was never so little waste. We celebrated Thanksgiving of that year together, — my family and his family. We had paid off all the laborers ; and there were left, of that busy village, only Asaph Langdon and his family, Levi Jordan and Levi Ross, Horace Leonard and Seth Whitman with theirs. "Theirs," I say, but Ross had no family. He was a nice young fellow who was there as Haliburton's representative, to take care of the accounts and the pay-roll ; Jordan was the head of the brick-kilns ; Leonard, of the carpenters ; and Whitman, of the commissariat, — and a good commissary Whitman was.

We celebrated Thanksgiving together ! Ah me ! what a cheerful, pleasant time we had ; how happy the children were together ! Polly and I and our bairns were to go to Boston the next day. I was to spend the winter in one final effort to get twenty-five thousand dollars more if I could, with which we might paint the MOON, or put on some ground felspathic granite dust, in a sort of paste, which in its hot flight

through the air might fuse into a white enamel. All of us who saw the MOON were so delighted with its success that we felt sure "the friends" would not pause about this trifle. The rest of them were to stay there to watch the winter, and to be ready to begin work the moment the snow had gone. Thanksgiving afternoon, — how well I remember it, — that good fellow, Whitman, came and asked Polly and me to visit his family in their new quarters. They had moved for the winter into cells B and E, so lofty, spacious, and warm, and so much drier than their log-cabins. Mrs. Whitman, I remember, was very cheerful and jolly; made my children eat another piece of pie, and stuffed their pockets with raisins; and then with great ceremony and fun we christened room B by the name of Bertha, and E, Ellen, which was Mrs. Whitman's name. And the next day we bade them all good by, little thinking what we said, and with endless promises of what we would send and bring them in the spring.

Here are the scraps of letters from Orcutt, dear fellow, which tell what more there is left to tell: —

"December 10th.

"... After you left we were a little blue, and hung round loose for a day or two. Sunday we missed you especially, but Asaph made a good substitute, and Mrs. Leonard led the singing. The next day we moved the Leonards into L and M, which we christened Leonard and Mary (Mary is for your wife). They are pretty dark, but very dry. Leonard has swung hammocks, as Whitman did.

Asaph came to me Tuesday and said he thought they had better turn to and put a shed over the unfinished circle, and so take occasion of warm days for dry work there. This we have done, and the occupation is good for us...."

"December 25th.

"I have had no chance to write for a fortnight. The truth is, that the weather has been so open that I let Asaph go down to No. 7 and to Wilder's, and

engage five-and-twenty of the best of the men, who, we knew, were hanging round there. We have all been at work most of the time since, with very good success. H is now wholly covered in, and the centring is out. The men have named it Haliburton. I is well advanced. J is as you left it. The work has been good for us all, morally."

"February 11th.

"... We got your mail unexpectedly by some lumbermen on their way to the 9th Range. One of them has cut himself, and takes this down.

"You will be amazed to hear that I and K are both done. We have had splendid weather, and have worked half the time. We had a great jollification when K was closed in, — called it Kilpatrick, for Seth's old general. I wish you could just run up and see us. You must be quick, if you want to put in any of the last licks...."

"March 12th.

"DEAR FRED, — I have but an instant. By all means make your preparations to be here by the end of the month or early in next month. The weather has been faultless, you know. Asaph got in a dozen more men, and we have brought up the surface farther than you could dream. The ways are well forward, and I cannot see why, if the freshet hold off a little, we should not launch her by the 10th or 12th. I do not think it worth while to wait for paint or enamel. Telegraph Brannan that he must be here. You will be amused by our quarters. We, who were the last outsiders, move into A and D to-morrow, for a few weeks. It is much warmer there.

"Ever yours,

"G. O."

I telegraphed Brannan, and in reply he came with his wife and his children to Boston. I told him that he could not possibly get up there, as the roads then were; but Ben said he would go to Skowhegan, and take his chance there. He would, of course, communicate with me as soon he got there. Accordingly I got a note from him at

Skowhegan, saying he had hired a sleigh to go over to No. 9; and in four days more I got this letter:—

“March 27th.

“DEAR FRED,—I am most glad I came, and I beg you to bring your wife as soon as possible. The river is very full, the wheels, to which Leonard has added two auxiliaries, are moving as if they could not hold out long, the ways are all but ready, and we think we must not wait. Start with all hands as soon as you can. I had no difficulty in coming over from Skowhegan. We did it in two days.”

This note I sent at once to Haliburton; and we got all the children ready for a winter journey, as the spectacle of the launch of the MOON was one to be remembered their life long. But it was clearly impossible to attempt, at that season, to get the subscribers together. Just as we started, this despatch from Skowhegan was brought me,—the last word I got from them:—

“Stop for nothing. There is a jam below us in the stream, and we fear back-water.

“ORCUTT.”

Of course we could not go faster than we could. We missed no connection. At Skowhegan, Haliburton and I took a cutter, leaving the ladies and children to follow at once in larger sleighs. We drove all night, changed horses at Prospect, and kept on all the next day. At No. 7 we had to wait over night. We started early in the morning, and came down the Spoonwood Hill at four in the afternoon, in full sight of our little village.

It was quiet as the grave! Not a smoke, not a man, not an adze-blow, nor the tick of a trowel. Only the gigantic fly-wheels were whirling as I saw them last.

There was the lower Coliseum-like centring, somewhat as I first saw it.

But where was the Brick Dome of the MOON?

“Good Heavens! has it fallen on them all?” cried I.

Haliburton lashed the beast till he fairly ran down that steep hill. We turned a little point, and came out in front of the centring. There was no MOON there! An empty amphitheatre, with not a brick nor a splinter within!

We were speechless. We left the cutter. We ran up the stairways to the terrace. We ran by the familiar paths into the centring. We came out upon the ways, which we had never seen before. These told the story too well! The ground and crushed surface of the timbers, scorched by the rapidity with which THE MOON had slid down, told that they had done the duty for which they were built.

It was too clear that in some wild rush of the waters the ground had yielded a trifle. We could not find that the foundations had sunk more than six inches, but that was enough. In that fatal six inches' decline of the centring, the MOON had been launched upon the ways just as George had intended that it should be when he was ready. But it had slid, not rolled, down upon these angry fly-wheels, and in an instant, with all our friends, it had been hurled into the sky!

“They have gone up!” said Haliburton; “She has gone up!” said I;—both in one breath. And with a common instinct, we looked up into the blue.

But of course she was not there.

Not a shred of letter or any other tidings could we find in any of the shanties. It was indeed six weeks since George and Fanny and their children had moved into Annie and Diamond,—two unoccupied cells of the MOON,—so much more comfortable had the cells proved than the cabins, for winter life. Returning to No. 7, we found there many of the laborers, who were astonished at what we told them. They had been paid off on the 30th, and told to come up again on the 15th of April, to see the launch. One of them, a man named Rob Shea, told me that George kept his cousin Peter to help

him move back into his house the beginning of the next week.

And that was the last I knew of any of them for more than a year. At first I expected, each hour, to hear that they had fallen somewhere. But time passed by, and of such a fall, where man knows the world's surface, there was no tale. I answered, as best I could, the letters of their friends, by saying I did not know where they were, and had not heard from them. My real thought was, that if this fatal Moon did indeed pass our atmosphere, all in it must have

been burned to death in the transit. But this I whispered to no one save to Polly and Annie and Haliburton. In this terrible doubt I remained, till I noticed one day in the *Astronomical Record* the memorandum, which you perhaps remember, of the observation, by Dr. Zitta, of a new asteroid, with an enormous movement in declination.

[Mr. Ingham's observations on this asteroid will be published in our next number.]

MOHAMMED, AND HIS PLACE IN UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON once declared: "There are two objects of curiosity, the Christian world and the Mohammedan world; all the rest may be considered as barbarous." Since Dr. Johnson's time we have learned to be curious about other forms of human thought, and regard the famous line of Terence as expressing more accurately the proper frame of mind for a Christian philosopher. Nevertheless, Mohammedanism still claims a special interest and excites a peculiar curiosity. It is the only religion which has threatened Christianity with a dangerous rivalry. It is the only other religion whose origin is in the broad daylight of history. Its author is the only one among the great men of the world who has at the same time founded a religion, formed a people, and established an empire. The marvellous spread of this religion is a mystery which never ceases to stimulate the mind to new inquiry. How was it that in the short space of a century the Arab tribes, before always at war among themselves, should have been united into an irresistible power, and have conquered Syria, Persia, the whole of Northern Africa, and Spain? And with this religious outbreak, this great

revival of Monotheism in Asia, there came also as remarkable a renaissance of learning, which made the Arabs the teachers of philosophy and art to Europe during a long period. Arab Spain was a focus of light while Christian Europe lay in mediæval darkness. And still more interesting and perplexing is the character of Mohammed himself. What was he,—an impostor, or a prophet? Did his work advance or retard human progress? What is his position in history? Such are some of the questions on which we shall endeavor to throw light in the present article.

Within a few years new materials for this study have been made accessible by the labors of Weil, Caussin de Perceval, Muir, Sprenger, Döllinger, and Arnold. Dr. Gustav Weil published his work* in 1843. It was drawn from Arabic manuscripts and the Koran. When Weil began his studies on Mohammed, in 1837, he found no book except that of Gagnier, published in 1732, from which he could derive substantial aid. But Gagnier had only collected, without any attempt at criticism, the traditions and statements concerning Mohammed believed by or-

* Mohammed der Prophet, sein Leben und seine Lehre. Stuttgart, 1843.

thodox Moslems. Satisfied that a literary want existed on this point, Dr. Weil devoted himself to such studies as should enable him to supply it; and the result was a work concerning which Milman says that "nothing has escaped" the diligence of its author. But four years after appeared the book of M. Caussin de Perceval,* a work of which M. Saint-Hilaire says that it marks a new era in these studies, on account of the abundance and novelty of its details, and the light thrown on the period which in Arabia preceded the coming of Mohammed. Dr. A. Sprenger, an eminent German scholar, early determined to devote himself to the study of Oriental literature in the East. He spent a long time in India, and was for twelve years principal of a Mohammedan school in Delhi, where he established, in 1845, an illustrated penny magazine in the Hindoo language. After returning to Europe with a vast number of Oriental manuscripts, he composed his *Life of Mohammed*,† the result of extensive studies. Among the preparations for this work we will cite only one. Dr. Sprenger edited in Calcutta the first volume of the *Icâba*, which contains the names and biographies of *eight thousand* persons who were personally acquainted with Mohammed.‡ But, as if to embarrass us with riches, comes also Mr. Muir§ and presents us with another life of the prophet, likewise drawn from original sources, and written with learning and candor. This work, in four volumes, goes over the whole ground of the history of Arabia before the coming of the prophet, and then, from Arabic sources, narrates the life of Mohammed himself, up to the era of the Hegira. The result of these researches is, a perfect certainty that we know accurately what Mr. Hallam in his time

despaired of,—all the main points of the history of Mohammed. There is no legend, no myth, to trouble us. M. Saint-Hilaire says that the French are far less acquainted with Charlemagne than the Moslems are with their prophet, who came two centuries earlier.

The Arabs are a Semitic people, belonging to the same great ethnologic family with the Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, Ethiopians, and Carthaginians. It is a race which has given to civilized man his literature and his religion; for the alphabet came from the Phœnicians, and the Bible from the Jews. In Hannibal, it produced perhaps the greatest military genius the world has seen; and the Tyrian merchants, circumnavigating Africa, discovering Great Britain, and trading with India, ten centuries before Christ, had no equals on the ocean until the time of the Portuguese discoveries, twenty-five centuries after. The Arabs alone, of the seven Semitic families, remained undistinguished and unknown till the days of Mohammed. Their claim of being descended from Abraham is confirmed by the unerring evidence of language. The Arabic roots are, nine tenths of them, identical with the Hebrew; and a similarity of grammatical forms shows a plain glossological relation. But while the Jews have a history from the days of Abraham, the Arabs had none till Mohammed. During twenty centuries these nomads wandered to and fro, engaged in mutual wars, verifying the prediction (Gen. xvi. 12) concerning Ishmael: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Wherever such wandering races exist, whether in Arabia, Turkistan, or Equatorial Africa, "darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." The earth has no geography, and the people no history. During all this long period, from the time of Abraham to that of Mohammed, the Arabs were not a nation, but only a multitude of tribes, either stationary or wandering. But of these two the nomad or Bedouin is the true type of

* *Essai sur l'histoire des Arabes, avant l'Islamisme, pendant l'époque de Mahomet, et jusqu'à la réduction de toutes les tribus sous la loi musulmane.* Paris. 3 vols. 8vo. 1847-48.

† *Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammed*, etc. Von A. Sprenger. Berlin, 1861.

‡ Sprenger, Vorrede, p. xii.

§ *The Life of Mahomet and History of Islam.* By William Muir, Esq. London, 1858.

the race as it exists in Northern Arabia. The Arab of the South is in many respects different, — in language, in manners, and in character, — confirming the old opinion of a double origin. But the Northern Arab in his tent has remained unchanged since the days of the Bible. Proud of his pure blood, of his freedom, of his tribe, and of his ancient customs, he desires no change. He is, in Asia, what the North American Indian is upon the western continent. As the Indian's, his chief virtues are courage in war, cunning, wild justice, hospitality, and fortitude. He is, however, of a better race, — more reflective, more religious, and with a thirst for knowledge. The pure air and the simple food of the Arabian plains keeps him in perfect health; and the necessity of constant watchfulness against his foes, from whom he has no defence of rock, forest, or fortification, quickens his perceptive faculties. But the Arab has also a sense of spiritual things, which appears to have a root in his organization. The Arabs say: "The children of Shem are prophets, the children of Japhet are kings, and the children of Ham are slaves." Having no temples, no priesthood, no religious forms, their religion is less formal and more instinctive, like that of children. The Koran says: "Every child is born into the religion of nature; its parents make it a Jew, a Christian, or a Magian." But when Mohammed came, the religion of the Arabs was a jumble of Monotheism and Polytheism, — Judaism, Christianity, Idolatry, and Fetichism. At one time there had been a powerful and intolerant Jewish kingdom in one region. In Yemen, at another period, the king of Abyssinia had established Christianity. But neither Judaism nor Christianity had ever been able to conquer the peninsula; and at the end of the sixth century idolatry was the most prevailing form of worship.

At this time Mohammed appeared, and in a few years united in one faith all the warring tribes of Arabia; consolidated them into a single nation, and

then wielded their mighty and enthusiastic forces against Syria, Persia, and North Africa, triumphant wherever they moved. He, certainly, if ever man possessed it, had the rare gift of natural empire. To him, more than to any other whom history records, was given

"The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoleon,
Of welding, moulding, gathering, welding, banding
The hearts of thousands till they moved as one."

But it was not as a soldier or ambitious conqueror that Mohammed began his career. The first forty years of his life were passed in the quiet pursuits of trade, or taking care of the property of Khadijah. Serious, thoughtful, devout, he made friends of all about him. His youth was unstained by vice, and his honorable character early obtained for him the title given him by common consent, of Al Amin, "the faithful." At one time he tended sheep and goats on the hills near Mecca. At Medina, when a distinguished man, he referred to this, saying: "Pick me the blackest of those berries; they are such as I used to gather when I fed the flocks at Mecca. Verily, no prophet has been raised up who has not performed the work of a shepherd." When twenty-five years of age, he entered into the service of Khadijah, a rich widow, as her agent, to take charge of her merchandise and to sell it at Damascus. When the caravan returned, and his adventure had proved successful, Khadijah, then forty years old, became interested in the young man; she was wise, virtuous, and attractive; they were married, and, till her death, Mohammed was a faithful and loving husband. Khadijah sympathized with her husband in his religious tendencies, and was his first convert. His habit was to retire to a cave on Mount Hira to pray and to meditate. Sadness came over him in view of the evils in the world. One of the Suras of the Koran, supposed to belong to this period, is as follows: —

Sura 103.

"By the declining day I swear!
Verily, man is in the way of ruin;

Excepting such as possess faith,
And do the things which be right,
And stir up one another to truth and steadfastness."

About this time he began to have his visions of angels, especially of Gabriel. He saw a light, and heard a voice, and had sentences like the above put into his mind. These communications were accompanied by strong convulsions (epilepsy, says Weil), in which he would fall to the ground and foam at the mouth. Sprenger considers it to have been a form of hysteria, with a mental origin, perhaps accompanied with catalepsy. The prophet himself said: "Inspiration descends on me in two ways. Sometimes Gabriel cometh and communicateth the revelation, as one man to another. This is easy. But sometimes it is as the ringing of a bell, which rends me in pieces, and grievously afflicts me." One day, when Abu Bakr and Omar sat in the Mosque at Medina, Mohammed came suddenly upon them, lifting up his beard and looking at it; and Abu Bakr said, "Ah thou, for whom I would sacrifice father and mother; white hairs are hastening upon thee!" "Yes," said the prophet, "Hûd" (Sura 11), "and its sisters have hastened my white hairs." "And who," asked Abu Bakr, "are its sisters?" "The *Inevitable*" (Sura 56) "and the *Striking*" (Sura 101), replied Mohammed. These three are called the "terrific Suras."

But these last Suras came later than the period now referred to. At this time his visions and revelations possessed him; he did not possess nor control them. In later years, the spirit of the prophet was more subject to the prophet. But the Koran is an unintelligible book unless we can connect it with the biography of its writer. All the incidents of his life took shape in some revelation. A separate revelation was given to encourage or to rebuke him; and in his later years the too subservient inspiration came to appease the jealousy of his wives when a new one was added to their number. But, however it may have been afterward, in the beginning his visions were as much

a surprise to him as to others. A careful distribution of the Suras, according to the events which befell him, would make the Koran the best biography of the prophet. As Horace says of Lucilius:—

"Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat velut descripta tabella
Vita senis."

Now, it is impossible to read the detailed accounts of this part of the life of Mohammed, and have any doubt of his profound sincerity. His earliest converts were his bosom-friends and the people of his household, who were intimately acquainted with his private life. Nor does a man easily begin an ambitious course of deception at the age of forty; having lived till that time as a quiet, peaceful, and unobtrusive citizen,* what was he to gain by this career? Long years passed before he could make more than a handful of converts. During those weary years, he was the object of contumely and hatred to the ruling tribe in Mecca. His life was hardly safe from them. Nothing could be more hopeless than his position during the twelve first years of his public preaching. Only a strong conviction of the reality of his mission could have supported him through this long period of failure, loneliness, and contempt. During all these years the wildest imagination could not have pictured the success which was to come. Here is a Sura in which he finds comfort in God and his promises:—

Sura 93.

"By the rising sunshine!
By the night when it darkeneth!
Thy Lord hath not removed from thee, neither hath
he been displeased.
And verily the future shall be better than the
past. . . .
What! did he not find thee an orphan, and give
thee a home?
And found thee astray, and directed thee?"

In this Sura, Mohammed refers to the fact of the death of his mother, Amina, in his seventh year, his father having died a few months before. He visited her tomb many years after, and lifted up his voice and wept. In reply to the

* The same remark will apply to Cromwell.

questions of his companions, he said : " This is the grave of my mother ; the Lord hath permitted me to visit it, and I asked leave to pray for her, and it was not granted. So I called my mother to remembrance, and the tender memory of her overcame me, and I wept." The child had been taken by his grandfather, Abd al Muttalib, then eighty years old, who treated him with the greatest indulgence. At his death, shortly after, Mohammed was adopted by his uncle, Abu Tâlib, the chief of the tribe. Abu Tâlib brought him up like his own son, making him sleep by his bed, eat by his side, and go with him wherever he went. And when Mohammed, assuming his inspired position, declared himself a prophet, his uncle, then aged and universally respected, protected him from his enemies, though Abu himself never accepted his teaching. Mohammed therefore had good reason to bless the Providence which had provided such protectors for his orphaned infancy.

Among the earliest converts of Mohammed, after Khadijah, were his two adopted children, Ali and Zeid. Ali was the son of his guardian, Abu Tâlib, who had become poor, and found it hard to support his family. Mohammed, "prompted by his usual kindness and consideration," says Mr. Muir, went to his rich uncle Abbas, and proposed that each of them should adopt one of Abu Tâlib's children, which was done. His other adopted son, Zeid, belonged to a Syrian tribe, and had been taken captive by marauders, sold into slavery, and given to Khadijah, who presented him to her husband. After a while, the father of Zeid heard where he was, and, coming to Mecca, offered a large sum as ransom for his son. Mohammed had become very fond of Zeid, but he called him, and gave him his choice to go or stay. Zeid said : " I will not leave thee ; thou art in the place to me of father and mother." Then Mohammed took him to the Kaaba, and touching the Black Stone, said : "Bear witness, all here ! Zeid is my son. I shall be his heir,

and he mine." So the father returned home contented, and Zeid was henceforth known as "Zeid ibn Mohammed," — Zeid, the son of Mohammed.

It is reported that, when Ali was about thirteen years old, Mohammed was one day praying with him in one of the retired glens near Mecca, whither they had gone to avoid the ridicule of their opponents. Abu Tâlib, passing by, said : " My nephew ! what is this new faith I see thee following ? " " O, my uncle ! " replied Mohammed, " it is the religion of God, his angels and prophets, the religion of Abraham. The Lord hath sent me as his apostle ; and thou, uncle, art most worthy to be invited to believe." Abu Tâlib replied : " I am not able, my nephew, to separate from the customs of my forefathers, but I swear that while I live no one shall trouble thee." Then he said to Ali : " My son, he will not invite thee to anything which is not good ; wherefore thou art free to cleave to him."

Another early and important convert was Abu Bakr, father of Mohammed's favorite wife, Ayesha, and afterward the prophet's successor. Ayesha said she "could not remember the time when both her parents were not true believers." Of Abu Bakr, the prophet said : " I never invited any to the faith who did not show hesitation, except Abu Bakr. When I proposed Islam to him, he at once accepted it." He was thoughtful, calm, tender, and firm. He is still known as "Al Sadîq," the true one. Another of his titles is "the Second of the Two," — from having been the only companion of Mohammed in his flight from Mecca. Hassan, the poet of Medina, thus says of him : —

"And the second of the two in the glorious cave,
while the foes were searching around, and they
two were in the mountain, —
And the prophet of the Lord, they well knew,
loved him more than all the world ; he held no
one equal unto him." *

Abu Bakr was at this time a suc-

* " Mohammed once asked Hassan if he had made any poetry about Abu Bakr, and the poet repeated these lines ; whereupon Mohammed laughed so heartily as to show his back teeth, and said : ' Thou hast spoken truly, O Hassan ! It is just as thou hast said. ' " — *Muir*, II. 256.

cessful merchant, and possessed some forty thousand dirhems. But he spent most of it in purchasing and giving freedom to Moslem slaves, who were persecuted by their masters for their religion. He was an influential man among the Koreish. This powerful tribe, the rulers of Mecca, who from the first treated Mohammed with contempt, gradually became violent persecutors of him and his followers. Their main wrath fell on the unprotected slaves, whom they exposed to the scorching sun, and who, in their intolerable thirst, would sometimes recant, and acknowledge the idols. Some of them remained firm, and afterward showed with triumph their scars. Mohammed, Abu Bakr, Ali, and all who were connected with powerful families, were for a long time safe. For the principal protection in such a disorganized society was the principle that each tribe must defend every one of its members, at all hazards. Of course, Mohammed was very desirous to gain over members of the great families, but he felt bound to take equal pains with the poor and helpless, as appears from the following anecdote: "The prophet was engaged in deep converse with the chief Walid, for he greatly desired his conversion. Then a blind man passed that way, and asked to hear the Koran. But Mohammed was displeased with the interruption, and turned from him roughly."* But he was afterward grieved to think he had slighted one whom God had perhaps chosen, and paid court to a reprobate. So his remorse took the form of a divine message and embodied itself as follows:—

"The prophet frowned and turned aside
Because the blind man came to him.
Who shall tell thee if he may not be purified?
Or whether thy admonition might not profit him?
The rich man
Thou receivest graciously,
Although he be not inwardly pure.
But him who cometh earnestly inquiring,
And trembling with anxiety,
Him thou dost neglect."†

Mohammed did not encourage his followers to martyrdom. On the contrary,

he allowed them to dissemble to save themselves. He found one of his disciples sobbing bitterly, because he had been compelled by ill-treatment to abuse his master and worship the idols. "But how dost thou find thy heart?" said the prophet. "Steadfast in the faith," said he. "Then," answered Mohammed, "if they repeat their cruelty, thou mayest repeat thy words." He also had, himself, an hour of vacillation. Tired of the severe and seemingly hopeless struggle with the Koreish, and seeing no way of overcoming their bitter hostility, he bethought himself of the method of compromise, more than seven centuries before America was discovered. He had been preaching Islam five years, and had only forty or fifty converts. Those among them who had no protectors he had advised to fly to the Christian kingdom of Abyssinia. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the west, "lies a land wherein no one is wronged. Go there and remain until the Lord shall open a way for you." Some fifteen or twenty had gone, and met with a kind reception. This was the first "Hegira," and showed the strength of faith in these exiles, who gave up their country rather than Islam. But they heard, before long, that the Koreish had been converted by Mohammed, and they returned to Mecca. The facts were these.

One day, when the chief citizens were sitting near the Kaaba, Mohammed came, and began to recite in their hearing one of the Suras of the Koran. In this Sura three of the goddesses worshipped by the Koreish were mentioned. When he came to their names, he added two lines in which he conceded that their intercession might avail with God. The Koreish were so delighted at this acknowledgment of their deities, that when he added another line calling on them to worship Allah, they all prostrated themselves on the ground and adored God. Then they rose, and expressed their satisfaction, and agreed to be his followers, and receive Islam, with this slight alteration, that their

* Muir, II. 128.

† Koran, Sura 80.

goddesses and favorite idols were to be respected. Mohammed went home and began to be unhappy in his mind. The compromise, it seems, lasted long enough for the Abyssinian exiles to hear of it and to come home. But at last the prophet recovered himself, and took back his concession. The verse of the Sura was cancelled, and another inserted, declaring that these goddesses were only names, invented by the idolaters. Ever after, the intercession of idols was condemned with scorn. But Mohammed records his lapse thus in the seventeenth Sura of the Koran : —

“ And truly, they were near tempting thee from what we taught thee, that thou shouldst invent a different revelation ; and then they would have inclined unto thee.

And if we had not strengthened thee, verily thou hadst inclined to them a little.

Then thou shouldst not have found against us any helper.”

After this, naturally, the persecution became hotter than ever. A second body of exiles went to Abyssinia. Had not the venerable Abu Tâlib protected Mohammed, his life might have been lost. As it was the persecutors threatened the old man with deadly enmity unless he gave up Mohammed. But Abu Tâlib, though agreeing with them in their religion, and worshipping their gods, refused to surrender his nephew to them. Once, when Mohammed had disappeared, and his uncle suspected that the Koreish had seized him, he armed a party of Hâshimite youths with dirks, and went to the Kaaba, to the Koreish. But, on the way, he heard that Mohammed was found. Then, in the presence of the Koreish, he told his young men to draw their dirks, and said, “ By the Lord ! had ye killed him, not one of you had remained alive.” This boldness cowed their violence for a time. But as the unpopularity of Mohammed increased, he and all his party were obliged to take refuge with the Hâshimites in a secluded quarter of the city belonging to Abu Tâlib. The conversion of Omar, about this time, only increased their rage. They formed an alliance against the Hâshimites, agree-

ing that they would neither buy nor sell, marry, nor have any dealings with them. This oath was committed to writing, sealed, and hung up in the Kaaba. For two or three years the Hâshimites remained shut up in their fortress, and often deprived of the necessities of life. Their friends would sometimes secretly supply them with provisions ; but the cries of the hungry children would often be heard by those outside. They were blockaded in their entrenchments. But many of the chief people in Mecca began to be moved by pity, and at last it was suggested to Abu Tâlib that the bond, hung up in the Kaaba, had been eaten by the ants, so as to be no longer valid. This being found to be the case, it was decided that the league was at an end, and the Hâshimites returned to their homes. But other misfortunes were in store for Mohammed. The good Abu Tâlib soon died, and not long after Khadijah. His protector gone, what could Mohammed do ? He left the city, and went with only Zeid for a companion on a mission to Tayif, sixty or seventy miles east of Mecca, in hopes of converting the inhabitants. Who can think of the prophet, in this lonely journey, without sympathy ? He was going to preach the doctrine of One God to idolaters. But he made no impression on them, and, as he left the town, was followed by a mob, hooting, and pelting him with stones. At last they left him, and in the shadow of some trees he betook himself to prayer. His words have been preserved, it is believed by the Moslems, and are as follows : “ O Lord ! I make my complaint unto thee of the feebleness of my strength, and the weakness of my plans. I am insignificant in the sight of men. O thou most merciful ! Lord of the weak ! Thou art my Lord ! Do not abandon me. Leave me not a prey to these strangers, nor to my foes. If thou art not offended, I am safe. I seek refuge in the light of thy countenance, by which all darkness is dispersed, and peace comes. There is no power, no help, but in thee.” In that

hour of prayer, the faith of Mohammed was the same as that of Luther praying for protection against the Pope. It was a part of the universal religion of human nature. Certainly this man was no impostor. A man, going alone to summon an idolatrous city to repentance, must at least have believed in his own doctrine.

But the hour of success was at hand. No amount of error, no bitterness of prejudice, no vested interest in falsehood, can resist the determined conviction of a single soul. Only believe a truth strongly enough to hold it through good report and ill report, and at last the great world of half-believers comes round to you. And usually the success comes suddenly at last, after weary years of disappointment. The great tree, which seems so solid and firm, has been secretly decaying within, and is hollow at heart; at last it falls in a moment, filling the forest with the echoes of its ruin. The dam, which seems strong enough to resist a torrent, has been slowly undermined by a thousand minute threads of water; at last it is suddenly swept away, and opens a yawning breach for the tumbling cataract. And almost as suddenly came the triumph of Mohammed.

At Medina and in its neighborhood there had long been numerous and powerful tribes of Jewish proselytes. In their conflicts with the idolaters, they had often predicted the speedy coming of a prophet like Moses. The Jewish influence was great at Medina, and that of the idolaters was divided by bitter quarrels. Now it must be remembered that at this time Mohammed taught a kind of modified Judaism. He came to revive the religion of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He continually referred to the Old Testament and the Talmud for authority. He was a prophet and inspired, but not to teach anything new. He was to restore the universal religion which God had taught to man in the beginning, — the religion of all true patriarchs and prophets. Its essential doctrine was the unity of God and his supremacy and providence. Its

one duty was Islam, or submission to the Divine will. Its worship was prayer and almsgiving. At this time he did not make belief in himself the main point; it was to profess the unity of God, and to submit wholly to God. So that the semi-Judaized pilgrims from Medina to Mecca were quite prepared to accept his teachings. Mohammed, at the time of the pilgrimage, met with many of them, and they promised to become his disciples. The pledge they took was as follows: "We will not worship any but the one God; we will not steal, nor commit adultery, nor kill our children (female); we will not slander at all, nor disobey the prophet in anything that is right." This was afterward called the "Pledge of Women," because it did not require them to fight for Islam. This faith spread rapidly among the idolaters at Medina, — much more so than the Jewish system. The Jews required too much of their proselytes; they insisted on their becoming Jews. They demanded a change of all their customs. But Mohammed only asked for submission.

About this time Mohammed had his famous dream or vision, in which he was carried by Gabriel on a winged steed to Jerusalem, to meet all the prophets of God and be welcomed by them to their number, and then to the seventh heaven into the presence of God. It was so vivid that he deemed it a reality, and maintained that he had been to Jerusalem and to heaven. This, and the Koran itself, were the only miracles he ever claimed.

The Medina Moslems having entered into a second pledge, to receive Mohammed and his friends, and to protect them, the prophet gave orders to his followers to leave Mecca secretly in small parties, and repair to Medina. As the stout sea-captain remains the last on a sinking vessel, Mohammed stayed quietly at Mecca till all the others had gone. Only Abu Bakr's family and his own remained. The rest of the believers, to the number of about two hundred, had disappeared.

The Koreish, amazed at these events,

knew not what to do. Why had the Moslems gone? and why had Mohammed remained? How dared he to stay, unprotected, in their midst? They might kill him;—but then his tribe would take a bloody vengeance on his murderers. At last they proposed to seize and bind him, when a number of men, one from each tribe and family, should at the same moment drive their dirks into him. Or perhaps it might be better to send an assassin to waylay him on his way to Medina. While they were discussing these alternatives, news was brought to them that Mohammed also had disappeared, and Abu Bakr with him. They immediately went to their houses. In that of Mohammed they found the young Ali, who, being asked where his father was, replied: "I do not know. I am not his keeper. Did you not order him to go from the city? I suppose he is gone." Getting no more information at the house of Abu Bakr, they sent out parties of armed men, mounted on swift horses and camels, to search the whole route to Medina, and bring the fugitives back. After a few days the pursuers returned, saying that there were no signs of any persons having gone in that direction. If they had gone that way, they would certainly have overtaken them.

Meantime, where were the fugitives? Instead of going north to Medina, they had hidden in a cave on a mountain about five or six miles to the south of Mecca. Here they remained concealed three days and nights, in imminent danger from their pursuers, who once, it is said, came to the mouth of the cave, but, seeing spiders' webs spun across the opening, concluded no one could have gone in recently. There was a crevice in the roof through which the morning light entered, and Abu Bakr said: "If one of them were to look down, he would see us." "Think not so, Abu Bakr," said the prophet. "We are two, but God is in the midst, a third."

The next day, satisfied that the heat of the pursuit had abated, they took

the camels which had privately been brought to them from the city by the son of Abu Bakr, and set off for Medina, leaving Mecca on the right. By the calculations of M. Caussin de Perceval, it was on the 20th of June, A. D. 622. From that day the Mohammedan era begins; and from that point of the prophet's history, his fortunes rise but his character degenerates. He has borne adversity and opposition with a faith and a patience almost sublime; but prosperity he will not bear so well. Down to that time he had been a prophet, teaching God's truth to those who would receive it, and by the manifestation of that truth commending himself to every man's conscience. Now he was to become a politician, the head of a party, contriving expedients for its success. Before, his only weapon was truth; now, his chief means was force. Instead of convincing his opponents, he now compelled them to submit by the terror of his power. His revelations changed their tone; they adapted themselves to his needs, and on all occasions, even when he wanted to take an extra wife, inspiration came to his aid.

What sadder tragedy is there than to see a great soul thus conquered by success? "All these things," says Satan, "I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." When Jesus related his temptation to his disciples, he put it in the form of a parable. How could they, how can we, understand the temptations of a nature like that of Christ! He saw that he could have a great apparent success by the use of worldly means. He could bring the Jew and the Gentile to acknowledge and receive his truth. Some slight concession to worldly wisdom, some little compromise with existing errors, some hardly perceptible variation from perfect truthfulness, and lo! the kingdom of God would come in that very hour, instead of lingering through long centuries. What evils might not be spared to the race, what woes to the world, if the divine gospel of love to God and man were inaugurated by

Christ himself! This, perhaps, was one of the temptations. But Jesus said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He would use only good means for good ends. He would take God's way to do God's work. He would die on the cross, but not vary from the perfect truth. The same temptation came to Mohammed, and he yielded. Up to the Hegira, Mohammed might also have said, "My kingdom is not of this world." But now, the sword and falsehood were to serve him, as his most faithful servants, in building up Islam. His *ends* were the same as before. His object was still to establish the service of the one living and true God. But his *means*, henceforth, are of the earth, earthy.

What a noble religion would Islam have been, if Mohammed could have gone on as he began! He accepted all the essential truths of Judaism, he recognized Moses and Christ as true teachers. He taught that there was one universal religion, the substance of which was faith in one Supreme Being, submission to his will, trust in his providence, and good-will to his creatures. Prayer and alms were the only worship which God required. A marvellous and mighty work, says Mr. Muir, had been wrought by these few precepts. From time beyond memory Mecca and the whole peninsula had been steeped in spiritual torpor. The influences of Judaism, Christianity, and philosophy had been feeble and transient. Dark superstitions prevailed, the mothers of dark vices. And now, in thirteen years of preaching, a body of men and women had risen, who rejected idolatry; worshipped the one great God; lived lives of prayer; practised chastity, benevolence, and justice; and were ready to do and to bear everything for the truth. All this came from the depth of conviction in the soul of this one man.

To the great qualities which Mohammed had shown as a prophet and religious teacher were now added those of the captain and statesman. He had at last obtained a position at Medina

whence he could act on the Arabs with other forces than those of eloquence and feeling. And now the man who for forty years had been a simple citizen and led a quiet family life, — who, afterward, for thirteen years had been a patient but despised teacher of the unity of God, — passed the last ten years of his strange career in building up a fanatical army of warriors, destined to conquer half the civilized world. From this period, the old solution of the Mohammedan miracle is in order; from this time the sword leads, and the Koran follows. To this familiar explanation of Mohammedan success, Mr. Carlyle replies with the question: "Mohammedanism triumphed with the sword? But where did it get its sword?" We can now answer that pithy inquiry. The simple, earnest zeal of the original believers built up a power, which then took the sword, and conquered with it. The reward of patient, long-enduring faith is influence; with this influence ambition serves itself for its own purpose. Such is, more or less, the history of every religion, and, indeed, of every political party. Sects are founded, not by politicians, but by men of faith, by men to whom ideas are realities, by men who are willing to die for them. Such faith always triumphs at last; it makes a multitude of converts; it becomes a great power. The deep and strong convictions thus created are used by worldly men for their own purposes. That the Mohammedan impulse was thus taken possession of by worldly men is the judgment of M. Renan.* "From all sides," says he, "we come to this singular result: that the Mussulman movement was started almost without religious faith; that, setting aside a small number of faithful disciples, Mahomet really wrought very little conviction in Arabia." "The party of true Mussulmans had all their strength in Omar; but, after his assassination, that is to say, twelve years after the death of the

* Mahomet and the Origin of Islam. Studies of Religious History. Translated by O. B. Frothingham.

prophet, the opposite party triumphed by the election of Othman." "The first generation of the Hegyra was completely occupied in exterminating the primitive Mussulmans, the true fathers of Islamism." Perhaps it is bold to question the opinions of a Semitic scholar of the force of M. Renan, but it seems to us that he goes too far in supposing that such a movement as that of Islam could be *started* without a tremendous depth of conviction. At all events, supported by such writers as Weil, Sprenger, and Muir, we will say that it was a powerful religious movement founded on sincerest conviction, but gradually turned aside, and used for worldly purposes and temporal triumphs. And, in thus diverting it from divine objects to purely human ones, Mohammed himself led the way. He adds another, and perhaps the greatest, illustration to the long list of noble souls whose natures have become subdued to that which they worked in; who have sought high ends by low means; who, talking of the noblest truths, descend into the meanest prevarications, and so throw a doubt on all sincerity, faith, and honor. Such was the judgment of a great thinker—Goethe—concerning Mohammed. He believes him to have been at first profoundly sincere, but, afterward, he says of him: "What in his character is earthly increases and develops itself; the divine retires and is obscured: his doctrine becomes a means rather than an end. All kinds of practices are employed, nor are horrors wanting." Goethe intended to write a drama upon Mohammed, to illustrate the sad fact that every man who attempts to realize a great idea comes in contact with the lower world, must place himself on its level in order to influence it, and thus often compromises his higher aims, and at last forfeits them.* Such a man, in modern times, was Lord Bacon in the political world; such a man, among conquerors, was Cromwell; and among Christian sects how often do we see the young enthusiast and saint end as

the ambitious self-seeker and Jesuit! Then we call him a hypocrite, because he continues to use the familiar language of the time when his heart was true and simple, though indulging himself in sensuality and sin. It is curious, when we are all so inconsistent, that we should find it so hard to understand inconsistency. We, all of us, often say what is right and do what is wrong, but are we deliberate hypocrites? No! we know that we are weak; we admit that we are inconsistent; we say amen to the "*video meliora, proboque, —deteriora sequor,*" but we also know that we are not deliberate and intentional hypocrites. Let us use the same large judgment, in speaking of the faults of Cromwell, Bacon, and Mohammed.

No one could have foreseen the cruelty of which Mohammed, hitherto always a kind-hearted and affectionate man, was capable toward those who resisted his purpose. This first showed itself in his treatment of the Jews. He hoped to form an alliance with them, against the idolaters. He had admitted the divine authority of their religion, and appealed to their Scriptures as evidence of the truth of his own mission. He conformed to their ritual and customs, and made Jerusalem his Kibla, toward which he turned in prayer five times a day. In return for this he expected them to receive him as a prophet; but this they refused to do. So he departed by degrees from their customs, changed his Kibla to Mecca, and at last denounced the Jews as stiff-necked unbelievers. The old quarrel between Esau and Jacob could not be appeased, nor an alliance formed between them.

M. Saint-Hilaire* does not think that the character of Mohammed changed when he became the founder of a state and head of a conquering party. He thinks "that he only yielded to the political necessities of his position." Granted; but yielding to those necessities was the cause of this gradual change in his character. The man who lies and murders from the necessity of

* Mahomet et le Coran, par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Paris, 1865, p. 114.

* Lewes, *Life of Goethe*, Vol. I. p. 207.

his political position can hardly remain a saint. Plunder, cold-blooded execution of prisoners, self-indulgence, became the habit of the prophet henceforth, as we shall presently see.

The first battle against the Koreish, that of Badr, took place in January, A. D. 624. When Mohammed had drawn up his army, he prayed earnestly for the victory. After a desperate struggle, the Koreish fled. Mohammed claimed, by a special revelation, the fifth part of the booty. As the bodies of his old opponents were cast into a pit, he spoke to them bitterly. When the prisoners were brought before him, he looked fiercely at one of them. "There is death in that glance," said the unhappy man, and presently the prophet ordered him to be beheaded. Two days after, another was ordered for execution. "Who will take care of my little girl?" said he. "Hell-fire," replied Mohammed, and ordered him to be cut down. Shortly after the battle, a Jewess, who had written verses against Mohammed, was assassinated by one of his followers; and the prophet praised him for the deed in the public mosque. Another aged Jew, for the same offence, was murdered by his express command. A quarrel between some Jews and Moslems brought on an attack by Mohammed upon the Jewish tribe. They surrendered after a siege of fifteen days, and Mohammed ordered all the prisoners to be killed; but at last, at the urgent request of a powerful chief in Medina, allowed them to go into exile, cursing them and their intercessor. Mr. Muir mentions other cases of assassination of the Jews by the command of the prophet. All these facts are derived from contemporaneous Moslem historians, who glorify their prophet for this conduct. The worst action perhaps of this kind was the deliberate execution of seven or eight hundred Jewish prisoners, who had surrendered at discretion, and the sale of their wives and children into slavery. Mohammed selected from among these women one more beautiful than the rest, for his concubine.

Whether M. Saint-Hilaire considers all this as "yielding to the political necessities of his position," we do not know. But this man, who could stand by and see hundreds of captives slaughtered in cold blood, and then retire to solace himself with the widow of one of his victims, seems to us to have retained little of his early purity of soul.

About this time Mohammed began to multiply wives, and to receive revelations allowing him to do so beyond the usual limit of his law. He added one after another to his harem, until he had ten wives, besides his slaves. His views on such subjects are illustrated by his presenting three beautiful female slaves, taken in war, one to his father-in-law, and the others to his two sons-in-law.

So, in a series of battles, with the Jewish tribes, the Koreish, the Syrians, passed the stormy and triumphant years of the Pontiff King. Mecca was conquered, and the Koreish submitted in A. D. 630. The tribes throughout Arabia acquiesced, one by one, in the prophet's authority. All paid tribute, or accepted Islam. His enemies were all under his feet; his doctrines accepted; the rival prophets, Aswad and Museilama, overcome. Then, in the sixty-third year of his age, death drew near. On the last day of his life, he went into the mosque to attend morning prayer, then back to the room of his favorite wife, Ayesha, and died in her arms. Wild with grief, Omar declared he was not dead, but in a trance. The grave Abu Bakr composed the excited multitude, and was chosen caliph, or successor to the prophet. Mohammed died on June 8, A. D. 632, and was buried the next day, amid the grief of his followers. Abu Bakr and Omar offered the prayer: "Peace be unto thee, O prophet of God; and the mercy of the Lord, and his blessing! We bear testimony that the prophet of God hath delivered the message revealed to him; hath fought in the ways of the Lord until God crowned his religion with victory; hath fulfilled His words commanding that He alone is to be worshipped in unity;

hath drawn us to himself, and been kind and tender-hearted to believers; hath sought no recompense for delivering to us the faith, neither hath sold it for a price at any time." And all the people said, "Amen! Amen!"

Concerning the character of Mohammed, enough has been already said. He was a great man, one of the greatest ever sent upon earth. He was a man of the deepest convictions, and for many years of the purest purposes, and was only drawn down at last by using low means for a good end. Of his visions and revelations, the same explanation is to be given as of those received by Joan of Arc, and other seers of that order. How far they had an objective basis in reality, and how far they were the result of some abnormal activity of the imagination, it is difficult with our present knowledge to decide. But that these visionaries fully believed in their own inspiration, there can be little doubt.

As to the religion of Mohammed, and its effects on the world, it is easier to come to an opinion. Its essential doctrine, as before indicated, is the absolute unity and supremacy of God, as opposed to the old Arab Polytheism on the one hand and the Christian Trinity on the other. It however admits of angels and genii. Gabriel and Michael are the angels of power; Azriel, angel of death; Israfeel, angel of the resurrection. Eblis, or Satan, also plays an important part in this mythology. The Koran also teaches the doctrine of Eternal Decrees, or absolute Predestination; of prophets before Mohammed, of whom he is the successor, — as Adam, Noah, Moses, and Jesus; of sacred books, of which all that remain are the Pentateuch, Psalms, Gospels, and Koran; of an intermediate state after death; of the resurrection and judgment. All non-believers in Islam go into eternal fire. There are separate hells for Christians, Jews, Sabians, Magians, idolaters, and the hypocrites of all religions. The Moslem is judged by his actions. A balance is held by Gabriel, one scale

hanging over heaven and another over hell, and his good deeds are placed in one and his bad ones in the other. According as his scale inclines, he goes to heaven or hell. If he goes to heaven, he finds there seventy-two Houris, more beautiful than angels, waiting him, with gardens, groves, marble palaces, and music. If women are true believers and righteous, they will also go to heaven, but nothing is said about husbands being provided for them. Stress is laid on prayer, ablution, fasting, almsgiving, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Wine and gaming are forbidden. There is no recognition, in the Koran, of human brotherhood. It is a prime duty to hate infidels and make war on them. Mohammed made it a duty for Moslems to betray and kill their own brothers when they were infidels; and he was obeyed in more cases than one. The Moslem sects are as numerous as those of Christians. The Dabistan mentions seventy-three. The two main divisions are into Sunnites and Shyites. The Persians are mostly Shyites, and refuse to receive the Sunnite traditions. They accept Ali, and denounce Omar. Terrible wars and cruelties have taken place between these sects. Only a few of the Sunnite doctors acknowledge the Shyites to be Moslems. They have a saying, "To destroy a Shyite is more acceptable than to kill seventy other infidels of whatever sort."

The Turks are the most zealous of the Moslems. On Friday, which is the Sabbath of Islam, all business is suspended. Prayers are read and sermons preached in the mosques. No one is allowed to be absent. The Ramadan fast is universally kept. Any one who breaks it twice is considered worthy of death. The fast lasts from sunrise to sunset. But the rich feast in the night, and sleep during the day. The Turks have no desire to make proselytes, but have an intolerant hatred for all outside of Islam. The Kalif is the Chief Pontiff. The Oulema, or Parliament, is composed of the Imans, or religious teachers, the Muftis, or doctors of law, and Kadis, or ministers of justice. The

priests in Turkey are subordinate to the civil magistrate, who is their diocesan, and can remove them at pleasure. The priests in daily life are like the laity, engage in the same business, and are no more austere than they.

Mr. Forster says, in regard to their devotion: "When I contrast the silence of a Turkish mosque, at the hour of public prayer, with the noise and tumult so frequent in Christian temples, I stand astonished at the strange inversion, in the two religions, of the order of things which might naturally be expected." "I have seen," says another, "a congregation of at least two thousand souls assembled in the mosque of St. Sophia, with silence so profound, that until I entered the body of the building, I was unaware that it contained a single worshipper."

Bishop Southgate, long a missionary bishop of the Episcopal Church of the United States, says: "I have often met with Mussulmans who seem to possess deep religious feeling, and with whom I could exercise something of a religious communion. I have sometimes had my own mind quickened and benefited by the reverence with which they spoke of the Deity, and have sometimes mingled in harmonious converse with them on holy things. I have heard them insist with much earnestness on the duty of prayer, when they appeared to have some spiritual sense of its nature and importance. I have sometimes found them entertaining elevated views of moral duty, and looking with contempt on the pleasures of this world. These are indeed rare characters, but I should do injustice to my own conviction if I did not confess that I had found them. In these instances I have been uniformly struck with a strong resemblance to patriarchal piety." He continues: "When we sat down to eat, the old Turkish Bey implored a blessing with great solemnity, and rendered his thanks when we arose. Before he left us, he spread his carpet, and offered his evening devotions with apparent meekness and humility; and I could not but feel how impressive

are the Oriental forms of worship when I saw his aged head bowed to the earth in religious homage."

Bishop Southgate adds further: "I have never known a Mussulman, sincere in his faith and devout and punctilious in his religious duties, in whom moral rectitude did not seem an active quality and a living principle."

In seasons of plague, "the Turks appear perfectly fearless. They do not avoid customary intercourse and contact with friends. They remain with and minister to the sick, with unshrinking assiduity. . . . In truth, there is something imposing in the unaffected calmness of the Turks at such times. It is a spirit of resignation which becomes truly noble when exercised upon calamities which have already befallen them. The fidelity with which they remain by the bedside of a friend is at least as commendable as the almost universal readiness among the Franks to forsake it."

Five times a day the Mezzuin proclaims the hour of prayer from the minaret in these words: "There is no God but God. Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer." In the morning call he adds, "Prayer is better than sleep." Immediately every Mussulman leaves his occupation, and prostrates himself on the floor or ground, wherever he may be. It is very disreputable to omit this.

An interesting account is given of the domestic life of Moslem women in Syria, by Miss Rogers, in her little book called "*Domestic Life in Palestine*," published in 1862.

Miss Rogers travelled in Palestine with her brother, who was British consul at Damascus. The following passage illustrates the character of the women (Miss Rogers was obliged to sleep in the same room with the wives of the governor of Arrabeh, near Naplous):—

"When I began to undress, the women watched me with curiosity; and when I put on my night-gown, they were exceedingly astonished, and exclaimed, 'Where are you going? Why is your dress white?' They made no

change for sleeping, and there they were, in their bright-colored clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood round me till I said 'Good night,' and then all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, got into bed, and turned my face to the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself to sleep, though I heard the women whispering together. When my head had rested about five minutes on the soft red silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying, very gently, 'Ya Habibi,' i. e. 'O beloved.' But I would not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited a little while, and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and a voice said, 'Miriam, speak to us; speak, Miriam, darling.' I could not resist any longer; so I turned round and saw Helweh, Saleh Bek's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, 'What is it, sweetness, what can I do for you?' She answered, 'What did you do just now, when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?' I sat up, and said very solemnly, 'I spoke to God, Helweh.' 'What did you say to him?' said Helweh. I replied, 'I wish to sleep. God never sleeps. I have asked him to watch over me, and that I may fall asleep, remembering that he never sleeps, and wake up remembering his presence. I am very weak. God is all-powerful. I have asked him to strengthen me with his strength.' By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on the bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But as I had learned the Lord's Prayer, by heart, in Arabic, I repeated it to them, sentence by sentence, slowly. When I began, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' Helweh directly said, 'You told me your father was in London.' I replied, 'I have two fathers, Helweh; one in London, who does not know that I am here, and cannot know till I write and tell him;

and a heavenly Father, who is here now, who is with me always, and sees and hears us. He is your Father also. He teaches us to know good from evil, if we listen to him and obey him.'

"For a moment there was perfect silence. They all looked startled, and as if they felt that they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, 'What more did you say?' I continued the Lord's Prayer, and when I came to the words, 'Give us day by day our daily bread,' they said, 'Cannot you make bread yourself?' The passage, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' is particularly forcible in the Arabic language; and one of the elder women, who was particularly severe and relentless-looking, said, 'Are you obliged to say that every day?' as if she thought that sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, 'Are you a Moslem?' I said, 'I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister, made by the same God, who is the one only God, the God of all, my Father and your Father.' They asked me if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a rosary to me, saying, 'Do you know that?' I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. They then cried out, 'Mashallah, the English girl is a true believer'; and the impressionable, sensitive-looking Abyssinian slave-girls said, with one accord, 'She is indeed an angel.'

"Moslems, men and women, have the name of Allah constantly on their lips, but it seems to have become a mere form. This may explain why they were so startled when I said, 'I was speaking to God.'" She adds that if she had only said, "I was saying my prayers," or, "I was at my devotions," it would not have impressed them.

Next morning, on awaking, Miss Rogers found the women from the neighborhood had come in "to hear the English girl speak to God," and Helweh said: "Now, Miriam, darling, will you speak to God?" At the conclusion she asked

them if they could say Amen, and after a moment of hesitation they cried out, "Amên, amên!" Then one said, "Speak again, my daughter, speak about *the bread*." So she repeated the Lord's Prayer with explanations. When she left, they crowded around affectionately, saying, "Return again, O Miriam, beloved!"

After this pleasant little picture, we may hear something on the other side. Two recent travellers, Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Vambéry, have described the present state of Mohammedanism in Central Arabia and Turkistan, or Central Asia. Barth has described it as existing among the negroes in North Africa. Count Gobineau has told us of Islam as it is in Persia at the present day.* Mr. MacFarlane, in his book "Kismet, or the Doom of Turkey," has pointed out the gradual decay of that power, and the utter corruption of its administration. After reading such works as these, — and among them let us not forget Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians," — the conclusion we must inevitably come to is, that the worst Christian government, be it that of the Pope or the Czar, is infinitely better than the best Mohammedan government. Everywhere we find arbitrary will taking the place of law. In most places, the people have no protection for life or property, and know the government only as its tax-gatherers find them out. And all this is necessarily and logically derived from the fundamental principle of Mohammedan theology. God is pure will, not justice, not reason, not love. Christianity says, "God is love"; Mohammedanism says, "God is will." Christianity says, "Trust in God"; Mohammedanism says, "Submit to God." Hence the hardness, coldness, and cruelty of the system; hence its utter inability to establish any good government. According to Mr. MacFarlane, it would be a blessing to mankind to have the Turks driven out of Europe and Asia Minor, and Constantinople become the capital of Russia.

* Les Religions et les Philosophies dans L'Asie Centrale, par M. le Comte Gobineau. Paris.

The religion of Islam is an outward form, a hard shell of authority, hollow at heart. It constantly tends to the two antagonistic but related vices of luxury and cruelty. Under the profession of Islam, Polytheism and idolatry have always prevailed in Arabia. In Turkistan, where slavery is an extremely cruel system, they make slaves of Moslems, in defiance of the Koran. One chief, being appealed to by Vambéry (who travelled as a Dervish), replied, "We buy and sell the Koran itself, which is the holiest thing of all; why not buy and sell Mussulmans, who are less holy?"

Mr. Palgrave, who has given the latest and best account of the condition of Central and Southern Arabia, under the great Wahhabee revival, sums up all Mohammedan theology as teaching a divine unity of pure will. God is the only force in the universe. Man is wholly passive and impotent. He calls the system "A Pantheism of force." God has no rule but arbitrary will. He is a tremendous unsympathizing autocrat; but is yet jealous of his creatures, lest they should attribute to themselves something which belongs to him. He delights in making all creatures feel that they are his slaves. This, Mr. Palgrave asserts, is the main idea of Mohammedanism, and of the Koran, and this was what lay in the mind of Mohammed. "Of this," says he, "we have many authentic samples: the Saheeh, the Commentaries of Beydāwee, the Mishkat-el-Mesabeeh, and fifty similar works, afford ample testimony on this point. But for the benefit of my readers in general, all of whom may not have drunk equally deep at the fountain-heads of Islamic dogma, I will subjoin a specimen, known perhaps to many Orientalists, yet too characteristic to be here omitted, a repetition of which I have endured times out of number from admiring and approving Wahhabees in Nejed.

"Accordingly, when God — so runs the tradition, — I had better said, the blasphemy — resolved to create the human race, he took into his hands a

mass of earth, the same whence all mankind were to be formed, and in which they after a manner pre-existed; and, having then divided the clod into two equal portions, he threw the one half into hell, saying, 'These to eternal fire, and I care not'; and projected the other half into heaven, adding, 'And these to paradise, and I care not.'

"Commentary would here be superfluous. But in this we have before us the adequate idea of predestination, or, to give it a truer name, pre-damnation, held and taught in the school of the Koran. Paradise and hell are at once totally independent of love and hatred on the part of the Deity, and of merits and demerits, of good or evil conduct, on the part of the creature; and, in the corresponding theory, rightly so, since the very actions which we call good or ill deserving, right or wrong, wicked or virtuous, are in their essence all one and of one, and accordingly merit neither praise nor blame, punishment or recompense, except and simply after the arbitrary value which the all-regulating will of the great despot may choose to assign or impute to them. In a word, he burns one individual through all eternity amid red-hot chains and seas of molten fire, and seats another in the plenary enjoyment of an everlasting brothel, between forty celestial concubines, just and equally for his own good pleasure, and because he wills it.

"Men are thus all on one common level, here and hereafter, in their physical, social, and moral light, — the level of slaves to one sole master, of tools to one universal agent. But the equalizing process does not stop here: beasts, birds, fishes, insects, all participate of the same honor or debasement; all are, like man, the slaves of God, the tools and automata of his will; and hence Mahomet is simply logical and self-consistent when in the Koran he informs his followers that birds, beasts, and the rest are 'nations' like themselves, nor does any intrinsic distinction exist between them and the human

species, except what accidental diversity the 'King,' the 'Proud One,' the 'Mighty,' the 'Giant,' etc., as he styles his God, may have been pleased to make, just as he willed it, and so long as he may will it."

"The Wahhabee reformer," continues Mr. Palgrave, "formed the design of putting back the hour-hand of Islam to its starting-point; and so far he did well, for that hand was from the first meant to be fixed. Islam is in its essence stationary, and was framed thus to remain. Sterile like its God, lifeless like its First Principle and Supreme Original, in all that constitutes true life, — for life is love, participation, and progress, and of these the Koranic Deity has none, — it justly repudiates all change, all advance, all development. To borrow the forcible words of Lord Houghton, the 'written book' is the 'dead man's hand,' stiff and motionless; whatever savors of vitality is by that alone convicted of heresy and defection.

"But Christianity, with its living and loving God, begetter and begotten, spirit and movement; nay more, — a Creator made creature, the Maker and the made existing in one; a Divinity communicating itself by uninterrupted gradation and degree, from the most intimate union far off to the faintest irradiation, through all that it has made for love and governs in love; one who calls his creatures not slaves, not servants, but friends, — nay sons, — nay gods: to sum up, a religion in whose seal and secret 'God in man is one with man in God,' must also be necessarily a religion of vitality, of progress, of advancement. The contrast between it and Islam is that of movement with fixedness, of participation with sterility, of development with barrenness, of life with petrification. The first vital principle and the animating spirit of its birth must, indeed, abide ever the same, but the outer form must change with the changing days, and new offshoots of fresh sap and greenness be continually thrown out as witnesses to the vitality within; else were the vine with-

ered and the branches dead. I have no intention here — it would be extremely out of place — of entering on the maze of controversy, or discussing whether any dogmatic attempt to reproduce the religious phase of a former age is likely to succeed. I only say, that life supposes movement and growth, and both imply change; that to censure a living thing for growing and changing is absurd; and that to attempt to hinder it from so doing by pinning it down on a written label, or nailing it to a Procrustean framework, is tantamount to killing it altogether. Now Christianity is living, and, because living, must grow, must advance, must change, and was meant to do so: onwards and forwards is a condition of its very existence; and I cannot but think that those who do not recognize this show themselves so far ignorant of its true nature and essence. On the other hand, Islam is lifeless, and, because lifeless, cannot grow, cannot advance, cannot change, and was never intended so to do: stand-still is its motto and its most essential condition; and therefore the son of Abd-el-Wahhāb, in doing his best to bring it back to its primal simplicity, and making its goal of its starting-point, was so far in the right, and showed himself well acquainted with the nature and first principles of his religion."

According to this view, which is no doubt correct, the Monotheism of Mohammed is that which makes of God pure will, that is, which exaggerates personality (since personality is in will), making the Divine One an Infinite Free Will, or an Infinite I. But will divorced from reason and love is wilfulness, or a purely arbitrary will.

Now the Monotheism of the Jews differed from this, in that it combined with the idea of will the idea of justice. God not only does what he chooses, but he chooses to do only what is right. Righteousness is an attribute of God with which the Jewish books are saturated.

Still, both of these systems leave God outside of the world; *above all* as its

creator and ruler, *above all* as its Judge; but not *through all* and *in all*. The idea of an Infinite Love must be added and made supreme, in order to give us a Being who is not only above all, but also through all and in all. This is the Christian Monotheism.

Mohammed teaches not only the unity but also the spirituality of God, but his idea of the divine Unity is of a numeric unity, not a moral unity; and so his idea of divine spirituality is that of an abstract spirituality, — God abstracted from matter, and so not to be represented by pictures and images; God withdrawn out of the world, and above all, — in a total separation.

Judaism also opposed idolatry and idol-worship, and taught that God was above all, and the maker of the world; but it conceived of God as *with* man, by his repeated miraculous coming down in prophets, judges, kings; also *with* his people, the Jews, mysteriously present in their tabernacle and temple. Their spirituality was not quite as abstract, then, as that of the Mohammedans.

But Christianity, as soon as it became the religion of a non-Semitic race, as soon as it became the religion of the Greeks and Romans, not only imparted to them its Monotheism, but received from them their strong tendencies to Pantheism. They added to the God "above all," and the God "with all," the God "in us all." True, this is also to be found in original Christianity as proceeding from the life of Jesus. The New Testament is full of this kind of Pantheism, — God *in* man, as well as God *with* man. Jesus made the step forward from God with man to God in man, — "I in them, thou in me." The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is this idea, of God who is not only will and power, not only wisdom and law, but also love; and so a God who desires communion and intercourse with his children, so coming and dwelling in them. Mohammed teaches a God above us; Moses teaches a God above us, and yet with us; Jesus teaches God above, God with us, and God in us.

According to this view, Mohammedanism is a relapse. It is a going back to a lower level. It is a returning from the complex idea to the simple idea. But the complex is higher than the simple. The seed-germ, and the germ-cell, out of which organic life comes, is lower than the organizations which are developed out of it. The Mollusks are more complex and so are higher than the Radiata, the Vertebrata are more complex than the Mollusks. Man is the most complex of all, in soul, as well as body. The complex idea of God, including will, thought, and love, in the perfect unity, is higher than the simplistic unity of will which Mohammed teaches. But the higher ought to come out of and conquer the lower. How then did Mohammedanism come out of Christianity and Judaism?

The explanation is to be found in the law of reaction and relapse. Reaction is a going back to a lower ground, to pick up something which has been dropped, forgotten, left behind, in the progress of man. The condition of progress is that nothing shall be lost. The lower truth must be preserved in the higher truth; the lower life taken up into the higher life. Now Christianity, in going forward, had accepted from the Indo-Germanic races that sense of God in nature, as well as God above nature, which has always been

native with those races. It took up Natural Religion into Monotheism. But in taking it up, it went so far as to lose something of the true unity of God. Its doctrine of the Trinity, at least in its Oriental forms, lost the pure personal Monotheism of Judaism. No doubt the doctrine of the Trinity embodies a great truth, but it was carried too far. So Mohammedanism came, as a protest against this tendency to plurality in the godhead, as a demand for a purely personal God. It is the Unitarianism of the East. It was a new assertion of the simple unity of God, against Polytheism and against idolatry.

The merits and demerits, the good and evil, of Mohammedanism are to be found in this, its central idea concerning God. It has taught submission, obedience, patience; but it has fostered a wilful individualism. It has made social life lower. Its governments are not governments. Its virtues are stocial. It makes life barren and empty. It encourages a savage pride and cruelty. It makes men tyrants or slaves, women puppets, religion the submission to an infinite despotism. Time is, that it came to an end. Its work is done. It is a hard, cold, cruel, empty faith, which should give way to the purer forms of a higher civilization.

THE OLD BANKERS OF FLORENCE.*

WE are so accustomed to trace the cultured prosperity of mediæval Florence to the tasteful, though unscrupulous despotism of Lorenzo de Medici, that we are apt to forget the real source of that wondrous development, civic and artistic; we lose sight of the

germ in contemplating the flower, and neglect the auspicious source of intelligent labor, whence springs all that is original and memorable in the life of the old Republic. It was reserved for a lineal descendant of one of those enterprising Florentine families through whom the commercial influence and wealth of the city were achieved, to draw from her archives and his own ancestral documents the material proofs

* *Storia del Commercio e dei Banchieri di Firenze* in tutto il monde conosciuto, dal anno 1200 al 1345, compilato su documenti in gran parte inediti. Dal Comm. S. L. Peruzzi. Firenze: 1868.

of that unique prosperity, and the details of the processes and principles whereby it was attained. Not only is the record curious and interesting, as one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of the Middle Ages, and as suggestive of the essential facts which initiated modern civilization, but the chronicle illustrates with peculiar and fresh emphasis many laws of political economy and throws new light upon social and civic problems which the best thinkers of our day are earnestly seeking to solve. As the philosophic insight of Niebuhr gave a new aspect to Roman history in its relation to later civilization, as Ritter made geography interpret national development, and as the precedents and instincts of political life in free communities have been shown by Grote to be identical with those that swayed parties and inspired policies among the ancient Greeks, so the facts of the dawn of commerce on the banks of the Arno in the thirteenth century convey the same lesson which may be drawn from the actual life of this Republic to-day; for we therein behold the first grand demonstration of the vital truth that labor is the true basis of citizenship, and that liberty is born of self-reliance in the economical not less than in the moral resources of society. That ancient and fierce controversy between the adherents of Emperor and Pope, — the German and Latin element, — the aristocracy and the people, — whence sprung the mediæval Republics, and which, under the names of Guelf and Ghibelline, rent the community and moulded the destiny of Florence, culminated in the Guelf ascendancy for eighty years, — the heroic period of the state, — by and through the victory of labor over caste. It was an industrial triumph; the mercantile element was the normal life of the Republic; the essential principle was established that only those enlisted in the Guilds or Arts, only those who worked, should rule; the nobles could have no share in the government unless they became merchants or artisans; patriotism and

ambition were thus brought to an economical test; it was a civic privilege to be engaged in a practical and profitable vocation; it was a civic disability to be an idler of rank. Nor was this all. The merchant, manufacturer, and artist by virtue of his occupation became not only a magistrate, but a soldier; not only received a political education by the performance of municipal duties, but was trained to arms by the militia system, that organized and kept in drill the busy citizens, in anticipation of any exigency requiring the defence of life, property, or honor. Thus all principles that have proved efficient in later times, as equipments and distinctions of free citizenship, are found combined in the laws and customs of those sagacious and energetic Florentines, six centuries ago: municipal privileges based on and identified with labor; official honor confined to an industrial class; and patriotic discipline in camp and forum associated with mercantile enterprise as the material source of state and individual prosperity. From this union of work and honor, of private and civic duty, sprang the fame and fortune of mediæval Florence; and the study of the origin and influence thereof will reveal every germ of modern civilization: co-operative societies originated then and there; citizens associated for the sake of religion, of art, of trade, and of family welfare; the bankers of Florence were the indispensable auxiliaries of popes, emperors, and kings. The system of exchange; book-keeping by double-entry; the consular system of national representatives in foreign lands to protect home interests; the barter of the raw material for its skilful reproduction in forms of use and luxury; a recognized and universal circulating medium in the shape of coinage; laws and usages of credit; the patriotic devotion of private fortunes to the national defence or aggrandizement, whether by art or arms; unity of public spirit with indomitable private enterprise; and, above all, the identification of material, political, and social interests under a government

of the people;—these and such as these fundamental principles of national growth and civic virtue were practised and proved for the first time in their entire scope and significance in Florence, during that memorable thirteenth century, when, as Taine says, “a shoemaker gave his money in order that the church of his city might be beautiful, and a weaver polished his sword in the evening, determined he would not be the subject, but one of the lords, of the rival city.”

The history of the maritime commerce of Italy in the Middle Ages,—induced by the auspicious geographical position of the peninsula, washed by two seas, and with a coast-line affording frequent and facile access,—is a familiar chapter in the annals of civilization; by that early intercourse and exchange of products with both the Orient and the Occident, Venice, Pisa, and Genoa drew unto themselves the resources of wealth and culture which enterprise disseminated and republican valor enlarged; but we are less familiar with the causes of the prosperity and prestige of Florence,—an inland community surrounded by feudal castles and having to develop from within before seeking abroad the means of growth and grandeur. Her family documents afford the clew to her civic history and industrial expansion; and although many of these have perished, enough remain, to serve, in connection with the state archives and local relics, as a satisfactory revelation of the mediæval economies and mercantile enterprise of the old Republic. These, indeed, were so exceptional that they are part of the political history of Europe. From the time of the Crusades, when the scarcity of money induced such extensive Papal contributions, which were collected and transmitted by Italian bankers, the financiers of Florence were a recognized power in Europe; and one of their posterity, a genial, accomplished septuagenarian, having retired from a long and honorable diplomatic career to his beautiful ancestral city, has beguiled his leisure

by weaving, from family records, the complete history of the commerce and bankers of Florence between 1200 and 1345. The work is most appropriately dedicated to his fellow-citizens, whom he patriotically invites to examine the admirable industrial and civic energies of the Middle Ages, and to profit by the example, now that their long-oppressed country is united and free.

The principal merchants of Florence, in the thirteenth century, were the Acciaiuoli, the Alberti, the Bardi, the Bonaparti, the Frescobaldi, the Pergolatti, the Sassetti, the Scali, Amieri and Petri, the Villani Stoldi, and the Peruzzi. The latter are one of the most ancient Guelph families of Florence; they resided near the Porta della Pera, at the limit of the second wall, and their windows and *loggia* overlooked a piazza which bore their name; they had a cloth-factory near the church of St. Cecilia,—one of the twenty original woollen establishments; in one of their mansions was entertained Robert of Naples—the protector of the Guelphs—the princess of Taranto, and the emperor of the Greeks, Paleologus, when he visited Florence, in 1438, to attend the council convened by Pope Eugenio IV. to unite the Latin and Greek Churches. The Peruzzi erected many palaces and dwellings from the *débris* of the old city wall, which they purchased of the municipality when it decreed the enlargement of Florence, in 1282; they figure honorably in the local magistracy of the Middle Ages; despoiled by their royal creditor Edward the Third, of England, and persecuted by the Medici, they sought refuge from the fallen fortunes and lost liberties of their beloved commune and settled at Avignon in 1438. A branch of the old family still exists there in the person of Rinaldo Peruzzi, recently governor of the fortress of Vincennes. Among the many curious documents cited by the author of this early financial history of Florence are two posthumous manuscripts of his progenitor, Simon Peruzzi, which are characteristic, at once, of the family patriotism, and of the ex-

agencies of the period when the glories of the Republic waned beneath the ban of anarchy and despotism. The first is what he calls his Protest of Political Innocence, in which he explains his conduct as an official and vindicates his course as a loyal citizen, when compelled to yield to circumstances which eventually led to the eclipse of freedom in Florence; the other document is an act of disinheritation or malediction consigned to Fra Simon of Montepulciano against his son Benedetto in favor of Niccolò, the former having proved an unfilial traitor. The scope, style, and intent of these writings, which are dated 1378 and 1380, are noteworthy illustrations of the political crises, and of family as well as civic life and customs, of that era and country.

The manufacture of and traffic in silk and woollen were prosperously established in Florence early in the year 1200. Documents of four years' later date show there were then consuls of the art of silk. This industry was introduced into Italy by Roger of Sicily, who imported a few silk-weavers from the East into Palermo, whence their vocation spread through the peninsula. A band of Lombards confined in Germany by Arrigo the Second founded a religious society called the *Umiliati* in the eleventh century, adopting the rules of St. Benedict, and, as a means of subsistence, practised the art of cloth-making, and enlisted laymen in the work, who subsequently carried the art to Florence, where the convent of San Donato, near the Prato gate, was ceded to them in 1239. Both industries flourished and attained a perfection before unknown. In 1472 there were fifty silk-establishments in the city. In 1252 the golden florin, with the Florentine lily for its device, had become the standard coin of Europe; in 1495 the Republic had established the Monte di Pietà, — the germ of modern savings-institutions; the system of exchange had also been successfully initiated; the great commercial houses of the Bardi, Alberti, Peruzzi, and others had furnished eminent magistrates,

— Priors, Gonfalonieri, and Knights of the People; their correspondence extended to the northern extremity of Britain and the farthest East, and included every important city and mart in Western Europe. The evidence of the extent and magnitude of their financial transactions is historical. There are recorded, for instance, twenty-five reimbursing decrees from the royal treasury of England between 1327 and 1348 to the Bardi, and eleven to the Peruzzi. Treaties, invasions, and defences of dynasties and cities were dependent on the "sinews of war" furnished by the bankers of Florence; heavy loans and large interest were the means of rapid enrichment. One year it is Philip of Valois, and another the Pope, and then Edward the First, whose name figures in the ledger of the Tuscan merchant-princes. In a single year the list of Florence bankers to whom the last-named ruler ordered payments numbered twenty-four. In 1298 was recorded an order on the Dublin treasury to pay the Frescobaldi eleven thousand sterling; and the accounts of the different leading houses show large transactions with the house of Savoy, the Duke of Calabria, the Order of St. John, the Tolommei of Sienna, and other great families and sovereigns. In 1310 the Peruzzi, with a capital of one hundred and thirty thousand florins, in two years gained forty per cent.

The process of this trade and the method of this prosperous activity form a curious illustration of the birth of those civilizing agencies, — intercourse, exchange of products, credit, and accumulation, — whereby we have reached our present social condition. Under the *loggia* of the Florentine banker's palace, in the thirteenth century, gathered the workmen, agents and factors, to hear the news and receive orders. By a system of primitive post-stations, some of them dating from the days of Charlemagne, the couriers crossed the mountains to purchase wool from the convents of Britain, or embarked at Genoa for the Levant, carrying their *tessera*, — a medallion of silver, ivory, or

bronze, which served as an authority from their employers, — as a passport. Long journeys on horseback and tedious voyages to the Orient gradually built up a wide and lucrative trade; foreign merchants who came to the famous Fair at Florence, in October and November, brought millions to pay for their purchases; while the Florentine agents abroad remitted large sums. Although an inland city, Florence, by a treaty with Genoa, secured the privileges of a seaport, and it was by her wealth that much of the navigation of that age was supported; and the navigator who gave a name to our continent was a native citizen of the old Republic. In France they were too busy fighting, and in England the monks owned the largest flocks, and both priest and warrior often preferred to have their work done by subsidy; and so the wool was bought up by the Florentine commercial travellers, and turned into fine cloth by their workmen, and then re-distributed at an immense profit. Meantime commercial law was strictly enforced, that the credit of the free city might be secure; manuals of trade were published and observed; the bankers opened their accounts with a religious invocation, as if they were a last will and testament, — “In the name of God, Amen.” Their dry entries, made six hundred years ago, have now an historical significance. It is marvellous to consider how patience and energy overcame the difficulties of communication before the days, not only of telegraphs and steam, but of post-roads. Among the items of expense noticed in the Peruzzi books, we find the cost of an armed bark sent from Barletta to Rodi, in 1338, “to inform our correspondents of the news of war between England and France.” Their descendant gives us a list of the agents of his ancestral Bank between 1335 and 1338, with the amounts of salary, indicative at once of the exigencies and the primitive system of commerce in its first palmy days. The great fairs, held annually in London, Paris, Flanders, and minor towns of Britain and Italy, were the

grand resource of the banker and trader of those days; but the centres of capital were the Italian republics, and especially Florence; not only because of the sagacity and diligence of her citizens, but because they had united the material with the civic interests, the pecuniary with the patriotic aspirations, and so had reared a community where industry was not only an economical resource, and capital a private distinction, but both were elevated and concentrated by public spirit and local loyalty. It is curious to remark the directions given in one of the best accredited trade-manuals of the time in regard to the transportation of money; it is easy at Pisa, we are informed, during Easter, because the soldiers are then paid; dearer in Venice from May to September, because the galleys then go to the Levant; while the fair of Salerno makes it dear at Naples from September to March. Cathay and Armenia were as familiar in the correspondence of the old bankers as London and Paris.

These ancient commercial data throw specific light on the domestic economies of the thirteenth century. Count Peruzzi has collected from his ancestral financial record the household as well as the business expenses; so that we learn what it cost to live then and there: and what were the viands, the dresses, the *fêtas*, and the civic dues, — a valuable chapter for the student of political economy. In her best days, as Dante memorably testifies, Florence was frugal; indeed, we learn from Peruzzi's reference to the code that sumptuary laws were stringently enforced; the amount expended on gems and gold ornaments for a married woman was limited by law, as were the expenses of *fêtes* given by individual citizens, for which, in the case of illustrious strangers entitled to a grander hospitality, a special license was issued. These arbitrary laws (as we should regard them) were then cheerfully adopted to prevent the encroachments of luxury; but they became a dead letter when the large influx of the precious metals in-

cident to the discovery of America induced extravagance with which it was useless to contend.

Meantime the goldsmiths, whose quaint shops on the Ponte Vecchio so long after constituted a characteristic feature of the old city, were attaining the perfection still attested by the chalices, salt-cellar, and coinage of that far-away time; the festive luxury of Florence was again and again made manifest in honor of Papal, imperial, or royal visitors; the rich bankers were vibrating between their counting-houses and the Palazzo della Signoria, from mercantile to civic functions, and the people, by the skilful discipline of the factory, and the shrewd bargains of the mart, and through the performance of their frequent duties as counsellors of the state, were receiving that industrial and political education which raised their inland community to such pre-eminent influence and wealth. The statistics of this experience are given in detail and with authenticity by Chevalier Peruzzi. A mediæval physician's bill reveals the medical practice of the time, the drugs and perfumery of the *spezieria* then in vogue; the bust of the organist in the cathedral and the tributary verses to the harpist suggest how early music became a national economy and popular pastime; dowries, bridal outfits, church fees, and funeral expenses are carefully noted; rates of money values, the history of the sequin and florin, and the cost of commodities, give us a clear and correct idea of the public and private economies of Florence in the thirteenth century; and, associated therewith, we have brief memoirs of the leading bankers and merchants, a list of those established in England in 1228, and an account of the great fairs held at stated times, which served as the links and the arena of commercial intercourse and activity. We might imagine ourselves peering over the shoulders of the confidential clerk of the great house of Peruzzi, and learning the secret of their balances from 1331 to 1338; how much the family spent for dinner and wedding-feast, real estate

and masses, in charity and in journeys. We trace the course of mediæval trade by the locality of their agencies and regular correspondence, which included Avignon, Barletta, Bruges, Chiarenza, Cyprus, Genoa, London, Majorca, Naples, Paris, Pisa, Rodi, Castel di Castro in Sardinia, Sicily, Tunis, and Venice. Political events are interwoven with this programme of mercantile activity, and more or less modify it; not only a greater share in the political destinies of other states belonged to Florence, in her palmy days, because of her financial resources, but a larger meed of independence and a rare civic virtue were born of her freedom and self-reliance; the reforms of Giano della Bella, the measures to restrain clerical power, and the sagacious moderation of Michele di Lando during the memorable Revolution of the Ciompi, are among the fruits of popular civic training. It is amusing to mark the contrast between the costumes and physiognomy of those times and this record of hard work and social transitions. The illustrations of this volume indicate how the men and women of the thirteenth century, with all their republican pride and industry, delighted in fine fabrics and gay colors; and how far they had gone in reaching the luxury of tint and quality which is to-day the boast of French looms. A dyer of crimson looks, in doublet, hose, and mantle, like an operative hero, a *gonfaloniere di giustizia* as if he had walked out of Titian's canvas, a silk-winder as if she were a modern lady amusing herself with crochet-work and arrayed for a tryst; the Florentine noble gentleman of that day, perhaps as a satire, is portrayed with a face of amiable vacuity, but a rare dignity and taste distinguish the mien and toilet of the lady of rank. The mercantile traveller's pouch and girdle, the fac-similes of coins, chirography, and of the marks (*tessere*) or the talismans of financial agents, are all given, and bring singularly near to us the life of the time.

This period of Florentine grandeur, and its sources, are chronicled, not only

in her renowned architectural trophies, but on her by-ways and in minor buildings: although the edifices devoted to cloth-weaving in the streets of Prato, Alfani, Pinta, Pergola, etc., have long since given way to dwelling-houses, at some palace windows may yet be seen the iron rails of the weavers. An inscription in the Via Boccano, now Porta Rossa, attests its ancient industrial occupancy; the Corso dei Tintori and the Via Caldare are still suggestive of the days when labor won the palm of civic distinction; Florence had her streets Velluti and Vellutini, named for the family who gave their patronymic to the superior quality of cloth there first manufactured in the Middle Ages, — names afterwards changed to Maggiore and Maggio, on account of their great houses; coinage of the old Republic is preserved in her Galleries, records of her mercantile prowess in the archives of her public libraries; and the Via Bardi identifies the scenes of the mediæval sway of prosperous bankers of that name. Not many years since, there still remained one of the original dyeing-houses in the Borg' Ognissanti; while the old portraits and elaborate sepulchral monuments commemorate the aspect and chronicle the departure of the illustrious merchant citizens. If the distinctive architectural signs of mortal feud which marked the towers of Guelf and Ghibelline have disappeared with their faded banners, in the massive walls and gateways and iron-grated windows of the palaces we can yet trace the defensive precautions of civil war; and that old republican process of enlargement, wherein the growth of Florence was signalized by a new and wider circuit of walls, has, in our day, been repeated by the levelling of the venerable barrier and the spread of the old city far into its suburban vicinage.

The most remarkable chapter of Chevalier Peruzzi's work, in an historical point of view, is that which records the loans to Edward the Third of England by the Florentine bankers, especially the house of Bardi and his own, and the failure of their royal debtor to pay

his just debts. To this misfortune our author refers not only the downfall of his family fortunes, but the civic ruin of his native city. Edward's debts were the exigencies of a war which is described as the unjustifiable attempt of "English ambition to triumph over French patriotism," in other words, to unite the crowns of the two kingdoms in the person of the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, who already held John of Valois and Bruce of Scotland prisoners, and had laid the foundation of his country's greatness by his law reforms, concession of Parliamentary privileges, and resistance to Papal encroachments. Dependent for financial support on the appropriations made by the representative assembly, whose authority he had thus been obliged to propitiate and therefore increase, when failing to obtain the requisite funds he had recourse to the bankers of Florence, and borrowed one hundred and eighty thousand sterling of the Bardi, and one hundred and thirty-five of the Peruzzi. A royal decree in 1339 ordered the suspension of payments to the creditors of the state; hence the failure of the two leading and hitherto marvellously prosperous houses, involving numerous citizens in the downfall of these "pillars of Christian commerce and credit." The financial ruin thus initiated led to anarchy and thence to despotism: between that fatal year and 1346, the Republic vainly struggled against these subversive elements. The Duke of Athens, called by the factious citizens to temporary rule, by a *coup d'état*, usurped the civil authority, and, though soon displaced by popular revolution, his brief success and the consequent political divisions opened the way for that absolute rule of families which destroyed republican freedom in Italy: their wealth bought the sympathy of the people and maintained the sway thus basely obtained, through those dark and degraded eras when Lucca and Pisa so constantly changed their lords; when the Visconti were all-powerful at Milan, and allied to the royal families of France and England; when the house of Della Scala ruled in

Verona, that of Carrara in Padua, of Gonzaga in Mantua, of Malatesta in Rimini, and of Este in Ferrara; and when Florence fell under the epicurean and intellectual, but none the less absolute, rule of the Medici. In tracing these political transitions in the Republic to the bad faith of Edward the Third of England, Peruzzi dwells indignantly upon the silence of the British historians in regard to a catastrophe which, according to Philip de Commines, French ambassador to Edward the Fourth, was fresh in the minds of the English people a century later. The immediate personal and public consequences thereof are cited by documentary evidence concerning the details of sales of the Peruzzi estate to meet their obligations; the decree that certain duties paid to English custom-houses "shall *not* be conceded to the king's creditors"; feuds with the Medici and Albizzi, with the Strozzi for allies; imprisonment for debt in the dungeons of the Badia and Stinche; and, above all, the blindness and madness of the people despite the episode of the revolution of the *popolo minore* and the patriotic but brief ascendancy of Michele di Lando, — the shame of degenerate republicans who, from cupidity, lost their independence and ushered in the long unhappy history of the little principalities into which Italy was miserably divided. If thenceforth, in Florence, "there were intervals of prosperity and acts of wisdom, they were the last fruits of past greatness."

In the old *sala*, which corresponds to the Guildhall of London and our Chamber of Commerce, at Perugia, the decorations by Perugino include a symbolic delineation of pagan literature and Christian faith; Mars and the Madonna, Socrates and St. John, the adoration of the Magi and the Sibyls. Here the merchants used to meet, unite to hear mass, and rise from their knees to engage in the discussion of the exchange and the arrangement of commercial enterprises; and the apparently incongruous but really coincident agencies thus typified suggest how inti-

mately, in mediæval times, trade, art, and religion were associated in their pristine and simultaneous development. The thirteenth century has been truly called the "flower of living Christianity"; and the age of Guelph ascendancy not only crowned Florence with material prosperity, but was the era of her greatest intellectual benefactions; for then and there Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, while initiating the standard verse and prose of their native literature, also revived the learning which gave birth to modern European culture; while art's pioneers in Italy appeared in Cimabue and Giotto. The original vigor and beauty of these intellectual triumphs owe their purity and power to the civic freedom and the industrial activity which gave vital scope to the social development of the time. The victory of Campaldino had confirmed and concentrated the sway of the Guelph party; the strife of families and factions was appeased by a truce based on mutual interests and emphasized by intermarriages. The adjacent feudal strongholds were gradually absorbed into the enlarged circle of the city's walls; beautiful churches — Santa Maria de' Fiori, Santa Maria Novella, Santa Croce and San Spirito — arose; the matchless Campanile was uplifted in graceful aspiration beside the grand Cathedral and the Baptistery; the Palazzo della Signoria, where free Italy now convenes her representatives, was reared on the site of the razed abode of the obnoxious Uberti; the Arti Maggiori and Minori were sagaciously organized under their respective banners; and a commission of five citizens belonging to the former guild compiled a commercial code, to preserve the discipline and good faith essential to the credit of the Republic. Allied to the Church, but more independent of her than any other state; with many of the European sovereigns under financial obligations to her merchants or looking to them for the means of conquest and self-preservation; the encroachments of her own nobility effectually checked by the supremacy

of industry over rank; and freed from immediate danger by the opportune demise of the most powerful enemies of the Republic, — circumstances and character at that memorable epoch had placed her fortunes on a firm basis of civic independence and external influence, which at once preserved her freedom and fostered her resources.

The great practical lesson we derive from this unique local chronicle is that social like individual prosperity is the

fruit of that equilibrium of moral instincts we call character, industry being exalted by patriotism and refined by culture in the recognized interest of faith and freedom; and that when this benign harmony of the elemental forces of a state is vitally disturbed by the supremacy of selfish ambition or the encroachments of material luxury, civic virtue wanes, and republican integrity ceases to inspire and uphold national life.

BONAPARTE, AUG. 15, 1769. — HUMBOLDT, SEPT. 14, 1769.

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight sound,
Set back the flaming index of the year,
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their round
Through fivescore circles of the swinging sphere.

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea
That cleaves the storm-cloud with its snowy crest,
The embryo heir of empires yet to be,
A month-old babe upon his mother's breast.

Those little hands, that soon shall grow so strong
In their rude grasp great thrones shall rock and fall,
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song
Holds the world's master in its slender thrall.

Look! a new crescent bends its silver bow;
A new-lit star has fired the eastern sky;
Hark! by the river where the lindens blow
A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror! His the vast domain,
Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed lands:
Earth and the weltering kingdom of the main
Laid their broad charters in his royal hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,
Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or porch;
He read the record of the planet's page
By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods ;
On the salt steppes he saw the starlight shine ;
He scaled the mountain's windy solitudes,
And trod the galleries of the breathless mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung lyre,
No problem vague, by torturing schoolmen vexed ;
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,
Nor skulked and scowled behind a Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly robe
That priestly shoulders counted all their own,
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe,
And led young Science to her empty throne.

While the round planet on its axle spins
One fruitful year shall boast its double birth,
And show the cradles of its mighty twins,
Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never fade,
Sweet with fair memories that can never die ?
Ask not the marbles where their bones are laid,
But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers' cry :—

“Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,
Like mandrakes shrieking as they quit the soil !
Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit
That sucks its crimson from the heart of Toil !

“We claim the food that fixed our mortal fate :
Bend to our reach the long-forbidden tree !
The angel frowned at Eden's eastern gate,—
Its western portal is forever free !

“Bring the white blossoms of the waning year,
Heap with full hands the peaceful conqueror's shrine
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's tear !
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute thine !”

September 14, 1869.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne. By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, M. A. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A FACULTY hardly less delightful than Montaigne's, for presenting curious and interesting facts of history, is the power which would attract the reader to these volumes even if they wanted all philosophical character; and it is probable that if Mr. Lecky's theory of morals should some time go the way of the other philosophies the charming discursiveness of his work will keep it in lasting request and favor. It is written in a style as far as may be from what we call, in modern studies of the past, picturesque; there is no effort to be vivid in the statement or grouping of facts, and no straining for novelty in the relation given to events. The fruits of singularly wide research are offered with the same simplicity and modesty as the common stock of historical knowledge is shown; and a perfect moderation of assertion consists with perfect firmness throughout the work.

We imagine that wrong to Mr. Lecky and injustice to his book may come from the misgiving and caprice of readers. In a world full of cares and books, it will not seem probable to every one that he will be able to read Mr. Lecky's two volumes through, and the doubter will turn to that division of it which treats of the subject most interesting to him. Probably the average unphilosophical reader will peruse the last chapter (on "The Position of Women") first, and leave the introductory chapter (on "The Natural History of Morals") for the last; and the disadvantages of this indirect approach will afterwards be felt throughout. Yet no error on the reader's part can rob the book of its fascination, — the delight of its prodigal and varied knowledge, — or prevent him from feeling the nobility and beauty of philosophy that finds the source of all morality in humanity's consciousness of the existence of right and wrong, however men may temporarily err as to what is right and what is wrong; and teaches that virtue is to be desired wholly for its own sake, and not because those who have loved it best have always

or even generally been the happiest. There is a prevailing tone of sadness in the book, the pensiveness of the disillusion of vast inquiry; but this melancholy never touches its conclusions with doubt, or leaves the reader in question whether truth and goodness are themselves or no, — or, being what they are, are other than eternally and supremely desirable.

The lofty spirit, the belief that humanity can know the right and will naturally prefer it, are, with the widest tolerance, often the only characteristics of Mr. Lecky of which we feel certain; and the peculiarly unprophetic quality of his faith increases the doubt which the reader sometimes feels, whether the author regards Christianity as the final means of advancing morals and regenerating the world, or whether he considers it as only one of several systems to promote such an end. The entire preparation for his survey of the effects of Christianity upon morals throughout the ancient world recognizes so fully and cordially the existence among good pagans of love for those virtues which we call the Christian virtues, that the chapter on "The Pagan Empire" might almost appear an expression of regret for the substitution of its philosophies by the new religion, if the author did not distinctly admit their insufficiency to affect the mass of mankind; and in the ensuing chapter, on "The Conversion of Rome," the horrors attending the propagation of Christianity, the truculence, fanaticism, and superstition of the early Christians, are so effectively painted that it might well seem the work of an unfriendly hand, if Mr. Lecky did not so clearly and candidly represent the necessity of uniting religion and morality, and so strongly portray the heroism, self-devotion, and philanthropy springing from mere impulse toward a profound and living religion. A mind like Mr. Lecky's, so judicial and just, is won with that catholic toleration of every form of intellectual inquiry which characterized the pagan empire; and the doubtful balance is turned in favor of Christian times chiefly by the superior force in humanizing mankind which Christianity has shown. Mr. Lecky does not love liberality less, but he loves philanthropy more.

We should, however, do him injustice if

we represented him as in any degree a sentimentalist. There is here and there a touch of mournful poetry in his work, but he always "means business," and the elevation of his philosophy is an effort of strong common sense. He seldom looks forward; he looks back and to the right and left about him; he confesses the evil often done by men's good-will, and the good done by their errors and crimes, yet does not doubt that benevolence is the usefulest as it is the first impulse of human nature. On the whole the effect is to strengthen the reader somewhat, and to sadden him a good deal. Every man must take hope from the spectacle of his race struggling in every time and age towards the light, and striving to subdue its evils as soon as it discovered them; but while marking the slow progress from epoch to epoch and religion to religion, and contemplating the fact that some evils which have always existed exist to-day in full vigor, he must be sobered in his speculations and inclined to postpone the millennium yet several years. We do not know of any passage in the book which assumes so nearly a complexion of despair as that treating of the relations of the sexes; yet even here the effect may be almost wholly in the exceptional reader. The chapter is at any rate the most interesting of all, and that destined to be the most generally and carefully studied. We think it must also be admired for the delicacy and purity of its thought, its reverence and tenderness for the ideal of womanhood, its compassion for those lapses which more than all other vices have filled the world with shame and sorrow. In this chapter Mr. Lecky diverges more frequently from the strictly historical line than in the others, yet it is the one in which his careful and wide research appears to the greatest advantage. The first chapter, on "The Natural History of Morals," is mainly a discussion of the points of difference between the Utilitarian and Intuitive Schools of Moralists (with powerful, and, as we think, perfectly convincing, reasons for adhering to the latter), and a consideration of the order in which the moral feelings are developed. The second chapter, on "The Pagan Empire," is a study of the principles of stoicism, epicureanism, eclecticism, and Neoplatonism, in their relation to the corrupt political and social life of the Empire. "The Conversion of Rome" depicts Christianity in the same attitude; denies the theory that miracles had any con-

siderable influence in converting the pagans, and shows the insufficiency of persecutions to check the advance of any religion; and the fourth chapter, on the state of morals from Constantine to Charlemagne, notices the gradual extinction of slavery, the growth of charity, or, rather, almsgiving, and of asceticism, the decline of the civic virtues, the rise of monkish learning and the military and aristocratic spirit, and of the final consecration of secular rank. All these chapters are more historical than the last; but they are all less interesting to mankind at large; though it may be questioned whether we Americans may not derive as much instruction from contemplation of the analogies between our own civilization and condition and those of the pagan and Christian empire, which suggest themselves throughout the second and third chapters, as from reading yet once more of the much-vexed woman problem. But the whole work is one to be cordially welcomed and thoroughly read.

The History and Philosophy of Marriage; or, Polygamy and Monogamy compared. By a Christian Philanthropist. "There shall be no widows in the land, for I will marry them all; there shall be no orphans, for I will father them all."—*Old Play*. Boston: James Campbell.

THERE is a mingling of gayety and seriousness in this title which at once fixes the attention. As if it were not sufficiently surprising that a Christian Philanthropist should call himself so flattering a name, our author chooses for the motto of a book commending polygamy to the public favor a light-minded sentiment from an Old Play, which, one's heart misgives one, can have no very improving context. It is, in fact, quite all that we can do to accept him at his own valuation; even with the indorsement of the courageous literary gentlemen who have read the proof-sheets of his book, and who, while dissenting from his conclusions, declare his work written with "knowledge, candor, and evident honesty of purpose," and entitled to "attention, respect, and refutation by those competent to meet the arguments presented with other arguments." But for this testimony of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Sanborn, we should have had no hesitation in pronouncing this Christian Philanthropist a Silly Quack; and as it is, we feel almost sure his book

is as trivial in point of study and research as it is mediocre and vulgar in manner.

As for the arguments in favor of polygamy presented by our author, we must refuse to consider them in the "presence of ladies," for reasons hinted at by Mr. Wegg as lying in the way of a full explanation of the difference between the Russian and the Roman Empires. We must own that there is Scripture for polygamy, and that if sufficiently extended it would put an end to the existing form of the social evil, and would restore the lost numerical balance of the sexes by giving every lady a husband,—more or less. But polygamy is a boon which, like the ballot, ought not to be bestowed unsought by the sex supposed to be blest in receiving it,—though whether they ever were thus blest might well be doubted by the faithful reader of the Old Testament, and of the contemporary "interviews" with Brigham Young and other Mormon saints. It may be true that old maids and unfortunates do not abound in polygamous society, but neither do happy wives; and, if it were necessary to treat our author seriously, it would seem a sufficient answer to call his notice to the fact that while monogamy leaves some women to die unwed, and many to be ruined, it does here and there create a home and make women happy; while polygamy degrades and disgraces all women, and, satisfying no desire of the heart, while glutting the lust of the flesh, unutterably deforms the relation of marriage, and founds a harem or a brothel under every roof.

But fortunately there is nothing in the whole book that calls for serious treatment, unless it is the author's failure to suggest some way out of the difficulties of courtship, which would at once indefinitely multiply themselves if polygamy were introduced. It is all very well for your Mormon, who can confer glory in the world to come, along with the honor of a share of his hand in this; but in our less religious communities no honest man could pretend to do such a thing; and what prospect or advantage the polygamously-minded celibate, or the already twice or thrice wedded wooer could offer instead of it, our author neglects to say. We should have to fall back upon the patriarchal and Mohammedan method of acquiring the ladies from their parents; or the ladies must act upon Doctor Bushnell's notion, and become themselves the wooers. In this, as in everything else, it is the first step that costs, and we think it is not the

part of a true Christian Philanthropist to leave us in the dark as to how this first step is to be made. At present we can see only one way in which the great reform could be proposed, and we do not feel very confident in regard to this. Some people—we will allow that they are not the wisest people, though it may be worth while, once for all, to silence them—hold that nothing is required to put an end to all the pother about woman's right to vote and to be paid a man's wages for a man's work, but to give a husband to each of the agitators. Why then should not the Christian Philanthropist,—if he *is* a Christian Philanthropist, and not a Pagan Misanthrope in disguise,—appear in person at the next convention, and try (on his principle that half a loaf is better than none) if the offer of *part* of a husband would not suffice to hush the clamor? He himself is in a position to become an unimpeded sacrifice to the truth, being, as he tells us, a bachelor; and though we by no means think it just always to hold the preacher to the practice of his own precepts, we are really almost persuaded that it is a duty in the present case.

COL. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK'S *Sketch of his Campaign in the Illinois in 1778-9*. With an Introduction by HON. HENRY PIRTLE, of Louisville, and an Appendix containing the Public and Private Instructions to Col. Clark, and Major Bowman's Journal of the Taking of Post St. Vincents. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co.

THE publishers of the Ohio Valley Historical Series here follow the narrative of Colonel Bouquet's Expedition against the Ohio Indians (already noticed in these pages), with another volume possessing the same curious interest for the student of history, and the same fascination for the lover of exquisitely printed books; for the series, so far, is luxurious in paper and binding, and in typographical execution is surpassed by few productions of the American press.

Colonel Clark's campaign was a very brief one, and in fighting not particularly arduous, as would appear from his own showing; but it was full of daring, and heroic endurance; it resulted immediately in the reduction of the British military posts between the Ohio and Mississippi, thus giving tranquillity to all the frontier

settlements, and it finally secured to us all that vast territory. But for this conquest, planned by a young Virginian of twenty-five, and promptly and secretly effected with the aid of a few hundred Kentucky backwoodsmen, the Paris treaty of 1782 would probably have fixed the western boundary of the United States at the Alleghanies instead of the Mississippi River; for England, France, and Spain, all laid claim to the domain which was decided ours in virtue of Clark's reduction of the British forts and establishment of American posts in the wilderness.

A little of the romance which belongs to all French colonial history hangs about Colonel Clark's unconscious page, and his sketch affords here and there a glimpse of the life of the *habitans* in the old seventeenth-century settlements of the French at Kaskaskias, Cohokia, and St. Vincents; but for the most part it is a plain and summary account of the military operations, and depends for its chief interest upon the view it affords of the character of as brave and shrewd a soldier and as bad a speller as ever lived. Some of his strokes in orthography are unrivalled by the studied grotesqueness of Artemus Ward or Mr. Yellowplush; he declares with perfect good faith that on a certain occasion he was very much "adjutated"; and it is quite indifferent to him whether he write priviledge, happiniss, coming, attacted, adjutation, suckcess, leathergy, intilligence, silicit, acoutriments, refutial, and anctious, or the more accepted forms of the same words, as, like a *bona fide* bad speller, he is quite as apt to do. The account of his campaign is in the form of a letter to the Hon. George Mason, of Gunston Hall, Virginia, and it is given with the most familiar frankness and with the greatest spirit. You perceive that he understands all the importance of his achievements, and is profoundly glad and proud of his success,—or suckcess, as he prefers to call it,—yet there is nothing that is the least offensive in his pride and self-satisfaction. He reproduces in full all the harangues he made to the Indians; and no man, he thinks, know how to manage your savage better.

"I sent letters and speeches by Capt. Helms to the chief of the Kickebues and Peankeshaws residing at Post St. Vincents desiring them to lay down their Tomahawk, and if they did not chuse it, to behave like Men and fight for the English as they had done, but they would see their great father as they called him given to the Dogs to eat.

(gave Harsh language to supply the want of Men; well knowing that it was a mistaken notion in many that soft speeches was best for Indians.)"

During the siege of St. Vincents, a party of warriors returning from a raid upon the white settlements fell into Clark's hands.

"I had now a fair opportunity of making an impression on the Indians that I could have wished for; that of convincing them, that Governour Hamilton could not give them that protection that he had made them to believe he could, and in some measure to insence the Indians against him for not Exerting himself to save that Friends: Ordered the Prisoners to be Tomahawked in the face of the Garrison. It had the effect that I expected: insted of making their friends inviterate against us, they upbraided the English Parties in not trying to save their friends and gave them to understand that they believed them to be liers and no Warriars."

But our soldier could show mercy when it was advisable to do so, and he tells how upon an occasion, after he had "given harsh language" to certain offending Indians until he had driven them to despair, and after "they had tried their Elloquence to no purpose, they pitched on two Young Men for to be put to death as an attoneement for the rest hoping that would passify me; It would have surprised You to have seen how submissively those two Young Men presented themselves for Death, advancing into the middle of the floor, setting down by each other and covering their heads with their Blankets to receive the Tomahawk (Peace was what I wanted with them, if I got it on my own terms.) but this stroke Prejudiced me in their favour, and for a few moments (I) was so adjutated that I dont doubt but that I should without reflection (*have*) killed the first man that would have offered to have offered to have hurt them."

Colonel Clark was no less severe and mighty in language with the English than with the Indians, and to Hamilton, Governor of St. Vincents, a man execrated throughout the border as the inciter of Indian raids and massacres, he sent as soon as he appeared before the fort, "a flag with a hand Bill; Commanded Mr. Hamilton to surrender his Garrison, & severe threats if he destroyed any Letters, &c." "I at first," he adds, concerning certain terms asked, "had no notion of listning to anything he had to say as I could only consider

himself & Officers as Murderers, And intended to treat them as such; but, after some deliberation I sent Mr. Hamilton my Compliments, and begged leave to inform him that I should agree to no other terms than his surrendering himself and Garrison Prisoners at discretion; but if he was desirous of a conference with me I would meet him at the Church. We accordingly met, he Offered to surrender but we could not agree upon terms. He received such treatment on this Conference as a Man of his known Barbarity deserv'd. I would not come upon terms with him, and recommend'd to him to defend himself with spirit and Bravery, that it was the only thing that would induce me to treat him and his Garrison with Lenity in case I stormed it which he might expect."

Among the French *habitans* and "Spaniards," Clark had only agreeable experiences. The French were everywhere glad to change their allegiance from the King to the Congress, when they found the Americans were not the murderous savages they had been taught to believe them. At Kaskaskias, the friendly priest asked if Clark would "give him liberty to perform his duty in his Church. I told him," says the young colonel, "I had nothing to do with Churches more than to defend them from Insult. That by the laws of the State his Religion had as great Privileges as any other: This seem'd to compleat their happiness. They returned to their families, and in a few minutes the sear of mourning and distress, was turned to an excess of Joy, nothing else seen nor heard. Adorning the streets with flowers & Pavilions of different colours, compleating their happiness by singing, &c."

When he left Kaskaskias to attack St. Vincents, he says: "We were Conducted out of the Town by the Inhabitants and Mr. Jaboth the Priest, who after a very suitable Discourse to the purpose, gave us all Absolution,"—a favor which many of that backwoods crew must have been at a loss to appreciate. We must indulge ourselves in one more quotation from this quaint and racy piece of history; it is the postscript of the letter:—

"As for the description of the Illinois Country which you seem so anxious for you may expect to have by the ensuing fall as I expect by that Period to be able to give you a more Gen'l Idea of it. this You may take for granted that its more Beautiful than any Idea I could have formed

of a Country almost in a state of Nature, every thing you behold is an Additional Beauty; On the River You'll find the finest Lands the Sun ever shone on; In the high Country You will find a Variety of Poor & Rich Lands with large Meadows extending beyond the reach of Your Eyes Varigated with groves of Trees appearing like Islands in the Seas, covered with Buffloes and other Game; in many Places with a good Glass You may see all those that is on their feet in half a Million of Acres; so level is the Country, which some future day will excell in Cattle. The Settlements of the Illinois commenced about one hundred Years ago by a few Traders from Canada. my Reflections on that head its situation the probability of a flourishing Trade the state of the Country at Present what its capable of Producing, My opinion Respecting the cause of those extensive Plains &c, the Advantages arising by strong fortifications and Settlements at the mouth of Ohio. The different Nations of Indians, their Traditions, Numbers, &c., you may expect in my next."

This seems to us less pleasant as it concerns a region now so utterly changed by civilization, than it is delicious in its literary character. The brave colonel has here heaped all his most amusing peculiarities, and it is a *résumé* of his own educational defects as well as of the Illinois country's natural advantages.

The letter is now printed for the first time. We heartily commend it to all who love to taste history at its sources, or who enjoy character. It is a curious contrast to the polite narrative of Colonel Bouquet; but it is quite as interesting, and the deeds it records have turned out of vastly greater consequence than those which the brave Swiss performed.

Army Life in a Black Regiment. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE lively national mind is dwelling upon the Chinese rather than the negro at present, and, if the whole truth must be told, is doubtless a little jaded by the thought of a race with which it was really occupied a long time,—for such a *very* lively national mind. At the best it is a good deal like a woman's mind: a thing pleases and interests again and again, and there is no reason to believe that it will not do so forever: repeat it yet once more, and *presto!* it is of all

things the most disgusting, and was always, *always* hated. This fatal pass has been almost attained with the negro; and we should not therefore venture to commend Colonel Higginson's book if it were a celebration of the negro in any of his familiar aspects of martyr or hero, or his present "transition state" of bore, however we might praise it as excellent and charming literature. As our readers know, who have already made acquaintance with much of it in these pages, it is a series of carefully wrought studies of negro character as a phase of humanity, and of graphically recounted episodes of regimental or personal adventure, all full of the peculiar life and color of Southern scenery. A man who took command of the first negro regiment formed during the war, who led it throughout the struggle, and who, having fought the Rebels, turned and fought the more disgraceful government for the pay of its true and faithful soldiers, might be expected to write in a spirit of extravagance and even exaggeration; but there is nothing of this kind in Colonel Higginson's records, and nothing is more taking in him than his perfect temperance and reserve. As to the different parts of the book, it has its better and worse; and we suppose the "Camp-Diary" is the best; it came first and freshest, and is certainly easiest in manner. In some other chapters, as "A Night in the Water," the premeditation of effect and the literary purpose are plainer; and generally we should say that we like our author most when he does not remember that he is an essayist as well as an officer.

A very delightful quality in many of his reminiscences is their familiar and kindly, not to say domestic tone. He is not only proud of those picturesque, brave black soldiers, but he has an affection for his simple

childlike warriors that is almost paternal; and in this feeling toward his regiment all its circumstances are given a home-like air. It would be hard to find anywhere a prettier bit of *genre* than that account of "The Baby of the Regiment": the various contrasts of the whole situation are most delicately and artfully suggested; the softness and sweetness of the Quartermaster's baby, and the accommodation of the camp-life's rudeness to its lovely helplessness and innocence, are shown with the happiest touches. "Out on Picket" pleases us almost as well, in a quite different way; and we have no need to recall to our readers the charm of its pictures, and its agreeable humor. It has attractions common to all the sketches, with not so much of the analytical tendency as some. A faculty to which we are indebted for such faithful and accurate work as this, however, is one that is scarcely to be blamed even when it wearies; we are not certain that it quite does this, and are not prepared to say more than that sometimes we could wish a little more pencil and a little less scalpel.

The beauty of Colonel Higginson's style is something that one is so apt to enjoy unconsciously, that we must make a point of speaking of it. The nature of his subject has relieved him in this book of the care which he sometimes, however seldom, feels, to write finely, and he has throughout written delightfully. The diction is always clear and bright, with just sufficient movement to have the graces that distinguish good prose from bad rhythm; and that excellent taste and moderation with which the papers are written is thoroughly imparted to it. As we remember, it never oversteps the modesty of the best English, and even in its negative qualities is full of comfort and enjoyment in these days of verbal attitudinizing.

ATLANTIC ADVERTISER & MISCELLANY

No. CXLV. NOVEMBER, 1869.

MR. WHIPPLE'S NEW WORK. — "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" has already taken its place among the best and most exhaustive critical surveys of the Elizabethan period. Mr. Richard Grant White contributes an admirable paper on the subject to a late number of "The Galaxy." "Mr. Whipple," says the writer, "has done well to gather his essays on 'The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth' into a volume; or, such is the unity of purpose, feeling, and method in this volume, perhaps it might better be said that his book upon Elizabethan Literature will be better received from its having been first made known in the form of lectures and afterward in that of essays published in the 'Atlantic Magazine.' The book consists of a series of careful, thoughtful, penetrative studies of the mental and moral traits of the greatest men of the greatest age of English history. There is hardly a writer in the country so capable of such a treatment of such a series of subjects as the author of 'Character and Characteristic Men'; and it may safely be said that through this book more real insight may be had into the spirit of that time than can be obtained by means of the works of any one other critical author. Mr. Whipple has the faculty of uniting the power of subtle analysis with the weight of common sense, of enthusiasm with sobriety, of wide sympathy with a strong individuality, of close study with a remarkable freedom of mental action. He is thorough, and at times profound; but he does not overwhelm us with his profundity. There are those, particularly among the Germans, who dive deeper than he, and stay down longer, but then they come up dirtier. Mr. Whipple is always as clean, as supple, and as light of foot as an acrobat.

"No Elizabethan writer of any note is neglected in this volume, the principal figure in which is, of course, Shakespeare. Mr. Whipple's analysis of the springs and methods of his power may be safely followed by those who need a guide to the comprehension of the poet mind which many fail to attain who have a complete apprehension and thorough enjoyment of his poetry. But in reading his two chapters on the divine playwright and money-making poet, we have less impression than from the other parts of the book, of Mr. Whipple's power of original, independent thought. Probably a juster and more thoroughly sympathetic appreciation of Shakespeare was never written; but to whom shall it be given, in these days, to place any one of the countless facets of this matchless brilliant of letters under a new ray of light? . . .

"Of Spenser Mr. Whipple writes with a loving admiration which again justifies the judgments pronounced on the author of the 'The Fairy Queen,' — that he is the poet's poet; for there is much more poetry in some of Mr. Whipple's criticism than there is in much of many a professed and lauded poet's verse. . . .

"A notably beautiful and true passage of this essay is that in which Spenser's feeling toward woman is analyzed, and the difference between his women and Shakespeare's is shown with delicate and firm discrimination.

"The most admirable part of Mr. Whipple's excellent book, however, is, in my judgment, its two chapters on Bacon. In less than one hundred pages we have here

an appreciation of Bacon which will be found more satisfactory than all else that has been written upon him. For here the whole man, moral and intellectual, is set down before us, and we are shown the manner of his thinking, his feeling, and his acting. Mr. Whipple rejects, with a brevity that implies some scorn, the notion commonly entertained that the author of 'The Advancement of Learning' could be the meanest of mankind; but he does not allow himself to be deluded into laudation of Bacon as a pure and noble soul. He sees clearly that the great philosopher, although not a bad man or a mean one, was not single-eyed or single-handed. He lacked passion and he lacked prejudice; and they who are without those qualities of mind are, unless they are also among the most unselfish of their race, which he was not, rarely able to commit themselves to any cause or any personal attachment so entirely, so without reserve or possibility of afterthought, as to escape the accusation of instability, and even of unfaithfulness. This characteristic of Bacon's mind Mr. Whipple develops in such a masterly way that we are reminded by it of Falstaff's speech, 'I know ye as well as he that made ye.' Nor does Mr. Whipple shrink from the task of assigning Bacon his place among philosophers, which he performs with an exhibition of knowledge and sound judgment that must command the respect, and, it would seem, the assent of philosophers and men of science. This part of his essay will be found very instructive by the many who are accustomed to think of Bacon as the Father of Inductive Philosophy, and even by the better-informed and more thoughtful reader, who thinks of him as the discoverer of the modern method of philosophical investigation. But all of Mr. Whipple's book is instructive; and there cannot be found within two covers so thorough, so trustworthy, and so pleasant an exposition of the qualities that made the Elizabethan age the glory of all Anglo-Saxon people."

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. — Mr. Charles Dickens, in one of his best-humored after-dinner speeches, at the entertainment to the Harvard and Oxford crews, in eulogizing the pluck displayed by the Harvard men throughout the contest, took occasion to pay a deserved compliment to Mr. R. H. Dana, Junior. "Remember," said he, "that it is to one who was an undergraduate of Harvard that we owe about the best sea book in the language, 'Two Years Before the Mast.'"

THACKERAY'S MISCELLANIES. — The first two volumes of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s Household Edition of Thackeray's Miscellanies are now published and will be rapidly followed by the remaining volumes of the series. The initial collection embraces "The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon," "The Great Hogarty Diamond," "Burlesques," "Diary of C. Jeames De La Pluche, Esq.," "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," "A Legend of the Rhine," "Rebecca and Rowena," "The History of the New Revolution," and "Cox's Diary." The second volume contains "The Paris Sketch Book," "The Yellowplush Papers," "The Irish Sketch Book," and "Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo."

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC FOR 1870 is of the same general character as its predecessors of 1868 and 1869. Filling a place wholly unoccupied by any other annual, the ATLANTIC ALMANAC became a success at once, and is now looked forward to with as much certainty as the "Atlantic Monthly" or the "North American Quarterly Review."

In view of the variety and merit of its literary contents, the number and excellence of its illustrations, and the fulness and value of its statistical and astronomical matter, the publishers feel assured that the Almanac for 1870 will prove as acceptable to the public as the previous issues of the work.

Edward Everett Hale contributes a characteristic paper entitled "The Modern Sindbad, or Thirty-One States in Thirty Days," which is followed by a long pastoral poem called "Bopeep," by Mr. William D. Howells. "My First Waltz," by Thackeray, is a delicious sketch that will be new to most readers. William Cullen Bryant gives an admirable specimen of his translation of Homer, now in the press of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. The other poems in this number are from the pens of J. T. Trowbridge, Alfred Tennyson, Nora Perry, Lewis Carroll, and the author of the "The Gates Ajar." Mr. Higginson's capital article on "Swimming," Professor Lowell's "A Good Word for Winter," Mr. Brewer's essay on "The Song-Birds of America," and Miss Kate Field's account of her visit to the Adirondacks, are a brand of literary wine that needs no bush. "Little Miss Wren" by Mary Russell Mitford, "Chops the Dwarf," by Charles Dickens, "Head Work on the Farm," by the author of "Ten Acres Enough," and "John Smith," a chapter from Mr. Sherwood's "Comic History of the United States," now in press, complete the list of contents.

The Almanac is profusely illustrated from designs by the most skillful of American artists. The pictures are both attractive in their subjects and excellent as works of art, adding greatly to the interest and value of the Almanac. The astronomical and statistical tables have been prepared expressly for this work by competent and careful hands. It is believed that the Atlantic Almanac combines all that is useful in any almanac, with all that is best in illustrated Annuals. The price remains unchanged, — fifty cents per copy.

CATHERINE, A STORY, by the author of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," etc., will be new to the majority of Thackeray's readers in this country. The story of "Catherine," which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1839 — 40, was written by Mr. Thackeray, under the name of Ikey Solomons, Jun., to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal.

With this purpose the author chose for the subject of his narrative a woman named Catherine Hayes, who was burned in Tyburn, in 1726, for the deliberate murder of her husband, under very revolting circumstances. Mr. Thackeray's aim obviously was to describe the career of this wretched woman and her associates with such fidelity to truth as to exhibit the danger and folly of investing such persons with heroic and romantic qualities.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have published "Catherine" in a neat pamphlet, at thirty-five cents. The story will also be included in the Household Edition of "Thackeray's Miscellanies," now in course of publication by the same firm.

TROWBRIDGE'S POEMS. — Speaking of Mr. Trowbridge's new volume, "The Vagabonds and Other Poems," the *New York Daily Times* remarks: "Al-

though this collection will be chiefly sought for its first and principal poem, which has achieved such merited popularity, there are others in its company no less worthy in respect of melody and profound human sympathy. Mr. Trowbridge has a tender and loving sense of the temptations and sufferings and struggles of his fellow-beings, and the unfortunate of every sort have in him a natural friend. Of such stuff poets should be made, and if these unpretending pieces do not always soar to the highest range of lyrical composition, they exhibit some precious qualities which justify praise and liking. Those who do not possess 'The Vagabonds' will find it in this volume in a pleasanter form to our mind than any in which it has yet appeared."

There is another poem in this collection which has enjoyed a popularity equal to that of The "Vagabonds," — the whimsical account of "Darius Green and his Flying Machine." In the way of rollicking verse and genuine native humor there is nothing better in the Ingoldsby Legends.

GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE ATLANTIC PROVINCES. — This volume (now in press by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.) gives the scientific results of two journeys along the Brazilian coast, and in the interior of the Empire, made by Professor Hartt, as an *attaché* of the Thayer Expedition, during the years 1865 — 1867. It treats more particularly of the physical features as dependent on their geological structure, and of the influence which these have had on its climate, the distribution of its animals and plants, its habitability, and its agricultural resources. Especial care has been taken to describe the coast provinces, and to give information concerning their lands and of their productions, natural and agricultural.

The geology of the provinces explored by Professor Hartt is described in detail, and to this is added a carefully prepared sketch of the geology of the rest of the Empire, drawn from the labors of Agassiz, and the other members of the Thayer Expedition as well as those of previous explorers, so that for the first time we have an attempt made to give a connected geological history of Brazil.

A clear account is given of the gold, diamond, coal, and other mines of the Empire. The coral reef discovered by Professor Hartt, and the curious storm reefs, so long a puzzle to travellers, are described in a very interesting way. The subject of the former existence of glaciers in Brazil is thoroughly examined, and new and convincing proof is brought forward to establish the fact, first announced by Professor Agassiz, that glaciers once existed under the very equator.

An interesting chapter is devoted to a description of the celebrated cannibal tribe of the Botocudos, whose manners, customs, and language Professor Hartt studied on the spot.

This work will commend itself to the general as well as to the scientific reader, and will be of especial practical value to those who visit Brazil, either as tourists, or with views to establishing commercial relations.

THE UNCLE SAM SERIES. — First-class literature for young readers forms a noticeable feature in Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.'s catalogue of publications for the autumn. "The Uncle Sam Series" for American children deserves to be popular on account of the excellence as well as the novelty of its design. Four volumes of the set are now ready. The first contains the delightful legend of "Rip Van Winkle's Nap," by Mr. Stedman, illustrated with full-page pictures in colors by S. Ettinge, Jr. The "Story of Columbus" is told very graphically by Mr. Trowbridge, and illustrated by Mr. Fredericks, who also

contributes the drawings to Mr. Stoddard's spirited narrative of "Putnam the Brave." "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," by Bayard Taylor, with illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr., occupies the fourth volume. The subjects treated of in this series are drawn entirely from American history and American legend, and cannot fail to be read with fresh interest by thousands who are familiar with the stories, and with intense delight by those who read them for the first time in the "Uncle Sam Series." Believing that intelligent parents will regard with peculiar favor an attempt to secure for their children reading which shall at once be entertaining and instructive, the publishers have taken special pains to make this series worthy of universal acceptance. In its production they have been so fortunate as to enlist the pens of four very popular writers and the pencils of two of our most skilful artists. The pictures are entirely new, having been designed expressly for the text.

The "Uncle Sam Series" is bound in beautifully illuminated covers, and sold at sixty cents per copy.

ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, is interesting, not only for its admirable studies of negro character, and its spirited recital of adventures by land and water, but possesses peculiar value as being the record of the pioneer regiment of freedmen, including the very first black soldiers enlisted in the United States service. Depicting a unique phase of army life, it will always hold an important place in the literature of the Rebellion.

THE BALLADS OF NEW ENGLAND, by John Greenleaf Whittier, profusely illustrated by Fredericks, Eytinge, Fenn, Homer, Perkins, Colman, Darley, Hennessy, and Ehninger, will be regarded as one of the most elegant volumes ever issued from an American press. Many of the drawings were made upon the spot which they illustrate, and all of them have been most carefully engraved under the supervision of Mr. Anthony. Of the ballads themselves, it is only necessary to say that they are the choicest that Mr. Whittier has written. The volume contains "Telling the Bees," "My Playmate," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," "Amy Wentworth," "The Countess," "Mary Garvin," "The Ranger," "The Wreck of the Rivermouth," and "The Changeling." The engravings are fifty-eight in number, not including the vignettes and ornaments drawn by Mr. John Harley. Though these ballads are as familiar as household words, they will be re-read with fresh pleasures in their present exquisite form.

SYBARIS AND OTHER HOMES.—Mr. Edward Everett Hale's third collection of tales will be warmly welcomed by the readers of "If, Yes, and Perhaps," and "The Ingham Papers." Mr. Hale's new book will contain the "Trip to Sybaris," and "A Week in Sybaris," which the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* well remember, and pictures of what is or what ought to be in Boston and other human homes. This volume will confirm the almost unanimous judgment of his readers that "Mr. Hale is unquestionably the best short-story writer in America."

NEW EDITION OF EMERSON'S WRITINGS.—One of the surest indications of the popularity of a voluminous author is a general demand for a compact and inexpensive edition of his works. It proves that he has won the sympathies of that larger class of readers to whom the price of a book is an important consideration. In compliance with such a demand, Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have issued Mr. Emerson's prose works complete in two volumes handsomely and clearly printed from new stereotype plates. This edition embraces all

the matter contained in the author's six volumes: "Essays," First and Second Series, "Miscellanies," "Representative Men," "English Traits," and "Conduct of Life." Mr. Emerson's complete prose writings can now be obtained at less than one half of their original price.

LOWELL'S "AMONG MY BOOKS."—In Professor Lowell's new volume the reader will be glad to find several of the most notable critical papers ever contributed to the North American Review, among which may be mentioned the essays on Shakespeare, Lessing, and Dryden. Wide as is Mr. Lowell's fame as a scholar and a critic, this collection of masterly essays cannot but add to it.

THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS, published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co., under the sanction of the author, is now complete in five volumes, containing 1. "Adam Bede"; 2. "The Mill on the Floss"; 3. "Romola"; 4. "Felix Holt, the Radical"; 5. "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life."

BROOKE'S SERMONS.—A recent number of *The Universalist* contained the following appreciative notice of Brooke's Sermons, a volume worthy of a place with Robertson's writings:—

"The unexpected pleasure we have had in reading the Sermons of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, of St. James Chapel, London, may bias our judgment somewhat; but we are inclined to put a very high estimate on them. We should rank them second only to Robertson's among the sermons of modern times. And in perfection of style they excel Robertson's. Such unaffected grace, perfect clearness, and profound spirituality, we scarcely know where else to seek. Greater sermons, more startling and powerful sermons, we have read; but better sermons, never. And in all the twenty-five making up this volume, there is hardly an exception, even of a page, to this high praise. To get at so much in so few words, to bring it so closely to the common intelligence, to have it so full of food for the thoughtful, to penetrate abstruse themes with so little parade of thinking, to set their nicest intricacies in a fair and steady light, to take the range of a philosopher without losing a particle of the simplicity of a devout Christian, — this is to be a rare preacher. And such Mr. Brooke appears to us. His theology is much the same as Robertson's. He is a Universalist distinctly. In his sermon on 'The Naturalness of God's Judgments,' he says, with much more to the same purpose, that God 'will not let us go, evil or good, till he has brought us all to his perfection. It matters little whether we die by hurricane on the sleepless sea, or quietly by disease in the sleeping city, the result is the same, — we go to a Father who is educating us, we fall into the hands of Eternal Justice.' We would be glad if our space permitted us to make more and longer quotations from other sermons. The book is full of richness and beauty. The sermon on 'The Festival of All Saints' is unequivocally and grandly Universalist. He repudiates annihilationism as distinctly as endless punishment. A peculiarity of Mr. Brooke's sermons, that gives them a special charm to us, is the subtlety of their analysis of character. The preacher seems to enter into the personality of Paul, Peter, David, Abraham, Isaac, Mary, and to be able to tell you all about them as if they had been his acquaintances. And this is done, too, without fancifulness. The sermons on the 'Development of Christ' are wonderfully rich. We feel everywhere that the author knows Christ and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gospel. There can be no question that the religion of Mr. Brooke is the Christian religion. While he is catholic and scientific, he is also a reverent disciple of Jesus. But we must not go on writing about this admirable book, for we should scarcely find a place to pause in our eulogies and descriptions of its merits. It is a book we can recommend unqualifiedly."

MERRICKACK EDITION OF WHITTIER'S POEMS.—Speaking of Whittier's poetical writings, the *Philadelphia Press* says: "Whittier, it seems to us, is the most thoroughly American of all our native poets, selecting home subjects to illustrate by a genius which ap-

pears not yet to have attained full maturity, but in each new production exhibits decided improvement; at least, we find his imagination stronger and higher in its flight in 'Snow-Bound, and 'The Tent on the Beach,' his recent than in his previous productions, beautiful and elevating as many of them are. . . . Fields, Osgood, & Co., who have published about three fifths of all good American poetry, have just issued a handsome library edition of Whittier's Poems, in two volumes, containing all that he has written since he first ventured to print, — now thirty-five years ago. Indeed 'Mogg Megone,' the first poem in the collection, was composed still earlier. It is surprising to find, in two stout volumes like these, so little that is not good. There never was an exceptionable line written by John Greenleaf Whittier, and few poets have written so entirely for the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

BRYANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.

— The announcement, a few months since, that William Cullen Bryant was engaged in translating the Iliad of Homer into English blank verse, was received in all quarters as an event of great literary importance. The specimens of the Greek poet which Mr. Bryant had printed in the Atlantic Monthly and elsewhere, had convinced those best qualified to judge that Mr. Bryant could achieve for Homer what has never yet been achieved, a literal and at the same time thoroughly poetical translation into English. Chapman's version is strong and spirited, but it is Chapman rather than Homer. Cowper's translation is superior to Pope's in some respects; but neither poet can be said to have left us a satisfactory translation of the great epic. Of Lord Derby and the later translators, not much need be said. Matthew Arnold might have made a good translation, but he has not done so. Mr. Bryant's qualifications for the task are unusual, and not the least among them is his wonderful mastery of English blank verse. From him may confidently be expected a version that shall leave little for further attempts in Homeric translation.

A SUMMER TRIP NORTHWARD. — Dr. Hayes and Mr. Bradford, having returned from their expedition to Greenland, are now busily engaged on a work recording the scientific and artistic results of their journey, — Dr. Hayes preparing the letterpress, and Mr. Bradford furnishing the illustrations from his well-filled sketch-book. Two skilful photographers also accompanied the expedition, with the best instruments and appliances for reproducing the scenery of the Arctic regions.

Dr. Hayes's chief purpose in this visit north was to make preparations for a more extended polar expedition, — to reach Upernivik, the northernmost of the Greenland stations, and there make provision for accumulating dogs, furs, sledges, etc., and to arrange for the employment of hunters and dog-drivers for next year.

ANNOUNCEMENT. — In the January number of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for 1870, Mr. Bayard Taylor will commence the publication of a new novel entitled "Joseph and his Friend." The scene of the story is laid in Pennsylvania and deals with the more striking aspects of country life and character. Those who have read "The Story of Kennett," and "Hannah Thurston," will be warranted in expecting from Mr. Taylor a picture peculiarly rich in local coloring, — a skilful delineation of Pennsylvania characteristics, representing certain phases of life there, as Mrs. Stowe has represented early New England traits in her "Oldtown Folks," or Dr. Holmes in "The Guardian Angel." Mr. Taylor's novel will occupy a prominent place in the Atlantic Monthly throughout the year.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, late Colonel 1st South Carolina Volunteers. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 296. Morocco cloth, \$1.50.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. By GEORGE ELIOT. *Household Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 278. Morocco cloth, \$1.00; Half calf, \$2.25.

TOO BRIGHT TO LAST. A Novel. *From Advance Sheets*. 1 vol. 8vo. Paper cover. 35 cents.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. *Merrimack Edition*. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 543, 495. Morocco cloth, \$5.00; Half calf, \$9.00; Antique morocco, \$12.00.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Red-Line Edition*. With Portrait and twelve full-page illustrations. 1 vol. Small quarto. pp. 487. Morocco cloth, \$4.50; Half calf, \$6.00; Antique morocco, \$8.00.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. By ROBERT BROWNING. New uniform Edition. 7 vols. 16mo. Bevelled boards. Morocco cloth, \$14.00; Half calf, \$25.00. *Sold only in sets*.

LUCILE. By OWEN MEREDITH. *Red-Line Edition*. With eight full-page illustrations by George Du Maurier. 1 vol. Small quarto. pp. 251. Morocco cloth, \$3.50; Half calf, \$5.00; Antique morocco, \$7.00.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. By ALFRED TENNYSON. *Globe Edition*. From entirely new plates. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 588. Morocco cloth, \$1.25.

THE GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. *Popular Edition*. First and Second Series. 16mo. pp. 307, 332. Morocco cloth, \$1.25 each.

COUNSEL AND COMFORT SPOKEN FROM A CITY PULPIT. By the "COUNTRY PARSON." *Popular Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 311. Morocco cloth, \$1.25.

MISCELLANIES. By W. W. THACKERAY. First volume, — THE MEMOIRS OF BARRY LYNDON, ESQ., written by himself; THE HISTORY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH AND THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND; and BURLSQUES. *Household Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 520. Morocco cloth, \$1.25; Half calf, \$2.50.

SILAS MARNER, AND SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. By GEORGE ELIOT. *Household Edition*. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 332. Morocco cloth, \$1.00; Half calf, \$2.25.

SETS OF GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS. *Household Edition*. Complete in five volumes, put up in neat boxes, \$5.00; Half calf, \$11.25.

CATHERINE: A STORY. By IKEY SOLOMONS, ESQ., JUNIOR. [W. M. THACKERAY.] 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 62. Paper cover 35 cents.

SYBARIS, AND OTHER HOMES. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Uniform with "If, Yes, and Perhaps," &c. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 206. Morocco cloth, \$1.50.

TALES OF A GRANDPATHER. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. With Notes. *Illustrated Library Edition*, uniform with the *Illustrated Library Edition* of the WAVERLEY NOVELS. Six volumes in three. 12mo. pp. 603, 589, 593. Morocco cloth, \$4.50; Half calf, \$9.00.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1870. Containing articles by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, W. D. HOWELLS, W. M. THACKERAY, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, T. W. HIGGINSON, THOMAS M. BREWER, MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, NORA PERRY, CHARLES DICKENS, ALFRED TENNYSON, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, KATE FIELD, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, JOHN D. SHERWOOD, LEWIS CARROLL, and the Author of "Ten Acres Enough." With numerous illustrations by the best American artists. Uniform with the Atlantic Almanac for 1868 and 1869. Illuminated cover, 50 cents.

These books can be procured of the Booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers, FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston.



French Clocks,
BRONZES,
FANCY GOODS,
Musical Boxes, Fans,
Opera Glasses,
FINE WATCHES AND
JEWELRY,
Paris and Vienna
Novelties.
WEDDING PRESENTS.

ALEX. M. HAYS & CO.,

No. 23 Maiden Lane, New York.

The above Goods comprise one of the largest varieties to be found in the city, and are offered at Low Prices.

☞ Sign of Gold Telegraph. ☜

SHEARS AND SCISSORS.



MANUFACTURED BY

HENRY SEYMOUR & CO.,
52 Beekman St., New York.

New and elegant in design, of superior material and workmanship, and elegant finish. The blades are secured by a simple contrivance, and the screw cannot possibly work loose. Every pair warranted. Sent by mail, post free, on receipt of

For Ladies' Shears (ordinary size) \$1.00

Family Shears (larger handles) \$1.50

Aromatic Vegetable Soap.



For the Delicate Skin of Ladies and Children.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA COMPANY,

No. 8 CHURCH STREET, New York City.
P. O. Box 5506.

An organization of capitalists for the purpose of importing Teas and distributing them to Merchants throughout the country at importers' prices. Established 1869.

Send for Price List.

Agents! Read This!

WE will pay Agents a Salary of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent Black or Brown. One Comb sent by mail for \$1. For sale by Merchants and Druggists generally. Address MAGIC COMB CO., Springfield, Mass.

\$3600 A Year guaranteed to Agents. Address J. AHEARN, 5 P. O. Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED, live men, who can give security for goods received, to distribute "packages" of "Wonder of the World" among families, and collect the same. Address, J. C. TILTON, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE CHURCHMAN.

THE BEST and paper, with the **LARGEST** Weekly New circulation in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Sent **FREE** for or month for examination, and till Jan. 1, 1870, to new subscribers for that year. \$3 a year, in advance. M H MALLORY & CO., Hartford, Ct.

"AROUND THE WORLD."

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

NEW YORK OBSERVER,

\$3.50 PER ANNUM.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO.,

37 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

TYLER WATER WHEELS.—Over 3,000 in operation. Address the manufacturers, SULLIVAN MACHINE CO., Claremont, N. H., for reduced price list.

\$1140 How I made it in six months. Secret and sample mailed free. A. J. FULLAM, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.—In musical circles the **Estey Organs** are the rage. They are the most durable and have the finest tone, remarkable for their sweetness and power. The *Vox Humana* and *Vox Jubilante* are the greatest novelties and best inventions ever introduced. J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro', Vt., Sole Manufacturers.

FREE FOR A 3-CENT STAMP.

A PAMPHLET containing valuable information on the subject of Advertising. A List of over One Thousand Newspapers (THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUMS), and price cards showing advertising rates. Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., New York.

ON THE WING.

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

By JOHN BUMSTEAD. Fully Illustrated. 16mo. \$2.50.

"Here is a practical book for sportsmen, by John Bumstead, a practical man, if we may judge from his writings, who knows of what he treats. It is a beautiful volume,—well printed, handsomely illustrated,—and all fond of sporting will find in it valuable suggestions as to selecting guns and caring for them, shooting woodcock, quail, grouse, snipe, rabbits, and all kinds of water-fowl, together with interesting details as to the manufacture of guns, gunpowder, etc."—*Rural New-Yorker*.

** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

124 Tremont Street, Boston.

TO PARENTS OR GUARDIANS who are opposed to the "Cramming System" of Education: A Teacher who has certificates of capability from the Principal of the Normal Institution, Edinburgh, Scotland, and from Appreciators of more than eight years' standing in this country, intends to give up her school in January, 1870, and desires to form an engagement as Private Teacher. In changing her sphere of action, the advertiser will prefer circumstances which promise the more satisfactory results to those which only insure the greatest monetary return, and, until February next, she may be addressed as
S. A., Office of *Atlantic Monthly*.

STAMMERING

Permanently cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. They received Medals, etc. at the last London and Paris Exhibitions, and are favorably reviewed in the *Illustrated London News* and *Medical Times*. For Pamphlet, and drawings describing the same, address

SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, New York.

THE CLIMAX KNITTER!!

THIS is, without question, the best family knitting-machine ever invented. It is small, light, neat, simple of construction, durable, works very rapidly, has but one needle, makes the old-fashioned knitting-needle stitch (and two others), with light or heavy, single or double yarn, sets up and finishes its own work, and needs no weights. It knits close or loose textures, hollow or flat web, large or small fabrics,—anything that can be knit by hand, and in a much better manner. A child can readily operate it, and can learn to do so much sooner than to knit with ordinary needles. There is nothing to be done but to thread a needle and turn a crank, until the heel is reached, which is formed to perfection, with little trouble and no sewing; the same as the case with the toe. The price of this knitter is but \$25, which places it within the reach of every family. It is destined to be very popular, and we can offer agents, general and special, exceedingly liberal terms for engaging in its sale. Send for circulars. Address **ESSICK KNITTING MACHINE CO.**, S. W. cor. 11th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH! CATARRH!

WHY will you suffer with this loathsome disease when a never-failing remedy is at hand? *Dr. Wadsworth's Dry Up* has cured thousands of cases of Catarrh, and numberless Colds in the head, during the past eight years. Pamphlet all about Catarrh sent on receipt of stamp to pay postage. **H. H. BURRINGTON**, Proprietor, Providence, R. I., also for sale by **G. C. GOODWIN & CO.**, 38 Hanover Street, Boston.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For Circulars, address **F. J. SAGE**, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

ADVANTAGES TO ADVERTISERS are insured by my increased facilities. These, combined with an experience of years, are not to be excelled by any other Agency. **HONORABLE COMPETITION IS INVITED.** Before making contracts, send for my circular and such information as you desire. **T. C. EVANS**, Advertising Agent, 106 Washington Street, Boston. The best and most desirable papers are always recommended.

PURE SALERATUS

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

PURE SALERATUS A PUBLIC ENEMY—The destructive influence of which every housekeeper should beware, and always secure that which is generally acknowledged reliable.

Pyle's Saleratus has stood the test of time, and become the standard in New England. Ten years' experience has substantiated its claim to perfect purity, as well as the economy of its use. Yet many housekeepers, by reason of the groceryman's determination to supply only that from which the largest profit is derived, are deprived of getting that which they know to be best adapted to their wants. Grocers, under such circumstances, do great injustice to all concerned. Their relation to the public is an important one, and duty demands that they should aim to supply articles that have merited unquestionable reputation. Housekeepers, too, should insist upon having their choice, and all who secure Pyle's Saleratus in pound packages will always be well compensated for the effort. The same may be said of Pyle's Cream Tartar and Celebrated O. K. Soap, articles of established value. Nearly all first-class Grocers keep them.

JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,
 Depot, 350 Washington Street, New York.

THE BOY WHALER;

OR,

THE YOUNG ROVERS.

The Most Exciting Sea Story
 EVER PUBLISHED.

Is commenced **THIS WEEK** in No. 49 of
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,
 NOW READY.

THE

BOY WHALER

Was written expressly for the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

By **Leon Lewis,**

Author of "The Silver Ship," "The Water Wolf," "The Boy Magician," etc.

THE

BOY WHALER,

Now ready in No. 49 of the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

Contains the most vivid descriptions of strange adventures on land and sea, in most of which the young hero, the

BOY WHALER,

Takes a prominent part, and by his daring deeds proves himself the personification of juvenile bravery. Every boy should read the exciting story of the

BOY WHALER,

Which is just commenced in No. 49 of the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

And every young woman also should read the

BOY WHALER

in the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

For the female mind will be enraptured with the lovely heroine, the charming **LILY LAWRENCE**, who shares the fortunes and trials of the

BOY WHALER.

The current issue (No. 49) of the

Greatest Story and Sketch Paper in the World, the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

Should be purchased by parents and read to their children, for the great story of the

BOY WHALER

Shows that although virtue may for a time be unable to cope with villainy, it will in the end rise triumphant.

THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY

Takes pleasure in presenting to the public the great story of the

BOY WHALER,

For it is undoubtedly the masterpiece of its author, and was written expressly for the

NEW YORK WEEKLY.

Boys! Boys! Boys!

Every boy who delights to read of daring deeds and thrilling adventures will linger in admiration over the story of the

BOY WHALER,

Now Ready in No. 49 of the

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

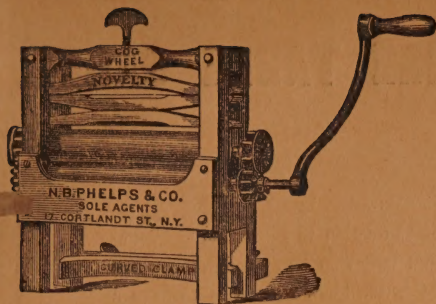
And for sale by Every News Agent in the Country.

PRICE SIX CENTS PER COPY.

Don't Forget to buy No. 49 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY,

Which contains the commencement of the

BOY WHALER.



Buy the **NOVELTY WRINGER**, or at least take it on trial with any or all others, and keep the **BEST**.
For sale everywhere. **N. B. PHELPS & CO.,**
Gen. Ag'ts, 17 Cortlandt St., New York.

ATTRACTIVE NEW BOOKS.

"A Masterpiece of Criticism."

LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. By E. P. WHIPPLE. \$1.75.

"The author has thoroughly studied the period of which he writes, and brings to this condensation of a closely inquisitive survey, keenness of insight, vivid description and characterization, brilliancy of wit, and clear-cut sharpness of statement, thus crowding his pages with a succession of sentences flashing with meaning. Taken as a whole, the volume comprises a searching and complete review of a time in the history of letters memorable for its great names among poets, dramatists, philosophers, and statesmen; and since, to trained critical powers of a high order are added an apt style, pointed and brisk in its rich and varied diction, the scholarly disquisitions have nothing of dryness or prosy elaborateness about them. They charm by their nervous vivacity; they instruct by their acute suggestiveness and well-considered judgments."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Fresh and Interesting."

ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT. By T. W. HIGGINSON. \$1.50.

"If any of our readers were ever cursed with the hallucination that the colored race are by nature unfitted for the camp and the field, that they are ignorant alike of patriotism and courage, let them read this work of Mr. Higginson.

"Negro character in all its various phases is delineated with a graphic pen, and the whole book is intensely interesting reading."—*Providence Press*.

"One of the genuine Singers."

TROWBRIDGE'S THE VAGABONDS AND OTHER POEMS. \$1.50.

"The poem which gives title to this volume is very short; but it deserves the prominence thus given it. 'The Vagabonds' is not inferior to Maud Müller or the Psalm of Life. It is only just, however, to add that even without this first poem the volume would be delicious, meriting high praise for freshness, finish, and that indescribable charm which genius alone can impart."—*Chicago Journal*.

"One cannot afford not to read it."

HENRY CRABE ROBINSON'S DIARY. 2 vols. \$4.00.

"A king is said once on a time to have offered a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. We promise the pleasure and do not require the reward. If the few remarks we can afford to make on them shall induce any of our readers to open the two attractive volumes now before us. The editor of this diary has performed a far from easy task with a delicacy, industry, and discretion that cannot be too highly applauded. . . . He has proved himself in all respects worthy of the great trust reposed in him,—the preparing for public gaze the private records of an eminently social, wise, and blameless life."—*Saturday Review*.

*** For sale by all booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

THE ADVANCED THOUGHT OF NEW ENGLAND.

"The Commonwealth,"

(BOSTON, MASS.,)

A Journal of

INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN POLITICS,

AND OF

Literature, Art, and News,

HAS JUST BEGUN

A NEW VOLUME.

Send for a Specimen copy, and read the **BRILLIANT OFFER** of

PREMIUMS.

TERMS.—\$2.50 to Mail Subscribers.

\$3.00 to City Subscribers.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Publisher,
BOSTON, MASS.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF OUR

ANTISLAVERY CONFLICT.

By **SAMUEL J. MAY.**

\$1.50.

About one third of the contents of this volume are entirely new. Mr. May's graphic sketches are attracting no little attention by their candor and truthfulness, as well as by the powerful interest of the scenes they recall.

"Mr. May was identified with the struggle from its beginning to its close. He was a sufferer in the fight and bravely self-sacrificing. Uncompromising as an Abolitionist and a reformer, no bitterness or passion adulterated the sweetness of his philanthropy; and what many deemed ultraism of a dangerous kind in his acts and words, never disturbed the serenity of his temper or vitiated his Christian spirit. His reminiscences in regard to those with whom he sympathized and to events of a deeply interesting character, now of historic value, are pleasantly given in these readable pages."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Rev. Samuel J. May has preserved for history his 'Recollections of the Antislavery Conflict,' wherein he was one of the oldest and most conspicuous actors. Even to the generation which witnessed and which vividly remembers the events of that warfare with the now slain demon, the story is an intensely interesting one to review. How much more interest will records like these possess for those hereafter, to whom that dark chapter of history will seem as strange as the annals of the Middle Ages. The book of Mr. May is one to be kept for our children."—*Buffalo Express*.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.*

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.

Most people "feed" as horses do, paying especial attention to getting rid as soon as possible of what is set before them. If they would only stop long enough to prepare their food with Halford Table Sauce, they would better know what it is to have a good dinner to relish, even if it must be a quick one.

Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce.

A GENTLEMAN writes : "I have always been very old-fashioned about my eating, have never used sauce because I thought that I did not need it, so always passed it by. A friend one day suggested that I had better leave off the use of butter upon bread and pepper upon oysters. Of course I thought there might be value in his satire, and I resolved to try the Halford Sauce *just once*. I did so, and my table *will not again be set without it*. I had rather do away with all the seasonings than with the Halford, which in reality combines them all."

Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce.

"I VERY much wonder," says one gentleman to another, "why it is that at our first-class Restaurants, *anybody* will eat Fish without Halford Sauce." "Probably because," said the other, "few people know how good it is, and it is very hard to make them understand ; I only blundered into the use of it, but now cannot do without it."

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO
Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

DECEMBER, 1869.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Uncle Sam's Treatment of his Ser- vants	645	The Foe in the Household. X. . .	722
The Dead Level	661	Life-Saving as a Business Duty . .	731
The Mormon Prophet's Tragedy . .	669	John	740
The Brick Moon. III.	679	Under the Midnight Sun	752
American Industry in the Census . .	689	Reviews and Literary Notices . . .	762
Mr. Bruce	701	James's Secret of Swedenborg. — Dixon's Her Majesty's Tower. — Mark Twain's In- nocents Abroad. — Stories from my Attic. — Whittier's Ballads of New England.	
The Increase of Human Life. III. .	711		
In my Vineyard	719		

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 TREMONT STREET.

OFFICE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND BROOKLYN SUBSCRIBERS,
713 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS. — SINGLE NUMBERS, 35 cents. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$4.00.
CLUBS: Two Copies, \$7.00; Five Copies, \$16.00; Ten Copies, \$30.00,
and each additional Copy, \$3.00.

For every Club of Twenty Subscribers an additional copy will be furnished gratis.

Every letter on business relating to the "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" should have the name of the STATE as well as the Office from which it comes.
Persons ordering a change in direction of magazines should always give both the old and the new address in FULL. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of magazines for the following month.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GIFT.



THE "Family Favorite"

For simplicity, durability, and effectiveness in executing light and heavy work

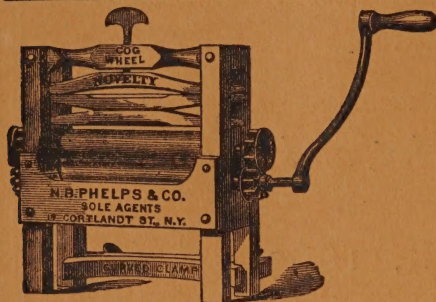
Is not equalled by any other machine.

Weed Sewing Machine Co.,

349 Washington Street, Boston.

613 Broadway, New York.

Manufactory, Hartford, Ct.



Buy the **NOVELTY WRINGER**, or at least take it on trial with any or all others, and keep the Best.
For sale everywhere. **N. B. PHELPS & CO.,**
Gen. Ag'ts, 17 Cortlandt St., New York.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

OF

Autumn Announcements.

Society and Solitude.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A considerable part of the essays included in this volume have never been printed before.

Political Economy.

By HORACE GREELY.

History of the New York Seventh Regiment.

By WILLIAM SWINTON and GEORGE E. POND. With Illustrations, by THOMAS NAST.

A Vindication of Lady Byron.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Arctic Album.

By I. I. HAYES and WILLIAM BRADFORD. Illustrated with Photographs of some of the most characteristic features of Arctic scenery and incidents of life in high latitudes.

Concord Sketches.

By MAY ALCOTT. Consisting of Twelve Photographs from Original Drawings, of residences and scenes in Concord to which personal associations have given a deep interest. Edited, with a Preface, by LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Gas and Kerosene Fixtures.

Chandeliers,

Hall Lights,

Pendants,

Brackets,

Portables,

Drop Lights, &c.

Ornamental

Bronze

Figures.

FOREIGN and AMERICAN GLASSWARE

In large variety,

FOR SALE AT VERY LOW PRICES, BY

TUCKER MANUFACTURING Co.,

117 and 119 Court Street, Boston.

New York Warerooms 39 and 41 Park Place.

NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

FOR

THE GIFT SEASON OF 1869.

BALLADS OF NEW ENGLAND.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1 vol. 8vo. With 60 Illustrations. Bevelled and gilt, and richly bound in cloth, \$5.00. Uniform with the Illustrated "Snow-Bound." Turkey morocco, \$9.00.

This is one of the most exquisite holiday volumes ever issued in this country. The landscape illustrations, both principal and accessory, have been drawn chiefly from sketches made by Mr. Harry Fenn, who visited for the purpose the scenes of the various poems. The figure pieces and other designs are from the pencil of S. Eytinge, Jr., Winslow Homer, Alfred Fredericks, Granville Perkins, F. O. C. Darley, Samuel Colman, W. J. Hennessy, and J. W. Ehninger. The engraving is by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, under whose supervision the book has been prepared. In offering to the public an edition of these well known ballads, upon the illustration of which the greatest care has been bestowed, the publishers have much pleasure in presenting the following note from the author:—

"I have examined the sheets of the Ballads, and I find that in truthfulness of illustration, and in beauty and delicacy of execution, the pictures are all that could be desired. In the illustrations to COBBLER KEEZAR'S VISION, THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH, MY PLAYMATE, and THE COUNTRY-ESS, especially, I recognize the scenery familiar from boyhood, and which I have endeavored to associate in the mind of the reader of my Ballads with the characters and incidents of local traditions.

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

We never weary of new editions of Whittier's poems; and the delicious volume of his "Ballads of New England," which his publishers, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., have sent out in anticipation of the Christmas season, is worthy of all praise. The ballads are household words—stanzas and couplets from them all are in the memory of the majority of readers—yet they have almost a new music and a new meaning when read again by the help of the beautiful illustrations which adorn the volume. The landscapes have been drawn chiefly by Mr. Harry Fenn, and Mr. Whittier says that he recognizes in such as refer to New England the scenery familiar to him from boyhood. But the figure pieces vie in power with the landscapes, as the names of Eytinge, Darley, Hennessy, Fredericks, Winslow Homer, Granville Perkins, and others give abundant assurance. Altogether it would be safe to predict that the holidays will not bring us a more tasteful presentation book than this one.—*New York Evening Post.*

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

With 20 pictures by Hennessy and Gifford, engraved by Anthony and Linton. Small quarto, uniform with "Sir Launfal," with red-line border. Cloth, bevelled and gilt, \$3.00; Turkey morocco, \$5.50.

THE GATES AJAR.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Illustrated Edition. With 12 full-page drawings, by Jessie Curtis and S. Eytinge, Jr., engraved by Linton. The text newly set in handsome type with red-line border. 1 vol. 4to. Cloth, \$3.50; Turkey morocco, \$7.00.

Great care has been bestowed on THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP and THE GATES AJAR, and the publishers point with confidence to both these works as being equal in artistic and mechanical excellence to any illustrated books ever produced in America.

. For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O. & Co.'s Publications.

The Atlantic Almanac for 1870.

The ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1870 is of the same general character as the numbers for 1868 and 1869, which have proved so acceptable to the public. By the high order and large variety of its Literary Contents, the number and excellence of its Illustrations, and the fulness and value of its Statistical and Astronomical matter, it commends itself to popular favor.

CONTENTS.

The Modern Sindbad. Thirty-one States in Thirty Days. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
Boopeep: A Pastoral W. D. HOWELLS.
My First Waltz. W. M. THACKERAY.
Two Ifs. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
Swimming. THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.
The Song-Birds of America. THOMAS M. BREWER.
Little Miss Wren. MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.
Somebody's Humming-Bird. NORA PERRY.
Chops the Dwarf. CHARLES DICKENS.
The Mystic. ALFRED TENNYSON.
Farm-Yard Song. J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
A Good Word for Winter. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
In and Out of the Woods. KATE FIELD.
The Breaking of the Truce. From Book IV. of Homer's Iliad. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
John Smith. JOHN D. SHERWOOD.
A Sea Dirge. LEWIS CARROLL.
Head-Work on the Farm. AUTHOR OF "TEN ACRES ENOUGH."

The ALMANAC is profusely illustrated from designs by the most skilful of American Artists. The Astronomical and Statistical matter is full and accurate, having been prepared by competent and careful hands expressly for the ATLANTIC ALMANAC.

It is believed that the ATLANTIC ALMANAC combines all that is useful in any almanac, with all that is best in Illustrated Annuals, the high excellence of its entire contents making it a valuable repository of Literature and Art.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

The *Atlantic Almanac* for 1870 is fully worthy of the reputation obtained for this beautiful annual by the two previous issues. The illustrations are good, the matter-of-fact contents full and accurate, being all that a first-class almanac should be, whilst the purely literary matter is super-excellent. E. E. Hale has a characteristic bit of satirical extravagance hitting off the summary manner in which English travelers "do" the United States, and then publish their adventures; at the same time he has a few quiet hits at some of the places mentioned. W. D. Howells tells the story of "Boopeep" in a pastoral whose style is eminently Keatsish, and very charming. The author of "Gates Ajar" gives a tiny bit of poetry, very neat and pretty. T. W. Higginson talks about "Swimming" in a paper from which we have marked an extract, and a still larger extract we shall find space for somewhere from Lowell's delightful essay "A Good Word for Winter." Kate Field talks about "In and Out of the Woods," being something about her adventures "after Murray" in the Adirondacks. Charles Dickens is represented by a deliciously humorous sketch, "Chops the Dwarf," and Thackeray by an account of his "First Waltz." From Tennyson comes a poem of forty-six lines, "The Mystic," and in juxtaposition is a pleasant bucolic song by J. T. Trowbridge, descriptive of the evening farm-yard duties. A foretaste of good things to come is given in a portion of the fourth book of the Iliad, from Bryant's translation soon to be issued. Besides these are a paper on the Song-birds of America, by T. M. Brewer, "Little Miss Wren," by Mary Russell Mitford, "Somebody's Humming-Bird," a graceful poem by Nora Perry, "John Smith," an extract of a comic history of the United States by John D. Sherwood, soon to be published, "A Sea Dirge," by Lewis Carroll, and "Headwork on the Farm," by the author of "Ten Acres Enough," wind up the literary contents of this gem of an annual, which cheap as it is, has more real merit everyway than a dozen of the costly nothings that in the days of our mothers used to do duty on centre tables as "Forget-Me-Not" annuals and "Books of Beauty." — *Cleveland Herald*.

The *Atlantic Almanac* for 1870 is not only copiously illustrated, but, unlike most illustrated annuals, is still more interesting on account of its reading matter than its pictures. The table of contents is charming. — *New York Tribune*.

Altogether, this is a capital Almanac, and we are proud that our artists and authors, under competent editorial discipline, can produce such a work. — *Philadelphia Press*.

** For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

WHITTIER'S COMPLETE POEMS.

Merrimac Edition, from New Electrotypes Plates, Uniform with Whittier's Prose Works and the Farringford Tennyson.

2 vols. 16 mo. Cloth, \$5.00; Half calf, \$9.00. Antique morocco, \$12.00.

"In addition to his claims as the great lyricist of a triumphant cause, Whittier has lodged himself in the popular heart by the purity, sweetness, thoughtfulness, and visionary charm of the numerous poems in which he has appealed to the domestic sentiments and affections and religious instincts of the people. He has also given an ideal beauty to New England traditions, while he has embodied in the pithiest and most graceful verse its most advanced and as yet unrealized ideas. The perfection of his descriptions of New England country life and scenery is universally recognized; and it is as generally felt that under his softening touch the bare, bleak facts lose whatever of haggardness they may have to the unsympathetic eye—that to the clearest representation of the reality, he instinctively

'Adds the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.'

—*Boston Transcript.*

EMERSON'S PROSE WORKS.

THE COMPLETE PROSE WORKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 2 vols. 12mo. Cloth, \$5.00; Half Calf, \$9.00; Turkey Morocco, \$12.00.

A good and complete edition of Emerson's prose has long been a want, and Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. have just supplied it. These serviceable volumes place the prose writings of the Concord philosopher within the reach of most book buyers in a compact and excellent form. All beyond such typography, paper and orderly arrangement would be mere luxury. The first volume contains his "Miscellanies" and "Essays;" the second his "Representative Men," "English Traits," and "Conduct of Life." To discuss the literary merits of these familiar books were as superfluous at this day as to comment on the philosophical writings of Coleridge, or the essays of Elia—their place in literature is determined. But it may be said that every day more and more develops the powerful influence that Emerson has exercised in shaping American thought and action, and the wider and higher the culture of the country, the greater will be the number of his readers.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

LIFE OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

By JOHN FORSTER. 1 vol. 8 vo. Cloth, \$3.50; Half calf, \$6.00.

"This is one of the most thoroughly enjoyable books of the season. To the scholar, Landor must always be one of the most interesting names in English literature. His magnificent mastery of English, alike in prose and poetry; his capacious brain; his fertile fancy; his generous sympathies, usually running into absurdity; his keen, though often harsh, analysis of human nature,—all these are famous; nor ought his waywardness, caprice, ill-temper, and obstinacy as a man, to check our free praise for his lofty genius. His intense dramatic power, his precision and exceeding beauty of expression, his exhaustless wealth of vocabulary, his great erudition—all these come back to mind in turning these leaves, where, however, as is fit, we have biography rather than criticism, and details of personal life, experiences, and opinions rather than citations from his poems. As a piece of biographic work this book is admirable, and the modesty and good sense of the author add not a little to its great charm."—*Galaxy.*

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON'S DIARY.

2 vols. \$4.00; Half calf, \$7.50.

"Henry Crabb Robinson was born to be a reporter of the best things of other men, and he has reported splendidly. Having no domestic claims on his affections, he gave himself up to the business of friend-ship,—and what a goodly list of friends, old and young, men and women, he had! Charles and Mary Lamb, Mrs. Barbauld, concerning whom he tells us that when some one asked him whether he would like to be introduced to her, he exclaimed, 'You might as well inquire whether I would like to be introduced to the angel Gabriel'; Southey, Wordsworth, Flaxman, Edward Irving, Coleridge, Arnold, poor William Blake, who said to him one day, 'I was Socrates'; his Ladies of the Lake, including Mrs. Fletcher, her daughter, Lady Richardson, and Miss Martineau; and, finally, Lady Byron, whose remarkable letters in the third volume will be a revelation to many at once of the character and intellect of the writer, and also of the fatal Calvinism of her unhappy husband's creed. Crabb Robinson was the prince of story tellers, and these delightful volumes are brimming over with salient anecdote and sagacious reflection."—*The Spectator* (London).

ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT.

By T. W. HIGGINSON.

1 vol. 16mo. \$1.50.

"Probably Mr. Higginson cannot write a dull book, and he has made not only an interesting but a valuable one in his 'Army Life in a Black Regiment.' The sketches of nature, climate, and scenery on the Southern coast are very picturesque. By no one have the peculiar traits of the freedmen been so graphically and faithfully limned,—their enthusiasm, simplicity, religious and poetic natures, their humor and good nature. But the whole volume is fresh and entertaining."—*Hartford Courant.*

THE VAGABONDS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

With Fine Portrait. Cloth, \$1.50; Half calf, \$3.00.

"The author of this book is a true poet. He has the divine conception and the divine expression. He finds themes of song in the humblest exhibitions of life and in the quietest scenes of nature, and he invests his verses with a charm of humor, pathos, and melody, which belongs only to original genius. We have not for a long time taken up a volume which seemed to us so full of the best attributes of poetry."—*Providence Journal.*

. For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O. & Co.'s Publications.

A COMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

By JOHN D. SHERWOOD.

With Sixty Illustrations by Harry Scratchley. 1 vol. 12mo. \$2.50.

This work is as novel in its treatment of American history as it is unique in detail, versatile in character, and piquant in style. While embracing a reliable and trustworthy history of the United States from a time prior to the Northmen down to the present, it surveys different parts of the historic field from new and humorous angles. While its treatment of events, themes, topics, philosophies, and personages is pleasingly humorous, it is not on the plane of the buffoon,—the mere punster or word-player,—but elevated and intellectually healthful.

Arresting and holding the attention of all by its salient and original views, it endeavors to make itself a welcome, instructive, genial, and humorous companion to every American family. "A man may say a wise thing, though he may say it with a laugh."

This unique volume is profusely illustrated with original pictures, portraits, and maps.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F., O. & Co.'s publications.

THE DIAMOND LOWELL.

THE COMPLETE Poetical Works

OF

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Uniform with the Diamond WHITTIER, LONG-FELLOW, TENNYSON, and SCOTT. 1 vol. 32mo. Cloth, \$1.50; Half Calif, \$3.00; Turkey morocco, \$3.75.

This volume includes all Mr. Lowell's poetry hitherto published in book form, namely:—

Poems, First and Second Series.

A Fable For Critics.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

The Biglow Papers. First and Second Series.

Under the Willows.

"The attempt to discover and define the quality of Lowell's poetic genius is like an effort to capture that son of the daughter of Eblis, in the Eastern tale, who could transform himself at will into a lion, an eagle, a waterfall, or a bird of song. His expression varies as his mood; and there is no poet whose measures you can less safely predict what manner of poems they will be. We hesitate to distinguish him as most of a humorist, lyricist, idyllic, or philosopher, in his changeable verse."—*New York Evening Post.*

"The poet who wrote 'The Fable for Critics' and 'The Biglow Papers' will never lack an audience throughout Saxondom, fit and not few."—*London Review.*

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

**FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,
Boston.**

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, special agents for F., O. & Co.'s Publications.

A PHYSICIAN'S PROBLEMS.

BY

CHARLES ELAM, M.D., M.R.C.P.

1 vol. 16mo. \$1.75

CONTENTS.

Natural Heritage.

On Degenerations in Man.

On Moral and Criminal Epidemics.

Body v. Mind.

Illusions and Hallucinations.

The Demon of Socrates.

The Amulet of Pascal.

On Somnambulism.

Revery and Abstraction.

This volume is intended as a contribution to the Natural History of those outlying regions of Thought and Action, whose domain is the debatable ground of Brain, Nerve and Mind. It is designed also to indicate the origin and modes of perpetuation of those varieties of organization, intelligence, and general tendencies towards vice or virtue, which seem, on a superficial view, to be so irregularly and capriciously developed and distributed in families, and amongst mankind.

It is a work of great interest to all thoughtful readers, and a valuable contribution to the discussion of questions of the highest importance.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

**FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.,
Boston.**

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York, Special Agents for F. O. & Co.'s Publications.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXIV. — DECEMBER, 1869. — NO. CXLVI.

UNCLE SAM'S TREATMENT OF HIS SERVANTS.

FIRST, as to the wages he pays them. It is not necessary for him to give high salaries, because there are two precious commodities with which a government can reward its servants, over and above the money it pays them. One is honor; the other is safety. These two things, honor and safety, are what the virtuous portion of mankind strive for; and so precious are they, that when, after years of honest toil, a man has attained them, most of us join in the acclaim which pronounces his life successful. Now a government can bestow these upon every person whom it retains in its service. It can reasonably ask a man, in the full tide of a victorious career, to relinquish his vocation, and devote his life to the public service, for a comparatively small sum per annum, provided that sum per annum is made securely his until justly forfeited. It can do this, because a decent and secure maintenance, with the honor properly belonging to a government office, constitutes an entire material success. No man can get any more material good than that, for the simple reason that there *is* no more to

get. Mr. Astor was right in saying that he derived from his estate only the few thousands a year which it cost him to live; but those few thousands are so securely his that he can be deprived of them only by his own fault or folly. A government can place its higher servants in a position more desirable even than his, since to his safety it can add honor. There is no honor in owning a thousand houses, but it is highly honorable, under a properly constituted government, to be the trusted and faithful servant of the public.

Hence, on these terms, a government can usually have the choice of all the most suitable persons for any post. If it happens to want a judge, it can usually have the best lawyer of the most distinguished court. If it wants a man of business, it can select the best executive talent known to exist. Why should it not? It can offer better wages than a man gets in a private station, more honor, and equal safety. We have recently seen that one of the ablest business men in the country, already in the possession of a secure fortune, was willing to give up three

millions per annum for the honor and satisfaction of serving the public.

I fear we must admit that Uncle Sam, with all his generosity and good intentions, pays to his upper servants the smallest wages a government ever paid, — wages so mean that it is wonderful he gets any faithful, efficient service at all. He does get a good deal; but he has little right to expect it. When he confers security he gives along with it a pinching, lowering, corrupting salary; and in the majority of cases, his servants enjoy neither safety nor abundance.

I will mention a few facts with regard to the Supreme Court, the judges of which receive six thousand paper dollars a year, and the chief justice six thousand five hundred. When I was in Washington last winter, the daughters of the late chief justice were earning a scanty, precarious livelihood by copying documents in one of the public offices, at eight cents per hundred words. The father of those ladies, twenty-seven years before his death, lured by an honorable, long-cherished ambition, gave up a practice at the Maryland bar which in a few years would have enriched him, in order to accept the post of chief justice. Whatever his errors may have been, I know he accepted the seat from a proper human motive, — that of winning the esteem of his countrymen by interpreting justice to them; and he devoted himself wholly to the performance of its duties. I well remember hearing him, one evening, some years before his death, give a sketch of his daily and yearly round of work and travel. It was wonderful that a man of fourscore could get through an amount of labor only equalled by that of the active editor of a great daily paper. Except that he smoked like a steam-engine, his habits were regular and abstemious; but he died so poor that his family were destitute almost immediately after his last year's salary was spent.

Other facts: A justice of the same high court, — the highest, considering all its duties, in the world, — was paying

exactly his whole salary, last winter, for the board and lodging of himself and his wife. They had one parlor and one bedroom. The judge, of course, gave up the parlor to his wife and her guests, and used the bedroom for an office and consultation-room. There was a great clearing away of papers at bedtime; for, the room being very small, the bed had to serve as an office-table. Another justice, who relinquished a practice of forty thousand dollars a year, being a Californian had to sell his paper dollars during the war at from one third to one half their nominal value; and he spent a quarter of the year in laborious travelling. One eminent member of this court was compelled to resign his seat, — not because he could not live upon his salary, for no justice of the Supreme Court can do that, — but because he had not private income *enough* to eke it out. There is not a justice now sitting upon that bench who lives or can live upon his salary; although, fortunately, it is not etiquette for a justice of the Supreme Court to entertain.

Now, reader, it is no hardship for a man to spread his papers over his bed; nor is it much more painful for the daughters of a chief justice to do copying at eight cents a page than it is for the daughters of a chief cook. I never had six thousand dollars a year, and have managed to rub on pretty well without it, and expect to continue so to do. To me, to nine tenths of all the readers of this magazine, and to nearly all the people in the world, six thousand dollars a year would be wealth. I cannot, therefore, consider it a hardship for men in general to be limited to such a revenue. But it *is* hard for a patriotic President to be limited in his choice for the office of Supreme judge to the very few lawyers who happen to possess an independent estate. It *is* a hardship to a great lawyer, formed by nature and circumstances for that sublime place, to be compelled to leave it to inferior men because he cannot live upon the salary. It *is* a hardship to the generous people of the United

States to see men of such exalted rank in their service, — men intrusted with such difficult and important duties, — cramped and pinched and anxious for a little money, unable to keep a secretary, and too poor to afford a ride on horseback before going into court.

To this, some will be disposed to reply that any sum per annum is too much for a court from which the Dred Scott decision emanated. But on that principle you must cut off supplies from the White House, starve Congress, and suspend nine tenths of all official and all private salaries. We were all misled or corrupted by slavery, except the few original, thorough-going Abolitionists, who alone of all the inhabitants of America have a "record" on that subject of which they need never be ashamed. Because Judge Taney was perverted and corrupted by slavery is no reason for degrading forever the court over which he presided. It is worth mentioning, too, that if the Supreme Court had been decently compensated the Dred Scott decision would never have been written. Judge Taney was past eighty when he wrote it, and he would have retired some years before if he could have retained his ridiculous but indispensable little salary.

It is not necessary, I repeat, for the judges of this court to be paid high salaries; because the appointment is for life, and the honor is immense. It is only necessary that they be paid such a sum per annum as will enable lawyers who have little property to accept seats on that bench without injustice to those dependent upon them. Judges of the same rank in England, if there were any, would receive a salary not far from equivalent to a hundred thousand of our dollars per annum. We can, and properly may, get the best lawyers at a lower rate; for the same principle should fix the compensation of a Supreme judge as regulates the wages of day laborers. The average of unskilled laborers being two dollars a day, if you want men of average quality you pay

two dollars a day. If you want only the refuse of the streets, you pay a dollar and a half. If you want the pick of the whole town, you pay two dollars and a half. The question is, What grade of lawyer do we desire for a justice of the Supreme Court? If we desire the highest, and no other, we must give him an equivalent for what he is to surrender. A lawyer of the first rank, at the present time, earns an income ranging from thirty to sixty thousand dollars a year. Hence I presume that if the salary were fixed at twenty thousand dollars a year, with a proper retiring-pension, the government could look over the bar of the whole country, and get the best living man for every vacancy. Perhaps fifteen thousand would almost answer, which is about the sum it costs to keep house decently in Washington at present.

On almost any morning during the winter, if you take your stand at the front (which is the back) of the Capitol, you may see lawyers who practise in the Supreme Court driven up to the entrance in well-appointed carriages, while the justices before whom they are to argue get out of street-cars or trudge up the steep hill on foot. It is pleasant to see the judges in the cars, and to observe that the respect due to their place is manifested by all who ride in their company. Nevertheless, if *any* people about the Supreme Court are to have carriages, surely the justices ought to be among them. Uncle Sam can certainly afford to pay his highest servants as liberally as clients pay their lawyers; and it concerns both his dignity and his interest to do so. Of course, people can always be found to take any place at any salary; but the more able a man is, the more he can choose what he will do, and the harder he is to get. If it is desired to have truly competent persons in the public service, the public service must be made truly desirable.

What a wise thing Congress did, in 1855, in establishing the Court of Claims! The founding of that court

was a step forward in the art of government. The late Sir Frederick Bruce, British Minister in Washington, who was an intelligent observer of men and things in America, used often to say that there was nothing in Washington which seemed to him more admirable or more original than that court. "It is," he once said, "a grand and noble thought that any citizen can go before a legal tribunal, and maintain his rights against thirty millions. Nothing American in America has so deeply impressed me." When he met one of the judges of the court, he was never weary of listening to explanations of its procedure and narratives of its cases. His appreciation of the value of this court would have been still greater if he had lived in Washington before it was established, and had witnessed the bad lobbying and weary waste of time and resources which it has in some measure prevented. Before the Court of Claims existed, an honest claimant might well doubt whether *any* amount of money could compensate him for the intrigue, solicitation, and anxiety involved in the prosecution of a claim before Congress; and, at the same time, a dishonest claimant might doubt whether a claim could be so ill-founded that indomitable lobbying might not weary Congress into conceding it. A citizen can now go before this court, present his claim, establish it by evidence and argument; and, if the court allows it, he has but to exhibit proof of the fact at the treasury, and draw the money. Very large claims and war claims are alone exempted from its jurisdiction; but probably the time is not distant when all disputed claims of whatever kind or amount will be submitted to it for adjudication. Not only does this court decide upon claims, but it establishes principles. Its decisions are now a rule in the departments for the guidance of heads of bureaus. The volumes containing reports of cases tried before it, prepared by Judge Nott and Mr. Samuel H. Huntington, show, even to the unprofessional mind, that this court contributes its share to the

maintenance and elucidation of justice in this land.

The reader will observe that in constituting this court Congress has nobly parted with a portion of its sovereignty. When it was first established, a claimant had to procure a decision in his favor from the court, and then go to Congress and enter upon a course of lobbying to get the money appropriated. This was heart-breaking work to many a wretch; nor was the time of Congress always saved by decisions which had no effect until Congress ratified them. The court was in fact no more than an adjunct to the Committee on Claims. At length, Congress wisely gave to the decisions of the court a practical validity by empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the sums awarded, — securing to the disappointed claimant a right of appeal to the Supreme Court.

Every reflecting person, I think, will feel that judges intrusted with powers so peculiar and so great, — judges singularly liable both to temptation and suspicion, — ought to be lawyers of very high rank and men of the highest character. In other words, they ought to be men who in private life can earn a liberal income. In 1855, when a dollar was a dollar, Congress fixed the salary of the judges of this court at four thousand dollars a year. It was not enough then; but the salary has never been changed, except by the depreciation of the currency. Consequently, it now possesses about one half of its original value, and a judge who has no private income is in sorry case. Wealthy and powerful claimants come before him, some of whom are foreigners whose *only* care is to get their claim allowed. Thriving lawyers plead at the bar, gain large fees, go to luxurious homes, and enjoy every facility for the doing of their work; while the judges, if they have no estates and are blessed with families, will be in doubt sometimes whether they can really afford to ride in the street-cars.

Now, human nature being always human nature, ability and force will as a rule take the path in life that leads

to a good front-door, with a nice saddle-horse tied to the post before it. Therefore, if a judge on the bench gets four thousand dollars a year, and the leading lawyers at the bar get twenty thousand, you will observe, *at last*, that the first-rate men remain at the bar, and the third-rate men are on the bench. Not at first, because the permanence of the appointment counts for much, and the honor for more. But in the course of time, if you persist in condemning judges to a lifetime of respectable pinch, the valuable men will resign and decline, until the peculiar honor once attached to the title of judge is gone. I say nothing of the temptation to which a poor judge in *such* a court may be exposed, because we have not yet sunk to the point when an American judge permanently appointed can be thought of as subject to temptation. But keep judges' salaries as they are for a few years more, and there will be no justice obtainable in the United States, except by purchase. If a seat on this bench should become vacant to-morrow, the President might be driven half mad by the multitude of applicants; but if he were to offer it to each of the hundred most eminent lawyers in the country, it is probable that it would be delined by them all. Most of these would probably reply: "Mr. President, you do me great honor, but I really cannot afford it; the luxury is beyond my means."

Every senator, I believe, without exception, and nearly every member of the House, will own, in conversation, that the salaries paid to judges, heads of departments, some heads of bureaus, and other officials, are insufficient; but many senators hang back from increasing salaries, for fear of an imaginary fool of a farmer, who is supposed to begrudge the servants of the public a just compensation. Whenever I have been in the country lately, I have looked about in search of that narrow-minded agriculturist, but I have not been able to find him. The farmers understand this matter as well as senators; they know perfectly well that if the government

wants a diamond or a man, it must go into the market and pay what the article will fetch from other purchasers. The only question is, what grade of diamond or man does it want?

Sir Frederick Bruce might well be interested in the Court of Claims; but there is something in Washington a thousand times more wonderful and more original than that. Like other wonders, however, it escapes observation because we are so familiar with it. Walk over the Treasury building; mark the thousands of persons employed therein; consider the nature of their employment; contemplate the magnitude and difficulty of the task imposed upon the head of that department; think of the wide-spread ruin that could result from an error on his part, and the lasting good that might come of one superior method. Consider the trust reposed in him, the ease with which that trust could be violated, and the absolute certainty we have that it never is, never has been, and never will be violated. Think of all this, and then reflect upon the fact that out of those inconceivable millions that pass under his control, we permit him to retain for his own use not enough to keep house upon. "How much rent do you pay here in Washington?" asked some one of Mr. Evarts last winter. "My salary," was the reply. This is the great wonder, not of Washington only, but of the world. The pyramids of Egypt are commonplace compared with it. The man that supplies the Treasury building with any one of the leading articles used in it would turn up his nose at eight thousand dollars a year. Fortunes were made in the mere erection of the edifice. Yet Secretaries of the Treasury, as they have gone down those granite steps in the afternoon, have doubtless often fallen into a deep meditation upon the ways and means of getting over the next rent-day. They have generally been men of small fortunes. Hamilton was obliged to resign and go home to earn money for his large family, and Gallatin was never in very liberal circumstances. Gallatin had an opportunity, once, of

gaining a large fortune in Paris without dishonor. "No," said he to the representative of the great house which he had obliged, — "no; a man who has been intrusted with the finances of his country must not die rich." In this lofty spirit the office has generally been held.

The time has come, I think, for putting the members of the Cabinet a little more at their ease. The people do not want to be under an obligation to them of a pecuniary nature. They did not want Mr. Stanton to work during the war as no galley-slave ever worked, and yet live in part upon his private fortune; nor is it wise to subject human nature to such a staggering temptation. The man whose signature confers place and wealth ought not to be left to grapple with the embarrassments of an insufficient income. Uncle Sam has a large although not unencumbered estate, and he can well afford to maintain those who serve him in a style suited to the importance and dignity of their duties. To keep house in Washington on the scale adopted by Mr. Seward, who lived plainly enough and gave perhaps twenty moderate dinners a year, costs about fifteen thousand dollars per annum; which is about the present value of the salary which Hamilton found inadequate during the presidency of General Washington. Hamilton, however, had married a rich man's daughter, who had probably a rich man's daughter's ideas as to what are the necessities of life. His vices also were expensive, or, to speak more exactly, his vice. The virtuous public men of the present day could probably retain the post of Cabinet Minister or Vice-President for a few years upon fifteen thousand dollars a year without seriously encroaching upon their private fortunes; and a salary of that amount would give the President a much wider range of choice. "Perhaps," said Mr. Wade last spring, "I should have taken office, if it had been offered me; but the pay is inadequate. I could not have held the position and kept house in Washington as Cabinet Ministers are expected to, for the sala-

ry. It would have taken five thousand dollars a year more from my private means, unless I'd steal, and I'm too old to begin to steal."

The grade of officials just below that of Cabinet Minister, the class represented during the war by Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, are persons of great importance in Washington. The supposed necessities of party sometimes induce a President to fill a place in the Cabinet with any old figure-head that happens to be lying about. In any case, the person next in rank to the chief exercises great authority, and will generally be to his department what a first lieutenant is to his ship. It is admitted on all hands that the sudden expansion of the navy of the United States during the first years of the war, resulting in a real blockade of an immense line of coast, and in the immortal victories of Farragut and his comrades, was the *ne plus ultra* of administrative achievement. It is also admitted that this was chiefly the work of Mr. G. V. Fox. Now, it was no hardship to Mr. Fox, in those glorious years, to serve his country for less money than would pay for the board and lodging of a small family in a third-rate hotel. On the contrary, it was a sweet, a high, a priceless privilege. The meanness of the salary enhanced the glory and fascination of the post. It must have been delicious, sometimes, when he had signed contracts that would enrich half a dozen men, to contemplate the leanness of his own exchequer. It must have been a gratification bordering on the sublime, just after he had asked a creditor to wait till next quarter-day for his money, to read in a Democratic newspaper of the enormous sums he was making from his interests in navy contracts. But human nature cannot be kept at that pitch of exaltation in which we lived from 1861 to 1865; nor is there any need that it should be. In the long run, bread-and-butter, as Ex-alderman Johnson styled it, rules the world; and, when the war was over, Mr. Fox was more than justified in resigning

his place in Washington, at thirty-five hundred dollars a year, to accept the superintendency of a manufactory at Lowell, at seven thousand. Seven thousand dollars a year at Lowell is about equal to eleven thousand dollars a year at Washington.

The simple question for us to consider is: Are men of great capacity wanted in government offices, or are they not? If they are, we must pay them what others find it worth while to pay them. Mr. Fox represents a class of able men, nearly all of whom were compelled to retire from the public service after the close of the war because the salaries attached to their posts were inadequate. I mention him by name, because he is well known to the public, and also because I have never seen him, and do not even know whether his was the creative mind of the Navy Department. *Some* mind was; and the principle is the same, whether it goes by the name of Fox or another. To this class of officials, — assistant secretaries, heads of important bureaus, and others, — Uncle Sam, it is to be noted, pays nothing but money. Their names become known to the public only by accident; for it is part of the etiquette of their place to see to it that the honor of what they accomplish shall be awarded to their nominal chief; nor is their appointment permanent. A man with sense enough to know wherein consists human happiness can accommodate himself to a narrow income, provided it is safely his own. But to an income of any magnitude whatever, subject to be taken away without notice and without cause, a man of sense and ability was never yet reconciled. To accept such a place, in ordinary times, is a confession of incompetency.

This brings us to the rotation-in-office question, to which attention has been powerfully recalled of late by the able and patriotic labors of Mr. Jenckes of Rhode Island. Still more powerfully has attention been called to it by the recent rebellions in the State Prison at Sing-Sing, which were said to be caused

by the sudden dismissal of Republican officers to make room for a number of Democratic politicians who had to be provided with places. That event, doubtless, aggravated the state of things existing in the prison; and probably the staunch Jackson-Democratic father and housekeeper in that part of Westchester County has had doubts this year whether the system of rotation is quite applicable to the officials of an establishment containing thirteen hundred criminals. As that father made his rounds at night, locking up house, barn, and stable, and reflecting upon what might happen if that mass of ruffians were let loose upon an unprotected village, I fear he did not feel all that veneration for his departed chief which it is the pride of Jackson Democrats to exhibit. It perhaps occurred to him that to govern with firmness, humanity, and wisdom so peculiar a community demanded other qualifications than the single one of being able to "carry" a ward or a county, and that those other qualifications ought at least to be thought of in making prison appointments. "I don't see what is the *use* of having such men as John Clark here," said a high official in the Philadelphia custom-house, of one of its clerks. "Why not?" asked a bystander. The reply was: "He has been here six or seven years, and he has never carried his precinct."

We have now tried the Jackson rotation system forty years and six months. How has it worked?

I admit that there is something plausible to be said in its favor. I am writing this article on Cape Ann, part of the "stern and rock-bound coast" of Massachusetts, which is now getting sliced up into wonderfully long pieces of fine granite, and carried off in schooners to various Atlantic ports for building and paving. Fish and granite are the products of this rugged, romantic region. All day long, under the hot summer sun and in the cutting winter winds, the quarrymen swing the great hammer, or hold the perilous boring-tool, or manage the ponderous

machinery that lifts and loads the huge masses, or yell like tragedians at the writhing oxen. The men of Cape Ann who do not work in the quarries go for codfish in schooners to the coast of Labrador, to the banks of Newfoundland, and elsewhere, not shrinking from the cruel tempests of February and March; or they cruise up and down the coast in search of the uncertain mackerel, coming in sometimes, after weeks of dangerous voyaging, without a fish; or else they court destruction in a little flat-bottomed boat called a dory, and gather the harvest of the sea within a few miles of the shore, supplying lobsters at four cents each for canning, and sending fresh fish to the Boston markets. Life on Cape Ann wears a serious aspect, and is maintained by fierce grappling with hostile forces.

But here and there on the Cape there is a man who walks serene, listening to the musical ring of the hammer which he never lifts, and viewing the boundless peril which he never shares. The whole fleet of mackerel-men and cod-men may come in empty; but it is naught to him, *his* salt pork and biscuit are secure. Nobody may want granite, and the music of the quarries may cease; but *he* surveys the scene with a tranquil mind, and draws his pay as before. As long as the President of the United States is a Republican, and the member of Congress who got him his place continues to be re-elected, and does not want the office for some one else, so long he remains a gentleman of leisure, in the midst of a most laborious people. Such are the light-house-keepers, the inspectors of customs, the postmasters, and a few others. How natural that the men of the Cape should think it right to take a turn, now and then, at these easy employments and this certain pay! Why, they ask, should Neighbor Jones *always* walk up and down, looking out for smugglers, catching one every year or two, and the rest of us *always* split the granite and hunt the mackerel? Turn about is fair play, they think; and there will never

be wanting politicians to sympathize with them in this view of the subject.

Such is the light in which rotation appears upon the granite coast of New England. But none of these stalwart men would begrudge a light-house to a one-legged soldier or the widow of a drowned fisherman; and when the government is put once more upon a basis of common sense, light-houses will invariably be reserved for persons whose circumstances and past services mark them out from all mankind for just such posts. Nor do the men of this Cape envy the lot of a certain postmaster, the slenderness of whose emolument exactly balances the more desirable circumstances of his place, and keeps him equal to the rest of the village. Still less would they be disturbed, if the incumbent of such an easy post were a woman. They *do* envy the case of some of the customs-officials; and well they may. Several of those gentlemen have very little to do, and that little is not arduous; while the pay is more liberal than it would have to be, if the appointment were permanent. Nor would the present salaries be deemed excessive, nor excite envy in the breasts of honest men, if they were the late reward of faithful service in lower posts, for which every man's son might compete. These hardy fishermen do not feel it a grievance that some of their neighbors own a share in a schooner, which gives them a double portion of the profit of voyages to the toil of which all hands equally contribute. But when Uncle Sam comes along and bestows sudden, unearned ease and honor upon one of their number, they feel that, the next time he looks in upon Cape Ann, he ought to put that man back into the quarry or the schooner and give some one else a respite from toil and trouble. But our respected Uncle ought not to bestow sudden, unearned ease and honor upon any man. This is one of the many wrongs of rotation; and, hence, I must reckon Cape Ann an argument for permanence.

This remote and stony Cape is repre-

sentative on this subject. Having been for many years interested in the question, I have sought opportunities of learning how it appears to average voters, the owners of the United States, who will have finally to decide it. At present, the average voter is under the impression that we ought to take turns at enjoying what few good things Uncle Sam has to bestow. This feeling is the difficulty to be overcome.

Cape Ann, on the other hand, has afforded a pleasing illustration of the solid, enduring happiness which can result from a very small income, when it is not precarious. Yonder light-house, built in the year 1800, was occupied for forty-nine years by the same keeper. The salary was three hundred dollars a year; but a garden furnished the family with vegetables, and the ocean with fish. They were noted the country round for innocent cheerfulness and bountiful hospitality, and the old man, when at length the lamp of his own life went out, left an estate worth seven thousand dollars. Quiet, stable welfare like this *can* exist wherever there is a secure livelihood suitably bestowed. Lamb had it from his place in the India House. Hawthorne might have had it in the Salem custom-house. There are people in this world who possess high, rare, and exquisite qualities; people who can render the most perfect service in posts the duties of which are fixed for them; and yet they are wanting in a certain audacity and energy that fit men to make a successful career of their own. How excellent a thing for a bank, a company, or a government to give permanent welfare to such in return for admirable service! It is idle to urge men to be moderate in their pursuit of fortune, so long as the possession of property is the *only* means of securing independence and dignity. In the United States a man is a fool who does not sacrifice to the acquisition of wealth everything except health and honor; since wealth alone gives a platform upon which a happiness can be established. Faraday might well decline to make a fortune of a hundred

and fifty thousand pounds by doing chemistry for men of business; he had a secure eighty pounds a year, three rooms, fuel, and candles; and, having these, he could afford the ineffable luxury of spending his life in the discovery of truth.

I turn from Cape Ann to a scene which I witnessed in the White House a few days after the last Inauguration. If the Jackson rotation system appears endurable upon the sea-coast, it is entirely hideous at Washington.

About nine o'clock one morning, on going by the President's house, I observed a great number of men standing about the front-door, and many others walking towards it, as though something was going on and the public had been invited to attend. I joined the throng and entered the hall. The President's family had not yet taken possession, and several upholsterers were making wild efforts to take up the carpets; while parties were waiting for some one who had gone to find some one else who had the key of the East Room, which they were desirous of seeing. Meanwhile, they strolled about in the smaller show apartments, stumbling over rolls of carpet, inhaling dust, and viewing works of art. But most of those who entered this private residence of a respectable family went up stairs, where the President was supposed to be. Following the stream, I found myself in one of the suite of rooms of the east wing, adjacent to the apartment in which the President usually receives people who call on business. These large rooms were filled with men, standing in groups talking eagerly together, or sitting silent and anxious on the seats that lined the wall. The roar of conversation was like that of the Chicago Exchange when wheat is coming in freely, and the air was as pestiferous as at an evening party the giver of which keeps four stout colored men opening champagne, but forgets to let in a little inexpensive atmosphere. The men here assembled had a sufficient, capable aspect; many of them were persons of note in politics; many had

distinguished themselves in the war. Strolling about among them, and passing from room to room, I came at last to the DOOR, — the door of doors, — which all of those present desired to enter. Some of them had crossed a continent to enter it; and there it was, tight shut, guarded by two ushers, and two hundred people were waiting to go in. It was not necessary for any one to be told that this door led to the President's office. There was a lane of men, terminating at the door, and extending back into the middle of the room, each man of which looked at the door as though it were beef and he had tasted nothing for three days and three nights. I saw then what the poet meant who first spoke of people *devouring* objects with their eyes. These men had a hungry look. With their eyes they were eating up that dingy-white door. So intent were they upon it that they were unconscious of themselves, of their attitude and expression; and, when at last the door opened, it was awful to see how they scanned the face of the messenger and watched his movements. And so they waited, hour after hour. Failing to get in one day, they would try again the next. Some of those then present had been trying for four days for admission, and had still no expectation of getting in very soon. Many had given up the attempt to see the President, and were waiting there in hopes of speaking with their senator or member, who would convey their wishes to him.

A scene similar to this, but on a smaller scale, was going on wherever there was a person in Washington who had easy access to the President. A member of Congress who was supposed to have any particular influence with him would have a hundred applications a day for the exertion of that influence. One member, who was not on the best terms with the President, would have twenty callers in one evening, asking his aid in procuring a favorable presentation of their "claims." Washington swarmed with office-seekers. At the Capitol, when a messenger

arrived from the White House with a packet of nominations, the rush of men toward the Senate wing of the building was like the thundering tramp of buffaloes across a prairie.*

I might dwell upon the waste, the anguish, the indecency, the degradation, of this scramble. I might speak of men coming to Washington with high hopes and full pockets, who begin by living at Willard's and treating with champagne, then remove to a less expensive hotel, afterwards to a cheap boarding-house, and finally, after subsisting awhile at "free lunches," borrow money to go home, where they arrive haggard and savage. I might speak of the impossibility of making good appointments in such circumstances; of the much better chance that brazen importunity has at such a time than merit; of the greater likelihood that a noisy eleventh-hour convert will get an office than a man who has borne the burden and heat of the day, but has omitted to come to Washington; or of the infernal cruelty of working a President to within an inch of his life in the first six weeks of his term. But all things cannot be said in one short article. The great evil of the system, as it is seen at Washington, is, that it compels the chief persons of the government to expend most of their time and strength upon a matter that properly belongs to subordinates. When President Grant came

* A Washington letter of April 2, 1869, has the following: "To-day the hundreds of office-seekers now here flocked to the Capitol. At about two o'clock General Porter made his appearance, and after depositing with the Senate his sealed packages of appointments he repaired to the Secretary's office, and there placed a list of the same for the public. In an instant a grand rush was made for this office, and soon there was scarcely standing-room therein. The reporters of the afternoon papers tried in vain to secure copies of the names on the list, but the hungry, anxious, and eager crowds rushed in pell-mell. It was amusing to see the expressions of the faces of these people after the list had been read. Of course none of the successful candidates were present, and all were disappointed. The score or more persons seeking the same office sought their Congressmen, and each demanded explanations of the why and wherefore. Profanity raged among all. . . . The 8.40 train for New York was packed with the most dejected, pitiful, profane, and demoralized crowd of men that ever left this city."

into office, there were several matters of great importance which demanded his attention and that of his Cabinet; such as Cuba, the Alabama claims, reconstruction, and the adoption of a financial policy. The consideration of such subjects is the high duty which the Constitution assigns to the heads of the government, and in order to get *that* duty done the people gave General Grant their votes. But during the first week of his term he was worn out, day after day, by listening to the claims and settling the differences of people whose existence would naturally be known to a President or a Cabinet Minister only through the Blue Book.

And this, let me add, is the chief labor of a President all through his term. "What is it to be President?" I once asked of a gentleman who had filled the office; "what is the principal thing a President does?" The reply was, "To make appointments." A mere loungeur about Washington can see that this is true; and it is manifest to all who look over such documents as that containing the testimony taken by the Covode Committee in 1860. The reader of that choice volume perceives that Mr. Buchanan wrote long letters and spent laborious hours in forcing upon the Philadelphia Navy-Yard an incompetent head-carpenter. The authorities of the yard sent back word that the man could not pass his examination. No matter; the President of the United States would have him appointed, and he was appointed; for he had rendered services in the Presidential election which a Buchanan could not overlook. The following is a portion of the man's sworn testimony:—

"*Question.* Do you mean to say that you gave [naturalization] papers to parties who subsequently used them in elections without ever going before a court to make the necessary proof [of five years' residence]?"

"*Answer.* I have given a few.

"*Ques.* Well, how many did you distribute yourself?"

"*Ans.* Two or three thousand." *

* Covode Investigation, p. 396.

This was the man — Patrick Lafferty was his name — whom the President of the United States put over the heads of American mechanics. I do not adduce the fact to illustrate the corrupting tendency of rotation, but to show the petty nature of the employments to which it reduces the head of the government. I am not sure that Mr. Buchanan was aware of the kind of service which his Irish friend had rendered him; but the assiduous Lafferty swore that when he failed to pass his examination he went to Washington and conversed with the President upon the subject for an hour and a half. We also find the President, upon the pages of this huge volume, meddling in the pettiest details of the pettiest ward elections, and superintending the division of the vulgarest portion of the spoils. He arranged the division and subdivision of the profits made on the public printing, and he parcelled out among three of his Pennsylvania neighbors the percentage allowed on the price of the coal purchased for the government. Do we elect a President for such work as this? Mr. Lincoln, too, was immersed in the most trivial details of administration. I think he must have spent more than half his time, and a full third of his strength, in arranging affairs of which, in a properly constituted public service, he would never have heard; and this, with a million men in the field, and the existence of the nation at stake. That the same system prevails to-day I have a hundred proofs before me; but they are needless, for every one knows it to be the case. We have even read lately a printed notice, signed by the commandant of a navy-yard, in which it is stated that "no person hostile to the present administration will be employed in the yard," and that "the Secretary of the Navy particularly desires" the enforcement of this rule.

Now, human nature being what it is, we may be sure that nine Presidents out of ten will make nine appointments out of ten with an eye to their own reelection, or the election of their candi-

date. They will generally make haste to have the fifty thousand office-holders active agents in their behalf; and since "power over a man's support has always been held and admitted to be power over his will," an ambitious and able President can easily convert all that large army of men from servants of the public into personal retainers. John Tyler, of precious memory, for example, employed *his* postmasters in circulating copies of a campaign Life of himself. They were called upon by a circular letter, franked, to subscribe for and spread abroad "fifty or sixty copies," which would be furnished "at the low price of fifty dollars a hundred." This circular letter was accompanied by a note penned in the President's own office by his son and secretary. The following is a copy of the note:—

("Private.) PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, 1st Dec., 1843.

"SIR:—As it is considered of importance, *in justice to the President*, to circulate among the people the work spoken of in Mr. Abell's letter accompanying this, you will confer a favor on the undersigned by taking such measures for that end as Mr. A. suggests.

"Prompt attention and a liberal subscription will render your services still more useful.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"JOHN TYLER, JR."

This letter, I believe, correctly represents a system which time has not materially changed. As a rule, we shall not have in the Presidential chair such blundering people as Tyler and Johnson, who let their clumsy hands be seen from behind the curtain of the show; but no President who could be nominated by the present style of politicians can be reasonably expected to refrain from using his power to perpetuate his power. Rotation belittles, personalizes, and disgraces the government in its every department and grade. From peculiar circumstances, I am thoroughly familiar with the working of the system, and I am convinced

that Mr. John Stuart Mill's recent utterance on this subject is the truth. He well says that rotation is *the* evil of our government,* and that professional politicians are the great perverters of free government. Rotation has created professional politicians, and by rotation alone they are kept in being. The order did not exist before Jackson debauched the government: it will cease to exist when Mr. Jenckes has reformed it.

At the penitentiary upon Blackwell's Island, near New York, the superintendent once pointed out to me a young man (not more than twenty-eight) who had been in the prison fifty-seven times. Other young men there had been "sent up" thirty times, twenty times, eighteen times, ten times; and, I think, comparatively few were serving their first term. This led to the disclosure of the fact that most of the crime in the large cities of the world is committed by a small number of professional villains, who pass their short lives between the prison and the streets; not unfrequently getting themselves arrested and convicted when times are hard. Thus the Tombs in New York has, like the Astor House, its regular customers; and Blackwell's Island is, like Newport, a place of resort; and the virtuous portion of the people pay three or four millions per annum for the support, arrest, and entertainment of a few thousand individuals who have adopted stealing as a vocation. We support

* "I have long thought," wrote Mr. Mill, a few months ago, to a friend in New York, apropos of Mr. Jenckes's bill, "that the appointments to office without regard to qualifications are the worst side of American institutions, the main cause of what is justly complained of in their practical operation, and the principal hindrance to the correction of what is amiss, as well as a cause of ill-repute to democratic institutions all over the world. If appointments were given, not by political influence, but by open competition, the practice of turning out the holders of office, at every change in politics, in order to reward partisans, would necessarily cease, and with it nearly all the corruption and larger half of the virulence of mere party conflict. I have been delighted to see that Mr. Jenckes's measure meets with increasing support from disinterested opinion, though it will have to encounter the utmost hostility from the professional politicians, who are the great perverters of free government."

them out of prison and we support them in prison. Rotation in office has called into existence an order of politicians as distinct as the order of thieves; and the inhabitants of New York do not need to be informed that between these two orders there is an affinity, such as that which we suspected between Buchanan and Lafferty. If anything is certain, it is this: the rotation system is developing this affinity into an alliance. In the city of New York, we all see this; but the country at large is so sound, and there are still so many respectable men in office and so much of the public business is tolerably done, that the tendency is less apparent to those who live out of the large seaports. But the tendency exists. Honorable men, who are still occasionally sought for office, instinctively perceive it, and shrink from contact with a class who seem to have something in common with men of prey which easily develops into an understanding, into a partnership.

That coal agency, already referred to, may serve as an example of the way in which political transactions shade off into criminal ones. Half a dozen applicants for the agency were in Washington, all of whom had spent money and wind in the preceding election, and all neighbors or friends of the President. Some of the applicants and their adherents met and talked the matter over, and they agreed at length that one of their number should be appointed agent, and that the emoluments of the office should be equally divided between him and two others. It is hardly necessary to add that neither of the three knew anything particular about coal, or even took pains to inquire; one of them being a physician, another an editor, and the third an omnibus proprietor. The business was "turned over to Stone, Tyler, & Co.," who "became at once the purchasers for, and the sellers to, the government." I am happy to be able to add, that when Mr. Getz, editor of the *Reading Gazette*, came to understand the arrangement, he declined to take any share of its profits; so that

the doctor and the omnibus man had the whole fourteen thousand dollars a year to divide between them. I do not say that this was as bad as picking pockets, but only that it was akin to it.

It is ludicrous to observe sometimes how entirely the public service is lost sight of under this insensate system, and what absolute puppets the lower officials are in the games of the higher. If a member of Congress, for example, bolts on an administration measure, the President turns out of office the post-masters, light-house-keepers, custom-house clerks, and navy-yard laborers who owed their appointments to him. There is something about this so exquisitely absurd, that it is provocative of laughter rather than horror, as when we read of those usages of barbarous tribes which have the peculiarity of being both deadly and silly. We are so constituted that murder itself becomes laughable if a Chinaman is hung up by his pigtail; and suicide excites mirth when we read of a Japanese nobleman going aside and quietly ripping himself up. So, when we read of Buchanan turning a mechanic out of his shop because a New York member voted against Lecompton, we can hardly resist the comic incongruity of the transaction. I cannot read seriously such a passage as the following from the Covode Report, although I know that precisely the same system prevails to-day, and that it is as monstrous as it is ridiculous:—

"The division of patronage among members was well known in the Brooklyn navy-yard. Each master workman understood to whom he and each of his fellows owed their places. Thus the constructive engineer, the master plumber, and the master block-maker represented Mr. Sickles; the master painter represented Mr. Learing; the master spar-maker, master blacksmith, and timber-inspector represented Mr. Maclay. . . . Lawrence Cohane was appointed master carpenter upon the nomination of Mr. Haskin, in the general division of patronage. *He was re-*

moved on account of Mr. Haskin's course upon the Lecompton Constitution."

Each of these representative master mechanics selects and discharges the men of his shop, and he is expected to do this with the most implicit deference to the will and political interest of the member who caused his appointment. But to this, it seems, other members sometimes object. Thus, Mr. Haskin procured the appointment of Master Carpenter Cohane; but we find the Hon. John Cochrane addressing the unfortunate Cohane thus: "I *will* have my proportion of men under you; if you do not give them, I will lodge charges against you. . . . I will make application that you be turned out. The bearer will bring me an answer." The master painter, about the same time, took the very great liberty of discharging a man for habitual drunkenness. The man's member of Congress made the following remark to the master painter in consequence: "You may set it down as a fact that I will have you removed if I can, if you don't put that man back again." The drunkard was not put back again, and the master painter *was* removed. Another member writes to the master of one of the shops: "As a general thing, Hugh McLaughlin, master laborer, knows who my friends are, and he will confer with you at all times."

In these absurd contentions the Secretary of the Navy himself did not disdain to mingle, and of course we find him siding with the aggrieved member and adding the weight of his positive order to effect the member's purpose. Equally, of course, it was the refuse of the mechanics of New York and Brooklyn who usually came to the yard backed with a member's demand for their employment; and thus the Brooklyn navy-yard, once the pride of ship-builders, to be employed in which was formerly a coveted honor, was "reduced to a mere political machine where idleness, theft, insubordination, fraud, and gross neglect of duty prevailed to an alarming degree." Of course! An employer

who treats his workmen thus deserves to be served so, and always will be. The wonder is, that any ship built in the yard kept afloat long enough to reach Sandy Hook.

A noteworthy circumstance is, that members of Congress of any intelligence, who employ this system, are as keenly alive to its absurdities and its ill consequences as we are who pay the cost and suffer the shame of it. That very John Cochrane who *would* have his share of the navy-yard carpenters has solemnly declared that the system is an unmitigated evil, injurious to the purity of elections, injurious to the mechanic and his work, and a frightful nuisance to members, who are beset at every turn by applicants. Another member has testified: "My house was run down. I was addressed upon the subject in the street; when in the lower part of the city on business I would be pursued; and I really could find no rest by reason of the great number of such applications. . . . This whole system tends, in the first place, to the demoralization of the laboring class to their serious detriment, and, in my judgment, to the degradation, personal and political, of members of Congress." As men and citizens they all comprehend this; while as politicians they insist on having their share of its supposed advantages.

"We shall be broken up," said Senator Trumbull of Illinois, in April last, "unless some administration will set the example, or some legislation will compel it, of making the price of office good behavior only. The scenes and the scramble of the last month have been disgraceful, as you know. But you do not probably know the effect of this periodical rotation upon Congress. For example, I want the Secretary of the Treasury to give my man an office. I go up to the department and wait there for an audience, long or short, as the case may be. The Secretary speaks encouragingly. Next day I go up again, and he is not quite so sanguine. It is by this steady persistence that offices are obtained here. Not merit, nor recommendation, nor impulse, but ding-

donging, obtains the offices. Well, the Secretary has a financial policy, perhaps. How can I, as a senator, speak independently of his policy, while my man is in a state of suspense? Thus the executive part of the government paralyzes in a great degree the legislator's independence."

A striking case in point, which clearly illustrates the working of the system, was furnished by a late collector of the New York custom-house, who desired to represent the United States at the court of St. Petersburg. The Senate frustrated his ambition, and he took his revenge by turning out of the custom-house thirty clerks and porters whom a New York senator had recommended for appointment. A gentleman who was present when the thirty new men were sworn in asked the collector whether the vacancies had been created in order to retaliate upon the senator for his adverse vote. He did not deny the soft impeachment, though he pretended that the thirty dismissed were "incompetent." He concluded his answer to the question in these words: "Blood is thicker than water. If a man cheats me I am going to pay him off for it. I did not want the mission to Russia particularly. It would have cost me ten thousand dollars a year to go there. But then, when a man makes up his mind to do a thing he don't like to be cheated out of it. There have not been more than thirty new appointments made." Thirty men suddenly deprived of their means of living, and thirty more lured perhaps from stable employments, in order to gratify the spite of a person whom it had been an affront to Russia to send thither as a representative of the United States! How foolish it is for us to complain of the alleged peculations of custom-house officials! Has it ever been possible, in any age or country, to get decent and capable men to serve on these terms; to be the puppets and instruments of such a person for a hundred and fifty dollars a month? You can get thieves on such terms. You can get fools on such terms. You can get necessitous

honest men for a short time on such terms. But Uncle Sam will never be well served so long as he can stand by with his hands in his pockets while his servants are thus treated.

"You don't do work enough to earn your salary," said a chief of bureau, in this same custom-house, to one of the clerks. "Work!" exclaimed the young man, "I worked to get here; you surely don't expect me to work any longer."

This anecdote, which sums up the system in a sentence, is one of the hundreds of good things collected by the indefatigable industry of Mr. Jenckes. He relates another story, to show the marvellous carelessness with which men are selected even for situations requiring special or professional knowledge. The chief clerk of the Office of Construction in the Treasury Department being requested to give the "full particulars" of his examination, thus replied: "Major Barker commenced the 'examination' by saying: 'You are from New York, I believe, Mr. Clark?' I replied that I was. He then commenced a detailed narrative of his first visit to New York, and gave me an interesting and graphic account of the disturbance created in his mind by the 'noise and confusion' of the great city. The delivery of this narrative occupied, as nearly as I remember, about half an hour. I listened to it attentively, endeavoring to discover some point in his discourse which had reference to my (then present) 'examination.' I failed to discover any relevancy, and therefore made no reply. At the close of his narrative, without any further question, he said to his associate examiners: 'Well, gentlemen, I presume there is no doubt but that Mr. Clark is qualified.' Whereupon they all signed the certificate, and my 'examination' closed."

Is it not one of the wonders of the world that the Treasury building stood long enough to get the roof upon it? But the erection of an edifice ever so huge is an easy task compared with other tasks less conspicuous. A building is open to the inspection of all the

world; few men would apply for employment upon it who were wholly incompetent; and it was easier to build it tolerably right than obviously wrong. But you cannot collect a whiskey-tax on rotation principles. I have quoted Thomas Benton's maxim that power over a man's livelihood is power over his will. Now, who *has* power over a tax-collector's livelihood? Mr. E. A. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, answers this question for us in one of his reports. The whiskey-tax, he assures us, can never be collected until "the combined and active hostility of all those against whom the law is enforced *shall be insufficient for the removal of any officer opposed to their plunderings.*" He says further: "The evil is inherent in the manner of appointments, and lies deeper than the present supremacy of any political party. . . . Their tenure of office when secured is uncertain and feeble, seeming *to be strengthened rather by concessions to wrong than by exacting the rights of the government.*" That tells the whole story. They naturally obey the power which gave and can take away their places. Uncle Sam, to use the language of the ring, "goes back" on those who carry his commission; does not stand by his servants when they do their duty. He treats his servants vilely; and, as a natural consequence, many of them are exceedingly remiss, or worse, in their duty. This error costs him, it is computed, in the collection of the revenue alone, a round hundred millions per annum in mere money, without reckoning the injury to the morals of the people, and the bad example set to other employers. "I can't get a man of talent," said one of the architects employed by the government, "to help me here; because, first of all, the salary is too low; secondly, no degree of merit in a man can get him an appointment; and lastly, no degree of merit can keep a good man in a place if he should happen to get one."

Let no one hug the delusion that the system is changed under President Grant. He cannot change it. I have

no doubt he is as fully alive to its absurdities and its impolicy as any man living; but, like Mr. Lincoln, he feels that he must run the machine as he finds it. He is, indeed, a victim of the system, which may yet cost him his life, as it cost the lives of two of his predecessors. His appointments show that he practically accepts the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils, and that he is even exceptionally insensible to the peculiar claims which politicians occasionally respect. In fact, he is worried out of his life with the endless succession of importunate applicants. I used to wonder in Washington that he did not give it up, and fly to parts unknown, leaving us without any Uncle Sam. In all probability, too, he desires re-election. Every President desires it. It is human nature. The politicians would drop him in an instant, and set "party organs" at work creating odium against him, if he were to pause and make appointments on any other principle than the one which politicians recognize; and when the nominating convention met, in 1872, his name would not be mentioned among the candidates.

Nothing will ever touch this evil short of restoring to the public service that element of permanence which it once had, and which all successful private establishments possess. In the lower grades of the persons employed in our great houses of business, there are frequent changes. Young men come and go, as they ought, trying themselves and the places they fill. Sometimes the person resigns the place and sometimes the place rejects the person; and it is seldom indeed that a man goes on for life as he begins. But in the higher grades there is, there should be, there must be, a degree of permanence. Twice a year, for fifteen years, I have gone to a certain bank to receive a dividend for a person who cannot conveniently go herself. Invariably I find the same paying-teller, well-appointed, self-possessed, counting out the money with that careful rapidity that never permits

a mistake ; the same excellent cashier, who learned his Latin Reader at my side at school no end of years ago ; the same serene and agreeable dividend-clerk, and the same nice young man helping him. All goes like clock-work ; all is efficient, vigorous, and successful. The young men, as is just, work hard, get little, and are not yet certain of keeping their places ; but they know that if they finally choose to trust their future to that bank, there are places in it for the deserving which will give them a decent livelihood and all the security needful for peace and dignity. So it could be at the custom-house round the corner, if only two men in it were fixed in their places during good behavior ; namely, the collector and the appraiser. Give just those two men a fair compensation, say thirty thousand dollars a year and no fees ; put it out of the power of politicians to re-

move them ; give them the right to select their assistants ; and hold them responsible for the faithful collection of the duties, — and we should soon have a custom-house that would afford as pleasing a scene of tranquil and efficient industry as the bank. The principle of permanence should be carried much farther ; but even this little would lay the axe at the root of the evil, and give Uncle Sam better work and more revenue at two thirds of the present expense.

After a trial of forty years, rotation stands condemned as a wholly unmitigated evil, hurting everybody and blessing nobody, helping nothing that is good, and aggravating every evil. Uncle Sam will never be better served than he is until he learns to treat his servants with a liberality and consideration that seem at present far from his thoughts.

THE DEAD LEVEL.

I HAD been reading about the Pacific Railway and California, and I said, "Certainly this is a wonderful age !" I looked up at my great-grandfather's portrait. His eyes were fixed upon me with that irritating unmannerly stare some portraits have. "Nonsense," it answered, "you are a chip of that old blockhead, your mother's father, who thought the millennium at hand when he saw the first steamboat on the Hudson River. Your day compares to mine as a photographic likeness to a portrait in oils. It is machine-made and cheap, — hard, unidealized, monotonous ; I congratulate myself that I lived when life had more color and variety." "Like all old gentlemen, you believe in the bright days of your youth ; but consider : you had neither railways nor electric telegraphs, to say nothing of popular education, cheap cottons, sewerage, universal suf-

frage, irredeemable legal-tender paper, and the general improvement of the masses —" "There has been an advance, I confess, but in one direction only. The greatest good of the greatest number is sound doctrine, but are you sure you will obtain it by the material methods you have adopted ? I admit that the spread of democracy is as certain as sunrise to-morrow, but I can also see that the theories and practice of your modern society are going over mankind as your railway engineers go over country, — cutting down what is elevated, as well as levelling up what is low. Democracy, originally a struggle for the rights of the individual, is now swallowing him up. I might quote Saturn and his children, but you have probably heard that classical allusion before. No, my lad ! the law of compensation is inevitable. Share and share alike may be only fair, but the good

things of this world are so scanty that an equal division gives only a pittance to each one. You can get nothing here below without paying for it; and what you are sacrificing to the forward movement of the many is yourselves, your imagination, and independence of thought, your personal character and individuality.

"One ceases to think of locomotives and telegraphs after the nine days' wonder. A machine becomes trivial as soon as we are accustomed to it. Size, speed, power, are merely comparative. There is nothing in a railway one thousand miles long essentially different from another of one hundred. The additional length furnishes no new idea or sensation. Nor is the mind long excited because the mails arrive daily instead of weekly and steamers run to Europe in eight days instead of sixteen. On the other hand, observe how steam has destroyed the romance of travel. When I mounted my horse for a journey I faced the weather, it is true, and spent both time and money on the road: but the air was pure, I saw the country I rode over, I made useful and amusing acquaintances, I had my little adventures, and I gathered a new stock of ideas and of health. To travel was a pleasure and an education. *You* buy your ticket for a trifle, and are shot in a few hours to your journey's end, like a package of merchandise. *You* have exchanged your point of departure for your point of arrival, that is all. *You* see nothing but railway cuttings; speak to no one but the 'conductor,' and not even to him, unless you are a bold man; are enveloped in an atmosphere of exhaled carbonic-acid gas, flavored by tobacco-juice, sponge-cake, green apples, peanuts, orange-peel, and popped corn; and alight at your terminus a good deal the worse for foul air, din, and dust. Which of us had the best of it?

"A Cambridge professor has announced that the earth is turning more slowly on its axis. I am sure that it is fading as well. Go back a hundred years before my time, — what a gay and va-

riegated world a Frenchman or an Italian of the seventeenth century looked upon! Society divided into castes, like an army with its horse, foot, and artillery, — every regiment with a brilliant uniform and *esprit de corps* of its own. Each class, from kings to serfs, differing in thoughts and feelings, manners and dress, and even in dialect; each profession with its peculiar costume, and standard of behavior. Processions, pageants, progresses, passed before his eyes. The combination of colors in attire you attempt at fancy balls he found in the street.

"Although there were no common schools, he had some moral advantages. He accepted his position in life as he found it; the church-bells rang conviction to his ear, and, childlike, he had his mind free to observe and enjoy the outward world. Even from superstition he derived an awful pleasure. The air was full of angels and of demons, the stars foretold his destiny, and omens and presages waited upon him until death. The news he heard, transmitted from mouth to mouth, received from each an embellishment that made it as sensational as any items in your morning papers. History dealt in miracles and myths, and science bore the stamp of the age; not merely in the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vite*, but in the calmer investigation of the men who laid the firm foundations you have built upon. Your new society is in direct antagonism with your old prejudices and feelings. Liberalism has cut at the root of dogma. Science has outrun judgment; wealth has grown faster than civilization; popular government has left wisdom and experience far behind. Your mind is a jumble of past and present. *You* have no defined and fixed opinions on any subject but physical comfort and mechanics. *You* talk of the excitement of your modern city life. What is it but whiskey, money-making, and an occasional murder that will not out? My ancient had incessant war, pestilence, witchcraft, religious persecution, the cruelty of arbitrary judges, the tyranny of nobles, to

keep his faculties on the stretch. You may be sure that hearts beat higher, and 'brains high-blooded ticked' faster, two centuries since.

"Since the French Revolution and George Stephenson closed out the old world, society, like the universe of Heraclitus, has been in a continual flux. The different ingredients that composed it are fusing into one homogeneous mass. All the old relations of life are mixed together, all distinctions are disappearing. Costume is gone, customs are similar, everybody goes to school, and the newspapers, like Jupiter in the Iliad, furnish mankind with their daily provision of brains; an intellectual manna which becomes worthless soon after it has been gathered. In Europe a few great folks linger, — specimens of the era that has gone; left over, as Hugh Miller tells us the Lepidotus 'has been spared, amid the wreck of genera and species,' to show what big fish swam in tertiary waters. But it is in this country, where the spirit of the age has had *tabula rasa* to make its mark, that we can see what it has done, and best judge of what it will do. We lead Europe in such matters about fifty years, and she follows as fast as her old limbs, stiffened by the laws, customs, and prejudices of twenty centuries, will permit her.

"Dr. Young once sang, in a medico-poetic strain: —

'All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous.'

With you they are no longer skin-deep. This is the era of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Rank there is none, and equality is social as well as political. You have, to be sure, merchant-princes, and merchant-chevaliers — *d'industrie*; but it is growing as difficult to distinguish between these two orders of nobility as it is for Professor Huxley to mark the difference between Homo and Pithecus. In money transactions collaterals have taken the place of character. The gentleman, as we called the educated man incapable of anything low in feelings, actions, manners, or dress, is pretty nearly extinct since the title

has been granted to every male biped who has the right to vote. His successor, the gent, is either flashy or a sloven. He is knowing, I admit, but uneducated and arrogant. He struts and swaggers,

'Pride in his port, defiance in his eye';

swallows cocktails, mouths cigars, and takes to swearing as naturally as a beaver to building dams. Your wealth, I repeat it, has increased much faster than your culture or even good feeling. You have little respect for the wishes of others, and assert your own rights by ignoring those of your neighbors. I recommend you to add a House of Correction for ill-mannered people to your other institutions. I need hardly tell you that in my day the first men administered the government. We divided democrats into those who went on four legs and those who had attained to the power of going on two. Now the quadruped has scrambled to the top, and political position has become a bad eminence. The condition of the official of the period is happily described by a line of a well-known hymn: —

'Temptation without, and corruption within.'

'Public man' is almost as disreputable an epithet as 'public woman.' At the porch of your legislative halls and courts of justice,

'Briareus stands,
Showing bribes in all his hands.'

The men who are 'seen' by him no longer think it becoming to look away and put their greedy palms behind them. In politics they know no distinction between virtue and vice, except in the profits. Hypocrisy can be dispensed with, — for hypocrisy, as Whately said, is the tribute vice pays to public opinion, and public opinion with you has long ceased to loathe or to pity that kind of vice, and, if not yet quite prepared to embrace it, smiles forgivingly on knaves in office when they have filled their pockets.

"Respect for age has gone with respect for character and position. 'Fogy' is the most amiable title you bestow

upon those who are a little older than yourself. Fathers are looked upon by the young men who go to their houses to dance with their daughters as the pursers or butlers of the establishment, — beneath notice. My son, to the day of my death, addressed me in his letters as ‘Honored Sir’: you called your father ‘Governor,’ or ‘Pop.’ I may add that there is little respect left for parents. You have adopted Swift’s view, that a man is under no obligation to his father or mother for bringing him into the world. On the contrary, you feel that they are only a bank established by Providence to accept your drafts. Relationship is considered an accident, and, when it reaches to cousins, an accident to be insured against. Marriage is too expensive, and I hear from some reverend gentlemen that there is a growing aversion to children. It is not surprising then that the system of family life which has lasted so many centuries is passing away. The age of service, the cheap resource of housekeepers, is gone, as the age of chivalry. You will soon have no more servants. Those you have are ‘a hindrance rather than a help.’ The Devil not only sends cooks, but seems to keep a general ‘Intelligence Office.’ The faithful black is an extinct species, like the dodo or the cave-bear. The Ethiopian has changed his skin, or at all events has put on the lion’s skin of the legislator and of the ambassador. Our colored fellow-citizen knows his rights, and, knowing, dares — be impudent and lazy. With his successful rival and substitute, the Celt, the case is even worse. Before he leaves home, he receives the same instructions the prior of an Italian convent used to give his mendicant monks: ‘*Fa tosto, e tutta è tua.*’ ‘Have cheek enough, and all shall be thine.’ The poor exile of Erin lands hungry and penniless; but instead of ‘learning to labor and to wait,’ as Mr. Longfellow so judiciously advises, looks upon politics as his career, and feels that he is born for government, and to have a finger in rings. His is the future, and he knows

it. Meanwhile he bides his time below stairs. As Mr. Bryant heard the hum of the coming myriads rising from the prairies of the great West, you may hear coming up from your kitchens the voices of your rulers that will be.

“You still believe in money: you say, Money makes the man; will make any man. Like Macbeth, you can buy golden opinions from all sorts of people; but I notice that even money is losing its distinction. Your civil war made it so easy to get rich, fortune has lately hurled men with frightful suddenness into a sphere of society different from the one in which they were born, and sent them among well-bred and well-educated people, ‘unwashed, untaught, unmannered, untailed,’ with all their disagreeable peculiarities on their heads. The social standard of the plutocracy is lowered in consequence, and discredit thrown upon the order. When you meet millionnaires at every corner, you cease to be dazzled and to touch your hat. And then, Fortune waves her wand! Presto! her wheel turns: the rich and poor change places again. In too many cases the only difference between the master and the footman who stands behind him is the difference of capital. Another shortcoming of your rich is, that they make so little use of their money, except to add it to the existing heap and ‘smile at its increase.’ They make their fine houses, pictures, and horses the principal objects of existence, instead of the pleasant accessories to power and position they are with great people in Europe. Your Midases seem satisfied with the position of President of a Club, Director in a Bank, or Governor of a Lying-in Asylum. It seems to me that when you consider how little they get for their money except envy, trouble, begging-letters, and assessments, that they are a suffering class, and that a society for the amelioration of the condition of the rich might be a real charity, more useful than many of the sentimental objects to which these contribute — most liberally, I must say; but I could

wish they would not let the newspapers know the exact when and how much. Sometimes one is tempted to repeat Lord Ward's cynical speech: 'I hate charity, it is such an ostentatious vice.'

"You pride yourselves upon the general spread of information. The spread is indeed general, but the information is thin, — a mere varnish. There is plenty of superficial cramming in your many schools; with little of that thorough training that produces wisdom, — the wisdom which in Job's time was held to be more precious than rubies. I grant that since then there has been a great change in the relative price of the two articles.

"Mechanical triumphs and material prosperity have turned your heads. You believe that for the American sovereign there is a royal road to learning without labor, as to wealth without industry, and to good government without honesty and respect for law. Sound learning is thought not 'to pay.' I fear that you are mostly a nation of smatterers. The celebrated Thompson defines an American as a man with half an education and a double dose of self-confidence. A most unfortunate compound! There is this difference

'Between the span

Of clown unread and half-read gentleman,'

that the clown probably knows his own ignorance, and can be taught; but self-satisfaction is vulgarizing and hopeless. The greatest evidence of folly is the conviction that one is always right. The more we eat of the genuine fruit of the tree of knowledge, the more we see how naked we are. You boast of your quick wits; but take care: people who understand too soon never learn much, and quickness is often only quickness of misapprehension. You are intelligent enough to like new ideas, but not enough to know whether the novelty is good for anything, — or even whether it is a novelty at all, or only some fossil fallacy re-dug-up for the twentieth time, dusted, and made presentable. You are beset by a crowd of long-haired, half-crazed epicenes, who

try with the heated energy of dyspepsia or hysteria to force upon you their pet little 'falsism,' — moral, financial, economical, — something generally as new and as practicable as squaring the circle or the perpetual motion. On the whole, you listen to them more kindly than to sounder teachers; and so you go, in all good faith, the rounds of plausible error; like a French contemporary of mine, and, may I add, a rather famous contemporary of your own: —

'Autrefois communiste,
Ensuite philanthropiste,
Puis "*old-clo*" *pediste*,
Après mesmeriste,
A présent économiste
En attendant qu'un autre *iste*
Enfile bientôt sa liste.'

"Reading, with us, was a serious matter. We used books to cultivate our minds, or to acquire correct opinions on important subjects. You read to kill time. I do not object to novels; but novels, like sweet things, should be taken for dessert, not made the sole article of diet. The man who invented newspapers and magazines was the greatest benefactor of the idle. They are the crystal magic globe of the Castle of Indolence.

'One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy;
Still as you turned it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth —'

By and by you will become too lazy even to read them, and you will derive your mental nourishment from the woodcuts in the illustrated journals. Already, satisfied with the slovenly work of your 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease,' you are losing a correct taste. Your standard in literature is sinking, as in the theatre, where a grimace or a kick is more successful than a point of wit or of character. You no longer enjoy the beauty of style, — after all, the main thing in literature; you do not appreciate the correct and skilful use of words, — yet without it authors are artisans, not artists. Even 'artisan' is a little beyond their merits when they offer us nothing but the old ideas in the old threadbare garb; and make language, as Coleridge said, 'like a barrel-organ, furnish them both instrument

and tune.' The Republic of Letters is no longer a phrase, but a fact. The aristocracy of genius has been put aside with the other aristocracies, and an average middle-class respectability rules over the mind of your times.

"What a change in opinions and feelings since I lived and moved about! People are flocking to the large cities to lose themselves in the great aggregate of humanity; and the country I loved so much is, in their eyes, a place of business for market-gardeners, or a retreat for broken fortunes. I see no more honest, hard work done, except by foreigners. The farmer's and the mechanic's son aspires to keep a demogrogery, or to peddle, or to hold office. Wealth without labor is the longing of all of them,—*Rem, quocunque modo, rem*; in other words, a desire to steal, limited only by the fear of prison. Your women think housekeeping too great an exertion and children too much of a trouble; they prefer clamoring for rights and trousers. I looked upon this world as a place of probation, where duty was to come before self-indulgence: you look upon it as a hotel; you expect a good room, attentive service, and no trouble, and for every-day wear you prefer an easy, comfortable vice to a tight, pinching virtue. Religion is no longer a living faith. What do you know or care about the dogmas of the sect you belong to? It has become a mere sentiment, often only a habit. Many of you New England people have Sunday for religious observances as you have Monday for washing, or Friday for a dinner of codfish. Don't tell me about ritualism, and the conversion of a few foolish women, who love excitement and millinery, to Romanism! Do you suppose they ever took the trouble to understand the real difference between the two churches? It is the triumph of form, ceremony, show, which the many can indulge in without individual thought, over the bracing Protestant doctrine that taught every man to rely upon himself and made the Anglo-Saxons the foremost people of the earth.

"Matthew Arnold, borrowing from Heine, is fond of a dainty fling at the middle class, the *bourgeoisie*, the Philistines, who turn all they touch into commonplace; whose lives are weary, flat, stale, though not unprofitable,—for they devote them to money-making and to orthodox charities,—but torpid to art, literature, and music, except for ostentation or for excitement. In America you are pretty much all middle-class; although you are not crushed between aristocracy and pauperism into quite so humdrum an existence as the English. Your artists paint nothing but furnishing-pictures; the novels you read are made up of *causes célèbres* and criminal cases; and you caper to the lascivious pleasings of Offenbach's music. The stage is pink-fire, tinsel, bare legs, and the player no longer holds the mirror up to nature, but to *puris naturalibus*.

"The mind of your time devotes itself to the material, the practical, to what will sell. Your ambition is to make money and to be amused. You are very ingenious in mechanics and in engineering; but thinking on other subjects you consider an idle waste of thought. It is not 'more life and fuller that you want,' but more convenient houses, cheaper gas, stoves that save fuel. Everything is mechanized and vulgarized for the million, like chromolithography, mock jewelry, and paper collars. Even science is popularized or 'plebificated' into science-and-water. Show is taking the place of substance: it is the age of pinchbeck. In the end you will become a superior order of bees, building your hives on the most scientific and economical plan, and storing them with cheap and abundant comforts. Like the bee, you will visit the flowers of life, not for their fragrance or for their color, but for the profit you can derive from them; and you will all buzz in the same drowsy monotone.

"You think that I am a dotard prophet! Survey this country from Maine to the Rio Grande;—what a remarkable likeness in the inhabitants! They

look alike, dress alike, think alike, and talk alike. They buy their clothes at a slop-shop, and get their ready-made ideas from the morning paper. There are only one or two types of character to be found; to these all belong. American society reminds me of the Chinese alphabet; two hundred and twelve characters are pronounced 'che,' one hundred and thirteen 'ching,' and eleven hundred and sixty-five 'fee.' No one cares or dares to differ from his neighbors. It would be at the risk of abuse or social persecution; for, with all your professions of liberality, there is no real toleration among you. Talkers repeat what they hear, and scribblers write with their pens hobbled. There is a melancholy unwillingness to speak the truth when distasteful to powerful interests, — cowardly in the private person and criminal in the public man; and the People's Choice is forced to square his own sense, experience, and honesty by the average sense, experience, and honesty of his constituents. The Emperor Nicholas alluded to this infirmity when he said that representative government had something in it essentially degrading to the character of public men. This abnegation of one's own belief and feelings, this sinking of one's self in the mass, you appear to consider a peculiar advantage and excellence of your period. Your penny-a-liners complain of Anglo-Saxon individuality. Not long since, a clever Yankee boasted, in his jargon, of the 'spontaneous concurrent formation and utterance of a united public opinion' in this land; 'the greatest thing about our country; makes it the wonder of nations, the marvel of history,' etc., etc.

"A gifted bell-wether might exclaim, of his kind: 'How wonderful, to see our whole flock jump over the fence in the same place! It makes us the wonder of animals, the marvel of natural history: what unity of our species in ideas and purpose! what simultaneous and similar currents of thought!' Minds levelled in desires are levelled in power, said Dr. Johnson; and I add that if you all wish alike you will even-

tually be as much alike as sheep. Your public opinion is too often already the impulse of the flock. A shepherd editor shouts, and the sheep follow his cry. Some error that would be rejected at once if presented to each individual is taken up enthusiastically by the mob; for in a mob 'one's usual good sense and good feeling are divided by the total number of persons collected together.'

"Life has been often compared to a play. Once it was like an Italian opera. The primos and primas, graceful with gorgeous attire and grandiose manner, got off their solos and brought down the house. Then the shabby, ungainly chorus, chanted the average thoughts and feelings of the piece, until the great ones were ready to sing again. But now primos and primas have retired to that green-room whence there is no return. The stage is without scenery, the actors without costumes. We are all chorus and commonplace. There may be a certain kind of dull harmony and lazy comfort in the new order of things; but, for the pleasure of life and the welfare of the individual, give me a Dutch concert, where every man plays his own tune. Really, I begin to look with respect upon the poor people whose little lives are sweetened by a fancied resemblance to some great personage; who for years have brushed a Napoleonic lock over their foreheads, or worn the beard like Shakespeare's, twined small curls *à la Sévigné*, or dressed their front hair in the severely classic style, to carry out a comforting likeness to Rachel. These, at least, aspire to be something different from their neighbors.

"You can imagine what society will be when your descendants shall have colonized the rest of the earth, as you have California, Australia, New Zealand, in these last few years: what was predicted will come to pass: 'Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' Railroads will be built everywhere, English uni-

versally spoken, and the whole globe, surveyed, graded, mapped out, and settled, will be 'a land where all things always seem the same.' Hotels will take the place of households; a wife will be considered a monopoly, and family life too exclusive and aristocratic. Children will be brought up in *crèches* at the public expense. Your family names will go out of use, and you will be known by numbers, like prisoners or policemen. Your quality of human beings seems already to be slipping away from you. Over the south door of Mr. Cooper's edifice in New York stands, 'Reading-Room for Males and Females;' — a subdivision which is applicable to all of the animals and to some of the plants. When these things come to pass, what will there be left for the imagination? 'Fancy loves about the world to stray.' How can she stray when the whole world is ruled in parallel iron lines? Science will destroy all our illusions, and the pleasant old fallacies, 'the painted clouds that beautify our day,' will vanish into the invisible air. Even love, as a sentiment, will expire when you have succeeded in making woman an inferior kind of man. Knowing everything, we shall lose the pleasure of speculating on the grand unknown. There will be no wit; for commonplace is the antipode of wit. It will be one universal blank of comfort and of twaddle; vulgarity will prevail. The ticks of the clock will be all the events in man's history. And the human race will be like the business gent who has retired from his shop into the country, when he discovers that his little place is finished, and that no resource is left him to keep off *ennui* — icy, mortal, hopeless *ennui* — but to drink. There were two tops to Parnassus, — one sacred to Apollo, the other to Bacchus. When modern engineering shall have levelled the Apollonian peak, humanity will take refuge

on the other to escape this cataclysm of sameness. Otherwise, the simultaneous suicide once suggested by Novalis would be accepted by the race. They would shoot themselves for the same reason as Prince Boothby, — tired to death of this daily buttoning and unbuttoning. Many persons already find the monotony of civilization intolerable, and break away to explore the sources of the Nile or to hunt with savages. Others, with less physical and mental energy, take refuge in semi-lunatic vagaries like spiritualism. But then there will be no escape but one. In spite of Mr. Parton, the Coming Man *will* drink. He must have some excitement: there can be no other.

"To this condition this wonderful age is to bring you at last: a hive of bees; a flock of sheep; atoms, corpuscles, vibratiuncles of humanity; units composing Comte's *Grand Etre*, — the human race. Spinoza's doctrine will become the law of society, —

'All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.'

And as Virgil says of the bees, —

'Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis,'

— you will be little bits of the divine mind, all as precisely alike as the works of Waltham watches. Any soul will fit any body; there will be no sort of trouble in putting them together.

"There is a passage in Plutarch's Medley, predicting that a time will come when the surface of the earth shall be levelled, and all men shall live alike under the same government, and speak one language. They will live without eating, and cast no shadow. No man will have enough individuality to possess a shadow of his own. The community, like a grove of trees, will cast a collective one."

Here he paused. I hastened to turn his face to the wall, and left the room.

THE MORMON PROPHET'S TRAGEDY.

AS early as 1838, the prophet Joe Smith seems to have adopted that fascinating theory, "that all pretty women have the right to charm us, and the wife's claim of mere priority should not injure the just pretensions of others to our admiration." Joseph had never read Molière, — nor anybody else, — and so he did not copy either the language or manner of the irresistible Signor Tenorio. His lover's-mood was "more condoling," but not less effective for the flavor of cant there was in it. His weapons were direct revelations and promises of mansions in the sky. His wooing prospered in spite of the buxom and protesting Emma, his lawful wife, who exhibited a natural though purely eclectic scepticism in regard to those special revelations.

In the spring of 1844, in Nauvoo, the prophet saw the wife of Dr. Foster, admired her, and, led by his evil genius, marched to conquest and found defeat. Her reception of him was what Jomini would call "defensive, with offensive return." She supplemented Lucretia with Xanthippe, and her husband, the doctor, found that something must be done. He talked the thing over with Mr. Law, whose *placens uxor* had received and declined the same saintly overtures, and they came to the eminently American conclusion that the light should be turned upon such an iniquity. They bought press and types, and appealed to that court of final resort for all of Anglo-Saxon blood, — printer's-ink.

The first and last number of the "Nauvoo Expositor" was published upon the 7th of June, and I have had the good fortune to see a copy of this sole edition. The "Expositor's" motto is, "The Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth." The names of the publishers, printed defiantly at the head of its columns, are William and Wilson Law (who in the advertising

page promise to grind the grist of the needy one day in the week toll-free at their mill), Charles Ivins, Francis M. Higbee (whose betrothed, the bright-eyed Nancy Rigdon, had also been unsuccessfully wooed by the prophet), Chauncey L. Higbee, brother of Francis, — not a Mormon, I believe, but an adventurous young lawyer of Nauvoo, always a thorn in the side of the prophet, and later a distinguished legislator and judge in Southern Illinois, — Robert D. Foster, and Charles, his brother.

The first article of the "Expositor" is the "Last Man" of Campbell; then comes a solitary horseman riding in the sunset; then a facetious article in praise of cheerfulness, in which occurs a remark showing close and subtle observation. "You never saw a man cut his throat with a broad grin on his face: it's a great preventative [*sic*] of suicide." These lighter matters disposed of, the "Expositor" girds on its armor and gives a half-dozen dreadful columns to the preamble, resolutions, and affidavits of the seceders from the church at Nauvoo. This document, though intensely relished at that day, would be very dull reading now. There are only two things worth noting in it, — one, the bold and distinct allegations of the open and cynical licentiousness of Smith and his apostles; the other, the earnestness with which, even amidst the wreck of their personal illusions, the seceders still hold to their faith in the original imposture. It is touching to see how desperately they fight against their own doubts and suspicions of the utterances that proceed from so foul a source. They say: "As for our acquaintance with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, we know no man nor set of men can be more thoroughly acquainted with its rise, its organization, and its history, than we have every reason to believe we are. We all verily be-

lieve, and many of us know of a surety, that the religion of the Latter-Day Saints, as originally taught by Joseph Smith, which is contained in the Old and New Testaments, Book of Covenants, and Book of Mormon, is verily true; and that the pure principles set forth in those books are the immutable and eternal principles of Heaven, and speaks [*sic*] a language which when spoken in truth and virtue sinks deep into the heart of every honest man."

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has the convenient faculty of believing everything that is picturesque, and rejecting unmanageable evidence with an airy *tant pis pour les faits*, represents the system of polygamy as an emanation of the political genius of Brigham Young, invented as a means of government, and accepted with blind faith by the pure-minded elders of Utah. He says: "Who shall say they are insincere? Young told me that in the early days of this strange institution he was much opposed to plural households, and I am confident that he speaks the truth. Among the Mormon presidents and apostles, we have not seen one face on which liar and hypocrite were written. Though we daily meet with fanatics, we have not seen a single man whom we can call a rogue." It is inconsistent with Mr. Dixon's theory of Smith's mystic fanaticism, to admit the stories of his robust profligacy. So he simply denies them. But no fact is more notorious than that Smith's daily life had established polygamy in Nauvoo long before Rigdon had invented his jargon of spiritual wives, or Hiram received his revelation to justify it. The elders of the church, Brigham and others, clamored rebelliously against the prophet's exclusive license, and together they began cautiously to lay the foundation of the new doctrine, which, properly arranged, should prove a strength instead of weakness to the church. Begging Mr. Dixon's pardon — they were "liars and hypocrites." In the great hierarchy at Nauvoo there were no fanatics; the flocks were sheep, but the keepers were wolves.

This doctrine of spiritual wives was the result, not the cause, of the lewd lives of Smith, Young, and their fellow-blackguards, and was invented to justify the immorality which the ignorance and credulity of their female worshippers rendered so easy, to serve in the future as a bait for the rascal few, and to blind the eyes of the honest and stupid mass.

In the very year 1844 the attempt was made, to ingraft this abomination upon the creed of the church. The affidavits of William Law and his wife, and of Austin Cowles, published in the "Expositor," establish the fact that Hiram Smith had read to them a pretended revelation of the dogma of "a plurality of wives, and of the sealing up of persons to eternal life against all sin, save that of shedding innocent blood," — innocent blood meaning the blood of Mormons. In the case of Sister Law, the revelation was strengthened by assurances of damnation to any woman who objected to her husband's embracing the new doctrine.

It is true that Joe Smith after the publication of these affidavits took fright at the storm of disgust they produced, and desisted from the attempt to inculcate the new doctrine. But he never distinctly denied the authenticity of the revelation. On the contrary, during one of those singular trials in his own municipal court, he stated squarely, "Brother Hiram is a prophet of the Lord; and when the Lord speaks let the earth tremble." In all Smith's curious history, there is no fact more clearly established than this effort to legalize and consecrate his immoral life. It formed the first link of that chain of circumstances which within a few days dragged him to his doom.

It was clear that a crisis had arisen in his fortunes. A clearer-headed man than he might well have hesitated as to the course most expedient to pursue. To disregard this sudden and vigorous attack might prove fatal to his prestige. We may smile at the lame grammar and turgid rhetoric of the "Expositor," but it was a better paper than Smith's or-

gan, the "Neighbor." *Parmi les aveugles le borgne est roi.* A little brains went farther in Nauvoo than anywhere else on earth. Contemptible as the "Expositor" was, Smith could not despise it. To resort to violence might lead to bloody reprisals. But his rowdy instincts decided the question. He procured from his corrupt and servile municipal court an order declaring the new journal a public nuisance. A party of his myrmidons destroyed the press and *piéd* the offending types.

This act was Smith's death-warrant. Thereafter the mob could say to the prophet, The villany you teach me I will execute.

Smith's official paper, the "Neighbor," gave a full account of the proceeding. The article ends in these words, which bear a curious family likeness to the protests forever made by slaveholders, and other enemies of the human race, against the reprisals of law and justice. They want nothing more than to be let alone. "And in the name of freemen, and in the name of God, we beseech all men who have the spirit of honor in them to cease from persecuting us collectively or individually. Let us enjoy our religion, rights, and peace, like the rest of mankind. Why start presses to destroy rights and privileges, and bring upon us mobs to plunder and murder? We ask no more than what belongs to us, — the rights of Americans."

Foster and Law fled, like the vanquished Marius, to Carthage. Although the county authorities, who had been elected on the Democratic ticket and had received the solid Mormon vote, were disposed to deal as gently as possible with the autocrat of Nauvoo, they could not refuse the warrants of arrest for which the fugitives applied. These were granted against Joseph and Hiram Smith, and sixteen others of the rioters. But when the deputy-sheriff went to Nauvoo the Mormons smiled at his simplicity, and went through the forms of arrest, *habeas corpus*, trial, and acquittal before that singular municipal court of which the prophet was

judge, jury, counsel, and prisoner, with a promptness and celerity that astonished the officer. They then sent him back to Carthage, with significant admonitions.

These occurrences gave rise to an excitement in the county which one regarding the matter calmly from this distance finds it difficult to account for. Public meetings were held in every precinct. Volunteer companies sprang up everywhere at the tap of a drum. There was drilling on every common, and hoarse eloquence in all the school-houses. Expresses were riding on all the roads with imperfectly defined purposes. The brigadier-general commanding the militia ordered a *levy en masse* in the adjoining counties. The newspapers of the county grew hysterical with exclamation-points and "display-type." The Warsaw "Signal," published at the head-quarters of the anti-Mormons, by Mr. Thomas C. Sharp, was simply frantic in its issue of the 12th June. Here is an extract. I regret not to be able to give the eccentricities of lettering by which the words seem to shriek on the page. A letter from Foster relates the destruction of the "Expositor" press. The "Signal" adds: "We have only to state that this is sufficient! War and extermination is inevitable! CITIZENS ARISE, **ONE** and **ALL**!!! Can you *stand* by, and suffer such INFERNAL DEVILS! to ROB men of their property and RIGHTS, without avenging them? We have no time for comment: every man will make his own. LET IT BE MADE WITH POWDER AND BALL!!!"

This fine frenzy of the "Signal" was not on the whole unaccountable. At a public meeting in Nauvoo, the day before, Joe Smith alluded darkly to other sinners that might tempt his wrath too far, and, in that crimson rhetoric peculiar to the latitude and hour, denounced the ultimate pains upon all who "were not willing to wade knee-deep in blood to do his bidding." His brother Hiram, being only chief priest and deputy prophet, was less reserved. He prom-

ised full immunity to any adventurous saint who should go to Warsaw and do so and more also to the heretic "Signal," adding, with a brilliancy of wit unusual to the guild of prophets: "If long-nosed Sharp don't look out, he will git a pinch of snuff that will make him sneeze!" In this flash of intolerable brightness, the genius of Hiram closed its work in this world. He never made another speech.

Of course the destruction of the "Expositor" was not enough, of itself, to kindle so intense a popular passion. It takes a great deal of hammering to heat an iron bar, but it reddens very rapidly at last. For four years the entire county had been kept in a state of unwholesome excitement by these people. After all that may be said of the faults of both sides, it is impossible to deny that the Mormons were bad neighbors. The large majority were ignorant, honest, hard-working folk, who were harmless and peaceable. But the thieves and vagrants, who in other communities are *feræ naturæ*, were in Nauvoo patronized and protected, for several reasons. The city charter, granted by the legislature in a sordid subserviency, gave to the municipal court a wide jurisdiction. The accused Mormon always appealed to this court for protection against the persecuting gentile, and he always got off scot-free. Smith rather enjoyed defying the outside world, and perhaps felt also a secret sympathy with loafers in trouble. For years scarcely a criminal had been brought out of Nauvoo. The evil was growing every day less endurable. The Mormon vote, being always cast solid, was all-powerful in the county and of no slight importance in the State. It was invariably cast for the Democratic ticket, as is the Fenian vote to-day. And, like the Fenian vote, it had a demoralizing influence on both parties; the one making dishonorable advances to gain it, and the other making humiliating concessions to retain it. By this means the Mormons ruled the county. The sworn officers of the law connived at the high-handed contempt with which the

mayor and common council of Nauvoo treated the laws of the State.

Intoxicated with so abnormal a power, surrounded by knaves that flattered him and dupes that worshipped him, Smith began to develop vices that were truly royal. He appropriated the exclusive right to deal in real estate, to sell liquor, to marry, and to give in marriage. He was too ignorant to look far beyond his own horizon. "He thought the rustic noises of his burgh the murmur of the world." He discovered in 1844 that the other Presidential aspirants were all unsatisfactory, and announced himself in the Nauvoo "Neighbor" as candidate for the Presidency, and a creature of his, named Bennet, for the Vice-Presidency. He went so far as to have views, and to publish them. He sent out missionaries to advocate his claims. He still nominally adhered to the Democratic party, however, and is credited with the paternity of a poem published in the "Neighbor," which concludes with these luminous lines:—

"O, sustain ye Democracy throughout the land,
And ever go forth at Jehovah's command.
And while the old farmer yet swings the flail
Or follows the plough,
Good Democrats tread, O, tread on the tail
Of that Old Coon now!"

Of late he had grown more violent and open in his lawlessness. He had sent a band of his followers into Missouri, to kidnap the witnesses in a case where a Mormon thief was to be tried. He had brutally assaulted and beaten a county officer in the streets of Nauvoo. He stood indicted in the courts for perjury, in having sworn to a purely imaginary charge of murder, against a gentleman whom he wanted to drive out of Nauvoo. That absurd ecclesiastical court of his had repeatedly discharged men accused of grave offences, and warned the officers against any attempt to rearrest them.

It was this arrogant sense of his own power that at last destroyed him. At first he treated the sheriff's warrant with contempt. At the second summons, he told the officer he would go the next day with him to Carthage.

He did not keep his appointment. The officer went back to Carthage alone. But a day or two afterwards, the Smiths came riding into Carthage unattended, except by their common council and the others accused of riot, and gave themselves up to the county authorities. They were taken before a justice of the peace, and entered into recognizance to appear at court. They were at once discharged; but the Smiths were immediately rearrested on a charge of treason,—levying arms against the government of the State,—and recommitted to the county jail.

The prospect was still not bad for them. The sheriff was their friend. They were sure of a favorable jury. The governor—a man of the best intentions, that accomplished nothing but patching the infernal pavement—had come over to Hancock County to preserve law and order. The Smiths were sure of a speedy trial and acquittal. And the whole tiresome play was to begin again. There was only one way of getting out of the groove. The *Deus ex machina*, who alone could settle matters, was the mob.

There was a large body of militia at Carthage, and a small regiment at Warsaw. The governor, not knowing how to employ their idle hands, ordered them to rendezvous at Golden's Point. He sent Singleton to Nauvoo to take command of the legion raised by Smith. Singleton, on his arrival, found two thousand men armed and equipped. Though a little dismayed by the apparition, he inspected them and reported to the governor.

During this day or two the governor seemed plagued by the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet. He changed his mind every hour, with the best intentions. When the troops had started for Golden's Point, he began to doubt, as he well might. They were going to Nauvoo to search for "bogus" (a noun which in that day was used to denote an ingenious imitation of the current coin, manufactured in the city of the Saints), and to overawe the Mormons by a calm display of force. What if they searched

for other things, and did not content themselves with a calm display? These thoughts so agitated Governor Ford, that he wrote an order on the 27th, countermanding former orders, and disbanding the militia. He then mounted his horse and rode to Nauvoo, to deliver a firm and paternal address to the Mormons. All this was done with the best intentions.

On the morning of the 27th June, the regiment of Colonel Levi Williams started from Warsaw, in obedience to the call of the governor to rendezvous at Golden's Point, a settlement in the vicinity of Nauvoo. They went out in high glee, fully expecting to march to the city of the Saints, and not doubting that before they left it some occasion would arise which would make it necessary to remove this standing scandal from the face of the earth. There were none but words of law and order on their lips; but every man clearly understood that Nauvoo was to be destroyed before they returned. A public meeting in Warsaw had unanimously "*Resolved*, that we will forthwith proceed to Nauvoo and exterminate the city and its people"; a manifesto which seemed too peppery even for the palate of Mr. Sharp, editor of the "*Signal*," who, when he published it, added the saving clause, "if necessary." "Of course it will be necessary," said these law-abiding militia-men as they marched out of Warsaw on the Nauvoo road.

Order reigned in Warsaw—for the men were all gone. The whole male adult population, with trifling exceptions, were in Williams's regiment. Among the captains were William N. Grover, afterwards a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, and United States Attorney for Missouri,—an eminently respectable and conservative man; Thomas C. Sharp, editor of the "*Signal*," who also on this day sowed the last of his wild oats, and was afterwards principal of the public school, and greatly esteemed as county judge; Jacob C. Davis, then State senator, afterwards member of Congress from that district.

They arrived near noon at some de-

sented shanties, about seven miles from Warsaw, that had been built and abandoned in that flurry and collapse of internal improvements that passed over the State in 1838. There they were met by Mr. David Matthews, a well-known citizen of Warsaw, who had ridden rapidly from Carthage with an order from the governor, *disbanding the regiment*. The governor, fearing he could not control the inflammable material he had gathered together, had determined to scatter it again.

Colonel Williams read the governor's order. Some of the anti-Mormon warriors, blessed with robust Western appetites, looked at the sun, and concluded they could get home by dinner-time, and under the influence of this inspiring idea started off at quick step. Captain Grover soon found himself without a company. Captain Aldrich essayed a speech calling for volunteers for Carthage. "He did not make a fair start," says the chronicle, "and Sharp came up and took it off his hands." Sharp, being a spirited and impressive talker, soon had a respectable squad about him. Captain Davis, on the contrary, was sorely perplexed. It was heavy weather for him. He was a professional politician, and dearly loved both Mormon and anti-Mormon votes. He was so backward in coming forward that his company left him in disgust, and followed the fiery Grover, whose company had gone home to dinner. Davis still could not make up his mind to go home, but "got into Calvin Cole's wagon and followed the boys at a distance"; so that he had at last the luck to be in at the closing scene, and the honor to be indicted with the rest. The speeches of Grover and Sharp were rather vague; the purpose of murder does not seem to have been hinted. They protested against "being made the tools and puppets of Tommy Ford." They were going to Carthage to see the boys, and talk things over. Some of the cooler heads, such as Dr. Hay, surgeon of the regiment, denounced the proceeding and went at once back to Warsaw.

While they were waiting at the shanties, a courier came in from the Carthage Grays. It is impossible at this day to declare exactly the purport of his message. It is usually reported and believed that he brought an assurance from the officers of this company that they would be found on guard at the jail where the Smiths were confined; that they would make no real resistance,—merely enough to save appearances.

This message was not communicated to the men. They followed their leaders off on the road to Carthage, with rather vague intentions. They were annoyed at the prospect of their picnic coming so readily to a close, at losing the fun of sacking Nauvoo, at having to go home without material for a single romance. Nearly one hundred and fifty started with their captains, but they gradually dwindled in number to seventy-five. These trudged along under the fierce summer sun of the prairies towards the town where the cause of all the trouble and confusion of the last few years awaited them. They sang on the way a rude parody of a camp-meeting hymn called in the West the "Hebrew Children":—

"Where now is the Prophet Joseph?
Where now is the Prophet Joseph?
Where now is the Prophet Joseph?
Safe in the Carthage Jail!"

The farther they walked the more the idea impressed itself upon them that now was the time to finish the matter totally. The unavowed design of the leaders communicated itself magnetically to the men, until the entire company became fused into one mass of bloodthirsty energy. By an excess of precaution, they did not go directly into the town, but made a long detour, so as to come in by the road leading from Nauvoo.

The jail where the Smiths were confined is situated at the extreme north-western edge of the dismal village, at the end of a long, ill-kept street whose middle is a dusty road and whose sides are gay with stramonium and dog-fennel. As the avengers came in sight of the mean-looking building that held

their prey, the sleeping tiger that lurks in every human heart sprang up in theirs, and they quickened their pace to a run. There was no need of orders, — no possibility of checking them now. The guards were hustled away from the door, good-naturedly resisting until they were carefully disarmed. Their commander, Lieutenant Frank Worrell, afterwards gave this testimony on the trial, which we copy for its curious and cynical *bonhomie* : —

"I was one of the guards at the jail. Saw Smith when he was killed. *Saw none of the defendants at the jail.* Suppose there were one or two hundred there. They stayed three or four minutes. They formed in front of the jail and made a rush. *Knew none that came up.* . . . Heard nothing that was said. . . . Saw Smith die, — was within ten feet of him. . . . Perhaps a minute after he fell I saw him die. . . . I was pushed and shoved some fifty feet. . . . Did not see Sharp, Grover, or Davis. It was so crowded I could not see much. I know about one third of the men in the county, *but none at the jail. I might have been some scared.*"

It would be difficult to imagine anything cooler than this quiet perjury to screen a murder. Yet the strangest part of this strange story is that Frank Worrell was a generous young fellow, and the men with whom he carried out the ghastly comedy of attack and resistance at the door of the prison — Sharp and Grover — were good citizens, educated and irreproachable, who still live to enjoy the respect and esteem of all who know them. There is but one force mighty enough in the world to twist such minds and consciences so fearfully awry; and that is the wild suspicion bred of civil strife. A few months of this miniature war in Hancock County had sufficed to possess many of the prominent actors with the spirit of demons; and in the mind of any anti-Mormon there was nothing more criminal in the shooting of Smith than in the slaying of a wolf or panther.

This jolly, good-natured Worrell was himself murdered by Mormon assassins not long after. He was riding with a friend. A shot was heard from a thicket. "That was a rifle!" said the friend. "Yes, and I've got it," said Worrell, coolly. He fell from his horse and died. I have seen, as a child, his grave at Warsaw. A rude wooden head-board, bearing this legend, "He who is without enemies is unworthy of friends," — not very orthodox, but perhaps as true as most epitaphs.

While Worrell, little thinking of his tombstone, was struggling with his friendly assailants, as many as the narrow entry would hold had rushed into the open door and up the cramped little stairs. Smith and his brother had been that day removed from their cells and given comparative liberty in a large airy room on the first floor above. This afternoon they were receiving the visits of two Mormon brethren, Richards and Taylor. They heard the row at the door and the rush on the stairs, and instinctively barred their door by pressing their weight against it. The mob fired at the door. Hiram Smith fell, exclaiming, "I'm a dead man." Taylor crawled under the bed, with a bullet in the calf of his leg. Richards hid himself behind the opening door, in mortal terror. He afterwards lied terribly about the affair, saying he stood calmly in the centre of the room, warding off the bullets with a consecrated wand.

Joe Smith died bravely. He stood by the jamb of the door and fired four shots, bringing his man down every time. He shot an Irishman named Wills, who was in the affair from his congenital love of a brawl, in the arm; Gallagher, a Southerner from the Mississippi Bottom, in the face; Voorhees, a half-grown hobbledehoy from Bear Creek, in the shoulder; and another gentleman, whose name I will not mention, as he is prepared to prove an alibi, and besides stands six feet two in his moccasins.

Smith had two loaded six-barrelled revolvers in his room. How a man on

trial for capital offences came to be supplied with such luxuries is a mystery that perhaps only one man could fully have solved; and as General Deming, the Jack-Mormon sheriff, died soon after, and left no explanation of the matter, investigation is effectually baffled. But the four shots which I have chronicled, and two which had no billet, exhausted one pistol, and the enemy gave Smith no time to use the other. Severely wounded as he was, he ran to the window, which was open to receive the fresh June air, and half leaped, half fell, into the jail yard below. With his last dying energies he gathered himself up, and leaned in a sitting posture against the rude stone well-curb. His stricken condition, his vague wandering glances, excited no pity in the mob thirsting for his life. They had not seen the handsome fight he had made in the jail; there was no appeal to the border chivalry (there is chivalry on the borders, as in all semi-barbarous regions). A squad of Missourians who were standing by the fence levelled their pieces at him, and, before they could see him again for the smoke they made, Joe Smith was dead.

Meanwhile, the Carthage Grays were approaching. They had been called out half an hour before, and formed on the Court-House Square, by Captain Robert Smith, with great precision and a deliberation that gives rise, under the circumstances, to somewhat wide conjecture. Captain Smith had not previously been regarded as a martinet, but this afternoon he could have given points to a Potsdam corporal. He stopped his company half a dozen times, to remonstrate against defects in their alignment; and it is owing to his extreme conscientiousness about discipline that they arrived at the jail when all was over. Let me add that Captain Smith (for it seemed fated that everybody connected with this affair should have greatness thrust upon him) became in the great war General Robert F. Smith, and marched his troops from Hancock County to the Atlantic with more speed, if less science, than

he displayed in leading his squad that day from the Court-House to the jail.

The moment the work was done, the calmness of horror succeeded the fever of fanatical rage. The assassins hurried away from the jail, and took the road to Warsaw in silence and haste. They went home at a killing pace over the wide dusty prairie. Warsaw is eighteen miles from Carthage; the Smiths were killed at half past five: at a quarter before eight the returning crowd began to drag their weary limbs through the main street of Warsaw,—at such an astounding rate of speed had the lash of their own thoughts driven them.

The town was instantly put in such attitude of defence as its limited means permitted. The women and children were ferried across the river to a village on the Missouri shore. The men kept guard night and day in the hazel thickets around the town. Everybody expected sudden and exemplary vengeance from the Mormons.

Nothing of the kind took place. The appalling disaster that had fallen upon the church gave rise to no spirit of revenge. It was long before the Mormons recovered from the stupor of their terror and despair. A delegation went to Carthage to receive their dead. They brought them home and buried them with honors becoming the generals of the legion. The seceders, panic-stricken, fled from Nauvoo and never returned.

The reaction now began. At the August elections, the Jack-Mormon ticket, as it was called, bearing candidates favorable to the Mormons, was chosen by an unexampled majority. The press of the State was unanimous in its condemnation of the Warsaw men, with a few exceptions, when special correspondents had visited the county. These were almost invariably apologists of the killing. It is curious to note the sudden change of the anti-Mormon journals from the fierce and aggressive tone which they held the week before, to the sullen attitude of self-defence they assumed the week af-

ter the Carthage tragedy. Here is an extract from an article by Sharp in the "Signal," which may show how much easier it is to kill a man than to justify the killing:—

"The St. Louis 'Gazette' says that the men that killed the Smiths were a pack of cowards. Now our view of the matter is, that instead of cowardice they exhibited *foolhardy* courage, for they must have known or thought that they would bring down on themselves the vengeance of the Mormons. True, the act of an armed body going to the jail and killing prisoners does appear at first sight dastardly, but we look at it as though these men were the executioners of justice; and their act is no more cowardly than is the act of the hangman in stretching up a defenceless convict who is incapable of resistance. If any other mode could have been devised, or any other time selected, it would have been better; but as we have heard others say, we are satisfied that it is done, and care not to philosophize on the *modus operandi*."

It was impossible that the matter should be allowed to pass entirely unnoticed by the law. Besides, Governor Ford, who considered the murder a personal disrespect to himself, was really anxious to bring the perpetrators to justice. Bills of indictment were found at the October term of court against Levi Williams, Mark Aldrich, Jacob C. Davis, William N. Grover, Thomas C. Sharp, John Willis, William Voorhees, William Gallagher, and one Allen. They were based on the testimony of two idle youths, named Brackenbury and Daniels, who had accompanied the expedition from Warsaw to Carthage on the 27th of June, and had seen the whole affair. Having a natural disinclination to work, they lived as long as they could by exploiting this rare experience. Their evidence being worse than useless in Warsaw, they went to Nauvoo, professed Mormonism, and had their board paid by the faithful, to secure their attendance at the trial. Brackenbury formed an alliance with a

sign-painter, who executed in the highest style of Nauvoo art a panorama of the prophet's Death and Ascension, which they exhibited to the great edification of the Mormons and to such profit that the artist soon died of the trembling madness, and Brackenbury fell heir to the canvas and the fees. Daniels collaborated with a scribbler named Littlefield a most remarkable pamphlet on the same subject, stuffed full of miracles, and inventions more stupid than the truth.

Murray McConnell, who appeared in behalf of the governor to prosecute (and who was himself mysteriously assassinated twenty-four years later,—as if a taint of blood were on all connected with this drama), made an arrangement with the defendants' counsel, by which the defendants agreed to appear voluntarily at the next May term, the State not being ready with its evidence. But towards the end of November, the vote of Davis becoming inconvenient to the leaders of the Senate, this convention was violated, and orders made for writs *instanter* against Davis and the rest. They were treated with contempt. Davis kept his seat in the Senate, and when the sheriff came to Warsaw he was received with that jocose discourtesy which so often in the West indicates a most sinister state of public feeling. He could find no trace of the men he was looking for. Nobody had seen or heard of them for weeks. In every shop he entered, he saw a loaded rifle, or a man oiling a gun-lock or moulding bullets. In the morning, when he mounted his horse to ride away, he found his mane and tail shaved bare as the head of a dervish. Hurrying out of the hostile neighborhood, he passed a crowd of grinning loungers.

"My horse was in bad company last night," he said, with a wretched attempt at good-natured indifference.

"Most generally is, I reckon," was the unfeeling retort; and the chief executive officer of the county left the mutinous town to itself.

The next May, all the defendants

appeared, according to agreement, to stand their trial. They began by filing their affidavit that the county commissioners who selected the array of jurors for the week were prejudiced against them; that the sheriff and his deputies were unfitted by prejudice to select the talesmen that might be required. They therefore entered a motion to quash the array of jurors, to set aside the sheriff and his deputies, and to appoint elisors to select a jury for the case. After argument, this was done. The elisors presented ninety-six men, before twelve were found ignorant enough and indifferent enough to act as jurors.

A large number of witnesses were examined, but nothing was elicited against the accused from any except Brackenbury, Daniels, and a girl named Eliza Jane Graham. The two first had been lying so constantly for some months professionally, the one in his pamphlet, the other in his raree-show, that they had utterly forgotten where they started from, and so embroidered their original facts with more recent fictions, that their evidence went for nothing. Besides, the showman Brackenbury thought that the pamphleteer Daniels had received more attention than himself from the polite world of Nauvoo, and was consequently stung by jealousy to contradict in his evidence all that Daniels had sworn to. The evidence of Miss Graham, delivered with the impetuosity of her sex, was all that could be desired — and more too. She had assisted in feeding the hungry mob at the Warsaw House as they came straggling in from Carthage, and she could remember where every man sat, and what he said, and how he said it. Unfortunately she remembered too much. No one accused her of wilful perjury. But her nervous and sensitive character had been powerfully impressed by the influence of Smith, and, brooding constantly upon his death, she came at last to regard her own fancies and suspicions as positive occurrences. A few *alibis* so discredited her evidence, that it was held

to prove nothing more than her own honest and half-insane zeal.

The case was closed. There was not a man on the jury, in the court, in the county, that did not know the defendants had done the murder. But it was not proven, and the verdict of NOT GUILTY was right in law.

And you cannot find in this generation an original inhabitant of Hancock County who will not stoutly sustain that verdict.

There was very little excitement about the matter. The Mormons were not vigorous in the prosecution. Their leaders were already involved in the squabbles and intrigues of the succession. The prophet's brother, William Smith, was an aspirant. But he was a weak, indolent, good-natured sensualist, and was readily bought off and suppressed. He carried on for some time a flourishing trade in "patriarchal blessings." He had probably never heard of Tetzels, and yet the old Dominican himself could scarcely have systematized his traffic better. He advertises in the "Neighbor": "Common blessings, 50 cents; Extraordinary blessings, \$ 1.00; Children, half price; women, gratis." Rigdon made a desperate stand for the prophet's mantle. But he was defeated also, and, being recalcitrant, was solemnly "given over to be buffeted of the Evil One for a thousand years." The coolest and most unbelieving of them all succeeded to the autocracy. Brigham Young, whether guided by instinct or reason I do not know, avoided the fatal mistake of Smith, who turned back from Missouri to Illinois, and the crazy fantasy of Rigdon, who would have gone from Illinois to Pennsylvania. Tribes and religions cannot travel against the sun. Young, during the troubled year that followed, exerted himself to gather all the reins of government into his own hands; and there was not in all the slavish East a despot more absolute than he when at last he started, with his wives and his servants and his cattle, to lead his people into the vast tolerant wilderness.

THE BRICK MOON.

[From the Papers of Colonel Frederic Ingham.]

III. FULFILMENT.

LOOKING back upon it now, it seems inconceivable that we said as little to each other as we did, of this horrible catastrophe. That night we did not pretend to sleep. We sat in one of the deserted cabins, now talking fast, now sitting and brooding, without speaking, perhaps, for hours. Riding back the next day to meet the women and children, we still brooded, or we discussed this "if," that "if," and yet others. But after we had once opened it all to them, — and when we had once answered the children's horribly naïve questions as best we could, — we very seldom spoke to each other of it again. It was too hateful, all of it, to talk about. I went round to Tom Coram's office one day, and told him all I knew. He saw it was dreadful to me, and, with his eyes full, just squeezed my hand, and never said one word more. We lay awake nights, pondering and wondering, but hardly ever did I to Haliburton or he to me explain our respective notions as they came and went. I believe my general impression was that of which I have spoken, that they were all burned to death on the instant, as the little aerolite fused in its passage through our atmosphere. I believe Haliburton's thought more often was that they were conscious of what had happened, and gasped out their lives in one or two breathless minutes, — so horribly long! — as they shot outside of our atmosphere. But it was all too terrible for words. And that which we could not but think upon, in those dreadful waking nights, we scarcely whispered even to our wives.

Of course I looked and he looked for the miserable thing. But we looked in vain. I returned to the few subscribers the money which I had scraped together towards whitewashing the moon, — "shrouding its guilty face

with innocent white" indeed! But we agreed to spend the wretched trifle of the other money, left in the treasury after paying the last bills, for the largest Alvan Clark telescope that we could buy; and we were fortunate in obtaining cheap a second-hand one which came to the hammer when the property of the Shubael Academy was sold by the mortgagees. But we had, of course, scarce a hint whatever as to where the miserable object was to be found. All we could do was to carry the glass to No. 9, to train it there on the meridian of No. 9, and take turns every night in watching the field, in the hope that this child of sorrow might drift across it in its path of ruin. But, though everything else seemed to drift by, from east to west, nothing came from south to north, as we expected. For a whole month of spring, another of autumn, another of summer, and another of winter, did Haliburton and his wife and Polly and I glue our eyes to that eyeglass, from the twilight of evening to the twilight of morning, and the dead hulk never hove in sight. Wherever else it was, it seemed not to be on that meridian, which was where it ought to be and was made to be! Had ever any dead mass of matter wrought such ruin to its makers, and, of its own stupid inertia, so falsified all the prophecies of its birth! O, the total depravity of things!

It was more than a year after the fatal night, — if it all happened in the night, as I suppose, — that, as I dreamily read through the "Astronomical Record" in the new reading-room of the College Library at Cambridge, I lighted on this scrap: —

"Professor Karl Zitta of Breslau writes to the *Astronomische Nachrichten* to claim the discovery of a new asteroid observed by him on the night of March 31st.

(92)

Bresl. M. T.	h. m. s.			App. A. R.			App. Decl.			Size.
				h. m. s.	° ' "	° ' "				
March 31	12	53	51.9	15	39	52.32	—23	50	26.1	12.9
April 1	1	3	2.1	15	39	52.32	—23	9	1.9	12.9

He proposes for the asteroid the name of Phœbe. Dr. Zitta states that in the short period which he had for observing Phœbe, for an hour after midnight, her motion in R. A. seemed slight and her motion in declination very rapid."

After this, however, for months, nay even to this moment, nothing more was heard of Dr. Zitta of Breslau.

But, one morning, before I was up, Haliburton came banging at my door on D Street. The mood had taken him, as he returned from some private theatricals at Cambridge, to take the comfort of the new reading-room at night, and thus express in practice his gratitude to the overseers of the college for keeping it open through all the twenty-four hours. Poor Haliburton, he did not sleep well in those times! Well, as he read away on the *Astronomische Nachrichten* itself, what should he find but this in German, which he copied for me, and then, all on foot in the rain and darkness, tramped over with, to South Boston:—

"The most enlightened head professor Dr. Gmelin writes to the director of the Porpol Astronomik at St. Petersburg, to claim the discovery of an asteroid in a very high southern latitude, of a wider inclination of the orbit, as will be noticed, than any asteroid yet observed.

"Planet's apparent α $21^h\ 20^m\ 51^s.40$. Planet's apparent δ $-39^\circ\ 31'\ 11''.9$. Comparison star α .

"Dr. Gmelin publishes no separate second observation, but is confident that the declination is diminishing. Dr. Gmelin suggests for the name of this extra-zodiacal planet "Io," as appropriate to its wanderings from the accustomed ways of planetary life, and trusts that the very distinguished Herr Peters, the godfather of so many planets, will relinquish this name, already claimed for

the asteroid (85) observed by him, September 15, 1865.

I had run down stairs almost as I was, slippers and dressing-gown being the only claims I had on society. But to me, as to Haliburton, this stuff about "extra-zodiacal wandering" blazed out upon the page, and though there was no evidence that the "most enlightened" Gmelin found anything the next night, yet, if his "diminishing" meant anything, there was, with Zitta's observation— whoever Zitta might be— something to start upon. We rushed upon some old bound volumes of the Record and spotted the "enlightened Gmelin." He was chief of a college at Taganrog, where perhaps they had a spyglass. This gave us the parallax of his observation. Breslau, of course, we knew, and so we could place Zitta's, and with these poor data I went to work to construct, if I could, an orbit for this Io-Phœbe mass of brick and mortar. Haliburton, not strong in spherical trigonometry, looked out logarithms for me till breakfast, and, as soon as it would do, went over to Mrs. Bowdoin, to borrow her telescope, ours being left at No. 9.

Mrs. Bowdoin was kind, as she always was, and at noon Haliburton appeared in triumph with the boxes on P. Nolan's job-wagon. We always employ P., in memory of dear old Phil. We got the telescope rigged, and waited for night, only, alas! to be disappointed again. Io had wandered somewhere else, and, with all our sweeping back and forth on the tentative curve I had laid out, Io would not appear. We spent that night in vain.

But we were not going to give it up so. Phœbe might have gone round the world twice before she became Io; might have gone three times, four, five, six,— nay, six hundred,— who knew? Nay, who knew how far off Phœb-Io

was, or Io-Phœbe? We sent over for Annie, and she and Polly and George and I went to work again. We calculated in the next week sixty-seven orbits on the supposition of so many different distances from our surface. I laid out on a paper, which we stuck up on the wall opposite, the formula, and then one woman and one man attacked each set of elements, each having the Logarithmic Tables, and, so in a week's working-time, the sixty-seven orbits were completed. Sixty-seven possible places for Io-Phœbe to be in on the forthcoming Friday evening. Of these sixty-seven, forty-one were observable above our horizon that night.

She was not in one of the forty-one, nor near it.

But Despair, if Giotto be correct, is the chief of sins. So has he depicted her in the fresco of the Arena in Padua. No sin, that, of ours! After searching all that Friday night, we slept all Saturday (sleeping after sweeping). We all came to the Chapel, Sunday, kept awake there, and taught our Sunday classes special lessons on Perseverance. On Monday we began again, and that week we calculated sixty-seven more orbits. I am sure I do not know why we stopped at sixty-seven. All of these were on the supposition that the revolution of the Brick Moon, or Io-Phœbe, was so fast that it would require either fifteen days to complete its orbit, or sixteen days, or seventeen days, and so on up to eighty-one days. And, with these orbits, on the next Friday we waited for the darkness. As we sat at tea, I asked if I should begin observing at the smallest or at the largest orbit. And there was a great clamor of diverse opinions. But little Bertha said, "Begin in the middle."

"And what is the middle?" said George, chaffing the little girl.

But she was not to be dismayed. She had been in and out all the week, and knew that the first orbit was of fifteen days and the last of eighty-one; and, with true Lincoln School precision, she said: "The mean of the smallest orbit and the largest orbit is forty-eight days."

"Amen!" said I, as we all laughed. "On forty-eight days we will begin."

Alice ran to the sheets, turned up that number and read: "R. A. $27^{\circ} 11'$. South declination $34^{\circ} 49'$."

"Convenient place," said George; "good omen, Bertha, my darling! If we find her there, Alice and Bertha and Clara shall all have new dolls."

It was the first word of pleasantry that had been spoken about the horrid thing since Spoonwood Hill!

Night came at last. We trained the glass on the fated spot. I bade Polly take the eye-glass. She did so, shook her head uneasily, screwed the tube northward herself a moment, and then screamed, "It is there! it is there, — a clear disk, — gibbous shape, — and very sharp on the upper edge. Look! look! as big again as Jupiter!"

Polly was right! The Brick Moon was found!

Now we had found it, we never lost it. Zitta and Gmelin, I suppose, had had foggy nights and stormy weather often. But we had some one at the eye-glass all that night, and before morning had very respectable elements, good measurements of angular distance when we got one, and another star in the field of our lowest power. For we could see her even with a good French opera-glass I had, and with a night-glass which I used to carry on the South Atlantic Station. It certainly was an extraordinary illustration of Orcutt's engineering ability, that, flying off as she did, without leave or license, she should have gained so nearly the orbit of our original plan, — nine thousand miles from the earth's centre, five thousand from the surface. He had always stuck to the hope of this, and on his very last tests of the Flies he had said they were almost up to it. But for this accuracy of his, I can hardly suppose we should have found her to this hour, since she had failed, by what cause I then did not know, to take her intended place on the meridian of No. 9. At five thousand miles the Moon appeared as large as the largest satellite of Jupiter

appears. And Polly was right in that first observation, when she said she got a good disk with that admirable glass of Mrs. Bowdoin.

The orbit was not on the meridian of No. 9, nor did it remain on any meridian. But it was very nearly South and North,—an enormous motion in declination with a very slight *retrograde* motion in Right Ascension. At five thousand miles the Moon showed as large as a circle two miles and a third in diameter would have shown on old Thornbush, as we always called her older sister. We longed for an eclipse of Thornbush by B. M., but no such lucky chance is on the cards in any place accessible to us for many years. Of course, with a Moon so near us the terrestrial parallax is enormous.

Now, you know, dear reader, that the gigantic reflector of Lord Rosse, and the exquisite fifteen-inch refractors of the modern observatories, eliminate from the chaotic rubbish-heap of the surface of old Thornbush much smaller objects than such a circle as I have named. If you have read Mr. Locke's amusing Moon Hoax as often as I have, you have those details fresh in your memory. As John Farrar taught us when all this began,—and as I have said already,—if there were a State-House in Thornbush two hundred feet long, the first Herschel would have seen it. His magnifying power was 6450; that would have brought this deaf-and-dumb State House within some forty miles. Go up on Mt. Washington and see white sails eighty miles away, beyond Portland, with your naked eye, and you will find how well he would have seen that State-House with his reflector. Lord Rosse's statement is, that with his reflector he can see objects on old Thornbush two hundred and fifty-two feet long. If he can do that, he can see on our B. M. objects which are five feet long; and, of course, we were beside ourselves to get control of some instrument which had some approach to such power. Haliburton was for at once building a reflector at No. 9; and perhaps he will do it yet, for Haliburton

has been successful in his paper-making and lumbering. But I went to work more promptly.

I remembered, not an apothecary, but an observatory, which had been dormant, as we say of volcanoes, now for ten or a dozen years,—no matter why! The trustees had quarrelled with the director, or the funds had given out, or the director had been shot at the head of his division,—one of those accidents had happened which will happen even in observatories which have fifteen-inch equatorials; and so the equatorial here had been left as useless as a cannon whose metal has been strained or its reputation stained in an experiment. The observatory at Tamworth, dedicated with such enthusiasm,—“another light-house in the skies,”—had been, so long as I have said, worthless to the world. To Tamworth therefore I travelled. In the neighborhood of the observatory I took lodgings. To the church where worshipped the family which lived in the observatory buildings I repaired; after two Sundays I established acquaintance with John Donald, the head of this family. On the evening of the third, I made acquaintance with his wife in a visit to them. Before three Sundays more, he had recommended me to the surviving trustees as his successor as janitor to the buildings. He himself had accepted promotion, and gone, with his household, to keep a store for Haliburton in North Ovid. I sent for Polly and the children, to establish them in the janitor's rooms; and, after writing to her, with trembling eye I waited for the Brick Moon to pass over the field of the fifteen-inch equatorial.

Night came. I was “sole alone!” B. M. came, more than filled the field of vision, of course; but for that I was ready. Heavens! how changed. Red no longer, but green as a meadow in the spring. Still I could see—black on the green—the large twenty-foot circles which I remembered so well, which broke the concave of the dome; and, on the upper edge—were these palm-trees? They were. No, they

were hemlocks by their shape, and among them were moving to and fro — — — — flies? Of course, I cannot see flies! But something is moving, — coming, going. One, two, three, ten; there are more than thirty in all! They are men and women and their children!

Could it be possible? It was possible! Orcutt and Brannan and the rest of them had survived that giddy flight through the ether, and were going and coming on the surface of their own little world, bound to it by its own attraction and living by its own laws!

As I watched, I saw one of them leap from that surface. He passed wholly out of my field of vision, but in a minute, more or less, returned. Why not! Of course, the attraction of his world must be very small, while he retained the same power of muscle he had when he was here. They must be horribly crowded, I thought. No. They had three acres of surface, and there were but thirty-seven of them. Not so much crowded as people are in Roxbury, not nearly so much as in Boston; and besides, these people are living underground, and have the whole of their surface for their exercise.

I watched their every movement as they approached the edge and as they left it. Often they passed beyond it, so that I could see them no more. Often they sheltered themselves from that tropical sun beneath the trees. Think of living on a world where from the vertical heat of the hottest noon of the equator to the twilight of the poles is a walk of only fifty paces! What atmosphere they had, to temper and diffuse those rays, I could not then conjecture.

I knew that at half past ten they would pass into the inevitable eclipse which struck them every night at this period of their orbit, and must, I thought, be a luxury to them, as recalling old memories of night when they were on this world. As they approached the line of shadow, some fifteen minutes before it was due, I counted on

the edge thirty-seven specks arranged evidently in order; and, at one moment, as by one signal, all thirty-seven jumped into the air, — high jumps. Again they did it, and again. Then a low jump; then a high one. I caught the idea in a moment. They were telegraphing to our world, in the hope of an observer. Long leaps and short leaps, — the long and short of Morse's Telegraph Alphabet, — were communicating ideas. My paper and pencil had been of course before me. I jotted down the despatch, whose language I knew perfectly: —

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

By "I understand" they meant the responsive signal given, in all telegraphy, by an operator who has received and understood a message.

As soon as this exercise had been three times repeated, they proceeded in a solid body — much the most apparent object I had had until now — to Circle No. 3, and then evidently descended into the Moon.

The eclipse soon began, but I knew the Moon's path now, and followed the dusky, coppery spot without difficulty. At 1.33 it emerged, and in a very few moments I saw the solid column pass from Circle No. 3, again, deploy on the edge again, and repeat three times the signal: —

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

It was clear that Orcutt had known that the edge of his little world would be most easy of observation, and that he had guessed that the moments of obscuration and of emersion were the moments when observers would be most careful. After this signal they broke up again, and I could not follow them. With daylight I sent off a despatch to

Haliburton, and, grateful and happy in comparison, sank into the first sleep, not haunted by horrid dreams, which I had known for years.

Haliburton knew that George Orcutt had taken with him a good Dolland's refractor, which he had bought in London, of a two-inch glass. He knew that this would give Orcutt a very considerable power, if he could only adjust it accurately enough to find No. 9 in the 3d Range. Orcutt had chosen well in selecting the "Saw-Mill Flat," a large meadow, easily distinguished by the peculiar shape of the mill-pond which we had made. Eager though Haliburton was, to join me, he loyally took moneys, caught the first train to Skowhegan, and, travelling thence, in thirty-six hours more was again descending Spoonwood Hill, for the first time since our futile observations. The snow lay white upon the Flat. With Rob. Shea's help, he rapidly unrolled a piece of black cambric twenty yards long, and pinned it to the crust upon the snow; another by its side, and another. Much cambric had he left. They had carried down with them enough for the funerals of two Presidents. Haliburton showed the symbols for "I understand," but he could not resist also displaying . . . — . . . —, which are the dots and lines to represent O. K., which, he says, is the shortest message of comfort. And, not having exhausted the space on the Flat, he and Robert, before night closed in, made a gigantic **O. K.**, fifteen yards from top to bottom, and in marks that were fifteen feet through.

I had telegraphed my great news to Haliburton on Monday night. Tuesday night he was at Skowhegan. Thursday night he was at No 9. Friday he and Rob. stretched their cambric. Meanwhile, every day I slept. Every night I was glued to the eye-piece. Fifteen minutes before the eclipse every night this weird dance of leaps two hundred feet high, followed by hops of twenty feet high, mingled always in the steady order I have described, spelt out the ghastly message:—

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

And every morning, as the eclipse ended, I saw the column creep along to the horizon, and again, as the duty of opening day, spell out the same:—

"Show 'I understand' on the Saw-Mill Flat."

They had done this twice in every twenty-four hours for nearly two years. For three nights steadily, I read these signals twice each night; only these, and nothing more.

But Friday night all was changed. After "Attention," that dreadful "Show" did not come, but this cheerful signal:—

"Hurrah. All well. Air, food, and friends! what more can man require? Hurrah."

How like George! How like Ben Brannan! How like George's wife! How like them all! And they were all well! Yet poor *I* could not answer. Nay, I could only guess what Haliburton had done. But I have never, I believe, been so grateful since I was born!

After a pause, the united line of leapers resumed their jumps and hops. Long and short spelled out:—

"Your O. K. is twice as large as it need be."

Of the meaning of this, lonely *I* had, of course, no idea.

"I have a power of seven hundred," continued George. How did he get that? He has never told us. But this I can see, that all our analogies deceive us,—of views of the sea from Mt. Washington, or of the Boston State-House from Wachusett. For in these views we look through forty or eighty miles of dense terrestrial atmosphere. But Orcutt was looking nearly vertically through an atmosphere which was, most of it, rare indeed, and pure indeed, compared with its lowest stratum.

In the record-book of my observations these despatches are entered as 12 and 13. Of course it was impossible for me to reply. All I could do was to telegraph these in the morning to Skowhegan, sending them to the

care of the Moores, that they might forward them. But the next night showed that this had not been necessary.

Friday night George and the others went on for a quarter of an hour. Then they would rest, saying, "two," "three," or whatever their next signal time would be. Before morning I had these despatches:—

14. "Write to all hands that we are doing well. Langdon's baby is named Io, and Leonard's is named Phebe."

How queer that was! What a coincidence! And they had some humor there.

15 was: "Our atmosphere stuck to us. It weighs three tenths of an inch—our weight."

16. "Our rain-fall is regular as the clock. We have made a cistern of Kilpatrick."

This meant the spherical chamber of that name.

17. "Write to Darwin that he is all right. We began with lichens and have come as far as palms and hemlocks."

These were the first night's messages. I had scarcely covered the eyeglasses, and adjusted the equatorial for the day, when the bell announced the carriage in which Polly and the children came from the station to relieve me in my solitary service as janitor. I had the joy of showing her the good news. This night's work seemed to fill our cup. For all the day before, when I was awake, I had been haunted by the fear of famine for them. True, I knew that they had stored away in chambers H, I, and J the pork and flour which we had sent up for the workmen through the summer, and the corn and oats for the horses. But this could not last forever.

Now, however, that it proved that in a tropical climate they were forming their own soil, developing their own palms, and eventually even their bread-fruit and bananas, planting their own oats and maize, and developing rice, wheat, and all other cereals, harvesting these six, eight, or ten times—for aught I could see—in one of our years,—why then, there was no danger

of famine for them. If, as I thought, they carried up with them heavy drifts of ice and snow in the two chambers which were not covered in when they started, why, they had waters in their firmament quite sufficient for all purposes of thirst and of ablution. And what I had seen of their exercise showed that they were in strength sufficient for the proper development of their little world.

Polly had the messages by heart before an hour was over, and the little girls, of course, knew them sooner than she.

Haliburton, meanwhile, had brought out the Shubael refractor (Alvan Clark), and by night of Friday was in readiness to see what he could see. Shubael of course gave him no such luxury of detail as did my fifteen-inch equatorial. But still he had no difficulty in making out groves of hemlock, and the circular openings. And although he could not make out my thirty-seven flies, still when 10.15 came, he saw distinctly the black square crossing from hole Mary to the edge, and begin its Dervish dances. They were on his edge more precisely than on mine. For Orcutt knew nothing of Tamworth, and had thought his best chance was to display for No. 9. So was it that, at the same moment with me, Haliburton also was spelling out Orcutt & Co.'s joyous "Hurrah."

"Thtephen," lisps Celia, "promith that you will look at yon moon [old Thornbush] at the inthtant I do." So was it with me and Haliburton.

He was of course informed long before the Moores' messenger came, that, in Orcutt's judgment, twenty feet of length were sufficient for his signals. Orcutt's atmosphere, of course, must be exquisitely clear.

So, on Saturday, Rob. and Haliburton pulled up all their cambric and arranged it on the Flat again, in letters of twenty feet, in this legend:—

BAH. AL WEL.

Haliburton said he could not waste flat or cambric on spelling.

He had had all night since half past ten to consider what next was most important for them to know; and a very difficult question it was, you will observe. They had been gone nearly two years, and much had happened. Which thing was, on the whole, the most interesting and important? He had said we were all well. What then?

Did you never find yourself in the same difficulty? When your husband had come home from sea, and kissed you and the children, and wondered at their size, did you never sit silent, and have to think what you should say? Were you never fairly relieved when little Phil said, blustering, "I got three eggs to-day." The truth is, that silence is very satisfactory intercourse if we only know all is well. When De Sauty got his original cable going, he had not much to tell after all; only that consols were a quarter per cent higher than they were the day before. "Send me news," lisped he—poor lonely myth!—"from Bull's Bay to Valentia,—send me news; they are mad for news." But how if there be no news worth sending? What do I read in my cable despatch to-day? Only that the Harvard crew pulled at Putney yesterday, which I knew before I opened the paper, and that there had been a riot in Spain, which I also knew. Here is a letter just brought me by the mail from Moreau, Tazewell County, Iowa. It is written by Follansbee, in a good cheerful hand. How glad I am to hear from Follansbee! Yes; but do I care one straw whether Follansbee planted spring wheat or winter wheat? Not I. All I care for is Follansbee's way of telling it. All these are the remarks by which Haliburton explains the character of the messages he sent in reply to George Orcutt's autographs, which were so thoroughly satisfactory.

Should he say Mr. Borie had left the Navy Department, and Mr. Robeson come in? Should he say the Lords had backed down on the Disendowment Bill? Should he say the telegraph had been landed at Duxbury? Should he say Ingham had removed to

Tamworth? What did they care for this? What does anybody ever care for facts? Should he say that the State Constable was enforcing the liquor law on whiskey, but was winking at lager? All this would take him a week, in the most severe condensation,—and for what good? as Haliburton asked. Yet these were the things that the newspapers told, and they told nothing else. There was a nice little poem of Jean Ingelow's in a Transcript Haliburton had with him. He said he was really tempted to spell that out. It was better worth it than all the rest of the newspaper stuff, and would be remembered a thousand years after that was forgotten. "What they wanted," says Haliburton, "was sentiment. That is all that survives and is eternal." So he and Rob. laid out their cambric thus:—

RAH. AL WEL. SO GLAD.

Haliburton hesitated whether he would not add, "Power 5000," to indicate the full power I was using at Tamworth. But he determined not to, and, I think, wisely. The convenience was so great, of receiving the signal at the spot where it could be answered, that for the present he thought it best that they should go on as they did. That night, however, to his dismay, clouds gathered and a grim snow-storm began. He got no observations; and the next day it stormed so heavily that he could not lay his signals out. For me at Tamworth, I had a heavy storm all day, but at midnight it was clear; and as soon as the regular eclipse was past George began with what we saw was an account of the great anaclysm which sent them there. You observe that Orcutt had far greater power of communicating with us than we had with him. He knew this. And it was fortunate he had. For he had, on his little world, much more of interest to tell than we had, on our large one.

18. "It stormed hard. We were all asleep, and knew nothing till morning; the hammocks turned so slowly."

Here was another revelation and relief. I had always supposed that, if

they knew anything before they were roasted to death, they had had one wild moment of horror. Instead of this, the gentle slide of the Moon had not wakened them, the flight upward had been as easy as it was rapid, the change from one centre of gravity to another had of course been slow,—and they had actually slept through the whole. After the dancers had rested once, Orcutt continued:—

19. “We cleared E. A. in two seconds, I think. Our outer surface fused and cracked somewhat. So much the better for us.”

They moved so fast that the heat of their friction through the air could not propagate itself through the whole brick surface. Indeed there could have been but little friction after the first five or ten miles. By E. A. he means earth’s atmosphere.

His 20th despatch is: “I have no observations of ascent. But by theory our positive ascent ceased in two minutes five seconds, when we fell into our proper orbit, which, as I calculate, is 5,109 miles from your mean surface.”

In all this, observe, George dropped no word of regret through these five thousand miles.

His 21st despatch is: “Our rotation on our axis is made once in seven hours, our axis being exactly vertical to the plane of our own orbit. But in each of your daily rotations we get sunned all round.”

Of course, they never had lost their identity with us, so far as our rotation and revolution went: our inertia was theirs; all the fatal Fly-Wheels had given them was an additional motion in space of their own.

This was the last despatch before daylight of Sunday morning; and the terrible snow-storm of March, sweeping our hemisphere, cut off our communication with them, both at Tamworth and No. 9, for several days.

But here was ample food for reflection. Our friends were in a world of their own, all thirty-seven of them well, and it seemed they had two more little girls added to their number since

they started. They had plenty of vegetables to eat, with prospect of new tropical varieties according to Dr. Darwin. Rob. Shea was sure that they carried up hens; he said he knew Mrs. Whitman had several Middlesexes and Mrs. Leonard two or three Black Spanish fowls, which had been given her by some friends in Foxcroft. Even if they had not yet had time enough for these to develop into Alderneys and venison, they would not be without animal food.

When at last it cleared off, Haliburton had to telegraph: “Repeat from 20”; and this took all his cambric, though he had doubled his stock. Orcutt replied the next night:—

21. “I can see your storms. We have none. When we want to change climate we can walk in less than a minute from midsummer to the depth of winter. But in the inside we have eleven different temperatures, which do not change.”

On the whole there is a certain convenience in such an arrangement. With No. 22 he went back to his story:

“It took us many days, one or two of our months, to adjust ourselves to our new condition. Our greatest grief is that we are not on the meridian. Do you know why?”

Loyal George! He was willing to exile himself and his race from the most of mankind, if only the great purpose of his life could be fulfilled. But his great regret was that it was not fulfilled. He was not on the meridian. I did not know why. But Haliburton, with infinite labor, spelt out on the Flat,

CYC. PROJECT. AD FIN.,

by which he meant, “See article Projectiles in the Cyclopædia at the end”; and there indeed is the only explanation to be given. When you fire a shot, why does it ever go to the right or left of the plane in which it is projected? Dr. Hutton ascribes it to a whirling motion acquired by the bullet by friction with the gun. Euler thinks it due chiefly to the irregularity of the shape of the ball. In our case the B. M. was regular enough. But on one side, being wholly unprepared for flight, she

was heavily stored with pork and corn, while her other chambers had in some of them heavy drifts of snow, and some only a few men and women and hens.

Before Orcutt saw Haliburton's advice, he had sent us 23 and 24.

23. "We have established a Sandemanian church, and ordained Brannan. My son Edward and Alice Whitman are to be married this evening."

This despatch unfortunately did not reach Haliburton, though I got it. So, all the happy pair received for our wedding-present was the advice to look in the *Cyclopædia* at article *Projectiles* near the end.

24 was:—

"We shall act 'As You Like It' after the wedding. Dead-head tickets for all of the old set who will come."

Actually, in one week's reunion we had come to joking.

The next night we got 25:—

"Alice says she will not read the *Cyclopædia* in the honeymoon, but is much obliged to Mr. Haliburton for his advice."

"How did she ever know it was I?" wrote the matter-of-fact Haliburton to me.

26. "Alice wants to know if Mr. Haliburton will not send here for some rags; says we have plenty, with little need for clothes."

And then despatches began to be more serious again. Brannan and Orcutt had failed in the great scheme for the longitude, to which they had sacrificed their lives,—if, indeed, it were a sacrifice to retire with those they love best to a world of their own. But none the less did they devote themselves, with the rare power of observation they had, to the benefit of our world. Thus, in 27:—

"Your North Pole is an open ocean. It was black, which we think means water, from August 1st to September 29th. Your South Pole is on an island bigger than New Holland. Your Antarctic Continent is a great cluster of islands."

28. "Your Nyanzas are only two of a large group of African lakes. The

green of Africa, where there is no water, is wonderful at our distance."

29. "We have not the last numbers of 'Foul Play.' Tell us, in a word or two, how they got home. We can see what we suppose their island was."

30. "We should like to know who proved Right in 'He Knew He was Right.'"

This was a good night's work, as they were then telegraphing. As soon as it cleared, Haliburton displayed,—

BEST HOPES. CARRIER DUCKS.

This was Haliburton's masterpiece. He had no room for more, however, and was obliged to reserve for the next day his answer to No. 30, which was simply,

SHE.

A real equinoctial now parted us for nearly a week, and at the end of that time they were so low in our northern horizon that we could not make out their signals; we and they were obliged to wait till they had passed through two thirds of their month before we could communicate again. I used the time in speeding to No. 9. We got a few carpenters together, and arranged on the Flat two long movable black platforms, which ran in and out on railroad-wheels on tracks, from under green platforms; so that we could display one or both as we chose, and then withdraw them. With this apparatus we could give forty-five signals in a minute, corresponding to the line and dot of the telegraph; and thus could compass some twenty letters in that time, and make out perhaps two hundred and fifty words in an hour. Haliburton thought that, with some improvements, he could send one of Mr. Buchanan's messages up in thirty-seven working-nights.

[These observations bring the history of the Brick Moon to April, 1871, as the attentive reader will observe. In another paper Mr. Ingham will describe the more important of the observations afterwards made by himself and Mr. Haliburton.]

AMERICAN INDUSTRY IN THE CENSUS.

THE industry of the country — using that term as it is known to census-mongers — has special claims upon the authorities, legislative or administrative, of the approaching ninth census of the United States. Had the returns of population in 1860 aggregated but a miserable total of twenty millions, when it was certain that the true number could not be less than thirty millions, and when the best unofficial estimates set the population of the States a million and a half higher, no one would have questioned that it was full time to reform the methods of the census, — if, indeed, such a mortifying conclusion had not caused the suppression of the whole work as too bad for publication. Yet the seemingly extreme case which we have supposed, of failure in the population returns of the eighth census, falls far short of the actual misrepresentation with regard to the “Products of Industry,” in the third and largest of the four quarto volumes which embody the results of the enumeration of 1860. Those tables have for years been quoted and indorsed, appealed to and argued from, by editors, economists, and statesmen, at home and abroad; they have been used with confidence in ascertaining the law of the national growth; economical legislation has been shaped by them; they have been made the basis of internal taxation, and have governed the distribution of banking capital among the States: yet a few simple tests are sufficient to determine that not two thirds, certainly, of the national production is represented in these pretentious tables; while it is only the incompleteness of other parts of the work which leaves room for any doubt whether so much as one half of the actual net production of the country — properly and easily cognizable by the census — receives credit in this account of the national industry.

I have not space here for a full analysis of this portion of the last census; but a few instances will be sufficient to give an impression of the manner in which it deals with the standard industries of the country. The volume on “Manufactures” (including, besides manufactures proper, all mechanical and mining operations) professes to give, among others, the products of four of the more common trades, — coopering, blacksmithing, carpentering, and painting. Yet a comparison of these tables with the “Occupations of the People,” in the volume on Population, exhibits the startling fact that, of 43,624 coopers working at their trade, the production of only 13,750 is accounted for among the “products of industry”; of 112,357 blacksmiths enumerated, only 15,720, including one heroic woman, contribute to the reported production of their craft; of 242,958 carpenters, only 9,006, and of 51,695 painters, only 913, find a place in the tables of industry: that is, of the first-named trade only 32 per cent, of the second 14 per cent, of the third 3.7 per cent, and of the fourth 1.8 per cent. Or, to aggregate these figures: out of 450,634 artisans, of the most efficient and the best remunerated classes, only 39,389, or less than 9 per cent, are credited with contributing anything to the production of the country. If the 411,245 artisans thus summarily put without the pale of American industry had produced as much, man for man, as their fellows who were honored with admission to the tables of production, the gross products of industry would, by the full representation of these four trades alone, have been increased \$475,755,951, or a little over 25 per cent of what is actually reported; while the net production — that is, deducting the cost of raw materials consumed — would have been increased in a still higher ratio, name-

ly, by \$284,229,445 upon a total of \$854,256,584, or as closely as possible to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.

It is not necessary to prove, or even to assume, that the omissions in other branches of industry were in proportion to those cited, in order to substantiate the assertion that not two thirds of the true industrial production of the country were embraced in the enumeration of 1860; nor would the admitted impracticability of including in the reported product of any given trade the production of the entire number engaged in that trade account for more than a very small part of the gigantic discrepancy that has been shown to exist. After making all the deductions that could reasonably be claimed, there would still remain a breach—to the extent of hundreds of thousands of able workmen, and hundreds of millions of clear production—between the industries of the country properly and practically within the cognizance of the enumerator, and the same as reported in the census of 1860. It is in this vast disproportion between objects and results, that we find a sufficient reason—though a reason were to be found nowhere else—for a change of method in the enumeration of 1870.

If the wholesale omissions which have been indicated were due to faults of enumeration solely or chiefly, they would have to be accepted with the best grace possible, and we should have to be content with making allowance for their probable extent and effect, since faults of enumeration will always occur; nor is it probable that any law which Congress may enact for the organization of this service, or any endeavor, however honest and spirited, of the authorities in charge, to distribute its parts with a view to the highest efficiency, will succeed in getting the better of that wretched system of political patronage which perverts and corrupts all the offices of our government. Any scheme which depends upon unexceptionably good enumerators is destined to failure. Congressmen will continue to dictate the larger

appointments, and the miserable chicanery of local politics will determine the distribution of the subordinate positions.

But the grave faults which have been indicated in the census of 1860 were not due to practical defects of enumeration, but were the natural and necessary results of two capital errors incorporated in the system itself: the one was in restricting the inquiries of the census to the production of merchantable articles; the second, in embracing only those establishments which produced to the annual value of \$500.

Had the latter limitation been a genuine one, honestly observed, there would have been more to say for it, although the command to despise not the day of small things applies in nothing with more force than in the economy of industry; and there is no question with which the statesmanship of the day is more concerned than with the condition of the "trades" as distinguished from the larger manufactures. But, in fact, the restriction was one which was not nor would be honestly observed. Such a limitation served in 1860—and would always so serve—as a wholesale excuse to all minor establishments whose production might reasonably be anywhere in the neighborhood of \$500, whenever the proprietor preferred, for any reason, not to be enumerated, or the assistant marshal reckoned the trouble of a visit, perhaps of a journey as well as a visit, at something higher than the fifteen cents which the law allowed him for the service.

There is even less to be said for the first limitation. A restriction of the inquiries of the census to establishments of a certain annual production—if proved to be mistaken policy—was at least founded on an intelligible principle. But there is absolutely no reason for excepting from the tale of the national production that vast and varied contribution to the capital of the country, as well as to the daily comfort and enjoyments of its people, which is made by industries whose production does

not take a merchantable form. The farther a people advances in the arts of life, the greater the importance which is assumed by *services* as distinguished from *commodities*. It is little better than barbarism to treat those industries as alone worthy the consideration of the economist and the care of the statesman, which depend on commerce to distribute their products. The contribution which is made by the artisans of the country is far more valuable than that which is made by its factory hands; and the prosperity of "the trades," where every man is a complete workman, and furnishes his own capital, is not only the best indication of the general well-being, but it is the strongest security for that great body of labor which is engaged in "manufactures," commonly so called, where operatives are subdivided and capital aggregated, until the individuality of the workman is lost, and his independence gravely endangered. Once break down the artisan's power of self-support, and capital will find it easy to dominate uncontrolled over labor, dictating its seasons and methods, doling out the scantiest subsistence, and maintaining a discipline which is consistent neither with industrial nor social freedom.

And not only do the mechanical, as distinguished in popular language from the manufacturing, industries deserve a full representation at the coming census on account of the greater number of persons employed and the higher average productiveness attained, but because it is to the artisan that we owe the grandest and most substantial additions to the capital of the country. To disregard the armies of able and skilled workmen who are every year building up cities for manufacture, cities for habitation, and cities for trade in all parts of our land, bridging our rivers, connecting our navigable waters by canals, and our oceans by railways, and covering those oceans with stanchly-built fleets, and to give up the census of industry to the sole work of enumerating the production of articles

that can be done up in parcels, sold across the counter, and carried off in the pocket, is irrational, and subversive of the purposes of such a national inquiry.

Enough perhaps has been said, to justify two propositions:—

That all mechanical and manufacturing industry should be enumerated, without regard to any arbitrary limit of production.

That the value of all services rendered and work done should be included, whether in the form of merchantable articles, or of jobbing and repairing.

When it is remembered how great is the body of labor, and how mighty the mass of products, which will be included or excluded, according as these propositions are accepted or rejected, we shall surely be pardoned for insisting so strenuously upon them. They are in truth fundamental; and the census of 1870 cannot be a success if these conditions are disregarded.

It might be added, but rather as a matter of administrative detail than as requiring legislative sanction, that it would be well to have these two classes of production—that is, in merchantable articles, and in direct services—distinguished, both upon the returns to the authorities of the census and upon their publications. If it were only to set these two great classes of producers in their right relation to each other, and to establish by an irrefragable demonstration the importance of industries which have hitherto been wholly neglected, or, what is worse, partially and disparagingly represented, the results would fully justify the inquiry. But there is still another consideration. The two thousand million dollars' worth, more or less, of merchantable articles, now annually produced by the mechanical and mining industries, require the intervention of the trading class. Not less than three quarters of a million of persons are to-day engaged in the exchanges of the country, not to speak of those engaged in transportation; and of these one half, at the least, must be regarded as occupied in buy-

ing and selling the products of American industry,—using that term still in its technical sense. This body of commodities, approximating the tremendous total of two thousand millions of dollars, is conveyed from the producer to the consumer by a series of exchanges which can hardly average less than three in number, and with a percentage of expenses and profits—taking all kinds of goods together—that must amount to fifty per cent upon their original cost. What a tremendous fact! What an addition it involves to the ultimate value of the products of the national industry! All these additional laborers are virtually required, to complete the product for the purposes of the consumer. The cost of their maintenance, the expenses of their business, the profits on which they grow rich, or the losses by which they are ruined, alike, and all together, have to be paid by the consumer, just as truly as the cost of the raw materials, the wages of the factory hands, or the dividends of the manufacturing corporation.

On the other hand, with that large, perhaps equally large, class of production which has been indicated, there is no such element to be reckoned in the final cost. There is no middle-man here, no exchange, no transportation. Producer and consumer are face to face. The moment the job is finished, the transfer of property is complete, or even more frequently the transfer is made with every movement of the arm: the blow is no sooner struck than the value which it creates has passed fully and finally into the possession of him for whom it is intended.

Is it not then clear that few questions could be more important than that which determines what share of these thousand millions of the national production escapes the intervention of exchange; and upon what share commerce imposes its tremendous tax, amounting to not less than half the original cost? Is not this, indeed, a prime element in ascertaining the value of that production? Important as it is,

it may be ascertained by the simple machinery of a double column for values: one for merchantable articles,—the other for jobbing, repairing, and all direct services. In the majority of cases, the parties enumerated would be required, from the character of their business, to fill only one column, just as if there were only one; and in the exceptional cases, where the production is of both kinds, the distinction would be found as easy as any which the census would be likely to require.

But it is clear that if all industrial establishments, great or small, are to be enumerated, the interrogatories of the census must be brought down to the capacity and opportunities of the humblest. The schedule adopted for the eighth census had this grave fault, that it made the same demands upon the small mechanic working at his bench, with perhaps a single apprentice,—unaccustomed to writing, unfamiliar with accounts, and having neither time nor spirit to enter into elaborate calculations,—as upon a large manufacturing corporation having a corps of skilled accountants, and keeping its books by double entry. Such a want of discrimination is neither just nor reasonable. If a schedule be reduced to such simplicity as to be within the comprehension of the former, it will be puerile when applied to the major establishments of the country. On the other hand, a schedule framed to elicit all the important facts of the larger industries will prove incomprehensible to the whole body of the minor trades. And again, let a compromise be attempted between the two, and the probabilities are, as the fact has been, that the schedule will neither be made plain and practicable for the one, nor useful and comprehensive for the other. Such was the schedule of 1860. With the idea of enumerating the cobbling-shop and the giant factory upon one blank form, more was put in than was at all suitable for the former, while so much was left out as to make the results in the case of the latter of little or no value.

Fourteen questions were inserted, only ten of which could have any significance in the case of the smaller establishments. Yet the four unnecessary questions added were of a character to cause more difficulty than all the remaining ten. They were the "kinds" and "quantities" of raw materials used, and the kinds and quantities of the resulting product. It cannot for a moment have been supposed that the answers to these questions would be required in the case of the vast majority of the smaller establishments. We have spoken of these unnecessary and vexatious questions as four; but in fact the inquiries were of such a nature as to require eight answers, or twelve, or some higher multiple of four, whenever the materials used, or the products resulting, were of more than one "kind." Probably, as industries average in this respect, these four questions required not less than eight answers, by far the most difficult and annoying of the whole to a small mechanic or manufacturer. Yet — astonishing as it may seem — after 140,433 establishments had been put to the trouble of answering these questions, the answers were tabulated in the case of only 7,115 of them, or five in a hundred.

Such is the inevitable result of an attempt to enumerate all the industries of the country, and establishments of every grade, upon a single schedule. And this is not an extreme, but rather a moderate example, since the industrial schedule of 1860, from a desire to accommodate it to the capacity and comprehension of the smaller and less favored, was made painfully meagre, and indeed wholly inadequate to the enumeration of the great manufacturing interests. Had anything like a comprehensive schedule for these been taken as the common measure of all, the results would have been still more unsatisfactory. We reach, therefore, a third proposition, which I desire to emphasize as strongly as possible: —

That there should be one schedule far more simple and compact than that of 1860, upon which the whole body of

smaller establishments should be enumerated, to exhibit the number of persons employed, the number interested as owners or partners, the value of materials consumed, the amount paid in wages, and the value of the annual product. This is all that should be expected from establishments of this class. Just what line should be drawn, to make division between the establishments to be thus enumerated, and those of greater industrial importance and larger opportunities, is not of great consequence. Such a line could easily be found; and it matters less what it is, than that there should be a division. The most natural discrimination would be according to the number of persons employed. Establishments having less than a certain number should be expected to answer only the few simple inquiries that have been indicated.

And, on the other hand, it is the proper complement of our proposition regarding small establishments, that the great manufacturing industries should be enumerated in such a way, whether by a general schedule, or by schedules specially adapted to each branch of business, as will bring out most clearly and fully the main facts of their present condition, and afford the amplest means for statistical retrospect and comparison. The facts to be elicited should not be industrial merely, but such also as are of sanitary and social significance.

The necessity of such an enumeration is not questioned. It is admitted on all hands that the next census must do a great deal more for American industry than the last, or it had better do nothing. Whatever excuse there may have been heretofore, now at least the industrial interests of the country have become of sufficient importance to deserve enumeration upon a liberal and comprehensive scheme. Few persons will be found of such narrow views as to wish to restrict the inquiries of the next census to the bounds of the last.

But upon the details of the schedule there is no such agreement. Out of the scores of questions, of social,

sanitary, technical, or economical interest, which might be asked, it is a difficult task to select the twenty-five or thirty which would fill the most liberal schedule that, with due regard to the practical success of the census, could be allowed to manufactures. It is a matter of proportion wholly. Questions must be admitted into such a schedule which are of no importance in many branches of industry, on account of their great importance in others. Compromise must be made, at every step, with the known difficulties of enumeration. Not what we would have, but what we can get, must determine, in the last resort, the admission of every new question. Moreover, a schedule must be a whole, — containing, it may be, inquiries which would be of no great significance in a different connection, but which are the proper complement of others, and essential to the integrity of the scheme. A schedule must, therefore, be judged as a whole, and accepted or rejected accordingly.

With so much of preface, we proceed to state, one by one, the inquiries which appear most appropriate to an enumeration of industry at this time, having regard as is due to the economical idiosyncrasies of our people, to the degree of their industrial development, and to the great open questions of the day respecting labor. Each question will be accompanied by its *raison d'être*, and so much of explanation as may seem necessary, and a *résumé* at the close will exhibit the schedule in its entirety.

First, of the purely formal questions, "Name of company, corporation, or individual?" and "Location?" the schedule should require the "Number of persons interested as owners or partners, not stockholders." It is surprising that the census of 1860 gives no clew to this, perhaps the most important single fact in the industry of the country. Not only is there nothing from which it can be gathered, but we are even left to conjecture whether the owners or partners of the mechanical and manufacturing establishments enumerated are or are not included in the numbers re-

ported. Especially at the present time, when the questions of wages, of the hours of labor, and of co-operation, have risen into supreme importance, we need to know how many there are who share in the profits of business, and how many live upon stipulated wages.

"Capital invested?" is a stereotyped inquiry of the census. It is popularly supposed to be of great value. It is in truth of the least consequence. Except in the case of corporations, it is a question which few business men can answer intelligently, and which fewer still are disposed to answer honestly. But there is such a degree of virtue attributed to the inquiry that no census could command popular confidence which neglected to ask it. Happy census, if obliged to make no greater sacrifice to ignorance and prejudice!

A census of industry at this time certainly should contain, with more or less particularity, an enumeration of the steam and water power employed in mining and manufacture, — an element of vast importance in determining the industrial capability of the country, yet in respect to which it is absolutely impossible, with our present information, to make the rudest conjecture.

It is a matter of more nicety, to distribute the questions relating to labor. No part of the general subject has greater claims than this. The prime distinctions of age and sex should of course be observed. Another point of value is, whether the labor is done in shop or out of shop. With male labor, the consideration involved is chiefly sanitary, the average duration of life varying considerably according to this condition. With women, however, it has an entirely different significance. When we say that a man works out of shop, we mean, also, that he works out of doors. But when we say that a woman works out of shop, it is understood that she works at home. This again implies, as a general rule, — taking all branches of female industry together, — that she is not wholly dependent on her labor for support; but, having a father, son, brother, or husband with whom

she lives, takes this means of adding something to the family income, or of securing perhaps a little convenient pocket-money.

Now it is this competition of women having a partial subsistence secured that tells most speedily and heavily upon the wages of women. A class of competitors of this kind will do more to bring down and keep down the price of work than the accession of five times their number strictly and solely dependent on their labor. And they do this by lowering that scale of "necessary wages," as the economists express it, which prevents the remuneration of labor from sinking below the limits of a decent support. The women of our cities, although the sex is not apt to be very severely logical on the subject of its grievances, already recognize this competition as one of the chief causes which keep the price of their labor so far below that of men. The census would, therefore, make a valuable contribution to the industrial and social knowledge of the country if it would show what proportion of the half-million women employed in mechanical pursuits work in shop, and what proportion take their work home.

Of course, the hours of labor, for summer and for winter, should be shown, and the number of months each establishment has been running less than full time. Two other questions relating to labor, although not vitally important, would be exceedingly interesting and instructive, as tending to show the Ishmaelitic character of our industry; viz., the greatest number employed at any one time, and the total number of persons employed during the year. The difference between these figures and those which show the *average* number engaged (the stereotyped question of the census) would present very striking and very significant results, both in regard to the quality of our labor and the habits of our people.

That, after requiring these particulars, the schedule should call for the "amount paid in wages during the year," is not one of the disputed points.

The only question might be as to the form of the inquiry. That given above is preferable to "cost of labor" (as in 1860), since the latter is ambiguous, and is commonly understood to embrace the value of the labor of owners or partners when working at their trade, which is precisely what ought not to be included. Their remuneration is to be derived from the profits of their business, and those are to be calculated from the difference between the united cost of labor, materials, and power, and the total value of the resulting product. It is of prime importance to obtain the wages of the country, pure and simple.

Next after these facts relating to labor, the schedule of industry should require the number and kinds of "special machines," such as Jacquard or coach-lace looms in the silk manufacture, braiding and circular machines in worsted-mills, "sets" of machinery in woollen-mills, spindles and looms in cotton-mills, pegging and sewing machines in boot and shoe manufactories, etc., etc. The trouble of answering these questions is merely the trouble of writing down the figure and the words, while the tabulated results would be not only of the highest value to the several trades, but of general interest as showing the extensive introduction of these auxiliaries of human power.

The "cost of fuel for power," when steam or caloric engines are used, is another matter well worthy of a single inquiry. The cost of fuel for heating, on the other hand, or for such special processes as vulcanizing india-rubber, or calendering paper, should be merged in the "cost of materials" generally, — on the principle that two items, one large and the other small, should not be lumped, since in that case you know neither the one nor the other. If, for example, I say that Mr. Stewart's income and my own unitedly make the sum of \$3,025,800, I convey but little idea to a stranger of the wealth of Mr. Stewart and myself respectively; whereas the former gentleman's \$3,025,000 well deserves to be stated separately, and my

snug little salary of three figures might as well be left to the imagination.

The "amount paid for transportation" is another point of great and growing interest. The total railroad freights of the country, of course, could and should be obtained from the railroads themselves; but it is also desirable to show how this tremendous aggregate, which employs forty thousand miles of rail, is divided among the three great branches of production, — manufacturing, mining, and commerce; and, still further, how it is distributed among the various industries. This item should include the amounts paid, both for the freight of materials to the factory or mine, and for the transportation of the product to market.

We come again upon disputed ground when we add the questions, "kinds," "quantities," and "values" of materials consumed, and of the resulting products. The strongest objection which is made to requiring these facts is derived from the circumstance that so little use was made of this information in the last census. After exacting these answers, confessedly the most difficult and perplexing of all, from more than one hundred and forty thousand establishments, the results were tabulated for only about seven thousand, leaving a hundred and thirty-three thousand proprietors, put to this trouble for nothing.

The plea is certainly a strong one, but it does not disprove the importance of obtaining quantitative statements relative to the great staple industries of the country. We have already, it will be remembered, provided for the exemption of the whole body of small manufacturers and mechanics, the information from whom could not be of much value, while it would be obtained with undue difficulty and annoyance. Seventy-five per cent of the establishments to be enumerated at the coming census (not by any means — please to observe — three quarters of the labor employed, or of the values produced) would come within this exception. The remainder ought to be enumerated by

quantities; and of these, with anything like proper arrangements, the replies of four fifths ought to be in such shape as to be tabulated with a considerable fullness of detail; that is, instead of five per cent, as in 1860, twenty per cent of the establishments embraced in another census (involving perhaps fifty per cent of the labor and the production) ought to be tabulated with respect to the principal facts of consumption and production. The country wishes to know what it is that these establishments produce, and how much there is of it. It is a surprising fact that, with over twelve thousand boot and shoe factories in 1860, we do not learn even approximately how many pairs were made in the United States. The people should be enabled to learn the amount of coal and iron, lead and copper, gold and silver, annually mined; the cotton, woolen, worsted, silk, and linen fabrics, woven and spun, and the amount of the staple consumed in each; the quantities of bar, boiler, plate, and railroad iron produced, and of steel, cutlery, and machinery of all kinds turned out from the fast multiplying establishments of the country; the number of locomotives and stationary engines; the number of the principal classes of agricultural implements; the thousands of mowers and reapers, tedders and threshers, not to speak of the hundreds of thousands of sewing-machines for domestic relief; the tons of writing, printing, and wall paper, and what share of it is made from native or imported rags, what share from old paper or cotton waste, what from poplar or other woods, and what from that new product of the Iberian peninsula, the already famous "Esparto grass"; the boots and shoes made, counted by millions of pairs; the annual yield of our flouring-mills; the lumber sawn and planed; the amount of coal used by the hundreds of gas companies in our cities and larger towns, the amount of gas produced, and its cost to the consumer.

We have now gone through the list of inquiries, which, having regard to

all circumstances and conditions, the intrinsic difficulties of enumeration, the present demands of economical science, and the peculiarities of the national industry, appear to us on the whole, and as a whole, most appropriate to be placed on the schedule of manufactures. Let us throw them into order, dropping, for convenience, the tabular form :—

Name of corporation, company, or individual?
 Location?
 Number of persons interested as owners or partners (not stockholders)?
 Capital invested?
 Power { Kind?
 Number of water-wheels or of steam-engines?
 Total horse-power?
 Labor employed?
 Average number of males over 16 yrs. in shop?
 " " " " " out of shop?
 Average number of females over 15 yrs. in shop?
 " " " " " out of shop?
 Average number of children and youths?
 Greatest number employed at any one time?
 Total number of persons employed during year?
 Hours of labor,—summer?
 " " winter?
 No. of months running on full time?
 " " half or three-quarter time?
 Amount paid in wages during the year?
 Cost of fuel for power?
 Special machines, number?
 " description?
 Materials used, kinds?
 " quantities?
 " values?
 Amount of these materials presumably of foreign production?
 Amount paid for transportation?
 Products, merchantable, kinds?
 " quantities?
 " values?
 Value of all jobbing and repairing done during year?

Another principal feature of the enumeration of manufactures should be the use of special schedules for all those industries which by reason of their magnitude, their novelty, or their relation to the social condition of the people, are of sufficient importance to justify a separate line of inquiry.

The objects to be attained through such schedules are, firstly, to secure a greater uniformity and completeness in the statement of the kinds and quantities of materials and of products than is possible under a general blank; and, secondly, to elicit facts which are purely special to the industry and

could not be reached by any series of general interrogatories. There is hardly a branch of production in reference to which, by means of blanks specially prepared for it, some few questions cannot be introduced which add little or nothing to the labor of enumeration, but add almost incalculably to the real worth of the results obtained.

Yet, while the value of information thus obtained could not be overestimated, the more immediate and palpable advantage of the special blank is to secure such uniformity in the methods of returning "kinds," "quantities," and "special machinery," as to render tabulation not only possible but easy.

We have seen the results of employing general blanks only, in the last census. We have seen that hardly five per cent of the establishments enumerated made their returns in form for tabulation. Something of this want of success was due undoubtedly to exceptional causes; but the great source of the mischief was in the system alone. Such has been the result in every census of industry taken upon this plan; and such, in the nature of the case, it must be. Under the general blank, each man is left to fill out the columns, "kinds," "quantities," and "values" (twice,—once for materials, and once for products), according to his own tastes or inclination. He has no idea how much particularity is desired, or how fully his neighbors and rivals will report their operations. If he really wishes to comply with the intention of the law, he is at a complete loss to decide what is the best method of classifying the kinds of his materials and products. The determination of this question, which is a matter for serious consideration by the best-informed statistician, is thus thrown by turns upon each one of many thousands of manufacturers. It is no exaggeration to say that this uncertainty alone is likely to cause more trouble and annoyance than answering any reasonable number of specific questions.

The result of it all is that some, out of conscientiousness or from a real in-

terest in securing a complete and correct census of their industry, will make their answers even more full and explicit than is necessary; while others will put in just as little as possible, disregarding perhaps the plainest natural divisions between the different classes of products and materials. Each man's inclination is thus made the measure of his duty; and uniformity of practice becomes impossible. Where there is no uniformity of practice, there can be no comparison and no tabulation of results. No matter how fully and intelligently nine tenths of a trade report their operations, if the remainder, from ignorance, indolence, or indifference, fail to do the same, the benefit of the whole is lost.

For all this uncertainty, vexation, and confusion to enumerator, enumerated, and compiler, the special schedule offers a clear and easy remedy, substituting for the diverse tastes and inclinations of a thousand manufacturers a single straight rule by which all can govern themselves, and which, by making compilation a mere work of transcription, saves far more in clerical service than the trifling additional cost of printing required.

It would be easy to show, by a few illustrations, that the special blank, besides accomplishing what the general blank so commonly fails to do, is economical both of space and time; and that the same information can be gathered by it with half the number of questions to ask and answer. But in truth, special schedules have been used to such an extent and with such a degree of success as to excuse us from discussing their practical details at length. Such forms, distributed from the office of the marshal of the district, a week or two before the enumeration, to be filled out at leisure, taken up by the assistants on their rounds, and forwarded, without any attempt at compilation, to the central bureau, would present a view of the national industry such as no enumeration on a single stereotyped form could effect, and would afford results to the economist

and the statesman, of the highest and most lasting value.

There still remains one division of the census to be spoken of, which, although it is embraced in the schedule of population, and not of manufactures, pertains as much as any other to the industry of the country. It is the enumeration of the "occupations of the people." Perhaps no matter treated by the last census is more of popular interest than this. There are no technicalities about these tables; the terms are those of common life; and the least studious person is almost equally interested with the scholar in seeing what his countrymen are about, and what proportion the various trades and professions bear to each other. It has also an additional importance in the economical point of view, inasmuch as the products of the industry of many classes must, at the best, escape direct enumeration.

Unfortunately, this portion of the work attained a bad pre-eminence in the census of 1860, as the worst-taken in the enumeration and the most unintelligently handled in the compilation. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any man could allow his name to be affixed to such a preposterous publication. We shall best indicate the measures necessary to reform this branch of the census, by locating, as precisely as possible, the failures of the last enumeration.

The more obvious of these mistakes fall naturally into two classes. The first is where some technical occupation, which notoriously employs a large number of persons, is put down as affording employment only to hundreds, or tens, or even less than ten, throughout the country, the explanation being simply that those engaged have been reported under some other and more general class. In such a case it would seem but natural that such special occupation should be omitted entirely, instead of being put down with numbers that are manifestly disproportionate. For example, we find the number of "rectifiers" in the United States gravely reported as two. "Bob-

bin-makers" are three in number; wheel-workers, three; cellar-diggers, four, all in Missouri; boot-blacks, fourteen, all in California; cotton-brokers, two, both in North Carolina; chandelier-makers, three; "smelters," two; edge-tool makers, five, all in Kentucky; instrument-makers, two; sleigh-makers, two; "grinders" (whatever that may signify), seventy-nine. Perhaps the following is even more grotesque: Book-keepers, in Illinois, 554; in Massachusetts, 593; in Pennsylvania, 519; in Texas, 68; in *New York*, none.

In another class of cases, the same occupation has been reported under several different names; and the central authorities have not ventured on the great responsibility of combining and reducing them. Thus, under the head "Domestics," we have the following entries: Alabama, none; Arkansas, 797; California, none; Connecticut, none; Delaware, 1688; Florida, 631; Georgia, none; Illinois, none; Indiana, none; Iowa, — more civilized, — 358; Kansas, none; Kentucky, 1782. These States alone report; Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, etc., being apparently destitute of such accessaries — after the fact — of civilization. Turning, however, to the title of "Servants," we find the deficiencies explained, the number reported under that head reaching the very pretty total of 559,908; New York, which had not a domestic, employing, it seems, 155,288 servants. Now it need not be said that the domestics of Arkansas, Delaware, Kentucky, and Iowa are the same with the servants of Alabama, Georgia, Illinois, and New York.

An even more noticeable case is that of some of the commercial interests. In addition to large bodies of grocers, coal and flour dealers, etc., we find 14,063 reported simply as "dealers," 123,378 as "merchants," 7,863 as "store-keepers," and 11,195 as "traders." The ingenuity with which this body of 156,499 gentlemen commercially disposed is made to do duty in so many different ways in the tables of occupa-

tions is certainly to be admired, if not imitated.

The errors which have been noted above, though absurd and annoying enough, are such as it would be within the power of the authorities of the census to correct. But there is a still more general fault in the enumeration of occupations heretofore, which no ingenuity could remedy. It is absolutely impossible from these tables to construct anything like a satisfactory scheme of the actual distribution of the people among the different branches of industry. There is a fantastic accuracy in the enumeration of occupations curious, rare, and outlandish; while some of the largest classes are wholly lost, or reduced to such proportions as make the statement absurd. The best test of the utter uselessness of the tables of occupations in 1860 is found in the substantial failure of Mr. Elliott's attempt to reduce the classification to something like a logical order. That gentleman, an eminent statistician in the office of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, has done all that could be done to resolve the anomalies of these tables; but not science nor genius could contend successfully with such crude and "impossible" material. What, indeed, could be done with a classification of occupations which gave only 2,022 persons, male and female, as employed in all the branches of the woollen and worsted manufacture, and credited the industry of the United States with three bobbin-makers, two sleigh-makers, five edge-tool makers, and two smelters?

It is quite common to hear the inherent difficulties which attend a census of occupations dwelt upon, as if they were so great as to preclude all hope of improvement. These difficulties exist, and will affect the results of the census whatever is done; but they are no greater nor more obstinate than those which beset any other portion of the work, and it is entirely practicable to reduce them within very narrow limits. The means for effecting this are easy and simple. The "enumerator's

book" should contain a printed list of occupations, such as it is desirable to have enumerated. This will serve as a guide to him in his inquiries, and will yield results which are susceptible of tabulation and comparison. In almost all cases where occupations are unsatisfactorily reported, it is because neither the enumerator nor the person interrogated has any idea how particularly it is desired to report occupations, or into what classes the statistician and the economist would seek to divide them. One answers that he is a mechanic, or a factory hand, when he would just as readily and cheerfully state in what kind of mechanical labor, or in what kind of a factory, — whether woollen, cotton, or paper, — if he only knew it was desired.

Such a list of occupations, arranged according to a rational plan, and using the most familiar name for each, would insure a uniform and intelligible report with even the stupidest of enumerators. Of course, such a list could only mark the main divisions* of employment. It is undoubtedly very interesting and amusing for gentlemen of leisure, to take down the ponderous volumes of the census, and find that there were ten submarine divers in the United States in 1860, and five chiropodists (as many chiropodists as edge-tool makers, then cutting the corns of "the people"!), and twenty taxidermists stuffing squirrels and robins, and the poorer sort of game that boys shoot. But it is of a great deal more consequence that the statesman and the economist should be able to turn to the volumes of the census, and ascertain the number of those who are following each great branch of industry, and whose health, happiness, and fortune depend on its sanitary and economical conditions, and are subject to every change which law or fashion may prescribe for it.

In a word, the "curiosities" of the census must give way to its vast and far-reaching practical uses. It is of more consequence to be able to number approximately the host of workers

in woollen, than to know the precise number of the workers in wax, who, it would seem, in 1860 aggregated the astonishing sum of five. And if we cannot have the two things together, — as it would seem we cannot, from this same census, which reports just 2,022 in all branches of the worsted and woollen industry, while there were twenty-five times as many in the United States at that time, — why then, the erratic characters who tell fortunes, stuff birds, and remit the penalties of tight boots, must be left to shift for themselves; the "grinders" may cease, because they are few; the submarine divers come up to be enumerated, or stay under, as they please; so only we have a true account of the ten million laborers and artisans of the country.

I will close this article by suggesting two additional questions in connection with this matter of occupation, upon what is known as the population schedule of the census. In 1860, the occupation or profession alone was required, — with what result has been seen. I have proposed a plan by which this column may be made to yield results of the highest value, — proper material for legislation and scientific study, not food for laughter.

But it is also of great importance to know how many of the ten or twelve millions who are to be enumerated in that column in 1870 are working for themselves, and sharing in the profits of business, and how many are dependent upon stipulated wages. The greatest social and industrial questions of the day connect themselves with this. I propose, therefore, another column, very narrow, leaving just room enough for an x as a mark of affirmation (the absence of any entry being understood as a negative), — to be headed, "Receiving Wages or Salary."

It is also of capital importance to know, not merely how the ten or eleven millions herein enumerated are employed, but how the twenty-eight millions of unenumerated are supported. For this purpose, we would say, let a

third column be added, to show the "number of persons dependent" on each person whose occupation is reported. A schedule of this form, filled up with a brief and comprehensive list of occupations, would exhibit, successively, the number of persons engaged in each one of the main branches of industry; the number of these who are masters or employers; and lastly, and most important, in what proportion the far greater numbers of the unemployed and dependent are "picketed" upon the helpful labor of the country, — how many agriculture provides for, how many are supported by manufacturing industry, how many mouths the transportation of the country is taxed to feed,

how many live upon the profits of trade, how many grow fat or grow lean upon the salaries of the clergy, or the fees of lawyer or doctor.

Such an enumeration of occupations, with these kindred facts, would be a census by itself. It would convey, in a more accurate and striking form than any other which could be devised, a synopsis of the real economical condition of the country, its industrial capacity, and even its civilization; for it is in the occupations of the people that we find their habits, their tastes, their ruling appetites, their social patterns, and their moral standards more truthfully revealed than ever in any book of travels or history.

MR. BRUCE.

LAST summer (said Aunt Mary), while you were with your father in Canada, I met for the first time Miss Margaret Tennant of Boston, whom I had for years a great desire to see and know. My dear friend, Anne Langdon, has had, from her girlhood, two very intimate friends, and Miss Tennant is one, and I the other. Though we each had known the other through Anne, all had never come face to face before.

I was at the mountains, and upon our being introduced we became very good friends immediately; and, from at first holding complimentary and interesting conversations concerning our Anne in the hotel parlor, we came to taking long walks, and spending the most of our time, together; and now we are as fond of each other as possible: when we parted in September, I had promised to visit her at her house in Boston, in the winter; and, when she was ready for it, I was, too.

To my great delight, I found Anne there, and we three old maiden ladies enjoyed ourselves quite as well as if we

were your age, my dear, with the world before us. Miss Margaret Tennant certainly "keeps house" most delightfully.

When one is an old maid, — though I don't say it is n't gratifying in any situation, — it is a fine thing to have a little more money than one needs to spend. It makes one so agreeable to her friends, and I do heartily thank my stars that I have money sufficient, myself, so that people in general don't feel bored when they see me coming.

Margaret lives in the old Tennant house, in a pleasant street; and I think all the Tennants, for a dozen generations back, must have been maiden ladies with exquisite taste and deep purses, just like herself; for everything there is perfect of its kind, and its kind the right kind. Then she is such a popular person; it is charming to see the delight her friends have in her. For one thing, all the young ladies of her acquaintance — not to mention her nieces, who seem to bow down and worship her — are her devoted friends, and she gives them nice little dinner and tea parties; takes them to plays and concerts;

matronizes them to the mountains and beaches in the summer: takes them to drive in her handsome carriages; and is the repository of all their joys and sorrows; and, I have no doubt, knows them better than their fathers and mothers do, and has nearly as much influence over them. Elly, my dear, I wish you were one of the clan, for I'm afraid, between your careless papa and your wicked aunty, you haven't had the most irreproachable bringing-up! Well, she is coming to visit me in June, and we'll see what she can do for you!

One night, while I was there, we were just home from a charming dinner-party at the house of her sister, Mrs. Bruce, and, as it was a very stormy night, and I not used to such things, we had come away early. Not being in the least tired, we sat ourselves down in our accustomed easy-chairs before the fire, for a talk, and were lazily making plans for the morrow; Miss Tennant telling us she should have the eight young ladies with whom she was most intimate to dine with us. I must tell you about that party some day, (Elly; it was the nicest affair in its way I ever saw, and the girls were all such dear ones. I spoke of the company we had just left, and of my admiration of the Bruce family in general, and Mrs. Bruce in particular, and of my enjoyment of the evening.

"Yes," said Margaret, "I think Kitty is quite as young as her two daughters, and at their age she was more brilliant than either." She stopped talking for a moment, and then said: "Girls, are you in a hurry for bed?" (Elly! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for laughing! Just as if Anne Langdon and I were not as young as you and Nelly Cameron. There's no difference, sometimes, if we are forty, and you twenty!)

We were not in a hurry, and told her so.

"Then," said Margaret, "I will tell you a story. Anne knows it, or used to; but I doubt if she has thought of it these dozen years, and I do not think she will mind hearing it again. It is about

Kitty and Mr. Bruce and their first meeting, also divers singular misunderstandings which followed, finally ending in their peaceful wedding in this very room."

Anne laughed, and I settled myself contentedly in my chair, for I had already found out that Miss Tennant possesses the art of telling a story capitally.

"Kitty Bruce is three years older than I," said Margaret—"though I dare say you do not believe me—and consequently, at the time I was fifteen, she was eighteen; and whereas I was in my first year at boarding-school, she was about finishing. I was at Mrs. Walkintwo's, where you and I met, Anne; and that, as you know, was a quiet place where we were taught history and arithmetic, and the other 'solids,' and from which she had graduated the year before, and gone to Madame Riché's to acquire the extras and be 'finished.' Her beauty was very striking, and she was quite as entertaining and agreeable as she is now; very witty and original, with the kindest heart in the world, and enjoying life to the utmost. In the Easter vacation of that year we were at home together, and one morning I was sitting with her in her chamber, and she was confiding to me some of the state secrets of her room at school, to my inexpressible delight, for it was my great ambition to be intimate with Kitty; and, you know, the older sisters are often strangely blind to the virtues of the younger.

"Mamma came in in the midst of it, with her usually cheerful face exceedingly clouded; so much so that both of us immediately asked what had happened.

"'Happened!' said poor mamma, sitting down disconsolately on Kitty's bed, and helping herself, by way of relief, from a paper of candy which lay there. 'I'm sure I don't know what I'm to do. Papa has just sent me a note from the office, saying he has invited four gentlemen to dine and wishes to have everything as nice as possible. I can send John for the dinner, and, of course, I don't mind that part of it, for there is time enough and to spare, and

Peggy never fails me ; but this morning a small Irish boy came for Bridget, saying her sister is sick, and she went away with him. About an hour ago, another little wretch came to say she was obliged to go to Salem with the sister, and would be back to breakfast. Now, children mine, what shall I do for some one to wait on the table ? If the day was different, I would send one of you to Cambridge for Ann, — an old servant of ours, married and living there, — ‘but that is impossible, and I should n’t like to have a strange girl from an intelligence-office here, on account of the silver.’

“Kitty and I were as much posed as mamma. John, our coachman, was an immense Englishman, and perfectly unavailable as to taking upon himself any of Bridget’s duties, save waiting upon the door. His daughter, who had been our nurse, and was at that time seamstress, might have done very well ; but she was away at Portsmouth. And as for Peggy, our dear, old black cook, though I never knew any one to equal her in her realm, the kitchen, she had no idea of anything out of it, and never had done anything of this kind. It was raining in torrents, and none of us could go out, and we sat and looked at each other.

“Suddenly, Kitty clapped her hands. ‘Mamma,’ said she, ‘read us their names again.’

“So mamma read the names of two gentlemen from South America, and one from New Orleans, and that of Mr. Philip Bruce of London.

“‘All perfect strangers, except to papa,’ said Kitty, joyfully ; ‘and they’re interested in that South American business of his, and all on their way there, very likely ; and we shall never see them again.’

“‘Well, child, what has all this to do with Bridget’s being gone ?’

“‘I’ll tell you, mamma ; I have the jolliest plan, and it will be such fun. I’ll be so disappointed if you say “no” to me. It is n’t the least harm, and I know it will make no trouble. Just let me wear one of Bridget’s white aprons

and look stupid ; you call me Katherine, and I’ll wait on the table as well as Bridget could. No one ever notices the servants, and I’m not like you, or papa, or Margaret. You can turn my portrait to the wall, in the drawing-room, and they’ll think it’s somebody that is disinherited. Those gentlemen have n’t the least particle of information concerning papa’s family. They may be possessed of the delusion that he is a bachelor in lodgings, for all we know ; and if anything be said about your children, tell them that your sons are in college, and your eldest daughter with a friend. Of course, I shall be, whether I am with Peggy in the kitchen or standing behind you. O, I’d like it so much better than sitting at the table, and Peggy will never tell ; who will be the wiser ?’

“Mamma at first, though very much amused, shook her head, and said it was too foolish to be thought of ; we could explain our troubles to the gentlemen and get on as best we could, but Kate would not give up. Mamma gave some very good reasons : what should we do without Kitty to help entertain them ? and any one, — though she knew it would n’t be considered proper conduct in a mother to make such a remark, — any one would know Kate was not a servant. Papa, too, would want her to sing for them in the evening (for, though her voice is wonderfully sweet now, then she sang like a bird, and we were all very proud of the girl, as well we might be).

“But she upset all mamma’s arguments, asking her how in the world she entertained so much company, unaided, during the years she was unable to appear, on account of extreme youth. She was charmed to hear her say she was too good-looking ; but as to her being wanted to sing, just see if the whole five did n’t go directly to the library, and if the waste-paper basket was n’t filled with papers covered with figures, in the morning !

“And so the end was, that mamma very reluctantly consented. Peggy, to whom the secret was instantly confided,

nearly went into fits with laughing, and the more we all thought of it, the more we were amused. Kitty suggested our total discomfiture, in case papa brought home some one who knew her. I suggested that, if it were any one we were intimate with, we take them into the secret, for I wanted to see how Kate would carry it out; and if it were not, we might—and thereby I nearly ruined the whole affair—send for ‘the lending’ of Mrs. Duncan’s Ann,—Mrs. Duncan being a great friend of ours, who lived only a door or two away. *Such* a pull as Kitty gave my dress, when I mentioned it!

“However, in due season papa appeared, with the four strangers, who had been at the office with him all day, and, luckily, no one with them. He was duly made acquainted with the programme for the evening; and finding the plans all settled and Kitty’s heart evidently set upon them, he made but little opposition, considering the disappointment it probably was to him not to show his uncommonly nice little daughter. We three could hardly conceal our amusement when Kate entered the drawing-room to announce dinner, and it was made the harder for us by the queer little Irish brogue she had assumed for the occasion. The guests—one in particular—could evidently not account for so striking a display of beauty and grace in so humble a position.

“The dinner went off capitally. Kitty was perfection; and the only way I could see that she betrayed herself was in having, for a moment or two, the most interested expression during a conversation we were all very much interested in. She told me afterward that she came very near giving her opinion,—and I know it would have been very sensible and original,—in the most decided manner. Would n’t it have been shocking?

“We sat a much longer time than usual at table. The three gentlemen from the South were middle-aged, and evidently absorbed in business; but the Englishman was not over thirty, and as handsome and agreeable as possible.

He watched Kitty as often as he dared, to our great amusement; and once, as she left the room, seemed on the point of asking us about her. My dears, what could mamma have said?

“Papa was overflowing with fun, and enjoyed it all very much; I could see he was nearly choking sometimes, at Kitty’s ‘Yis, sur-r’ and ‘Pris-unt-lee.’ She never passed me a plate without giving me a poke, and, I dare say, reminded papa and mamma of her existence in the same way.

“As she had prophesied, they excused themselves after dinner, and went to the library; all but Mr. Bruce, who had no interest in South America. He had an engagement, and so left us in the course of half an hour. Conceive our amusement, when, just after we left the table, Kitty entered with a note on a waiter, and a message, purporting to be from Miss Harriet Wolfe, to the effect that she would call for mamma to go to an afternoon concert the next day. I was just leaving the room as she entered, and I can tell you I hurried a bit after that, and, as I looked around at mamma to see how she bore it, she was holding a fan before her face, in a perfect convulsion of laughter; and there stood that wicked Kate, with her hands folded, waiting solemnly for the answer. Poor Miss Wolfe had died some years before, and had been stone-deaf at that! How mamma gave the answer, or excused her amusement, I have forgotten. Kitty did it, as she said then, for a grand finale to her masquerading, but as she says now, and I firmly believed at the time, for a parting look at the Englishman.

“He went away, and Kitty came into the parlor, and we had a great laugh over our dinner-party, and the next day it was told to an admiring audience of three,—grandmamma and my two aunts; and I don’t think ever went any farther, as we did not even dare to tell my brothers. Bridget probably wonders to this day who took her place.

“The next Monday, we went back to our two boarding-schools, and after a while we forgot the whole affair. Kitty

finished school with high honors in July; and 'came out' in November, and was a great belle in Boston all that winter. I, in durance vile at Mrs. Walkintwo's, read her journal-letters to a select circle of friends; and they were a green spot in our so-considered desert of life.

"Towards the last of the winter, papa's sister, for whom Kate was named, and who was very fond of her, sent for my sister to come and stay a few weeks with her, while her husband was away. She wrote she would not have to suspend her pleasure in the least, as there had never been more gayety in Baltimore than at that time, and some young friends of Kitty's had that very day come from Europe, which was a great inducement. Baltimore was a kind of paradise to her, and her friends there were very dear ones. Her roommate at Madame Riché's, who was her very best friend, lived quite near Uncle Hunter's, and she had not seen her for months. Besides, Boston was getting dull, and she was tired, and Baltimore air always made her well. So it was settled, and Kitty went.

"Papa carried her on, and for the first week she had a cold, and was not out of the house. However, her letters were very happy ones, the contents being mostly abstracts of conversations between herself and the dear Alice Thornton, and bits of Baltimore gossip, which I was n't particularly interested in. But the cold got better, and her letters grew rather shorter as she got farther into the round of parties and pleasure.

"Finally there came a very thick letter, and there was something new on the stage. She wrote to me somewhat after this fashion, while staying with Miss Thornton:—

"'You're not to tell this, Margie,—but I'm getting involved in what seems to be a mystery. Ever since I've been here, the girls have talked to me of the most charming gentleman ever seen in Baltimore, and they all declared I must be introduced; so, at last, I got up quite a curiosity. They said he was an Englishman, very rich, and so hand-

some; why! if one was to believe their stories, he might be carried about for a show! He was said to be very reserved, and to give very little attention to any of the young ladies, and in a number of cases he had declined introductions. He has met Mr. Thornton, Alice's father; and they are good friends, so Alice has seen a good deal of him, and he has been more polite to her than to any one else, and no wonder, dear girl! All the girls say she is the favored one.

"'She had told him of me, and he seemed quite anxious to know me. She had promised to introduce him, the very first chance, and that was last night at her party.

"'I wish I had time to tell you about it. Every one says it was one of the most delightful ones ever given in Baltimore, and I did enjoy it wonderfully. But do let me tell you about the Englishman. It was about eleven before he came, and everything was at its climax. I was dancing with Mr. Dent; and the moment I stopped, up came Alice, with the most elegant-looking man I ever saw; and the strangest thing is, that I think now, and thought then, I have seen him somewhere before. He watched me intently as he crossed the room, and asked Alice, as she has told me to-day, who I was; and when she said, "That is Kitty Tennant," he looked as pleased as Punch. Don't tell mamma,' said Kitty,—'but he looked at me with the most perfect admiration. I keep wondering where it is I have met him, but I know I cannot have, for they say he is just from England. But you don't know how queerly he acted. All at once he looked as puzzled as could be; and by the time he was close to me, he stared in the queerest way; and when Alice introduced us, he bowed, and said, "Have n't we met before, Miss Tennant?" I said, "I think so"; and said I wished he would help me remember, for I was very certain I had seen him.

"'Suddenly it seemed to flash into his mind, and he said to himself, "It could n't be," but I heard him; and after that

he was a perfect icicle, and I didn't have the courage to ask him any questions, for I knew it was something horrid, by his looks. He evidently mistakes me for some one, and it is so queer that I firmly believe I have seen him. He went away from me in a very few minutes, and stayed only a half-hour or so, avoiding Alice all the time. I had promised all the dances, and was desperately busy all night, having such a good time that I quite forgot this unpleasant affair. Alice came to me after the people were gone away, and said, "Kate Tennant, what did you do to the poor man?" and she seemed so utterly astonished when I told her what had happened. She cannot account for it any more than I can, and says it is as unlike him as possible. I don't know whether I have told you his name; it is Bruce, — Philip Bruce."

When Miss Tennant reached this point in her story, I laughed heartily (said Aunt Mary), and Anne and she laughed with me. "Why in the world did n't she know him," said I, "I should have thought the circumstances would have made her remember him always."

Miss Tennant said: "Well, I should have thought so too. I know I should have recognized him myself if I had seen him, but Kitty was always the worst person in the world to remember people, and it had happened a year before, nearly. We always had quantities of company, and she had no doubt seen hundreds since."

"When I answered her letter I said nothing about him, for I must confess that I did not recollect that the gentleman who stared so at Kitty, the night she played table-girl, was Mr. Bruce of London, and, indeed, I didn't feel particularly interested; and my reply was probably filled, as usual, with an account of the exciting things that had happened to me at the school from which I so earnestly longed for deliverance."

"Kitty wrote me very frequently, and once in a while she mentioned this strange Mr. Bruce, and finally it occurred to me that my sister was getting

very much interested in him; and as I had a woful dread of losing her, I expostulated with her concerning the foolishness of caring anything for a man who had treated her in so uncourteous a way, and laughed at her considerably."

"For some time after that she did not allude to him, and I had nearly forgotten him. At last there came a letter, in which Kitty said: 'I must tell you more of Mr. Bruce, if you *are* tired to death hearing of him, for it is really a perfect mystery. I have seen him, at a number of parties, watching me in the most earnest way, as if he enjoyed it and still was rather ashamed. But when we meet he is just as cool and distant as possible. He has not been to see Alice, and all the way he has betrayed the slightest interest in me to any one else is that he met a Miss Burt in a store, who has only lived here a short time, and to whom he was introduced a night or two before. He asked her incidentally if she knew Miss Alice Thornton; and, when she said she did, a very little, he asked who the young lady was, visiting her. Miss Burt said she never had seen her, but a gentleman had told her it was a young lady Miss Thornton had met at boarding-school. "Then she has never been here before?" said he. And Miss Burt thought not, indeed was quite sure, as she never had heard of me. Isn't it a pity he did n't ask some one who could tell him all about me?—and then he could know whether he had seen me, of course."

"Now Kitty, in that same letter, confessed to me that she liked Mr. Bruce better than any one she had ever seen, which alarmed me so much that I remember I wrote her the most shocking scolding."

And here Miss Tennant was silent for a little while, and, when she spoke, said:—

"I see by your faces you're quite interested, and I think the rest of the story cannot be better told than by my reading you some of the letters Kitty wrote to me at the time. I'd like to

look them over myself, and if you are not in the least sleepy, I will go up to my room and get them."

In a few minutes she returned, and, after making the gas and the fire a little brighter, and taking an observation on the state of the weather, she commenced reading.

[When my Aunt Mary told me this story, I, Elly, had it in my mind to write it out, having, like Miss Alcott's delightful "Jo," the pleasing little habit of occasionally "falling into a vortex." June being past, Miss Tennant has been here and gone, — we will hope, greatly to my advantage; and I availed myself of a copy of the letters, which I begged Aunt Mary to ask her to bring, and here it is for you. Pardon me for the digression; but Aunt Mary gave me such a charming account of Miss Margaret last spring, when I came home from a long journey with papa, that I have been in love with her ever since, and this affection is strengthened a hundred-fold since I have really known her; and now, don't you envy me, when I say I am to make her a visit this fall and see her lovely house and know the eight girls she likes best, and — best of all — to be with her all the time?]

"BALTIMORE, Friday.

"My forlorn young sister, are you mourning over the inconstancy of woman in general, and your sister Kitty in particular? I own up to being very naughty, and on my knees I ask your pardon for not having written all these days. I cannot tell you, as you invariably do me, that I have had nothing to write, for my time has been more fully occupied than usual. Tuesday night was Miss Carroll's party, and I was n't home till — really not early, but late, in the morning. That party very nearly made me late to breakfast. Mr. Davenport was my 'devotedest,' and has called since, which Alice and I think very remarkable. My dear Meg, he's the queerest man! He has the most dejected expression, as if life were the most terrible bore. One would think he had been all through with it before,

and did n't enjoy it the first time. He seems to have an exceedingly well-developed taste for grief, and talks in the saddest way about things in general. I think lately his object in life has been, to make me think he has some dreadful hidden sorrow. I know he has n't, by his way, and I talk more nonsense to him in an hour than I ever did to any one else in a day. I cannot help 'taking rises' out of him, as we used to say at school. But there! he dances very nicely, and knows everything, apparently, and he is ever so much more entertaining to me than the people who are just like every one else. Wednesday he sent me the most exquisite bouquet. It came while Alice and I were out walking. It was raining a little, but we were tired of the house, and went ever so far, having the most delightful talk. You ought to have seen Alice, for the mist gave her more color than usual, and she looked like a beauty, as she is." "O, how I want you to know her, Maggie! I never have said a word, hardly, about the delightful visit I am having here. Alice's mother, you know, died so long ago that she does n't remember her at all; and she lived with her aunt till she was old enough for school, and her father travelled and boarded. But since she and Walter have graduated, he has taken this delightful house, for he is very rich, — and such housekeeping never was seen before. How Alice knows the first thing about it, I cannot imagine. But she certainly succeeds admirably. There never was a girl who had her own way so thoroughly. But her way is always very sensible, and, though she has had the most remarkable facilities for becoming a spoiled child, she is the farthest from it. However, I will not expatiate. Thursday night Mr. Thornton gave a whist-party, and, — do you think! — one of the gentlemen was my Mr. Bruce. I dare say you are making the most awful face, Maggy, but I *will* tell you about him; and why you scold me so I cannot imagine, for I think it is very exciting; and I know there is some good reason for his

conduct, for he is a perfect gentleman, every one says ; and my only fear is, that I shall never find out about it. I am constantly expecting to hear he is gone ; I heard he was to sail last Monday positively. I should feel horridly. When Alice and I found Mr. Thornton had invited him, we laid a bet whether he would accept ; but I was right. Mr. Thornton's invitations are seldom refused, but I don't think that was his motive. I won the bet. Yes, he really came. That wretch of an Alice had the audacity to seat us side by side at supper. He was perfectly polite, but talked very little. I caught him watching me ever and ever so many times, and Alice declares he is in love with me. I wish he would tell me what is the matter with me ! for I like him more and more ; — but don't tell mamma ! I have scarcely mentioned him, because I know papa would tell me not to take any notice of him, — and I cannot help it. It is so nice I have you to tell about him. The only queer thing that happened was, — in the course of the supper I was saying something to Mr. Dent, who was on my right, about Boston, in answer to some question. Mr. Bruce said, 'Did you ever reside in Boston, Miss Tennant ?' I answered that our family had always lived there, and I meant to ; I had been away at school, however, for four years, — all the time, except in summer vacations. 'Ah,' says my gentleman, 'so long as that ? but, of course, you know a great many people there. I beg your pardon for asking ; but did you ever see me there ?' 'Why,' said I, 'I know I've seen you somewhere, Mr. Bruce ; and I'd give anything to know where. I have been racking my brains, ever since I saw you here.' 'Ah !' said he again ; 'I don't think you would care to have me tell you, Miss Tennant.' And he went on talking with Mr. Bowler, who sat just beyond him, and I found Mr. Dent was talking with Mr. Thornton ; so was left to myself, and was busy for a while over my oysters. I listened to Mr. Bowler and Mr. Bruce, talking about Mr. John Keith's mar-

riage with his mother's nursery-maid, whom he had very sensibly fallen in love with. Mr. Bowler was saying that he had met her, and that she was remarkably lady-like, and did her teaching, whoever she might be, great credit. Mr. Bruce looked up and saw I was listening, — everybody has been interested in the affair, — and said, 'O yes, I have known several instances of persons, having naturally a great deal of refinement, being taken from a low position when quite grown up, with their tastes and habits apparently firmly established ; and, upon their being educated, one could scarcely tell that they had not always been used to the society they were in.' He appealed to me, to know if I had not known such cases. I answered that I never had seen any such person myself, but that I had not the least doubt of its being possible. He looked at me a moment, and then said, carelessly as he could, 'Of course, you have n't.' And it seemed to me he emphasized the 'you' just the least bit. One might have inferred I was just such a person myself. My dear little sister ! what an enormous letter this is. Forgive me if you are bored ; and love me dearly, as I do you. Alice sent her love before she went to sleep, where I shall follow her directly. She has been sweetly unconscious of the perplexing Mr. Bruce for at least an hour. I'll tell you everything else that has happened in my next letter ; and do you write very soon to your naughty sister

"KITTY."

[In the next three or four letters there is hardly enough mention of Mr. Bruce for me to write them all out. He seems to be growing more and more agreeable, in spite of his evident determination to the contrary ; and as for Miss Kitty, her letters show very plainly what her feelings were toward him ; and here is the last of the letters which Miss Margaret Tennant brought, which explains the whole matter, to the great satisfaction of all concerned : —]

"Maggy, my cross young sister ! I

declare, I'm muddled, as the chamber-maid used to say, at school. I have fallen into a chronic state of laughter; I'm dying to tell Alice, and have sent for her, but she has callers, and I will commence this very minute to tell you. It is the middle of the morning, but I am just up: I was up very late last night; and O, we had such fun. Just to think how poor Mr. Bruce and I have puzzled our brains about each other! It is all out now, and I'm so greatly relieved. I never knew how much I cared about it, till now. I did n't stop to date my letter, but to-day is Thursday; and Monday morning, as you already know, Aunt Kate came home, to my great delight, though I was broken-hearted to leave Alice's, where I have had such a charming time. Uncle Rob's mother is very much better, and aunty does n't think she will have to go back, and says I must finish my visit. But I cannot stop to write about that! I came back here in the afternoon, and, Tuesday morning, who should appear but Uncle Rob, from Savannah, two weeks before we expected him. That night, when he came home to dinner, he said, with great glee: 'Kate, I saw young Bruce down town to-day, whom I met in London and liked so very much. I have invited him to dine with us to-morrow. He is a capital young fellow, and I'm glad we have this young niece to help us entertain him. Have you never met him, Kitty? I'm not going to ask any one else, so I can have him all to myself. I want to ask him about my friends in London; and he tells me he has some letters and messages for me, with which he called at my office, probably just after I went South.' So he rattled on, — you know how fast he talks, — and presently Aunt Kate introduced some other subject, and I was n't obliged to tell the state of affairs between us. I supposed, of course, Mr. Bruce would treat me in a proper and becoming manner in my uncle's house, and I thought — which thought proved true — that he might not know I was uncle's niece, and that it might help the matter a little. O, it's too

funny, Meg! — how you will laugh! About dinner-time, Mr. Bruce came in with Uncle Rob, and he looked so astonished to see me there, and before Uncle Rob had time to get any farther in the introduction than 'Mr. Bruce,' he said, 'O, yes, I have met Miss Tennant very often. Is Miss Thornton with you?' Uncle said: 'Kitty, why have n't you told me?' Mr. Bruce looked more surprised when uncle called me 'Kitty'; and after that he got more and more involved, as he saw me whisper to aunty, and take some work from a little cabinet, and act as if I belonged here. I explained to Uncle Rob that he had talked so fast the night before that he did n't give me time to say I knew Mr. Bruce. We did n't wait long for dinner, and the way it was all explained was by my saying: 'Uncle Rob, if you please, I'll have some pepper.' Mr. Bruce started, and really was pale. He looked at me and at Uncle Rob and aunty. I never saw such an expression on any one's face. Will you allow me to ask what may seem a very impertinent question?' said he; 'are you Mr. Hunter's niece, Miss Tennant?' 'No,' I answered, 'but I'm Mrs. Hunter's.' 'O,' said he, 'I'm inexpressibly relieved, — and yet I'm sure it was you; I cannot have been mistaken. There never could be another person so exactly like you, and I remember your face perfectly.' Here he blushed furiously, and — I regret to say — I did too. 'It's a dreadful question to have to ask Mrs. Robert Hunter's niece, and I beg you not to be offended with me; but was it you or your wraith who waited upon the table at a house where I dined, just a year ago, in Boston? I have n't the faintest idea what the name was. It was a gentleman to whom I had letters from my father, who had some business with him. He was exceedingly kind to me, and his house was charming; and he had such a pretty little daughter'; — Hear that, Meg! — 'and I have remembered the table-girl ever since. It cannot have been you, for I have heard you say you were always away at

school except in the summer; and yet I am so sure of your face, and figure, and hair, and everything about you; only you have lost a strong brogue you had then. Not you, of course, but the person I saw. I have been so foolishly sure about it, and supposed some one had become interested in you, as I was at the time,'—here he blushed again, —'and had educated you where you met Miss Thornton, and that you had a vast deal of tact, and were deluding her and her friends. I have treated you dreadfully, and Miss Alice, too; and only the other night I had the most supreme contempt for you, because you were apparently so innocent concerning young women being raised above their station, and all that sort of thing. It would come over me once in a while that you could not be carrying this all out, and I did n't believe in my previous ideas at all; and yet the face is the same. I am as much in the dark as ever,' said the poor man, solemnly.

"All this time I was pinching my fingers under the table to keep from laughing; but when he stopped, looking to me for a solution of all his troubles, with that ridiculously perplexed face, and I saw Uncle Rob's and Aunt Kitty's faces, it *would* come, and I fairly shrieked, and rushed from the table into the library, and threw myself into an easy-chair; and I truly never laughed so in my life. I believe I had hysterics at last, and they came in in dismay. *Don't* you know what it was, Margaret? *Don't* you remember the day, last Easter vacation, when Bridget had gone down to Salem with her sister, and papa had four strange gentlemen to dine with him, and I put on one of Bridget's aprons and waited on the table? I think it was idiotic in me not to have recognized Mr. Bruce before. Only think how much it would have saved us. He was the handsome

young Englishman who went to the drawing-room with you and mamma, instead of the library, and then went away early. You remember all about him now, don't you? I went back to the dining-room, and told the whole story from beginning to end, and if we did n't enjoy ourselves over it! Poor Uncle Rob made himself sick with the extent of his laughter, and Mr. Bruce and I are the best of friends. Did you ever know anything funnier to happen at Mrs. Walkintwo's? If you did, do write me. How I shall enjoy telling papa and mamma! There's Alice coming. Good by, my dear."

[My Aunt Mary, after telling me the burden of the letters I have transcribed for you, finished the story in Miss Margaret's words:—]

"Knowing," said Miss Margaret, that Kitty has been Mrs. Bruce for nearly twenty years, you can imagine what followed. Mr. Bruce made full amends for his rudeness, and after a while it came to their having long drives and walks and talks together. Uncle Rob was delighted; and when it was time for her to come home, Mr. Bruce wisely concluded to sail from Boston, and they formally settled the affair on the way here. So he was all ready to ask papa's consent when he arrived, and it was readily given. He became his father's American partner, and they were married in a year or so, and settled down in the house we left to-night; for Kitty was always devoted to Boston, like the true Tennant that she is. And they have always been the happiest couple in the world, and Kitty's little personification of the absent Bridget turned out more happily than her reluctant mamma had any idea of.

"And now," said Miss Margaret, "the storm and the story are both over. It's nearly twelve, and the fire is low. Suppose we go to bed."

THE INCREASE OF HUMAN LIFE.

PART III.

Labor less severe than formerly.

LABOR is less severe than formerly. The introduction of machinery has relieved workmen of the necessity of making the most violent exertions. The hardest and heaviest blows are struck by the unfeeling arms of the mill, the machine, the engine. More than this: the hours of labor are diminished. People have shorter days of toil, and longer nights of rest. And fewer are broken down by excess of exhaustive and violent exertion, by protracted toils, and privation of sleep.

Labor Wages.

Labor is better rewarded now than in former years. Not only are larger wages paid in money, but the money received procures for the worker better means of sustenance, better protection of clothing and shelter, and more of the comforts of life. In England, in the last of the sixteenth century, a good mechanic, carpenter, mason, painter, wheelwright, earned a bushel of wheat by working nine days and one eighth. In the period from 1600 to 1625, he earned a bushel in five days and one third, and from 1815 to 1821, in one day and an eighth.* And now, with the present prices of labor and grain, the same classes of mechanics in the United States earn a bushel of wheat in half a day.†

Two hundred years ago, weavers, cloth-dressers, and dyers earned each seventeen cents a day, and paid sixty-two cents for the meanest shirt.‡

In the first period the mechanic earned three quarts and a half of wheat, and in the last period sixty-four quarts, with one day's labor.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, a

good mechanic could obtain with the wages of one day's labor two pounds and a half of beef or mutton, or two dozen eggs. He could earn a hen in one day and a third, a turkey in three or four days, a cauliflower in two days, a pound of potatoes in three days,* and coarse linen cloth enough for a shirt in six days and a half.† A farm-laborer earned fourteen cents a day from April to October, and twelve cents a day from October to April, always boarding himself.‡

In the early ages the government frequently fixed the price of labor, and sometimes of grain and other articles. Sometimes this was done by parliament, sometimes by the town council, sometimes by the courts. In 1317, when wheat was ten pence a bushel, the harrower of the ground, the weeder, and the haymaker were ordered to have one penny and a half, about three cents, a day; and master carpenters, masons, tylers, three pence, or six cents, a day. In 1360, the master hind, carter, shepherd, and swineherd were to have ten shillings (two dollars and fifty cents) a year; and a woman laborer or dairy-woman, six shillings (one dollar and fifty cents) a year. In 1446, the wages of a master or head farmer were twenty-three shillings and four pence, about five dollars and eighty-three cents, a year; of a chief carter or shepherd, twenty shillings (five dollars); of a woman servant, ten shillings (two dollars and fifty cents) per year. All these had their food from the employer. The wages of mechanics had not risen in those eighty-six years; they still had their three pence a day and their board.§

* Social History of Great Britain, I. 16.

† Sir Fred. M. Eden, History of Laboring Classes, I. 556.

‡ Social History of Great Britain, I. 17.

§ Fleetwood's Chronicon Preciosum, pp. 129-131.

* Playfair's History of Prices of Grain, Bread, and Labor.

† Calculated from prices current in summer, 1868.

‡ Goodman, Social History of Great Britain, I. 16.

In 1610 the justices of Rutlandshire revised the scale of wages, and ordered that the employers should pay to the bailiff of husbandry, head man on the farm, fifty-two shillings (thirteen dollars) a year with board; to the chief woman servant, being a good cook, a fraction less than thirteen cents a week, and board. A mower was to have ten cents, a man haymaker or reaper eight cents, a woman reaper six cents, a woman haymaker four cents a day; all with board.

It was further ordered that all of these should receive double wages if they boarded themselves, except the female haymaker, who should have ten cents.*

The wages of mechanics were fixed by the same ordinance. Carpenters, in summer, had sixteen cents a day with board, and twenty-six cents without it; tailors, eight cents with board, and sixteen cents without it. The general idea of the courts was, to allow one half of the earnings for board; the rest was clear wages, to be used, according to the will of the workman, for other personal and family expenses.† Thus the carpenter, tailor, and laborer, who severally had sixteen, eight, and four cents surplus daily wages after paying the employer for their board, had so much left to pay for their clothing, to lay by for their support in sickness and old age, and for the support of their families if they had any.‡

* Social History of Great Britain, I. 16, 17.

† Ibid., p. 16.

‡ "Some of the laws of those early ages fixed the prices of labor and articles of merchandise, and prohibited not only the laborer and the seller from asking more, but the employer and the buyer from giving more, under severe penalties.

"In 1350 the council of London ordered the prices of labor:—

	Summer.	Winter.
Masons, plasterers, and carpenters, per day, without victuals and drink	6d.	5d.
Tilers	5½d.	4½d.
Master daubers (builders of cabins of clay and straw)	5d.	4d.
Their laborers	3½d.	3d.
Tailors making gowns garnished with say (serge) and sandals		18d.
Horse-shoeing, six nails		1½d.
" eight nails		2d.
Taking off horse-shoe		½d.

"If any one will not work for these wages, he must be imprisoned, until he find good surety. If he go

In the days of Queen Elizabeth,—"the good old times of Queen Bess," the pride of English history, when national prosperity and personal comfort were supposed to have attained their highest point,—the average wages of good mechanics were five shillings, about one dollar and twenty-five cents, a week. Wheat was then—1565 to 1599—five shillings and ten pence per bushel; the mechanic could then earn a bushel of wheat in seven days, a coarse linen (dowlas) shirt in five days and a half, a common waistcoat in seven days and four fifths, a pair of strong shoes in eight days and four tenths, a stuff gown for his wife in seven days and four fifths, a linsey-woolsey petticoat in five days and two fifths, a check apron in two days and a half, a pair of shoes in four days and a half, and a pair of stockings in one day and four fifths.*

Comparing these wages of the workman with the cost of clothing and other obtainable necessities of life, it is easy to see how small an amount of the comforts they could obtain, how meagre must have been the sustenance of their families, and how slight an opportunity they enjoyed, of developing a sound constitution, and of sustaining themselves against the causes of disease.

At the present time, a good mechanic earns three or four times the cost of his board, and has three or four times as large a proportionate surplus for the support of his family, or for investment

out of the city because he will not work thus, and he be found there afterward, let him have imprisonment for half a year, and forfeit the chattels he has in the city.

"Servants in the houses of good folks shall not take more than they were wont to take before the pestilence, on pain of imprisonment and heavy ransom, and of paying to the city double that which they have taken in excess; and he who shall pay more than he did before the pestilence shall pay to the city treble what he shall have so paid in excess."—*London, and London Life*, p. 253.

"1363. William Coppe was punished in the pillory for enhancing the price of wheat."—*Ibid.*, p. 313.

"1364. A man was punished in the pillory for giving 15½ pence a bushel, which is 2½ pence more than the law allowed."—*Ibid.*, p. 317.

"1382 (5 Richard III.). An ostler was punished for selling oats for 5½ pence, which by law were to be sold for 5 pence a bushel."—*Ibid.*, p. 460.

* Social History of Great Britain, pp. 12, 18.

for future use; and labor, in all its varied forms, receives a much larger reward in sustenance, in comfort, in means of health and vigor, at the present, than was paid in any of the former ages of the world.

A natural consequence of this better relation of labor to wages is, that there is a much larger proportion of the people who have a surplus to save, and many more that provide in their vigorous days for times of weakness and sickness, and who suffer less when their power of labor and production is temporarily suspended or permanently exhausted.

Increase of the Means of Life.

While then the proportion of people who have some property, or some fixed and reliable plan of life, some sure and continuous income and means of support, has increased with the progress of civilization, the proportion of those who are living from hand to mouth, who awake in the morning without knowing how the bread of the day is to be obtained, or even whether it will come in any way to them, has diminished. There are less of those who are the prey of accidents, carelessness, and fortune, — now full and now empty, at one time revelling in thoughtless improvidence with their present means, and at another suffering from want, — and who, with their varied and uncertain sustenance, have a lower constitution, and are more subject to disease and more liable to death.

There is now less destitution than in former ages. There is a smaller proportion of the poor and dependent who are not at all times able to procure their subsistence by their own exertions. There is a diminished and diminishing proportion of those who suffer any privation of the comforts and needful elements of life in their days of sickness or when their opportunity of earning is taken away.

So the life of the civilized world is better sustained. The human constitution is better developed and prepared to bear the burdens that are laid upon

it, and more able to resist the causes and to sustain the attacks of disease.

Increase of Kindness and Mutual Help.

There is another and important element of civilization, that has no small influence on health and on the continuance of life, — in the growth of charity and mutual love and respect. In early times, and among barbaric people in all ages, brute force reigned paramount, and selfishness was an active principle among all classes. The strong ruled over the weak and ruthlessly grasped at the property and the privileges of the world; and the weak, by fair means or by cunning and stealth, got what they could from both superiors and equals.

The upper classes seemed to suppose the lower made for their benefit, and the intelligent to consider the ignorant appointed to serve them. There was not only an indifference to human and animal suffering, but even sometimes a pleasure in beholding it. The savage tortured his victims; the old Romans went in crowds to see the gladiatorial exhibitions, where men fought and wounded and slew each other. The Spaniards still throng the theatres of the bull-fights; and people in past ages found amusement in the prize-fights of men, dogs, and fowls, which now afford pleasure only to the rudest and lowest; and when, in olden time, the law condemned convicted criminals to be tied to the cart's tail and whipped through the streets, crowds followed, and urged the executioner to be diligent in his work, and complained if he faltered, or showed any signs of compassion.

Colgan, in his "Lives of the Saints," says that, "in the year 664, there was at that time a great famine in the land; so great was the population, that the spoil was not sufficient for it for agricultural purposes." "Wherefore the chiefs of the land planned that the people should assemble in one place, and all the laity and clergy should fast, and pray to God to remove that burdensome number of the 'inferior multitude' by

means of some pestilence, that by this measure the rest might live more comfortably. An angel said: 'But because, in opposition to the will of God, you have prayed for the death of the lower classes, by God's just judgment the higher ranks shall die,' which also came to pass.*

Their domestic management was not more loving and gentle three hundred years ago. Markham, in his "Instructions to a Good Housewife," among other recommendations for her proper dealing with the female servants, advises the mistress "not to scold the girls, but to thrash them heartily, when they are refractory."†

With increased culture and refinement, with the growth of wealth and the better establishment of social order, there has been an increase of charity, of generous regard for man, more willingness among men to bear and lighten each other's burdens. Hence in cultivated society there has sprung up among those who are endowed with gifts and powers, whether of body, mind, or estate, a feeling of responsibility for their use and a desire to lend them in aid of those who are in need, more than in the days of the past. The world grows more generous, more sympathetic, and the weak in every element enjoy more and more of the blessings of the strong. They suffer less from want and privation; they receive more aid in the doubtful and dangerous paths of life; their burden is lightened; their strength is better sustained; their ailments are fewer and less destructive.

Sensuality.

In the world's earlier periods, which, sometimes with pleasant fancy and sometimes with sorrowful yearning for their return, we call the ages of purity and simplicity,—in the days of Israel of old and of Greece and Rome, in the Middle Ages, in the times of Ben Jonson, of Shakespeare, in the last century,—in all, from the first downward,

there was more sensual indulgence, more intemperance, more low and exhausting dissipation than now. The Hebrew prophets, in their bitter denunciations of the sins of the people; the poets; the play-writers; the historians of all those times,—who intend to depict society and manners in their true colors, by their descriptions of scenes and customs, their language, and their allusions to matters evidently familiar,—all reveal a wide prevalence of destructive sensuality, which was necessarily followed by exhausted constitutions, lessened vitality, and earlier death.

Diminished Early Mortality.

The weak,—those who have low vitality, having in themselves little power,—stand most in need of external aids for the support of life; they want appropriate food, plenty of warmth, good clothing and shelter, and an unfailing supply of fresh air. Their systems are the most keenly sensitive to the causes of disturbance, and they suffer most readily under loss of comforts, and sink most rapidly when deprived of the necessary means of living. Hence infants are more subject to fatal attacks of disease in rude ages, and among the ignorant and the poor, the selfish and the indiscreet, in any age of the world. In the proportion that society emerges from barbarism and families become intelligent and the means of living are generally diffused, childhood is more healthy and vigorous and less subject to disease and death, and thus the diminished infant mortality is one of the strong and pleasant marks of the progress of civilization.

In Geneva, of all the deaths, forty-four per cent in the sixteenth century, and twenty-five per cent in the nineteenth century, were of children under five years.*

Of all the deaths in London, those of infants under one year were, from 1730 to 1749, 74.5 per cent of the total mortality; from 1790 to 1809, 41.3 per cent;

* Quoted in Census of Ireland, I. 51.

† Quoted in Social History of Great Britain, I. 103.

* Mallet, in *Annales d'Hygiène*, XVII.

and from 1850 to 1860, 29.58 per cent.* In France, the deaths of infants under one year were, from 1800 to 1815, 22.48 per cent; from 1830 to 1840, 20.58 per cent, and from 1850 to 1860, 18.92 per cent of the mortality at all ages.†

In Massachusetts, Vermont, and Connecticut, property is more equally distributed, and there is a larger proportion of the inhabitants who have a competence, who have a plenty of suitable food at all times for themselves and for their children, who have comfortable dwellings, and whose families never suffer from want of nutriment or warmth, than in any other state or nation. This enables them to nourish and protect their children, and gives them better means and opportunities to carry them through the perils of infancy and childhood.

The effect of these favorable circumstances is seen in the bills of mortality, which show that of those who are born in these States a smaller proportion perish in the forming-period, and a larger proportion reach the fulness of maturity, at twenty, and are launched on the sea of active and self-sustaining life, than in any other district of country, except one.‡

The same good effect of prosperity on health in these States is shown at the other extreme of life. They have a larger proportion of persons who out of their earnings in their years of strength save enough to support them in health and comfort in their declining years. So we find that, of those who survive their period of labor to sixty, a larger proportion here live on to a good old age at eighty, than anywhere else in the world.

The statement regarding the safety of children in Massachusetts should be qualified in respect to the experience here since 1851, for the introduction of a large number of foreigners, with their great addition of perishable children, has increased the proportions of total infant mortality in this State. Yet,

if the foreign element could be separated in this calculation, it would be shown that children of Anglo-Saxon origin born in these States have a better chance of life than children of other countries.

Infant Mortality among the Poor.

The difference between the vitality of infants of families in different circumstances is shown by comparing the ages of the persons buried in the large Catholic cemeteries in the vicinity of Boston with those of the persons buried at Mount Auburn. The records of nineteen thousand seven hundred burials in the foreign grounds, and of twelve thousand seven hundred and six in the resting-place of the natives, were examined for this purpose. Of those who were placed in the cemetery for the poor, twenty-nine per cent were infants of less than a year, and fifty-eight per cent had not passed their fifth year; while at Mount Auburn only twelve per cent were infants under one year, and twenty-eight per cent less than five years old.

One half of those buried in the cemeteries of the strangers were less than thirty-three months old. One half of those in the other ground had passed their thirty-third year.

In this comparison, great allowance must be made for the different composition of the families of these two classes of people. The foreigners are nearly all young, few beyond the middle and productive period of life, and their children are numerous. The natives are of all ages, with the average proportion of the aged, and only the average proportion of children.

Yet, making whatever deduction may be proper for this difference, here is a very great excess of infant mortality among the poor over that in the more prosperous classes, which can be explained only by the difference in their domestic condition.

Education.

Education and intelligence, the most important elements of civilization, are

* Dr. Farr, in McCulloch's Stat. Acct. Brit. Empire, II. 543.

† Statistique de la France, 1860. Mouvement de la Population. App. p. 12.

‡ Calculated from annual reports of mortality.

also among the most effective aids in sustaining human life.

This is seen in the records of vitality and mortality of England and Wales through seventeen years. In six counties, sixty-three per cent of the women when they were married were unable to write their names in the register, and signed with their marks. There were seven hundred and forty-nine thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven marriages in these counties, and two million eight hundred and fifty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-four children were born. 18.98 per cent of these children died in their first year.

In fifteen other counties, with a more favored and intelligent population, only thirty per cent—less than one third—of the marrying women were unable to write their names in the register.

In these counties, there were four hundred and fifty-three thousand and thirty-four marriages, and one million eight hundred and thirty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine children were born. Only 14.09 per cent of these infants died before they reached the end of their first year.

Comparing the infant mortality of these two classes of counties, it is found that as often as one hundred die in those of which the people are more intelligent, one hundred and thirty-four die in those where the inhabitants are more ignorant.*

The period of observation was the same in both these districts,—from 1838 to 1854 inclusive. The districts were both wide; both included cities and country, sea-coast and inland, manufacturing, agricultural, commercial, and mining people, with no other appreciable difference than that the proportion of ignorance, as indicated by the inability of marrying women to write, was twice as great in the one as it was in the other.

It is not to be supposed that the simple fact of a mother's inability to write her name is the direct cause of the

death of her infant children. But this is a representative fact. It indicates ignorance beyond that of chirography,—a general want of culture and of knowledge of business and affairs, a lack of discipline of self and of family. It represents poverty, a smaller and more uncertain supply of the means of living,—of food, clothing, fuel, shelter,—and in all the management of family and children a more frequent failure to meet the necessities of infant life.

Effect of Education in Ireland.

The same difference in infant mortality in connection with the various degrees of ignorance is found among the people of Ireland; their bills of mortality for ten years—from 1841 to 1851—show that the ratio of deaths of infants under one year of age was thirty per cent greater in those counties where two thirds of the females could neither read nor write than it was in other counties, where two thirds of the females could do both.

Unequal Movements of Civilization.

The spread of civilization is wide, and its progress is irresistible; but it does not embrace all the nations of the earth; nor does it carry onward and upward with equal steps all that are within its area. It moves with different rapidity among different people, and in the different classes of the same people. It exerts its influence with varying power and effect, and distributes its blessings with varying liberality. Upon some these are poured with lavish generosity, and to others they are doled out with the most niggardly parsimony, and thus it has been through all the ages of the world.

In every civilized country, however generally cultivated, there are those who live in filthy and smoky and dark cabins, on swampy ground, amidst noisome effluvia; and those who live in narrow, crowded rooms on undrained and unwashed streets, with pestilential exhalations without and stenchy air within; whose clothing and food resemble as nearly as may be the rai-

* Calculated from the Registrar-General's Reports, 1838-1854.

ment and nutriment of the Middle Ages : these suffer, as did their ancestors long since, from the consequences of the neglect of sanitary laws ; — they have more frequently consumption, dysentery, and fever, and drag out attenuated lives to early graves.

Drawbacks of Civilization.

Although pure and unadulterated civilization is in itself unmixed good, and brings only health and life, yet it is sometimes accompanied with evil. Progress too often brings its drawbacks with it. Luxury, self-indulgence, sensuality, and effeminacy too often attach themselves to it. Intemperance, the use of alcohol, tobacco, opium, and other destructives ; late hours, spent in vulgar or graceful dissipation, — all of these, each in its own way, and in its own degree, small or large, — waste life's force and hasten its end ; but they are no part of civilization.

Education.

Although men and women toil less severely and protractedly with their bodies, and exhaust themselves less through their muscles, now than in former generations, yet they work more with their brains. They do more mental labor, and expend more vital force in that way. There is a higher and more extended scholarship, and many more that seek it with absorbing devotion. Business, finance, public interests, ambition, generous and comprehensive charities, the pursuit of knowledge, science, literature, — these and other matters of care and anxiety more frequently now than in former ages lay burdens on the brain heavier than can be safely borne. All the fields of mental labor and avenues to distinction become more and more open as civilization advances ; the incitements to enter them are greater and more promising ; the prizes are richer and more attractive and apparently more readily attainable.

The proportion of people who are drawn from the monotony of manual labor, to join the livelier race in the

pursuit of knowledge, ambition, or riches, is greater and greater through successive generations. But this high mental culture, which is in itself a rich blessing, brings it with many dangers to health and life. Of the great multitude who thus find their bread and their happiness in brain-work, there are not a few who pursue their phantoms of complete knowledge or success, with all their mind and might, until their physical forces are wasted and an early death ends their enfeebled lives.

Clothing.

Although the fabrics of wool, cotton, silk, and linen have multiplied, and cloths of every sort are made, soft, warm, suitable for every season, and so cheap that every one, however poor, is or can be better and more healthfully clothed than his ancestor ; and though our tailors are more skilful in their adaptations, and our costumes fit our frames better, and our garments protect us more, while they interfere with our movements less, than those of former times, — yet we have still to contend with the errors of fashion, which does not recognize the sanitary code as its supreme law, but dresses men, women, and children according to its capricious taste, and at times exposes them to suffering and to disease.

Thus we see that civilization has been various in its operations with different peoples and persons. It has varied in its powers and its progress, and in its good and evil results. But whenever and wherever the world has been cultivated, elevated, and improved, then and there civilization has increased men's, women's, and children's vitality, and has lessened the amount and the destructiveness of disease. It has not only increased the number of the days of life on earth, but it has made those days more strong and effective.

Civilization has yet more to do.

Although civilization has done so much for human life, it has not yet wrought its perfect work. Life is yet

to be enlarged, strengthened, and protracted.

The average longevity of those who died, within the latest recorded years, was, in Massachusetts, 28 years and $3\frac{3}{4}$ months; Vermont, 36 years and 5 months; Sweden, 29 years and 2 months; England, 29 years and $2\frac{1}{2}$ months; France, 35 years and 11 months; Spain, 24 years and 4 months; Norway, 36 years and $6\frac{1}{2}$ months; * instead of 70 or 80 years, as it should be, and as it may be, and as it is with the most favored classes.

The expectation of life at birth, or the average longevity that is and will be enjoyed by all the children born, is, in England, 40 years and $10\frac{1}{2}$ months; in France, 36 years and 1 month; in Sweden, 43 years and 5 months; and, by males, in the United States, 41 years; † instead of 80 years.

The full-grown men, completely developed and ready for work at twenty, in this country, at the present period, will have an opportunity of doing each before death only $37\frac{1}{2}$ years' work on an average, instead of doing 50 years' work, — as they should, — with the best constitutions and in the most favorable conditions, before reaching the allotted threescore and ten. That is, a thousand persons now just entering the field of self-sustaining life will live and labor thirty-seven thousand five hundred years, in their days of vigor and self-sustaining power, before they shall die or pass into old age. This is only three fourths of the allotted fifty working-years which are enjoyed by the most favored. The loss is great, but it is much less than it was in former generations.

The field of vitality is yet only partly cultivated. There is much to be secured, and very much to be gained. The parts yet untouched or only slightly improved are as susceptible of culture as those already cultivated. There are yet the ignorant, the poor, and the overworked; there are yet the badly fed, unsuitably clothed, and imperfectly housed; there are those who dwell in

the wet and marshy districts of the country and breathe the pestilential miasmas exhaled around them, and those who live in the crowded and noisome streets and dens of the city. There are the uninstructed in the law of life, — a mighty host; and the careless of its requirements, a still greater multitude. There are the sensualists, the self-indulgent, and the dissipated; all these, here and everywhere, are yet to be reached by the elevating power of civilization and blessed by its influences.

Those whose years are weakened and whose lives are shortened are no more fixed by any law of nature in their present low vital condition than were their fathers, ages ago. There is nothing more in their personal organization or social relation, to prevent their improvement, than there was with people similarly circumstanced in times past. These have the same power as their fathers, and more opportunity, to amend their condition and their habits, to increase their strength and diminish their ailments, and prolong their days on earth. And they will do so; the present and the coming generations will go on in this good way; each will make some progress, and to each successively will be given a larger, richer, and longer life.

How long it will take to complete this work of human development and longevity, — how many generations must pass before threescore and ten years, instead of being the maximum as the psalmist thought, and the lot of only the favored and the few as now, will be the minimum, the assured lot of all the children of men, — we cannot tell, nor is it needful for us now to know. Sufficient for us is it to know that, by carefulness and culture, life has increased, and to feel assured that by the same means it may be still further increased; and as we received a richer legacy of life from our fathers than they received from theirs, so it is our duty and our privilege to improve this heritage, to add our part to its worth and its power, and leave it to our children more effective and enduring than we found it.

* Calculated from recent mortality-reports.

† Life-tables of these countries.

IN MY VINEYARD.

I.

AT last the dream that clad the field
Is fairest fact, and stable ;
At last my vines a covert yield,
A patch for song and fable.
I thread the rustling ranks, that hide
Their misty violet treasure,
And part the sprays with more than pride,
And more than owner's pleasure.

II.

The tender shoots, the fragrance fine,
Betray the garden's poet,
Whose daintiest life is turned to wine,
Yet half is shy to show it, —
The epicure, who yields to toil
A scarce fulfilled reliance,
But takes from sun and dew and soil
A grace unguessed by science.

III.

Faint odors, from the bunches blown,
Surround me and subdue me ;
The vineyard-breath of many a zone
Is softly breathing through me :
From slopes of Eshkol, in the sun,
And many a hill-side classic ;
From where Falernian juices run,
And where they press the Massic !

IV.

Where airy terraces, on high,
The hungry vats replenish,
And, less from earth than from the sky,
Distil the golden Rhenish :
Where, light of heart, the Bordelais
Compels his stony level
To burst and foam in purple spray, —
The rose that crowns the revel !

V.

So here, as there, the subject earth
Shall take a tenderer duty ;
And Labor walk with harmless Mirth,
And wed with loving Beauty :
So, here, a gracious life shall fix
Its seat, in sunnier weather ;
For sap and blood so sweetly mix,
And richly run together !

VI.

The vine was exiled from the land
That bore but needful burdens;
But now we slack the weary hand,
And look for gentler guerdons:
We take from Ease a grace above
The strength we took from Labor,
And win to laugh, and woo to love,
Each grimly-earnest neighbor.

VII.

What idle dreams! Even as I muse,
I feel a falling shadow;
And vapors blur and clouds confuse
My coming Eldorado.
Portentous, grim, a ghost draws nigh,
To clip my flying fancy,
And change the shows of earth and sky
With evil necromancy.

VIII.

The leaves on every vine-branch curl
As if a frost had stung them;
The bunches shrivel, snap, and whirl
As if a tempest flung them;
And as the ghost his forehead shakes,
Denying and commanding,
But withered stalks and barren stakes
Surround me where I'm standing.

IX.

"Beware!" the spectre cried; "the woe
Of this delusive culture!
The nightingale that lures thee so
Shall hatch a ravening vulture.
To feed the vat, to fill the bin,
Thou pluck'st the vineyard's foison,
That drugs the cup of mirth with sin,
The veins of health with poison!"

X.

But now a golden mist was born,
With violet-odors mingled:
I felt a brightness as of morn,
And all my pulses tingled;
And forms arose, — among them first
The old Ionian lion,
And they, Sicilian Muses nursed, —
Theocritus and Bion.

XI.

And he of Teos, he of Rome,
The Sabine bard and urban;

And Saadi, from his Persian home,
And Hafiz in his turban :
And Shakespeare, silent, sweet, and grave,
And Herrick with his lawns on ;
And Luther, mellow, burly, brave,
Along with Rare Ben Jonson !

XII.

"Be comforted!" they seemed to say ;
"For Nature does no treasons :
She neither gives nor takes away
Without eternal reasons.
She heaps the stores of corn and oil
In such a liberal measure,
That, past the utmost need of Toil,
There's something left for Pleasure.

XIII.

"The secret soul of sun and dew
Not vainly she distilleth,
And from these globes of pink and blue
A harmless cup she filleth :
Who loveth her may take delight
In what for him she dresses,
Nor find in cheerful appetite
The portal to excesses.

XIV.

"Yes, ever since the race began
To press the vineyard's juices,
It was the brute within the man
Defiled their nobler uses ;
But they who take from order joy,
And make denial duty,
But chain the brute they should destroy
By Freedom and by Beauty!"

XV.

They spake ; and, lo ! the baleful shape
Grew dim, and then retreated ;
And bending o'er the hoarded grape,
The vines my vision greeted.
The sunshine burst, the breezes turned
The leaves till they were hoary,
And over all the vineyard burned
A fresher light of glory !

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE evening train that brought Mr. Boyd to Emerald brought also the mail from all the country round about. One letter was delivered to Dr. Detwiler; he read it in his office at twilight, and after that paced the floor till daybreak.

"Dear fellow," it began. He glanced from this familiar address to the signature, and saw a name that made him read as if the contents must be of vital importance. "I have just read your article in the *Eclectic*, and shake hands with you on it. It has the right ring; and then, and moreover, it tells me of your whereabouts. I am helped out of a difficulty; at least I am greatly relieved. Last week I received a letter from your region, informing me that an heir to the Rolfe estate was living in Swatara. The letter had no signature, and I should have been tempted to throw it aside, and wait what would follow, had I not met with your article, which seems to show a direct way of getting at facts. It seems to me incredible that there should be an heir, and you not know it, and no claim made, till now, to the property which Rolfe's sister bequeathed to me for Asylum purposes. What do you know about it? Nothing, of course, or you would have notified me. But can you find out anything?—where this letter came from, for instance? If I were quite confident that there was no mistake about your address, I should enclose it; but a man exposes himself and others to difficulties, as you will now perceive, when he goes off and buries himself in the wilderness.

"The letter was written two weeks since, by an unpractised penman evidently, but legibly enough. As to matter, it is explicit. It claims that the heir is a young lady about seventeen years of age, who can be identified as

Rolfe's daughter and legal heir, if I will come to Swatara. Of course, if the claim can be substantiated, I will come at once.

"Write me if I shall come up, and where I shall find you.

"Yours,

"ELK. JOHNSON."

Early in the morning, Lightfoot was carrying the doctor up through the fog towards the mines. Detwiler rode, knowing whither he went; proceeding directly to the machine-shop, he found John Edgar there already at work. "What is all this I hear about Mr. Boyd?" he asked, going to the table, with his usual directness of action and of speech.

"He's done for," answered John, a little disturbed, evidently, by this visit from the doctor at so unusual an hour.

"Failed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Going away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it possible? What becomes of all the hands then?"

In spite of the interest evinced by his questions, the doctor carried an atmosphere with him which to John seemed as raw and cold as that of the morning.

"They stay, the most of them," he answered, coloring slightly.

"You, too?"

"O yes, certainly. For a while, at least. The works will go on as before, only with other proprietors."

"That is the fact about a good many other things besides coal-mines. The world will go on just the same after we all stop. What can we do about that, eh?"

As he talked, the doctor was walking about and looking at everything, in the way he always did when he visited the shop; there was a good deal there to interest a man like him.

"Do?" said John. "I don't know as anything."

"We can behave well, at least, as Boyd has done, according to report. Mr. Elsdén stays?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am sorry about Boyd. Sorry about the young man, too. He is such a clean fellow, and plenty of brain of the best quality. . . . O, John, do you happen to know anybody in Bath?"

"Bath? . . . no, sir."

"Not Dr. Johnson?"

Edgar hesitated, and then saw that there was but one answer for him to make. "I have heard of him," he said.

"I received a letter from him last night. I want you to go down with me to see the folks at the bishop's, Edgar. This matter must be looked into."

"I had rather not," said John, and as far as was possible he meant to express a flat refusal to accompany Detwiler. But the doctor took little notice of his reply.

"It is n't whether you like it or not," said he, with an unquestioning right to direct in the matter expressing itself in the tone of his voice and the glance of his eye, as well as in his words. "I don't like it, either. It's a very awkward piece of business, indeed. But that don't help us any way. I must answer Dr. Johnson, and before I do so I must talk with Mrs. Holcombe and Edna."

"You can do that without me, sir."

"On the contrary, I cannot go one inch without you. It is your business rather than mine; but this letter compels me to see what is to be done. Do you know who wrote to Dr. Johnson?"

"I think I can guess."

"Very well. So do I. Come, then, I can't give much time to the business, but I must attend to it the first thing, as you see, to get it off my mind."

"The time has come," thought John; and he would have been equal to the moment, could he have conferred but for one instant, were it even in the doctor's presence, with Mr. Elsdén.

But there was no possibility of that; and it rather pleased the doctor that he should have been able to decide so promptly that it would be best to proceed at once to this interview.

Detwiler mounted his horse again, and John followed on foot; so through the morning mists they came to Bishop Holcombe's house.

Before they had crossed the creek, the sun shone through the mists; light fell on the bright little garden, on the old cottage,—guarded on three sides by the hills,—on the wide valley, and on the wooded heights. But neither the man who forded the stream on horseback, nor he who crossed the bridge, noticed the fact. Detwiler only noticed that the minister's family was probably not alone.

"Is n't that Deacon Ent's horse and wagon?" he asked.

John stopped to look at the beautiful animal. "Yes, there's no mistaking that Indian pony," he said. He could have talked an hour on the points of the creature; not that he was a horse-fancier, or a judge of any kind of natural beauty,—but time was either of the least or else of the very greatest consequence to him this morning.

The doctor was conscious of a moment's vacillation when he saw that the church might have its witness in this pending interview. But he reminded himself, "The time has come. Edna shall be saved from this young brute. I can trust Delia Holcombe to manage her own case."

When he entered the house, he found Mrs. Holcombe and Edna in the kitchen, and saw that the bishop was also in the house, and preparing to go away. He and his deacon had apparently been discussing some church business, and the conference had come to an end.

Ent was now telling Mrs. Holcombe that Father Trost was suffering a good deal, and that last night he had said he was in hopes she would come to see him, that he expected her, indeed, every day; and August was also expressing

his own opinion that this was the old man's last sickness, or, that if he recovered, he would never be able to resume preaching.

He was speaking, Delia listening, when they all saw the doctor coming toward the house, followed by John Edgar. Edna saw more than the two figures, — something in their faces which alarmed her. For a moment she looked as if meditating a flight, but then almost instantly she felt the doctor's hand upon her shoulder, and something in his strong voice reassured her. He addressed himself to Delia, and his words told her that her hour had come.

"We have come to see you on some business," he said.

Was it to prove an hour of deliverance? If so, Delia must still meet in it the gaze of the girl who stood there, and be judged by her! Not so much did she fear the sentence of the Lord, before whom she had bowed, a suppliant with ashes on her head, these many years, as that which should proceed from her child's lips.

The bishop, who had not heard the doctor's words, came now and grasped his hand, with salute and farewell in his cordial "Good morning, brother."

"You have come at a fortunate moment, doctor," said Delia, a little hurriedly, for it was borne in upon her that an opportunity had come which it would be to her ruin to refuse, — an opportunity to speak for the truth and against herself before Friend Holcombe; "my husband would have been away in two minutes, and you know we cannot transact business of importance without him."

The doctor had not calculated wrongly: whatever might follow what he had to say, he felt that he might leave the result in Delia's hands.

"I have a letter here from my old friend, Dr. Johnson of Bath," said he. "John Edgar, or somebody else, has been giving him information that Edward Rolfe left an heir in Swatara. Do you think it's likely? Can you tell us anything about it?"

He looked from Delia to Friend

Holcombe; but they were looking at Edna, and his gaze followed theirs.

She was standing an image of terror, and of unforgiving reproach, with her eyes fixed upon John.

"What have you done!" she exclaimed, taking one single step towards him, and pausing then, confused, and rent by her remembrances of love, her pity, and her wrath.

"I have been looking out for your rights, since there was nobody else to do it," he answered, not defiant or dogged, for it was to Edna he was speaking, but sufficiently resolute to maintain the ground he held.

"Perhaps you can tell us what this means, then," said the doctor, turning to him.

"I can tell you," replied Edgar, facing him, and answering sharply, — "I can tell you that I am pretty certain that Miss Edna is the daughter of Mr. Rolfe, and that there's a large property that belongs to her by right. I am willing to stake most anything on that."

"Is that all you can tell?" asked Delia.

Edgar was silent. He looked neither at the questioner nor at Edna; he was facing Detwiler, and accounting him his enemy.

"I can tell you more than that," continued Delia. "You need not spend any more time searching out the mystery. Edna is mine. She is my child. She is my daughter. Tell Dr. Johnson to go and ask Father Trost for information. He married Edward Rolfe and me. Young man, do you hear?"

It was a terrible moment in John Edgar's life when the eyes of Delia Holcombe fell upon him. His face became scarlet, and then pale. He trembled in every nerve, and felt as if he were about to fall; yet he stood without betraying his emotion. At last, he turned quite away from her, as if to break a spell which he felt to be intolerable.

He looked at Edna, at the doctor, and his last hope fled. If he had felt secure in having won that girl, he had

now in himself incontestable evidence that he had lost her forever. But he must speak. He answered Mrs. Holcombe. "No, madam," he said, "I have not heard. Doctor, it was devilish if you brought me for this. I could not suspect—that Mrs. Holcombe—"

"Go!" said Edna, suddenly; and she said no more, nor was it needful that she should.

"Let him go," said the doctor. "He has finished his work." He looked at Delia. She stood with a gaze piercing eternity.

But something in time touched her. She had for her part said all. She had done with earth. What could command her, of all duties or cares now? Love, springing as it were from the grave, and with the warmth of passion throwing itself on her bosom.

"O my mother!" said its voice. "Look at me! kiss me! speak to me!"

Delia's face bent. Her eyes lowered. She had not dared to meet the gaze that sought them; and yet, meeting it, she saw only love and pity.

Then she turned away from the child. Friend Holcombe was standing there as if he had been struck dumb. Death could not have so utterly removed his wife from him as had the disclosure of these last moments.

Her glance toward him seemed to unlock his lips. "Delia, why did you keep this to yourself?" said he.

She shook her head in dumb distress; at last she found voice to say, "I loved you."

"It is the truth," the doctor silently commented; "she could say nothing better."

But Friend Holcombe could not receive it. He could not smile and speak tender and soothing words to her, and so make nothing of this offence. He did not open his arms, he stood with them folded on his breast.

"Could it be love?" he said. "I reckoned your love better than anything else in this world, Delia."

"I know you did. I could not bear

to let you see the truth. I had no right to keep the place I held so long. See how God has driven me from it at last. I say, His will be done. I am no hypocrite now."

"God open his eyes to see what this woman is!" prayed the doctor.

"Do not say He has banished you; but I feel as if the world were in ruins," said Mr. Holcombe. He sat down and buried his face in his hands; and he had not used too strong language to express his thought.

Then came, clear and steady, the voice of Delia to comfort him. "God can make a new world for you, Friend. He will; but first—" then she looked at the doctor, and spoke more rapidly—"I have something to do first. Will you go up to see Father Trost with me? Come, all of you. He will certify that I have spoken truth."

"Delia, do you think that I need evidence? No, I do not. . . . Your word is sufficient."

"But for this child's sake," said Detwiler, now speaking. "Yes, Friend, let us go for that testimony. If we wait, it may be too late. Trost is failing every day."

He arose as he spoke. He was ready to go at once, or to assist in any preparations that would hasten their departure. Anything to quicken the action of Friend Holcombe's brain.

"For the child's sake, we will go," said the bishop, at length, and he walked out of the room; then he looked back. "Where is Ent?" he said, surprised that he did not find him waiting.

The doctor went to the door and called, and the deacon, who had been walking in the garden, came, and they all saw that there was no need of explaining the business before them to him. After a moment's hesitation he went to Mrs. Holcombe and said:—

"I understand now why you were so kind to us. Mary says she loves you as if you were her mother. I thank you for what you have done for us."

"Yes," she answered, "the gracious Lord permitted me to save you from an hour like this."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ABOUT noon this party stood under the roof of Father Trost.

The old man was not to be disappointed, on this day, of his expectation of Dely Hulcum.

"Come," said Delia to Mary, whom she found in the kitchen porch, — "come and hear why I trembled for you, child."

There is no judgment so searching, so terrible, as that which the righteous will pass upon himself. He cannot escape it; he may elude accusers, but the avenger is omnipresent and undying. The weapons of warfare were forever removed from the hands of Father Trost, however, when he heard Delia Holcombe, standing by his bedside, say, before these witnesses: —

"Father Trost, I have come to ask you to certify to what you could not write for me."

The old man looked around upon these persons Mary had brought into his room, astonished. From one face to another his eyes wandered, and in the soul of him he felt abashed. But only for a moment. He had expected that Mrs. Holcombe would come; he had looked for her all the week; he had expressed to Ent, who had been so kind during his sickness, a desire to see her, which had in part occasioned his early visit at the bishop's house that morning; but he did not expect to see her come attended by this cloud of witnesses; and there was something so grand in her aspect, the solemnity of her bearing so much impressed him, that he must now think of her as anything but a criminal brought before him for judgment. That was a great moment; perhaps the great moment of life for him.

But, coming at that hour and moment, the sword that was in his hand was turned against himself. What ailed him? His lips moved, but, when they listened for the words which should come forth, no words came. The lips that had reviled would revile no more. The testimony which he had

rejoiced to know must be asked of him in the presence of witnesses was asked of him, and lo! his mouth was shut.

The doctor stepped towards the bed, after a minute of this ineffectual effort to speak had passed. He bent his ear towards Trost: even one witness would suffice, and he would be that witness; but in an instant he lifted his head again. "Paralysis," he said, turning to Friend Holcombe and the deacon.

Then the people whom Trost had fought as the enemies of righteousness showed themselves his friends, and the Hall of Judgment became the Court of Charity.

"He will not recover from that stroke; his hours are numbered," said the doctor, a little later. "Holcombe, you had better go home. Delia insists on staying with Mary overnight. Edna can go with you. I shall stay."

Mr. Holcombe was fortunate in having Detwiler to direct him, and he obeyed. Was it probable that he would ever forget the words of Edna as he closed Trost's gate behind him, —

"Have I lost a father to-day, Mr. Holcombe, as well as found one?"

He did not instantly answer; but after a brief pause he said: "The Lord bless you, my child! my daughter from the hand of the Lord." And then he stooped and kissed her.

Father Trost was living yet, and had before him the possibility of many days of life, when Bishop Holcombe summoned Deacon Ent to attend a church meeting in the Valley meeting-house.

The announcement that the meeting would be held had been made on the preceding Sunday, and the bishop explained the nature of the business then to be considered to the deacon when he said: "My wife will expect you. Do not fail us."

He could say no more, but that sufficed.

"Father Trost will have no more testimony to bring against us in this world," said August, as if impelled to

attempt the rescue of a precious life in peril.

"Delia will have it so," Friend Holcombe answered. "I abide by her decision."

This was the simple fact. He had waited to learn the course that Delia would take, and had stood prepared to resign his office if she should decide that the time for a public confession had forever passed.

"I owe confession to our people, and to my gracious Lord," said she; and she did not add that she owed it to herself,—the self that died so long ago.

It was but a small company that assembled for that week-day meeting. A few only of the more zealous of the brethren came from farm and workshop to discuss the business the bishop had to lay before them,—attempted to lay before them, I should say. He broke down in the words with which he endeavored to prepare Delia's confession. Then she arose, and underneath her were those everlasting arms which never yet failed a human creature that relied on them in utmost peril and extremest need. The homage of a mortal's faith is justified of The Almighty. So she stood, and saw, as it were, heaven open, and pitying angels waiting for her words.

The pathos and the power of her voice, as she acknowledged her false discipleship, and thanked Him who had at last brought her to that place and hour, praying man's forgiveness, as she had sought that of Heaven, moved the most stolid heart in the little company. What need to dwell on the astonishment occasioned by her words? It was short-lived, indeed; and when Deacon Ahern arose and said, "Let him that is without sin condemn this woman," the record of her life among them seemed to force itself in between the people and that testimony she had given against herself.

So they received her back who, while she stood so conspicuously among them, had carried the sense of exile in her heart. The sun shone, the birds sang,

the earth and the heavens were glad. Delia was at home once more. When she looked around her, no face was turned away. No eyes were averted. They all loved her. They loved and honored her who had so loved and honored them. She was not to be wounded here in the house of friends.

Indeed it almost seemed, when she stood among that little company after the meeting was dismissed, as if she had come there for congratulation and for homage. But if there were deep-seeing eyes in the congregation that day, they saw that the pitcher was broken at the fountain.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN John Edgar left Bishop Holcombe's house it seemed to him that he was retiring from a field on which he had fought with Dr. Detwiler,—and as a vanquished man.

He considered, and determined that he must get away from Swatara. It appeared to him, as he looked over the past months, that he had permitted himself to be led on, if one could imagine such a thing, to destruction, by Mr. Elsdén. Unformed in character, ambitious, destitute of clearly perceived aims, he had been imposed upon where he could most easily be imposed upon, by the name which should, as he believed it did, involve all courtesy, chivalry, generosity, and magnanimity, every power of duty; every possibility of love,—the name of gentleman.

He sat down in his workshop after the interview in the minister's house, and said to himself: "Mr. Elsdén led me wrong. The doctor was right. I am not fit for her." And then he thought of Maxwell Boyd with a fierce spasm of jealousy, as of one who *might* be worthy of her; and a desire for vengeance leaped within him. But what should he do? He was powerless.

Nothing could be clearer to him than that he must go away. And he went that night. But before he departed he so far got the better of himself that he penned a note to Maxwell and wished

him well, and told him that he had gone to seek his fortune elsewhere; and would he do him the favor to say so to Mr. Elsdén? What he had said to him up there at his house about Miss Edna was all folly, as he now saw very plainly. He hoped that some time he should hear that the young lady was married to a man who was worthy of her, though perhaps there was not one living who would love her with more sincerity than he did.

Mr. Elsdén was surprised, vexed, and suspicious, when Max told him that John had departed. He had need of him. He could have made the young man greatly useful to himself. Besides, he could have prosecuted Edna's claim with vigor, had it met with obstruction in John's hands. Her money, invested in Pit Hole and in Hook, would have secured a handsome profit. There could be no better investment. He was disappointed and chagrined at the turn affairs had taken, but he was no bungler, and could not in the long run miscalculate.

It is almost needless to state that he never produced that certificate of which he had accidentally become the holder: there were low-minded persons who might thereupon have misconstrued his friendly relations with Father Trost, and his relations with John Edgar; and so he concluded to destroy the document.

After the departure of the Boyds he carried out his plans in a manner that justified his expectations. These plans, so carefully laid, failed in no particular. He found parties who became satisfied that there was an abundance of iron-ore in Pit Hole and in Hook, and money was forthcoming for the furtherance of his enterprises. And so he realized at last the dream of years. The debts which had hung like mill-stones around his neck were paid—even those that were outlawed—with the interest accruing.

Time went on, and he returned to the world, to society, to his books, and to his leisure, leaving behind him Swatara, its mines, and its Mennonites.

When Father Trost had fought his fight and departed from this life, his granddaughter gave in her testimony that "too far east is west," and joined the people whom the old man had been called to "sift as wheat," and to "try as silver is tried."

The doctor urged successfully in Mr. Holcombe's house that Edna should be sent away to school. He spoke to Friend and Delia, as he had before spoken to Edna, about his sister and her daughters, and suggested that in justice to Rolfe his daughter should have the best educational advantages that could be secured.

"Barlow," he said, "is already interested in her progress. He will be more interested, for she has all her father's genius. Her mind craves food. Besides, this business with John has had its influence. If she goes away from here right off, art and nature will cure her; but if she stays, she will be dwelling on what has happened till she gets morbid and miserable. What do you think, Delia?"

"She must go," said Delia.

But before she went Detwiler had received a second letter from Dr. Johnson, which contained round figures enough to set the brains of our people to calculating in a way to which they were altogether unaccustomed. The Asylum was now a self-supporting institution, and Dr. Johnson was not disposed to retain the money he happened to hold, when he understood the nature of Edna's claim on Rolfe's estate. In whatever shape Rolfe's money was desired, it should be forthcoming.

Does anybody consider it a pity that the letter containing this statement was addressed to Dr. Detwiler, instead of John Edgar? John had his work to do, in the world within him and the world without him; and is that man unblest who has discovered his field, and secured his tools? He might perhaps have grown away from Edna; but it is not probable that, under the best of circumstances, she would not have grown away from him. She would have

been burdened with the care of his life, and have lived for duty long after she had ceased to live for love. In this burden-bearing world some cheerful soul may inquire, "Was she not then the appointed agent of that lad's salvation?" No doubt she was. But the saviors are not all slain for the captives whom they deliver. It was well for John that he had loved Edna,—better for both that he failed in binding her life to his.

Besides the note addressed to himself, Maxwell found in the shop where John had lived, moved, and had his being, a little package addressed to "Edna Rolfe." The hand of John had been the first to write her name. Max gave the package, containing a book on drawing which John had procured for Edna, and another volume which he had borrowed of her, to Mrs. Holcombe. "Poor fellow!" she said.

On the day when about to depart with Christopher from Swatara, Maxwell visited the house again, and acknowledged and confided to Delia the great hope that was in his heart, concerning Edna. "If I may ever call you mother," he said, "it will make me as happy almost as it would to call her wife."

"The Lord bless you," she answered,— "and bless me so much as to give my child to you."

Christopher had already explained to Mrs. Holcombe, as Max was aware, that foremost among the claims against him he recognized her daughter's.

The youth left behind him a remembrancer which made Delia spend musing and silent hours after he had departed. Half the books he had brought to Swatara he left for Edna; they were books that would help her in her work, books of value to the student.

Likewise had Edward Rolfe done. And the books and the life were his evidence! Was there evil omen in this?

The Lord was merciful. Those books were a perpetual reminder to Edna.

Had there been in John Edgar that which could have inspired more than pity in the girl's heart, it would be pitiful to record that she put his last gifts out of sight, and gave her mind with all diligence to the books Max left behind him. But John had so rudely torn the ground on which she had stood, that she removed thence, and shuddered to think how in this act he had resembled the blind, awful forces of nature. And Edna could never forget the behavior of Max towards her mother; the reverence, homage, love, which had of him such strong and beautiful expression. He understood Mrs. Holcombe in a way that did honor to himself; and Edna perceived the truth.

And then he had gone away in trouble, sharing his brother's losses. Yet with such good courage, and so eager to show Christopher that he was worthy of his highest confidence! It was not likely that he would be forgotten in the bishop's house, or that Edna would not carry with her a remembrance of him, pleasant, and more precious than she herself understood, when she went with the doctor from Swatara.

All winter, letters were carried across the creek to the house in the shadow of the hills. They were carried to and fro. The young man who was working in the distant West, and the girl who gave herself so diligently to her studies in the East, each in the appointed and the chosen sphere, with ardor to good purpose, heard now and then from each other, through the dear guardian of their lives. In the spring they went back again to Bishop Holcombe's house,—Max as his brother's agent, to pay his creditors, Edna and the miners.

It was a spring of joys to youth. They met at the Emerald station, and went on to Swatara together. The meeting was not by chance; for Max knew the day appointed for Edna's return, and had accordingly waited through the day for the arrival of the

evening train. He thought it would be a happy thing to take her back to her mother; an omen of further good might lurk in such a piece of good fortune. He was the first to welcome Edna home again; but it was evident that the bishop and the doctor could not be far away. So it was that they all went together to the house beyond the river.

A spring of joys to youth! But while the months had given ever-deepening and enlarged life to these young ones, what had they done for her of whom chiefly this tale has been told? Going out of the world! Going down to the grave! They have come, it would seem, to catch the last brightness of her smile, the last glimpse of her departing glory.

Friend Holcombe, who through many a dreary day appeared to see a gulf between himself and Delia, had at last bridged that gulf, as the winter wore away. Man never came so near to woman; life was never more completely merged in life. He had forgiven her, and had said that there was nothing to forgive. She knew there was; but it is gladness to think that, while she knew this, she knew also that she was secure in her husband's love.

When she saw Edward's daughter coming back with the eager step of happy youth, followed by Maxwell Boyd, strength returned to her soul, and brightness to her dear eyes; she went about the house with the activity of old time; but no new day's gladness could restore the old time's vigor.

"This can last but a few days. She will spend in a week what she will never get back again," said the doctor to Mr. Holcombe. "But it is her great

harvest of joy;—better to die, reaping it."

But that was a conclusion to which the bishop could not come without tears; and he answered: "You must not leave us again. Stay here; let me feel that we have *you*, or I cannot bear it."

But the young eyes were holden. They saw only what a word could explain,—work-weariness,—too constant serving; and Edna said, "I have come to serve in her place, and she shall have rest." So easily would she mend the irreparable breach!

Maxwell stayed one week in Swatara, and the bishop's house was his home. Before he went away he said to Delia:—

"I have been speaking to Edna. She has given me—" When he had spoken thus far he took her hand and reverently kissed it. His tears fell fast and hindered his speech.

"Has God given you to me, Maxwell, for a son?"

"Mother!"

Sweeter sound than that could never fall on Delia's ear.

"Thank God!" she said.

But the consummation of joy was not for her. It was after she had departed this life that Friend Holcombe pronounced a fatherly and a priestly blessing on the daughter and the son of Delia.

The doctor was living with him then; and year after year, as the young people came back to set in order the house which was forever sacred to Delia Holcombe's memory, and to make it bright and cheerful through the summer months, they found those two pursuing their labors of love in the patience of hope.

LIFE-SAVING AS A BUSINESS DUTY.

SERIOUS and frequent disasters, involving large sacrifices of property and of human life, have lately directed public attention to the imperfect guards against accident, and to the inadequate means of rescue, which are maintained in this country. Compared with the measures of safety adopted by all corporations, private and public, and enforced by law, in France, England and Germany, our precautions against disasters by fire, on railways, in mines and at sea are simply disgraceful. There is no country of equal intelligence and population in which the policy of prevention has been, and is, so little employed, or in which the organized preventive forces are so small as America. This is true not only of accidents, but of crimes; our police forces are organized, not to deter criminals by their numbers and strict surveillance, but to detect offenders after the commission of the crime. We have no organization which bears the slightest semblance to the thoroughly educated corps of railway operatives who run the trains in England with such security that "death on the rail," so horribly common with us, is less frequent there than death by lightning, while the chances of being hung for crime are thirty times as favorable as of being crushed by cars. This corps is estimated by Samuel Smiles (1868) at 163,068 in number, and is described as being composed of "the picked men of the country." These men are employed to work the machinery of about 14,000 miles of railway. A writer in the *New York Times* estimates the railway-operating employes in America at only 150,000, for 45,000 miles of railway; these are also picked men, that is, picked up at a moment's notice and educated at the brakes. We have here also no coast-guard, no life-boat service, and very inadequate fire-brigades as compared

with those of England and France. We have not even humane associations, holding out the small incentive of a medal of honor to individual efforts at saving life, and the law ignores such inducements.

It is not a little strange that a people so pre-eminently practical as the Americans should have thus utterly failed to systematically provide, as others have, against accidents. We have no idea of the value of the ounce of prevention: we are undeniably fast, but we do not know how to make haste slowly. A system of signals, — such as that without whose direction no locomotive in England ever turns a wheel, — worked by an intelligent man, would have saved from a horrible death by fire eight passengers on the Erie Railway, in June last. An inspection-corps on the Long Island Railroad would have prevented the terrible accident, resulting from a broken rail, which occurred on that road in April. An educated fireman at the furnace would have prevented the accumulation of the gases in the shaft of the Avondale mine in September, and the consequent dreadful explosion and loss of one hundred and three lives; and had the greater precaution of sinking a double shaft been employed, the security would have been certain and the accident could not have occurred. There are countless instances where the violation of the simple rule "prevention is better than cure" has cost precious lives and valuable property; and our readers scarcely need to be reminded of the criminal carelessness with which the American hastes to be rich, at the constant risk of death. Before the inquest on the one hundred and three victims of the Avondale disaster was completed, work in the mines was resumed without a change in the shaft arrangements or the addition of a single precaution against like accidents. A *New York* paper, out

of patience with the men who flocked to obtain work in this pit of death, protested that they deserved the fate they defied; but it never invoked the power of the law against the proprietors who deliberately reset such a deadly trap to catch the poor fellows who are compelled to choose between its dangers and starvation.

But though we neglect the preventive measures, American inventive genius has been largely directed to the construction of various machines for rescuing endangered life and property. The steam-fire engine is one admirable result; the preservation of property was the incentive to its invention and use, and as a consequence it was rapidly introduced into all the large cities of the Union. But the manufacture of fire-escapes, which save life only, is — as a business — a failure, and the law which requires that these appliances shall be affixed to all houses in which two or more families reside is a dead letter. It has been shown by competent authority (the Board of Health of New York City) that the sacrifice of human life by the adulteration of kerosene burning-fluid is greater than that by railroad and steamboat accidents combined; yet it seems impossible to enforce the law, and stop the adulteration which yields to numerous dealers a handsome profit on an otherwise valueless article. How the inventor of the life-boat struggled to introduce it, is a familiar and painful story; indeed, every effort to introduce contrivances of like character, which have for their purpose the saving of life only, is met with an apathy as singular as it is horrifying. Mr. Francis was many years in perfecting his admirable life-boat, but it required many more years of time, and greater labor, to bring it into general use. I am aware, as may be some of my readers interested in this subject, of a similar struggle going on at the present time in this country. An inventor whose life-saving apparatus has been practically tested, and awarded prizes, at the French Industrial Exhibition of 1867, and by the *Société*

Centrale de Sauvetage des Naufragés, has been for years endeavoring to induce steamship-owners to adopt and use his apparatus, but thus far in vain. He has endeavored to bring it to general public notice by exhibitions of its practical application in New York Harbor. To one of these remarkable displays the whole press of New York was invited; but no notices of it were published. I had the curiosity to inquire at one of the principal offices the reason of the omission, and was told that the enterprise was one of private, not public interest, and that the paper did not notice such unless paid therefor. It was in vain that I endeavored to convince the proprietor, who had a holy horror of the "puff gratuitous," that a duty to the public, which is (or rather ought to be) interested in all philanthropic enterprises, even though actuated by private interest, should have led him to notice this apparatus.*

A few months ago, another inventor, after the exercise of much patience and ingenuity, succeeded in securing a test by the Navy Department at Washington of his apparatus for instantly detaching a life-boat from the davits in order to launch it, when filled, with precision and safety in the heaviest seas. He also succeeded in getting the Washington newspaper correspondents to announce the fact that such a test was to be made. But from that day to this, no report of the result of the experiment has been made by officers or reporters, and the "let-go," as the invention was called, is still a mystery to the public.

But even should such inventors succeed in bringing their apparatus into

* The apparatus was an improvement on the cork jacket. It enveloped the entire person like a coat of mail, there being a cowl intended for the protection of the head during the day, and to be used as a pillow at night. The inventor claimed that the wearer could float and sleep in armor for weeks. Accompanying each suit was a water-tight tin can sufficiently buoyant to carry a quantity of food and water to last a week, besides Roman candles and other signal-lights to be used to attract the attention of passing vessels. The whole costume with the attachments could be put on the person in two minutes.

use, it is to be doubted if the result would fully justify their anticipations or repay their efforts and expenditures. Only a fear of the law induces ship-owners and officers to provide their steamers with life-boats, buoys, and preservers; and in thousands of cases, on every inland stream in the country, the law is not observed at all. Approaching the dangerous entrances to a harbor, every ship takes on board, at a loss of time and a heavy expense in money, a local pilot; but it is not a desire to secure the safety of the passengers which induces this action on the part of the captain. It is done, with many complaints and curses at delay and expense, because the failure to do so nullifies the insurance policy on the vessel and cargo. Unless, therefore, some such regulation create a demand for life-saving apparatus, the fear of the law and consideration for the public safety will not. It will probably surprise many readers to learn that the cork life-buoys, cork jackets, cork beds, and the like life-preserving articles, with which steamers are partly provided, and which are sometimes sold to individuals, are adulterated. Yet such is the fact; and for the simple reason that the demand, created in the first place by the law and not by an honest desire to secure the safety of the passengers, is not maintained, and is not adequate to repay honest manufacture. No seaman of experience buys a buoy, jacket, or bed without first examining it by puncturing it through and through to detect the adulteration. Many of the life-preservers sold by ship-chandlers, and furnished to passengers on our steamships and boats, are made of straw and rushes and defective cork. After becoming thoroughly saturated with water, as they must in a short time, they not only do not buoy up the swimmer, but become a positive weight about him, and inevitably sink him if he be compelled to remain many hours in the water. The same kind of adulteration, I may remark by the way, is extended to cables and other tackle used by

ships, all of which experienced seamen test before buying.

There are numerous other instances of the indifference of corporations and the government to the safety of the public. An effort was made some years since, to establish on the American seacoast the storm-signals in successful use in England; and though advocated with the greatest earnestness, the attention of the country has never been drawn seriously to it. Only a few practical seamen and as many meteorologists seemed to appreciate the importance to commerce and to life of a signal telegraph, which would indicate to our merchant-fleet for many miles at sea the approach and the character and force of storms while they were yet at a distance. The life-boats which the law requires each vessel to carry are in nine cases out of ten useless. Few of them can live in seas which wreck vessels; the instances in which they have been launched in heavy seas are very rare, and those still fewer where they have conveyed passengers from a beached vessel through a heavy surf to the shore. In the event of fire at sea the life-boats would doubtless be valuable aids to escape if they were properly carried in the davits, but this is seldom done, — they are usually stored in some out-of-the-way place on deck.

The most encouraging of the efforts I have yet observed in this country for the saving of life at sea is the organization of fleets of wrecking-vessels by incorporated companies. But I am sorry to confess that what little philanthropy I have was much shocked when, in examining into the system, I found that the primary object of these organizations was altogether selfish; the saving of property, and not of life, being the incentive to their expensive organization, constant surveillance of the coast, and prompt action in succoring vessels in danger. These companies, which save life by the ship-load, I find, are as indifferent as others to the claims of humanity, and perform their duty in saving life because it is necessary to the legal establishment of

their claim to be paid for what property they may save. There is a premium for saving property,—none for saving life; the law of salvage directly encourages the picking up of floating cotton-bales, but only indirectly commends the rescue of sinking human beings. In other words, the United States laws of “wreck and salvage” require that a wrecker, in establishing his claim for saving property, shall prove that he endeavored to save all life endangered before attempting to secure the property at risk; this is the only inducement held out by this great nation to lead men to save the lives of their fellow-creatures.

It is this pecuniary inducement of salvage which has resulted in the systematizing of wrecking as a business. The organizations and operations of these several companies, and the adventures of some of their *employés*, are of a very curious character, and may be studied with interest and profit.

There are five incorporated companies at work on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts; and there may be others of which I know nothing, for this is a branch of industry which has seldom made its details public. These five companies are named and organized as follows:—

Name.	No. of Boats.	No. of Men.
Atlantic Submarine Wrecking Company, New York	7	128
New York Wrecking and Towing Company	6	102
Boston Wrecking Company	5	87
Norfolk “ “	3	75
New Orleans “ “	4	100
Total	25	492

Each vessel of the several fleets is fitted up for its peculiar service with apparatus to extinguish flames; great pumps for exhausting water from the holds of sunken ships; lifting-apparatus of all kinds, from the derrick and hydraulic pump and “gutta-percha pontoons”—the latter an application of the balloon principle to lifting-purposes—to the jack-screw and the common cask; but singularly enough, in all those which I visited I found no

trace whatever of life-boats or life-preservers. The organizers of these companies seem never to have provided facilities for saving life; they are life-preservers and rescuers on compulsion and without consideration. The decks are well strewn with cables and chains and anchors, there is generally a surf-boat on board, but never by any chance or error a patent life-preserver or cork bed. The boats, too, are small, and not specially built for the service, being usually old tugs, with the addition of hoisting-apparatus looking very much like masts without sails.

These five companies patrol the Atlantic and the Gulf coast as closely as our streets are patrolled at night; but this is not done solely by the vessels of the fleet. Each company has its locality to watch; a mutual understanding seems to give the Boston company the surveillance of the coast from Maine to Rhode Island,—only the wreckers of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and of the dangerous reefs in that vicinity disputing its claim; the two New York companies divide the Long Island Sound and the New Jersey coast to Cape May between them, leaving the pickings to the fisher-wreckers of Barnegat; the Norfolk company has no rivals from Cape May southward to the Florida reefs, save the tar-heeled North Carolinian pirates on the dangerous coast about Hatteras; the Florida reefs are given up to the old-style wreckers, who have fished and fought there for fifty years; and all the rest of the Gulf coast is surrendered to the New Orleans company. Of course it would be impossible to keep vessels continually moving about these courses on the watch for wrecks, and no attempt is made to do so, but still a strict surveillance is always kept by the companies' agents on the coast. These agents are all sorts of persons and characters, their medium of communication with the central offices is the telegraph, and with the vessels cruising at sea the signal-flag. They are the small farmers, fishers, wreckers, light-house keepers, and others living on the coast.

A standing reward induces any one of them, observing a vessel wrecked or in danger of being wrecked on the coast in their vicinity, to ride to the nearest telegraph-office and announce the danger in which the vessel is placed to the president of the company. By another standing agreement with the telegraph companies, the despatch announcing a wreck is delivered in duplicate and triplicate, or, technically speaking, "dropped" at all the boat-stations of the company. Thus the captains of the several boats of a company know of a wreck as soon as the president, and, steaming up, wait for orders, or act on their own judgment with promptness. Many of the agents are queer old characters, — men who have not wandered from the coast for years, — men with eyes sharper, in spite of old age, than the hawk's, and able to discern the condition of a ship so far at sea as to be invisible to inexperienced though younger eyes. Among others who combine this extra work with their daily labor is the "Hermit of the Highlands," an old gentleman who has a lookout in the light-house at Neversink Highlands, near the Sandy Hook entrance to New York Harbor. He is, as I learned from himself last summer, more than threescore years old, but he is hale and ruddy in spite of his spareness, and has that quickness of movement which we see in those old men only who have lived busy lives free from dissipation. Thirty-two years ago he was a ship-news reporter at the station in New York, being engaged to receive the despatches transmitted by the semaphoric telegraph. This telegraph was at that time attracting comment as a remarkable means of transmitting news at the rapid rate of six miles a minute, — a boast made by the inventor of the signal code, Marryat, about the same time (1830) that the daring innovator, George Stephenson, declared, amid much laughter by Parliament and people, that he could run his locomotive with a train attached at the rate of twelve miles an hour. One summer the ship-news reporter

asked for a vacation; he was in ill health; and as a recreation the company sent him to the Neversink Highlands to transmit messages, and forgot to recall him. There he has remained ever since, forgotten; and though living within twenty miles of New York and fifteen of Long Branch, he has never since visited either, knows nothing of the latter as a fashionable watering-place, or of the appearance of the former north of what he remembers as the swamp in Canal Street. He reported the arrival of the first steamship that ever touched these shores. His practised eye enables him to discern vessels at incredible distances, and to tell by their build the name of each. As soon as an approaching vessel appears above the horizon, he can tell her name, and does tell it by means of the telegraph instrument, which, with the telescope, forms the apparatus of his little office, to the news-offices in New York; and the fact appears in the ship-news columns in all the papers of the next day under the head "Below," which means that the vessel named is in the Lower Bay. If a wreck occurs within the sharp vision of the old reporter, he telegraphs name, locality, and nature of the wreck to the wrecking-companies as well as to the newspapers, and calls the reward of the former his perquisites. In the same manner the farmers, fishers, and wreckers serve the wrecking-companies as agents.

It is marvellous with what rapidity the wrecking-boats act, on the receipt of the telegrams announcing the loss of a vessel. A display of this promptness led to my inquiry into the subject. I was crossing East River from Brooklyn to New York by Wall Street ferry in May last, and witnessed the collision of a tug with a small steam ferry-boat. The ferry-boat immediately began to sink and to capsize. Dozens of vessels of all kinds rushed to the rescue of those on board, and saved all who were compelled to take to the water. Among others I saw the wrecking-boat "Philip" leave her dock, run out into

the stream, attach a cable to the sinking vessel, and tow her out of the channel into shallow water, where she sank, only to be raised the next day by the same boat which had so promptly aided her. Another remarkable illustration of the activity of these salvors is found in the account of the wrecks of September 8, 1869. On that night a severe gale on Long Island Sound drove six vessels high and dry on the beach in Tarpaulin Cove, seven others at Coasters' Harbor, as many on the islands about Newport: in all forty-three vessels were wrecked at various points on the coasts of the Sound. On the 12th of the same month, three days later, the wrecking-masters of a single company had visited these wrecks and made preparations to float them again, and the work on all was completed before the week had elapsed.

Attached to one of these companies, and in command of the wrecking-steamer "Philip," is an old sailor, by name and title Captain Charles Hazard, who is doubtless justly entitled to the honor he claims, of having saved more human lives than any other man now living in the United States. He has been a wrecker for twenty-eight successive years, and has survived no less than nineteen of his own boats. He has had command of a wrecking-vessel from the time he reached the age of twenty-one, and he served six years of apprenticeship before reaching that chiefest of all dignities in his eyes. The life appears to have a strange fascination for him, and he is seldom absent from his vessel; when in the city, his restlessness makes him a most uncomfortable companion; at sea he is contented and congenial, and one of the most interesting and pleasant of talkers. It is not difficult to detect that his education has been almost wholly received at sea; but even a landsman can see that his nautical knowledge is perfect and his training as a wrecker complete.

I had occasion to ask him once what guided him in his cruises; what led him to leave port; what to return to

port; in short, how he "nosed out" wrecks with such surprising accuracy.

"Why, it's all owing to common sense, reason, and experience," he answered. "What leads a merchant to fetch certain goods from abroad, but his knowledge of what the people want?"

"Come, come, that's not a fair illustration. The merchant is guided by fixed rules, known to all commercial men. Wreckers are not."

"Yes, they are," he persisted. "Now, in the first place, I know the coast; I know this coast just as well as you know any street in New York. I know its capes as you know the street-corners; I know where the dangerous shoals and reefs are as well as you know the bad crossings, — every bit as well as the policeman does his beat. Then I know the water currents and the wind currents, and I can tell — what I expect you can't — from the looks of the sky whether there is going to be a storm or a fog, and I can guess pretty fairly at their force and density, and how long they will last. I know, of course, which way the wind blows, and I can calculate where it would carry a ship if it caught it unawares. Besides that, I know the routes of the ships, and their times. You know the habits of your friends, the way they go to their business and to their homes, and their hours, and you can go out with some certainty of meeting them at certain points. Well, I know the ships' routes and their time, and I can steam out and be pretty certain to meet 'em. I can guess, too, that a certain ship has met with a storm at a certain point, and I can calculate pretty accurately where that storm carried her; so I steam to that point to help her if it is necessary. That's the way I saved the 'Isaac Webb' last winter. There was a heavy storm out beyond the Hook, and was likely to last a day or two. I knew the 'Isaac Webb' was due somewhere in the 'pocket,' — that's the name we give to the ocean between the Long Island and New Jersey coasts just beyond Sandy Hook, —

and I steamed up and went down to the Lower Bay. That night we could n't go outside the bar, because the storm was very furious, blowing from the northeast, but I kept a sharp lookout along the Jersey coast. You see I never watched the Long Island coast, because the wind blew from that direction. That was common sense, was n't it?"

I admitted that I thought it was.

"Well, early next morning," he resumed, "I was on the lookout, and saw straight across the low sands of the Hook the very 'Isaac Webb' I had been watching for ashore on the Jersey beach, and making signals of distress. I roused all hands and went out beyond the bar to aid her, but I soon begun to think I was a fool for my pains, for the sea was running high, and I knew I would have to keep head on to the waves, or go ashore broadside, as the 'Webb' had already done. Then I begun to reflect, too, that the 'Webb' was an emigrant packet-ship, and full of passengers, and I'd have to take 'em all off before I could do anything for the ship. You see, I ain't hard-hearted, and would do as much as anybody to help a drowning man; but life-saving don't pay. If I had a-been hard-hearted, I would n't have gone out of the Hook at all. Besides, I could n't make any bargain for saving the ship till I saved the passengers, and the way she was thumping when I got near her satisfied me she could n't be saved if I stopped to save the passengers. She was broadside along the beach, and the rollers broke over her every time. The passengers were above deck, clinging to the rigging and masts wherever they could. The yards were all loose, and swinging about in the gale at a fearful rate, the torn sails snapping like whips. I expected to see masts, rigging, people, and all go over every minute. I felt the case was almost hopeless; I saw very soon that I could n't save the passengers without saving the ship, and did n't see much chance for that. The mate of the 'Webb' knew me and my boat, and

when I got within hearing he called out, 'Hazzard, for God's sake try to do something for us.' At the same time the passengers raised a similar cry of, 'Save us, captain, save us.' I did n't like to leave them then, though I thought it was tempting Providence to try and help them; so I concluded to make one effort, and, after looking below at the state of the boilers and machinery, and cautioning the engineer to keep up full steam and mind the signals, I backed down and threw them a hawser. It was a dangerous business, I tell you, and I saw by their looks that my men thought so too. 'It's only adding the "Philip" to that wreck,' said my mate. The 'Webb' crew and passengers saw what a desperate chance it was, but they acted prompt and made fast the hawser at the fore. I went to the helm myself and signalled to steam ahead, which the engineer did slowly; the hawser tautened, and, just as I expected to see the 'Webb' move, the hawser parted, and a shriek of despair went up on board the 'Webb.'

"I stood off from the wreck then for some time; I had to steam ahead to keep bows on to the sea, you know; and the cries for help went up as long as I could hear 'em above the roll of the waves. I concluded after a time to make another trial, and again backed down to the wreck and cast aboard a fourteen-inch hawser, the heaviest I had. I moved her that time, but I never got her head to the sea. I had to drag her for a mile and a half-broadside to the beach, touching the sandy bottom half the distance, until I rounded the Hook. Then I dragged her inside and behind the Hook, and let her sink in shallow water, but smooth. If she had remained outside she would have been battered to pieces, but inside she could rest until we chose to raise her. There was no difficulty in getting the passengers off, and I steamed up to New York with four hundred passengers on the 'Philip.' The next day the 'Webb' was raised and taken to the dock in New York, and is now making

her voyages again. Now I claim that the 'Philip' saved that ship and those people. The 'Webb' would have gone to pieces in a few hours more, and those people would have been drowned; some of 'em might have reached the Hook, but not many. That was common sense what did it, and I claim to have saved their lives."

"I should say so, undoubtedly."

"And I claim I've saved more lives than any other man in the United States in the same way, though I never got any credit for it. I never wanted pay, but I would like the credit. They did talk about humane-society medals, but I ain't never seen any, except the Albert medal given by Queen Victoria to two Americans."

"How many lives do you suppose you have saved, Captain?" I asked.

He looked a little puzzled.

"And how many ships have you aided?"

"That's a tough question to answer," he said at length. "Twenty-eight years is a long time to think over for names and dates and the like. Many of the vessels I have aided have not been totally wrecked, you know, and life was not in danger. I reckon I must have aided five hundred vessels in my time, — that is, of all classes and in all conditions. But the big wrecks which would have been total and with heavy loss of life ain't many. I can remember the names of a few. There was the ship 'Vespasian,' which went ashore at Barnegat twenty-seven years ago, — that was my first big wreck. She went to pieces before my work was done, but I took off her crew and three hundred passengers. I lost the 'Duchess of Orleans,' at Sandy Hook Point, twenty-five years ago, but I took off her crew and five hundred and odd passengers. The bark 'Vernon' and crew of sixteen were rescued at Fire Island the same winter. The English bark 'Greenock' was a total wreck near Montauk Point twenty years ago, but I took off four hundred passengers and crew from her. Then there was four hundred more from the 'Henry Clay'

at Cranberry Inlet; five hundred from the ship 'Argo,' at Barnegat; six hundred from the ship 'Garrick,' one of the old Collins Dramatic line, — all wrecked about fifteen years ago; then the 'North America,' from which I rescued six hundred people while she was breaking to pieces. Then came the 'Cornelius Grinnell,' with six hundred passengers; the 'New Erie,' with two hundred and fifty; the ship 'Scotland' at Egg Harbor, with five hundred more; the 'Isaac Webb,' with four hundred more; besides the crew and passengers of the 'Chauncey Jerome,' 'Flying Dutchman,' 'St. Patrick,' 'New York,' and 'Windsor Fay,' — a hundred and fifty of these there must have been, easy. How many is that?"

I had been making memoranda of the names and figures as the captain related them, and, casting up the total and giving it a head, I read it aloud to him as follows: —

THE CAPTAIN'S ROLL OF HONOR.

Year.	Vessels.	Locality.	Passengers saved.
1842	Vespasian	Barnegat	300
1844	Duchess of York	Sandy Hook	500
1844	Vernon	Fire Island	16
1849	Greenock	Montauk	400
1854	Henry Clay	Cranberry Inlet	400
1854	Argo	Barnegat	500
1854	Garrick		600
	North America		600
	Cornelius Grinnell		600
1854	New Erie		250
	Scotland	Egg Harbor	500
1868	Isaac Webb	Sandy Hook	400
	Chauncey Jerome	}	150
	Flying Dutchman		
	St. Patrick		
	New York		
	Windsor Fay		
Total, — 17 vessels;			Passengers: 5216

"That's a good number," said the captain, repeating the total. "I really had n't any idea myself that it was so many. I don't suppose I can claim to have saved all those people, for some would have escaped anyhow."

"Still," I said, pursuing my favorite argument, "that does not lessen the magnitude of the service done nor cancel the obligations of the rescued. But the world never recognizes at its full value the labor and the forethought which saves life by rendering accident

impossible, or providing a ready means of rescue. You will get more credit with the public by picking up a single man actually sinking in the water, than by saving six hundred and the ship too, in which they were about to be wrecked and lost."

"And those you save," broke in the captain, with some petulance of tone, "never give you any credit."

"Very seldom, I am afraid."

"Not even when you risk your own boat," — I don't suppose the captain ever thought about risking his life in the same connection, — "not even when you risk your own boat to save them. Now there was the wreck of the ship 'Dashing Wave,' — I don't think I mentioned her before, did I? Well, the 'Dashing Wave' was from California, and ran ashore near Barnegat. She was got off by her crew and was towed by the 'Gladiator' round the Hook and into the Horse-Shoe in the Lower Bay. Here she was left, while the 'Gladiator' ran up to New York for more hands and pumps, for the 'Wave' was leaking badly. While she was gone a heavy nor'wester sprung up, and the 'Wave' was soon thumping against the west shore of the Hook. Observing her signals of distress from my station at the Hook, I put off to her, and, getting in hailing-distance, was told she had six feet of water in her hold, and filling rapidly. Her crew were worn out at the pumps, so there was nothing to do but save them and let the ship sink. I steamed up under her lee, but found it almost impossible to get near her. As the waves broke over her, they washed my upper deck and pilot-house. You can guess how rough it was, when I tell you that one of the breakers passing over the 'Wave' amidship fell on my deck and carried me aft twenty-five feet, and I escaped being swept overboard only by clinging to the rail. Noticing that the 'Wave' was sinking fast, I backed under her bows and told the crew to jump for their lives, for I could n't do any better. Thirty of 'em made the leap

and were saved. It was the only chance of salvation they had. No ship's boat could have lived in that sea; the ship could n't last an hour; it would have been destruction to me if I had touched her or ventured nearer; yet these same fellows actually grumbled, after they were safe, because I had n't done more for 'em. I saved some rich citizens of —, in the same way once; but, though I can't say they were ungrateful, they treated me very shabby, I thought."

"How?"

"Well, while I was laying in port the papers talked soft stuff and nonsense about my gallantry, and two hundred ladies came aboard in a bunch to thank me, and wanted me to go ashore. I had to put off to sea before I was ready, to get rid of those women."

"Was not that showing their gratitude?"

"Well, yes, I suppose it was; but, you see, that public way of doing it don't suit me. I like to see a man grateful, but I don't care for him to tell me so, particular if everybody's looking on."

It is an inconsistency which I suspect to be common to all really modest people, to wish to know that those whom they oblige are grateful, without being told so. What a pity it is that all persons thus obliged have not the sense and discrimination and delicacy to prove, instead of proclaiming, their gratitude!

The captain is a type of a class — not large, it is true — which has been enabled in an unostentatious way to do much good; and he is a fair sample of several others whom I have met, and to the recital of whose adventures I have listened. The good accomplished by such men through the organized means at their hands is immense, and deserves fuller and more appropriate recognition and commendation than this brief and incomplete account of their method of operation. The good such men might do if encouraged and rewarded by proper laws is simply incalculable.

JOHN.

SHOULD *he be encouraged to come?*

The Irish of California — in 1860 one tenth of the entire population — think not. So does Senator Casserly, himself of Irish blood; and the fact that he is a man of thoughtfulness, culture, and generally liberal views makes his intense feeling on this subject all the more striking and illustrative. Last summer the merchants of San Francisco welcomed a large number of representative men from Chicago in a banquet at which the Governor of California, several United States Senators, and two hundred gentlemen prominent in the professions and in business, were present. But when six leading Chinese merchants entered the hall, habited in rich, elaborately ornamented native costumes, and Mr. Casserly saw that they were to participate in the festivities, he seized his hat and abruptly disappeared!

The contractor or manufacturer who wants ten, or ten hundred, or ten thousand Chinese laborers, orders them through a San Francisco firm exactly as he would order an invoice of cotton or sugar. If the number is too large to be obtained in California, the firm in turn makes a requisition for them upon its agents in China, and in due time they are delivered. The firm pays their passage, taking a lien upon their labor to reimburse itself. When set to work on railroads or kindred enterprises, they organize into gangs of about thirty, each of which selects a head man. He purchases supplies for them from the house which brought them into the country, and through these sales the house obtains its profits. Mr. Casserly denounces this system as importation, not immigration, and as ruinous to the interests of white workmen. "John Chinaman," argues the senator, in effect, "is a most frugal man, a most patient laborer, often a most cunningly skilled mechanic, and therefore — we do

not want him!" This, too, in a country whose supreme need is labor, both skilled and unskilled, — a country with only half a million of inhabitants now, but with resources waiting to be developed which would easily support fifty millions. Indeed, it must contain eighty-three millions before its population to the square mile will equal that of little Belgium.

Encountering Mr. Casserly on a Pacific Railway train last summer, I asked him, "How can you stop the Chinese immigration?" He replied, "By legal prohibition." In spite of the great difficulties which have hitherto existed in the way of leaving China, and in spite of the gross and cruel abuse encountered after reaching California, more than a hundred thousand of these people have already come; but not even this glaring fact seems to have suggested to the senator that the inexorable law of demand and supply has something to do with the matter! He is a melancholy example of the effect of even a short residence in the official atmosphere of Washington. The average congressional mind entertains no doubt that if an act requiring the Mississippi to turn and run up hill were passed by both Houses and signed by the President, the Mississippi would do it. Legislation against this immigration would be like making it a penal offence for the winds to blow on Telegraph Hill, or the tides to rise and fall at the Golden Gate, and it would be quite as effective as such an enactment.

The thing lies in a nutshell. Yonder stretches a vast country which has men and don't want them; here lies a vast country which wants men and has not got them. Twenty-nine days and forty dollars will bring an immigrant from one to the other; and capitalists always stand ready to pay his passage and take the chances of getting their money back. Already the monthly ships of the Pa-

cific Mail Company ordinarily bring one thousand two hundred Chinamen, and single sailing-vessels often half as many more. It only remains for us to accept John as destiny and make the best of him. He has come, thus far, only in the form of a scout to spy out the land, but close behind follow his serried columns, —

"A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins."

During the next five years the Chinese Empire can send us as many people as all who live to-day under the American flag, without missing them more than the North missed the boys who went South to fight for the Union. Within ten years it can send us fifty millions, and even then not spare so large a percentage of its population as Ireland has given us during an equal period?

What is he doing? John began as a house-servant, and still finds most of his employment in that capacity. As a natural cook he has no equal, except in the Frenchman. His person he keeps religiously clean, washing himself all over every day in the year. At first, housekeepers say, he may mix his bread by filling his mouth with water, and then blowing it out over the flour; but a little training soon cures him of this. He is ready to sweep, to make beds, and to *walk* of errands, — for John is deliberate, and seldom runs. Entrust children to his care, and he will dandle them in his arms, or trundle them in their carriages, or amuse them with playthings, with the same calmness, sobriety, and patience which he would bring to the building of the Great Wall. Labor is so abundant in his native country that he has been taught to do everything with the nicest carefulness, with the most absolute thoroughness. He is mighty in the laundry. He does up shirts like an artist, and never forgets to sew on the buttons. In Sacramento, night after night, I heard at short intervals, from my hotel windows, a peculiar "whir—whir—whir," in the street below. At first I fancied that it must be "de crim night-waechter" of Hans

Breitmann, giving the all's-well signal to his comrades. But finally I discovered that the sound came from a Chinese laundry just across the street, where John was sprinkling clothes by blowing water upon them through a hollow reed. Usually he sprinkles them directly from his mouth, — a process better adapted to linen than to bread. That laundry, I believe, was never closed, by day, by night, or on Sunday.

John has always taken kindly to mining. In vain did the State impose an extra and unjust tax upon him; he paid it, — when he was obliged to, — and continued to work like a beaver. In vain did white men drive him out when he found a rich lead. He only fell back to delve away in some abandoned placer; and if he earned one dollar a day he would save more money in the course of a year than the American who took out five dollars from richer diggings.

But he could not be exclusively house-servant, washerman, and miner. Gradually he took up other pursuits. He proved extremely useful as a farm-hand; and he has pressed more and more into that employment. Just now, the Democratic politician of California, a little bewildered to find his ancient cry of "nigger" no longer effective, is lustily shouting "Chinaman" instead; but he employs Johnny on his ranch, in his vineyard, his dwelling, his store, and his factory, just as his Republican neighbor does. Diligent inquiry has not brought to my knowledge a single instance of his discriminating in favor of "the interests of white labor," where it has involved the expenditure of one additional dollar per month.

In the remote antiquity of five years ago half a dozen Sacramento gentlemen began to build the Pacific Railroad. White labor was not merely costly: it was absolutely unattainable. Chinamen therefore were brought in, and in the spring of 1865 they began to swarm upon the Sierras like flies upon a honeycomb. So deep was the hostility against them that it was found necessary to give them military protection until

their growing numbers enabled them to defend themselves. At last twelve thousand were working upon the road. But for them the locomotive would not have rolled across the continent for two years yet. The company, after four years of trial, reported that they had proved nearly as efficient as Irish laborers for the hardest kind of work, and far more tractable and trustworthy. Strikes, drunken brawls, bloody riots, were all unknown among them. They did, without question, murmur, or delay, whatever they were told to do. They did not stop for Sunday — nor did any one else employed on the road; but about once in ten days John would take a holiday. He received from \$30 to \$35 per month in gold. Of this he would save from \$20 to \$23, and send the most of it home to China. The company are so well satisfied with his work that they no longer confine him to construction and repairs, but are introducing him into their operating-force. • He begins to find employment, too, upon the Union Pacific line, — from Omaha to Utah, — which at one time was paying \$4 per day, currency, to Pat, while the Central obtained John for \$1 in gold. He is working upon the new roads which are building in California, and ultimately he will be engaged upon all our great public works.

Simultaneously with his appearance upon the Central Pacific Railroad another great avenue was opened to him. An enormous woollen-mill had been erected in San Francisco, at a cost of three quarters of a million of dollars. Its products were exceedingly popular: for California woollen goods then, as now, were the best made in the United States; but financially it was a failure. Louis McLane, one of the most sagacious business-men on the coast, was induced to make a searching examination into its affairs. He reported to the stockholders: "Dear labor is the obstacle to your success. Stop paying American workmen three dollars a day, and substitute Chinamen at a dollar and a quarter, and then you will make money." The suggestion was adopted,

— of course, against the fiercest opposition. Were not the yellow men taking the bread out of the mouths of the white men? Now that company employs four hundred and fifty Chinamen, at one dollar per day, the workmen boarding themselves. Some do not earn more than fifty cents, and others are worth two dollars; but they are paid through their agent at the rate of one dollar for each, and left to distribute the compensation among themselves. After five years' experience, they are found perfectly satisfactory as operatives, and they are now employed in nearly or quite every one of the dozen woollen-factories on the coast.

John makes boots, and shoes, and clothing, and all the cigars that are manufactured in California. He peddles fish, fruit, and vegetables. He finds abundant employment in the great vineyards and orchards. Give him a cluster of grapes or a pear for a sample, and he will pluck from trees or vines all fruit at the same stage of ripeness, with the greatest precision.

Occasionally he appears in the character of a merchant. He is at the head of some very heavy San Francisco firms, which are branches of old houses in China. Here he is noted for exactness and fair dealing, and often for high commercial ability. Many American houses, both city and country, deal with him, particularly in teas and rice, and accord to him that hearty respect which brains and success usually command. A dozen of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco are men of great wealth; some are partners in Hong-Kong firms which are reputed to possess a capital of fifty million dollars. The six who assisted at the Lick House banquet are men conspicuous for culture, character, and capacity. One of them, Fung-Tang, speaks Chinese, Japanese, French, and German with fluency, and replied to a toast in English, in one of the most pointed, sensible, and compact dinner-speeches that the Eastern guests had ever heard. It would be difficult to find another spectacle at once so melancholy and

so ludicrous as that of a senator of the United States resenting the presence of such men at a public banquet as an indignity to himself and his race!

John presides over several large establishments filled with knick-knacks from Japan and China, which visitors from the East purchase to take home as curiosities. Most of these articles illustrate his ingenuity and marvellous patience. There are tables and work-boxes, each composed of thousands of bits of highly polished, many-colored woods; glove-boxes of lacquered ware, resembling *papier maché*, which sell for two dollars and a half and three dollars, gold; handkerchiefs of grass cloth, embroidered by hand with infinite pains; countless varieties of children's toys, including many curious and intricate puzzles; sleeve-buttons and breast-pins; card-racks of various material; wooden and metallic counterfeits of insects and reptiles, so perfect that one half fears to handle them lest they should bite his fingers; gay Chinese lanterns covered with painted paper and as large as market-baskets; fire-crackers; torpedoes which explode with a report like that of a twelve-pounder; chop-sticks; writing-desks; and a thousand other things to please the fancy. In waiting upon American customers, Johnny shows himself the model merchant. He is an adept in the simple art of *not too much*. He proffers a Chinese cigar (execrable in flavor), and is grieved if his visitor does not take at least a few whiffs from it. If the purchases are liberal in amount, he makes a judicious discount in the prices, and perhaps throws in some trifling gifts. He is attentive, but not over-pressing; cordial, but never impertinent; and he speeds the parting guest with a good-by so polite and friendly that it leaves a pleasant flavor in the memory.

His advance into the highly-skilled industries is sharply contested, but his sure progress demonstrates that all things are his who has patience. Thus far, in the anomalous life of California, labor has been stronger than capital,

and has had things much in its own way. In hand or placer mining, John has been graciously allowed the gleanings; but quartz-mining has been closed to him. Not only has he been kept from digging ore in the shafts and reducing it under the stamps, but even when owners have employed him to cut and haul wood for the mills he has been driven away with riot and bloodshed. California working-men are in many respects the most intelligent in the world; but they sometimes show a narrowness and ignorance worthy of the dark ages. More than once they have presented the astonishing spectacle of skilled laborers, in a country of free schools and cheap newspapers, resisting with violence the introduction of a new invention, on the ground that it diminished the necessity for hand labor! A hundred years ago there might have been some excuse; but at this day every American ought to know that any ingenious contrivance which makes iron, or steel, or steam, or chemical combinations do the work of human muscles, tends inevitably to his ultimate benefit and that of his children. Very recently California miners united in a strike against the use of a new powder in the quartz-veins, because it is so much more powerful than the old that it renders less drilling necessary. No wonder that such men should resist the cheap labor of an alien race.

But almost every strike enlarges the field that is open to John Chinaman. He is not yet in the quartz-mines, — unless in a few rare instances, where he has bought mines himself, — but he is certain to be there; for the law of trade, which impels capital to employ the cheapest obtainable labor, is as irresistible as the law of gravitation. Last July, the working quartz-miners in our newest El Dorado, the White Pine district of Nevada, struck for five dollars per day. One company — one of the many on the Pacific coast which employ over a hundred miners — closed up its works, and kept a capital of a million of dollars lying idle, for

the simple reason that it could not pay expenses at that price. At the same moment it could have hired a hundred Chinese laborers, just as efficient as the strikers, at one dollar and a half per day. The matter was finally compromised by paying the old miners four dollars; but even upon that rate the company could have saved two hundred and fifty dollars per day, or almost eighty thousand dollars a year, by the substitution of Chinamen. No labor combinations or fear of bloodshed can make such a condition of things permanent. It is only a question of time. Whenever the change comes the present miners will suffer seriously at first; but at the end of five years they will be better off, and a much larger proportion of them will have become employers.

The same is true of the machinists, and other leading and influential mechanical workmen among whom John has not yet found his way. His path has been smoother toward the raising of silk-worms and of olives, the culture of the tea-plant, the making of wine, and the other new and peculiar industries of the coast, which seem capable of boundless expansion, and are well adapted to his training and capacity. He has pushed his way into many paths which are not noted here. He begins to buy land, instead of leasing it, for the production of fruits and vegetables. Negro minstrelsy, which, like so many other things, grows more luxuriantly in California than in the East, and is more an abstract and brief chronicle of the time, already makes him the central figure in its broadest burlesques, the putative father of its most atrocious jokes. He has become a part of the warp and woof of life on the Pacific coast.

What manner of man is he? Very black of hair, very low of stature, and not a thing of beauty. In laughter he shows his gums horribly. But he is seldom *The Man Who Laughs*, except among his own mates. With Americans, when he is not addressed, he is immovably serene, silent, and serious.

He is a born gambler. Whatever his age or condition, games of chance—with ludicrously trifling stakes—possess a wild fascination for him. Every California town has its Chinese quarter; every Chinese quarter abounds in gambling-houses. On the subject of opium, too, the variance between his theory and his practice reveals the human nature strong within him. Opium-smoking, he invariably avers, is bad, very bad; and yet, six out of every seven idlers whom one meets on an evening walk through the Chinese quarter bear indelible evidence of the habit written on their jaded, ghastly faces.

He is gregarious. He must have, not one, but several friends, to whom to whisper, "Solitude is sweet." No practicable pecuniary temptation will induce him to come to the Eastern States, unless half a dozen or a dozen of his comrades are to accompany him and to live with him. He loves to dwell in towns. Even as a house-servant, he does not sleep under his master's roof, if he can possibly avoid it, but goes to the Chinese quarter to spend every night with his comrades. He will work as late as he is wanted, however, without complaint, and he will be on hand at any required hour in the morning. He is a great night-bird, and his turn is convivial. He and his mates join in frequent little suppers, which they keep up until nearly daylight. The materials for these nocturnal banquets are believed to be contributed, unwittingly, by John's employer, and brought away surreptitiously in John's basket. His mistress often keeps her most valuable stores locked up, and issues only a week's supply to him at a time; but he is Frugality embodied, and can make gleanings enough for the midnight suppers, and sometimes, perhaps, for supplying himself with pocket-money besides.

Ask him why he will not lodge in his employer's house, and he replies that he and his friends like to meet at night, and tell each other what they have learned during the day. It is doubt-

less their custom to instruct newly arrived servants in household matters. Just as he is going away at night, John will often question his mistress as to how she compounds a particular kind of cake, or accomplishes some other triumph of cookery; and, in answer to her inquiring look, will explain that he wishes to tell a friend who has not been here long.

John prizes the pennies. An offer of half a dollar more per month may take him away from a household to which he seemed warmly attached. But his people are so numerous in California that it is easy to fill his place. Agents, or the Chinese Companies, on furnishing a servant, warrant him for one year, and, if he runs away or proves dishonest, send a substitute instead. Still, ladies who wish to avoid changes often keep John's pay half a dollar or a dollar in arrears to make sure that he will not leave without fair notice. Girls in California, for general housework, receive, in gold, \$20 per month and upward. Chinamen obtain about the same prices; though some skilled cooks command from \$25 to \$40, and boys are hired as low as \$10. Governor Blaisdel of Nevada tells me that he leaves his house for weeks and sometimes for months in the sole charge of his Chinese steward, without the least apprehension. Such trust is not uncommon, though of course it is sometimes abused. A firm in San Francisco lately found that a Chinaman, who had been with them for years and was trusted as fully as the partners themselves, had stolen several thousand dollars' worth of goods little by little. Still, on the whole, the Chinese compare favorably in point of honesty with house-servants of any other nationality obtainable in America. In general morality they seem to be superior to every other class of masculine servants. Some ladies fear to trust them with their little daughters; yet, with their almost universal employment, I have only heard of a single instance in which any impropriety was attempted by them. In quietness, tractableness, teachableness,

and imitateness they are certainly unequalled.

Ford's history of Illinois relates that in the early days of Galena the only question the settlers asked about a new-comer was, "Will he steal?" If that could be answered in the negative, they regarded him as an eminently desirable acquisition, an eminently respectable man. John can stand the same test, his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding. Many of our Chinese immigrants came from the coast; their lives at home were chiefly spent on the water, and they belonged to the poorest, most ignorant and degraded class. Their treatment in California, too, has given them unusual provocations to crime; and the cruel laws which forbid their testifying against white men in the courts have greatly aggravated the disadvantage at which their ignorance of our language alone would be sufficient to place them. Some of them now confined in the California and Nevada penitentiaries are believed to be wholly innocent of the offences for which they were sentenced. And yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the public records of both States show that the percentage of Chinamen convicted of crime is much smaller than that of foreigners in general, and but a trifle larger than that of our native-born population. Furthermore, the Six Companies, to some one of which John always belongs, exercise such paternal care that no Chinese beggar is ever seen in the streets of San Francisco, and no Chinese patient in the public hospitals. And the first Chinaman unable to read his own language has yet to make his appearance in California!

John has the true Oriental tendency to mysticism, and the Oriental vein of poetry cropping out in the most prosaic places. At home he has proverbs and exhortations to virtue written on his tea-cups, fans, chairs, and the walls of his inns. In San Francisco his sign-board literature is a study. "Virtue and felicity," "Sincerity and faith," are common inscriptions over

his shop-doors. A recent writer in "The Overland Monthly" introduces us to a meat-market bearing the label "Virtue abounding"; a drug-store named "Benevolence-and-Longevity-Hall," and a restaurant styled "The Garden of the Golden Valley."

He is quick and eager to learn. He reckons nimbly and accurately, not with the pencil and paper, but with marbles strung upon wires, as in the abacus used for teaching arithmetic to young learners. He does not readily catch our idioms or pronunciations, but soon learns to make himself intelligible in his jaw-wrenching pigeon-English,—*"Me washe belly [very] muchee."* He shows the same hunger for knowledge which was such a marked and touching trait in the contrabands during the war. Wherever night and Sunday schools are established for teaching him English, he is prompt to attend. A Sacramento lady of my acquaintance has been compelled at different times to discharge two young Chinese servants, solely because, the moment her back was turned, they *would* devote themselves to the spelling-book, to the neglect of the wash-tub.

How do we treat him? Outrageously. So long as he stays at home we send missionaries to convert him; but when he throws himself upon our hospitality, we meet him with cruelty and oppression. And even while doing this we have been building chapels for him, and making incoherent attempts to Christianize him. What a fascinating idea of the Christian religion our laws and practice, until very recently, must have given him! We do our best to make the witty proverb of his native country true here, at least in its application to him: "The temples are kept open, but they are always empty; the prisons are locked, but they are always full." In California, as elsewhere, nine people out of ten mean to be just and considerate; the trouble is in leaving John at the mercy of the brutal and cowardly tenth. One hears sickening stories of this everywhere. Even boys in the streets take the cue,

and kick and cuff the little Yellow-faces. When a new cargo of Chinamen arrives, there is a strong disposition to mob them; and the police of San Francisco, in bad emulation of the police of New Orleans in the negro massacre of 1866, have aided and participated in the diabolical work. John's advance into each new pursuit has been resisted, step by step, with assault, riot, arson, and murder. Not only have factories been destroyed for giving him employment, but school-houses and churches have actually been burned because they afforded him opportunity for learning to read.

The excuse urged for excluding his testimony from the courts is, that he is an untrustworthy witness, and has no idea of the solemnity of an oath. This is unworthy of the nineteenth century. The tendency, more and more, the world over, is to let anybody, even an interested party, without regard to his religious belief or his character, go upon the witness-stand and tell his story, leaving the jurors to judge of its credibility. But as the laws now stand, any ruffian may shoot down one Chinaman in cold blood, in the presence of a thousand others, and if no white man witnesses the crime the assassin will go scot-free, so far as the courts are concerned. This is a burning shame to California,—a State generally characterized by love of justice and fair play,—and especially to the Republican party, which has controlled it for so many years. But a portion of the press begins to assail the abuse with denunciation and satire, and to give voice and impetus to a more worthy and generous public opinion. And the leading citizens of San Francisco are affording a fresh example of their readiness to go outside of the law to reform intolerable abuses, and are intimating their willingness to visit sharp and memorable punishment upon brutal officers and corrupt judges,—a course into which the people of New York City will be goaded sooner or later. They have formed a Chinese Protective Association, with officers who make it their

business to shield new-comers from ruffianism, and to see that every outrage upon a Chinaman is promptly and vigorously prosecuted. Now, when a mail-steamer from China arrives, the municipal authorities, shamed or terrified into doing their duty by the knowledge that the vigilant eye of this Association is upon them, station files of specially-instructed policemen along the street; and John, with his earthly effects neatly wrapped in two bundles which are suspended from the ends of a pole borne on his shoulder, steps lightly ashore, sure of protection, and looking as tidy and shining as a newly painted house after a rain.

Religion, too, has made the discovery that the Greeks are at our doors, and is taking them in hand very practically and efficiently. The leading churches of San Francisco, of the various denominations, have established Chinese Sunday-schools, which open every Sunday at noon and continue in session for two hours. Woman, of course, takes the brunt of this, as of most good works. A large proportion of the teachers are young girls and young married women. Blackboards and simple atlases, the primer, the spelling-book, and the New Testament as a reading-book, are in use. Here, for the first time, John encounters woman in a higher character than that of a slave, and acquires for her a new and affectionate respect. After she has taught him one Sunday, he looks eagerly for her coming, and will not be put off with a stranger, even of the lordly sex. A friend of mine, visiting one of these schools, found one hundred and seventy pupils present. He was given a class of two,—the usual number. One was a Chinese youth who had arrived in this country only three days before, and had never seen an English book. In one hour by the watch, this lad learned the alphabet so perfectly that he could go through it glibly, either way, and could name any individual letter the moment the pencil pointed to it. The other had been here for six

months, and could read a little. He spelled out slowly, "The horse will kick the man," but the meaning of the verb puzzled him, and he inquired: "Kickee? What kickee?" A gesture of the foot sent a smile of comprehension rippling over his face. My friend then showed him the picture of a boy kneeling at prayer, with eyes closed, and asked, "What is the boy doing?" John's only idea of prayer is that of a priest dropping a written petition into a furnace as if he were mailing a letter; and this baffled him. He studied it long with a blank look; but at last broke out with a chuckle of discovery, "*Me tink he catchee fly!*"

The special tax of from two dollars to five dollars per month exacted of John in the mines is an unqualified outrage. There is no adequate check upon the collectors, and they sometimes take it three or four times over. And, as if its authoritative imposition were not enough, reckless white miners, when hard up, go among the Chinamen, pretending to be officers, and demanding the money. If John demurs, they knock him down and take it. "Collecting the tax" is a polite phrase for robbing him. United States Marshal Moulton of Idaho has very properly enjoined the officers of that Territory from collecting this tax, though the customary threats of violence were used to intimidate him. The ground of his action is the unquestionably correct one, that it is in violation of the Constitution of the United States; and it will be tested before the Supreme Court if the local authorities persist. Equally unjust, if not equally illegal, is the fee of five dollars which the State of California collects from every arriving Chinaman, ostensibly for the support of hospitals, though, as we have seen, the hospitals are of no benefit to him.

Everywhere upon the Pacific slope John encounters the same disabilities as in California, in greater or less degree. Everywhere the laws discriminate against him, until he reaches Montana, upon waters flowing to the Atlantic. In that fair young Territory

he first finds himself the peer of the native-born or the adopted citizen. There he already musters a thousand strong. Erelong the stream will pour down the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and spread through the Mississippi Valley, and overflow toward the Atlantic coast.

What shall we do with him? This is the sphinx-riddle which we must solve if we would not be eaten. It concerns also his half-brother, the "Jap." The old restriction against emigration has been removed in Japan as well as in China. While I was in California last June, fifty Japanese families arrived to settle in one colony, and engage in silk and tea culture; and a Pacific Mail steamer found two hundred and fifty Japanese at Yokohama, waiting to embark for San Francisco, but was unable to take them, as she was already loaded down with twelve hundred Chinamen.

The problem is too large and serious to dogmatize upon. The significant fact about John, after his numerical strength, is, that he never lets go. There are Yankees, it is said, so thrifty and tenacious that they would take root and grow upon a marble slab. The same is true of this strange yellow man. We may extort tribute from him, and revile him, and smite him on both cheeks; but wherever his feet are once planted, there he stays. Into every industry he slowly works his way. In persistence, thoroughness, and precision, he is more than a match for us. Put him in a factory, and he works as systematically as the looms and spindles, every day in the year. He is a one-day clock, and when the dollar has wound him up he keeps perfect time. But it is only the time of the machine. He reads literally the old saw; we render it, "Whatever man has *not* done, man may do." He will stand beside the loom from childhood to old age, but his ears will never catch any whispered hint from its buzzing lips how to make it do its work quicker or better. Therein seems to lie our chief advantage over him. There are exceptional cases,—

a Chinese servant in San Francisco lately assisted his mistress to perfect a great improvement in the sewing-machine, by which the needle can be threaded while running at full speed,—but in general John's ingenuity is imitative, not inventive.

Still he is an appalling problem. He has no radical objection to menial pursuits, but it is folly to expect that he will be permanently confined to them. He will swarm in all the avenues of our industrial life. California to-day is a faint prophecy of the whole country a few years hence. One cannot descend the broad stairway of the Lick House, or walk Montgomery Street, or enter a store or a factory, or penetrate the remotest mining-camp of the mountains, or land from steamboat or railway-train, but right at one's elbow stands like a fate this silent man, in his basket hat, blue tunic, and cloth shoes with wooden soles,—this man of the long pigtail and bare neck, the restrained, eager eyes, and the yellow, serene, impassive face.

The only public appeal for justice to him which I heard in California came from an unexpected source. One evening I went to the Metropolitan Theatre to hear George Francis Train on Things in General. It was his twenty-second lecture, but the house was full. (I wonder how many men there are in America—*not* "fools" or "buffoons"—who, merely as lecturers, can crowd the largest theatre in a metropolitan city every night for four weeks!) Train—the excitement of the hour—was anathematizing the British Lion, urging the substitution of greenbacks for specie, denouncing the Bank of California,—the overshadowing money-power of the coast,—burlesquing some pet pretensions of the Golden State, and satirizing the local newspapers, with his usual queer dovetailing of shrewd sense and wild extravagance.

The audience was a peculiar one. Three fourths of the people, perhaps, were Irish,—many of them raw and ignorant,—and the other one fourth the most thoughtful and cultivated men

and women of the city, who had gone to study the speaker as an intellectual phenomenon. Train appeared in his familiar white kids and blue dress-coat with brass buttons. He began with the usual announcement that he was on his way to the White House (*does he really believe it?*), and certain to arrive there in the year of grace 1872. At hand stood his favorite blackboard, upon which he illustrated everything with fearful and wonderful diagrams. He spoke for two hours and a half. The phrase, "as good as a play," would fall far short of describing the performance. I was never present at any entertainment so interesting and exciting. I never saw any man hold an audience so perfectly, or handle it with so little apparent effort. His rambling, free-and-easy talk contained many time-honored jokes, some outbursts of impassioned rhetoric, and a good deal of spontaneous wit. The audience acted promptly upon his invitation to ask questions or reply to any of his points, and in every case he had a ready and ingenious answer.

But when he came to the Chinese question, he was on dangerous ground with three fourths of his hearers. Five minutes' talk from him, in the wrong direction, would have stimulated those Irishmen into an armed attack upon the Chinese quarter, and the bloodiest riot ever seen in the United States. But he took a high, manly stand, defending the Chinese, and denouncing vehemently the wrongs and outrages to which they are subjected. This kindled the fiercest excitement; the audience would not have borne it from any one else than the great apostle of Fenianism. As it was, we seemed to be two or three times on the perilous point of transformation into a maddened and bloodthirsty mob. There were amusing episodes, but the hearers were too much wrought up to appreciate them. Once, while speaking very fast, Train said: "It is useless to talk of keeping the Chinamen away. Here they are! Twelve hundred arrived this very afternoon upon

a single ship. You can't send them back. Will you shoot them? What *will* you do with them?" "Vaccinate them!" shouted a wag from one of the galleries; a witticism which was altogether lost upon the heated crowd, but which I here record to show that good seed is never wasted.

At last Train, warm with his subject, and fairly angered by the hootings of dissent, exclaimed, with great emphasis, while the house was so still that a pin might have been heard to drop: "I don't care whether you like it or not, I am for the Chinese. I am in favor of inviting them here; I am in favor of protecting them when they get here; I am in favor of giving them the ballot!" When the storm of hisses had lulled, he continued: "Look here, Irishmen of San Francisco. See how you are destroying all the power of your friends by this wretched bigotry! Do you want to rekindle the old Know-Nothing spirit? You came to this country. You accepted its hospitalities. Whatever you are, it has made you. Is there any Irishman in this house so narrow, so mean, so utterly contemptible, that he would deny to any other man seeking our shores the same welcome, the same opportunities which he has enjoyed? If so, let him stand forth; we all want to see his face!"

No one had the hardihood to stand up on this invitation. But the auditors did not at any time applaud the suggestion that we should give John the ballot. To every other plea of Train's, after some mitigating hisses, they were beguiled into expressing their approbation. How quickly men answer appeals to their better nature! Many of those upturned faces bore lines of ignorance, prejudice, brutality; but their owners responded promptly to almost every invocation of their manlier instincts. And in talking thus to them and to Irishmen all over the Pacific coast, Train did a praiseworthy and invaluable work.

The general problem as to how we should deal with this Coming Man is California's to-day, but it will be ours

to-morrow. Its full solution we can reach only through the slow teachings of experience. But is there any American with so little faith in himself and his stock as to fear competition, on his own soil, with another man of another race? If there is, as Train adjures his Fenians, let him stand up so that we can all see his face! The English in India are but a handful, and yet they rule. The whites in our own Territory of New Mexico are a very small percentage of the voters, but they dictate the laws.

The only safe principle unquestionably is, to give John a fair chance. To this end are offered a few suggestions, which are based upon observation necessarily brief and superficial, but are yet specific enough for consideration and discussion.

I. Remove the Chinaman's disability to testify in the courts, and throw around him the full protection of the civil law.

II. Encourage him to bring his women. No body of men permanently separated from their families can retain their moral or physical health. All our new Territories, from California to Wyoming, have shown what a wretched condition of society that is in which there are few women and children. They have shown, too, the pernicious effect of men's going to a new country with the expectation, not of staying, but of accumulating a competence, and then returning home to enjoy it. Thus far the Chinese women are to the men only as one to twenty; and until lately, even these have been nearly all professional prostitutes. Of late, too, we have seen whole cargoes of young girls from China imported by men who, a generation earlier, would have been in the African slave-trade. Upon reaching San Francisco, they have commanded a premium of so much a head; and so eager has been the strife for them that it has kindled wide-spread and bloody riots. Ultimately, many of them are honorably married; but the shameful and humiliating scenes which have attended their arrival, and which

none deprecate more earnestly than the better classes of their own countrymen, can be prevented only by encouraging the general immigration of Chinese wives and children.

Now, John seldom or never comes expecting to stay. He proposes to accumulate two hundred or three hundred dollars, — sums which in his eyes constitute wealth, — and then to return home. It is a fundamental point in his religion to worship his dead ancestors, and to hold sacred every particle of their dust. As authentic history of them is supposed to run back for more than five thousand years, this necessarily includes the entire soil of the Chinese Empire. And John's radical and hitherto insuperable objection to the introduction of railways at home is that they would disturb this hallowed dust. He brings to California a pious horror of having his bones rest anywhere save with the bones of his fathers; and when he dies on our soil his remains (sometimes his embalmed body, but usually his bones, boiled, and stripped of flesh, that they may be packed compactly in boxes, to reduce the cost of transportation) are always sent home, five thousand miles, for burial, by the company to which he belongs. This leaves him essentially an alien, — among us but not of us. Should this continue? Do we want an element which will soon be millions strong, without one interest or feeling in common with ours? Our only safety with John is, to assimilate him, to Americanize him. Induce him to bring his family, and he will outgrow the old superstition about burials; he will take root, and will have no interest that is not identical with ours.

III. Educate his children. This, the most important point of all, is receiving the least attention. Few as the Chinese women now are, Chinese children, with their bright eyes and their notably "cunning" faces, begin to be seen on the streets of every California town. Whether the adults will Americanize, may be a question; but these boys and girls are American by right of birth. Let us see to it that they are

educated in free schools and in the English language. With other newcomers we have pursued this policy so successfully that our trouble has always been confined to the first generation; and that trouble we have long ago accepted as more than counterbalanced by corresponding advantages.

IV. Let us not be frightened at the thought of giving John the suffrage. It is that alone which staggers many liberal and thoughtful Californians. They urge: "The Chinese are like no other immigrants. They appear among us as masses, not as individuals. As the manufacturer or contractor can now hire ten thousand of them from one firm, and pay for their monthly labor with one check, so the political candidate or executive committee could buy ten thousand votes at a single transaction and in open market." If John held the franchise to-day, perhaps this might be true. But as yet he does not wish to vote; he never seeks to be naturalized; and the question is merely one of a remote future. Why imitate Mrs. Toodles, and provide a door-plate for the conjectural husband of the hypothetical daughter? If John never wants the suffrage, he will never have it. If a time comes when he does want it, the chances are that he will have risen to fitness for it. Nearly all experience teaches that whenever any class are persistently eager for the voting-privilege, they are competent to exercise it. Children of a larger growth, like our prattling little ones, are wont to prove equal to each new responsibility that is placed upon them. Witness the enfranchised negroes. In spite of the Cassandra prophecies that were dinned in our ears, are they not, on the whole, using the franchise as discriminatingly and uncorruptly as the rest of us? Even if this case proves exceptional, and practical difficulty arises, will not the forty millions of us have strength enough and

wit enough to provide some practical remedy?

The most touching story ever told of Abraham Lincoln relates how, a few months after his death, negroes in Cuba, recently kidnapped from Africa and unable to speak either English or Spanish, were found wearing photographs of the dead President upon their bosoms. They worshipped his memory, they held the confident belief that he would, ere long, rise from the dead, and come to free them. In some sense, the weary and the troubled of every European nation cherish the same ideal of the United States. Shall we not extend it to the swarming Orient? Let us teach the poorest and humblest man in that cradle and hive of the race likewise to regard our soil as a waiting refuge, and our flag as a talisman which, the moment his feet are planted under it, will send all his burdens of slavery and caste and want crumbling to the ground, as the load of sin rolled from the shoulders of Christian when first he stood before the cross.

If the sharp experiences of the war have taught us anything, it is that democratic institutions, based upon free schools and free suffrage, can stand any strain. Edmund Quincy, after hinting at the high ability, character, and culture of the old Federalists, adds, in a remark of profound truth and significance: "It was their little faith in ideas that caused their disappearance from the world of American politics; and it was his unbounded faith in ideas that gave to Thomas Jefferson, in spite of all his faults of character, and his inconsistencies, and errors of public conduct, that controlling power over the minds of men which has not died with him, but is giving direction and shape to the history, not only of his own country, but of all Christendom."

Let us have faith in ideas, in human nature, and in the American system.

UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

I. ON THE WAY.

IT is such a universally conceded fact that the first two days at sea furnish the most dismal of human experiences, that it is not at all worth while to dwell upon it in this place. Take for granted therefore, that when, on the 15th of June, 1869, a party of eight persons found themselves together for the first time on the deck of the "City of Boston," pounding into the Atlantic rollers off Sandy Hook, they did not exhibit that lively feeling which one would reasonably expect to see in summer excursionists.

"Going over?" inquired a lean and hungry-looking man, who was a fellow-passenger of a young gentleman who was one of the eight.

"Sir?" said the young gentleman.

The lean and hungry-looking man repeated his question.

"No, sir," replied the young gentleman feebly.

"Not going over!" exclaimed the lean and hungry-looking man, as if astonished, — "not going over, eh? Stop at Halifax, then?"

Now, since to "go over" and "stop at Halifax" were the only alternatives, the observation struck the young gentleman as somewhat superfluous; but he was entirely too far gone in seasickness to enforce such a self-evident proposition, and he therefore satisfied himself with a simple, "Yes, sir."

Thereupon the lean and hungry-looking man exclaimed, "I want to know!"

This observation greatly confused the young gentleman, for he had not the faintest idea in the world why this lean and hungry-looking man should want to know anything at all of him.

Presently the inquirer explained what it was that weighed upon his mind. He wanted to know if the young gentleman stopped long in Halifax.

The young gentleman uttered a laconic "No."

"Going farther, I suppose?"

A laconic "Yes."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the lean and hungry-looking man again, eager for information. Then he said, "Where?"

The young gentleman replied, "St. John's, Newfoundland."

The lean and hungry-looking man again manifested his interest in the same remarkable and expressive manner as before. He was evidently moved by deep curiosity. There could be no doubt that he was on his travels in pursuit of knowledge. He declared himself further by giving his chair an extra hitch, at the same time producing a note-book from his pocket and a pencil from behind his ear. Then he bent forward with an eager and attentive air.

The young gentleman was lying on the seat beside the cabin skylight, propped up with cushions, looking very pale and wretched. He turned his dizzy head partly over and fixed his eyes upon his questioner. His questioner fixed his eyes on him, and got the best of it. The young gentleman turned his face to the sky, closed his eyes resignedly, in a manner which seemed to say, "I give it up; now do your worst."

The lean and hungry-looking man now had it all his own way.

"Stop long in Newfoundland?" he asked, preparing himself to make a note of it.

"No," replied the young gentleman in a gentle tone of voice, — "no, no, no," preparing himself meanwhile for the roll of the ship which was coming in the trough of a passing sea.

"Going farther?" asked the lean and hungry-looking man.

"Yes," said the young gentleman.

"Where?" asked the lean and hungry-looking man.

The young gentleman reflected a moment and then said, "To Greenland"; at which declaration the lean and hungry-looking man exhibited decided evidences of astonishment, exclaiming, after a short pause, "Do tell!"

The young gentleman declared he would; which seemed to relieve the other's mind, for he said, immediately afterward, "I want to know!"

"You shall!" said the young gentleman.

"Stay long in Greenland?" said the lean and hungry-looking man.

"No," said the young gentleman.

"Going any farther?" said the lean and hungry-looking man.

"Yes," said the young gentleman.

Just then the ship gave an extra lurch, and the young gentleman an extra heave, while he clutched the seat to keep himself from being rolled on the deck.

"Where?" asked the lean and hungry-looking man, with increasing earnestness.

The ship gave another lurch, and the young gentleman said, "To the devil." And he looked very much as if he would like to have his questioner go there, too, just then.

Again the lean and hungry-looking man exclaimed, "Do tell!"

Again the young gentleman declared he would.

Again the lean and hungry-looking man exclaimed, "I want to know!"

Again the young gentleman replied, "You shall."

Then the lean and hungry-looking man wanted to know if anybody was going along; "That is, I mean to Greenland, not the other place."

The young gentleman mentioned several names, and among them one well known to the public.

"What, the artist!"

"Yes, sir."

"Him that painted a picture with icebergs in it and ships, and — and other things."

"That's the man, sir."

The pursuer of knowledge took a

good look at the artist as he stood against the rail; and when satisfied returned to the young gentleman again.

"Great artist," said he; "wonderful picture that. Have seen it often." Then, growing still more earnest, he bent forward close to the young gentleman and in a confidential manner said, "Must have cost a heap of money."

The young gentleman told him that it did.

"How much?" still more confidentially than before.

"Twelve thousand dollars!"

This took the man quite aback: indeed it quite took away his breath. He straightened himself up in his seat, with his hands on his knees and his mouth wide open.

The young gentleman, wishing to reassure him, said, "Fact, sir."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the lean and hungry-looking man; but unhappily at that very instant his pencil dropped from his fingers and rolled away. Springing from his seat, he bustled after it. Meanwhile the young gentleman became completely upset with the effort of talking, and with the action of the waves, which were then unusually high. He left his seat with great precipitation, and hurried to the ship's side. The lean and hungry-looking man, when he had recovered his pencil, was much surprised to find the young gentleman no longer there, and looked about in a puzzled manner. Discovering him at length, he rushed after him, shouting, "Gold or currency!"

A gentleman standing near by with his hands in his pockets, observing that the young gentleman was not then in a condition to make answer, calmly informed the excited questioner that it was —

"Bile."

What this lean and hungry-looking man's name was, nobody had the curiosity to inquire. He became distinguished as "*The man who wants to know*," and was never spoken of otherwise.

Once he wanted to know if I too was going to Greenland.

I assured him that I was.

"Stay there long?" said he.

"About three months."

"Coming back again?"

I told him that it was not my present intention to select Greenland as a permanent residence.

"Been there before, I believe?" he continued.

I replied that I had had that pleasure.

"Ah! I thought so. Cold up there, ain't it?"

The last I saw of him was on the wharf at Halifax.

"Stop long at Halifax?" he asked.

"Not long," I said.

"Leave soon, then."

"Yes, very soon."

"I want to know."

But I did not stop to inquire what it was this time, and left "This man who wants to know" to go on board his ship to "go over," while we sought the "City of Halifax" and steamed away upon our course to Newfoundland.

On the morning of the fourth day I was on deck bright and early, and was much surprised to hear the ringing of bells and the rattle of wheels, and to smell the smell of fish.

"What has happened, Captain?"

"Here we are."

"Where, in the name of wonder?"

"Why, at St. John's, to be sure!"

"I cannot see it."

"O, you're not expected to; nobody does."

We had crawled in under the fog cloud which hides Newfoundland from the rest of the universe, except on rare occasions when that island takes a peep from under its damp clothes. One of these occasions we were lucky enough to have lighted upon, and before the steamer had hauled into the wharf the sun came down hot upon the fog and broke it up; and as the tattered fragments floated slowly away before a light wind, the lofty hills and the noble entrance to the bay came out boldly on the left, while on the right the quaint old town got unrobed so

quickly that it seemed, with streets and houses clambering one above the other up the hill, as if a painted curtain had dropped down in some transformation scene.

The harbor of St. John's is in shape more like a modern lady's boot than anything else I can compare it to; the leg being the narrow inlet through which you come directly from the open sea. There is no outside roadstead, and you must point your vessel fair and keep her steady if you would get safe inside; and while you pass it seems almost as if you could toss a biscuit on the rocks to right or left, while you head directly for the boot's high heel, where there are many busy wharves, and vessels lading and unlading.

The bay, or the instep of the boot, is crowded with all manner of little fishing-craft. One of her Majesty's ugliest ships of war, of hitherto unheard-of shape, but altogether harmless look, rides at anchor there; and near by there is a jolly, jaunty little English fruiterer, fresh from the Azores, with the perfume of oranges about her; and yonder neat steamer "blowing off" is the famous "Gulnare," a surveying-ship that has done much noble service on the coast, of late, under the skilful direction of the accomplished and courteous Staff-commander J. H. Kerr, of the Royal Navy.

Then for a mile away the sole of the boot is a line of lively-looking wharves and stores; and off in the distance the pointed toe strikes up against some mills, the clattering wheels of which are turned by a rushing stream tumbling in a multitude of falls and rapids from the numerous lakes which speckle the lofty upland region west and southwest of St. John's.

Of the town itself there is not much that you will wish to see. A grand old cathedral overlooks it from the hill, and may be seen on a clear, bright day miles and miles away, through the harbor's mouth.

If you have courage to climb for half an hour or so up a hill, down which the houses seem to be meditating a

slide, you may go into the cathedral, and be well repaid for your toil. The people of St. John's are in great part Catholics, and the cathedral appears to be the church building in most general use.

Near it there is a pretty park, in which stands the Government House. The governor will receive you cordially; but he is on the wing for Vancouver's Island, and he is in as great disgust as any other mortal man that has to pack his trunks.

Your call upon the governor and the archbishop ended, you will linger for a while around the old cathedral; and then you will return hungry to your hotel codfish. Or it may be that you will chance not upon codfish, but upon a boiled leg of Newfoundland mutton, garnished with a Newfoundland potato; and, if you have brought along from Heyward's a choice bottle of his famous Newfoundland port, you will find yourself in very good humor with St. John's.

And now you have "done" the town; but you will drive about the country, and you will come unexpectedly upon many strange, wild bits of nature,—at Logi Bay, at Quidi Vidi, at Topsail, at Petty Harbor, at Portugal Cove; and you will overlook the great blue sea from above the fog cloud which girdles the land. At rapid intervals you will look from a lofty height down into narrow fissures in the solid rock, up from whose gloomy depths the wild moan of the breaking waves comes like a blast from a trumpet. Look closely, and down in their crimson shades, perched on rocky ledges above the troubled waters, you will find human families, huddled in damp and misery, gathering from the sea the annual codfish harvest.

The "stages" of these fishermen are indeed to be found almost everywhere, at least wherever there are any outside rocks at all, to give them the least chance for a harbor. They are the lightest, frailest-looking things that ever were seen, built of small cedar poles and covered with cedar brush,

on which the fish are spread to dry. Below these stages is the salting and preparing shed, one side of it perched on slender piles, the other with but a feeble hold upon the rocks. Beneath it lies a boat, from which a father and his sons are, with pitchforks, tossing up into the shed the catchings of the day; and in the shed the mother and the daughters "gut and head" the fish, and carry them away and pile them up in great solid heaps with salt; and when this work is over, you see them tear down other piles of fish that have lain in salt ten days, and then coming out in their drabbled, bloody, ragged gowns, carry the heavy load up to the stages, and on the cedar brushes spread their burden in the warm sun to dry.

These wild haunts of men are pleasant things to the eye; they are always picturesque and wondrously attractive. Pity, you cannot see the little boats swarming in and out, and watch the busy life without the feeling that close acquaintance with the people can leave no other association than one of pain and sadness.

Verily the life of a Newfoundland fisherman is hard. He is always poor. He is never out of debt to his merchant master. A bad season drives him to despair and beggary; and many are the notes of woe that rise from the gloomy gorges with the voice of the wailing sea.

I know not whose fault it is, or whether anybody's; but it does seem to me that something might be done to make the lives of these hardy, daring people more tolerable. A handful of merchants transact the business of the island, and with rare exceptions they are adventurers. They are there to gather what they can and gather while they may; and when they go home they carry everything away, leaving not a dollar behind to bless the land and labor that have made them rich.

Human nature is much the same everywhere. Is it so very surprising that the merchants should hold the fisherman in the clutch of poverty, and

thereby be certain of his services, or that the fisherman should not see his interest, but tamely wear his chains?

Perhaps "confederation," which is to cure all manner of colonial ills, may bring about the fisherman's millennium. Let us in conscience hope it. Every one of them will have the right to vote, and who knows but he may vote himself a farm upon the land, in lieu of a harvest-ground upon the sea?

II. THE PANTHER.

THE "Panther" is a steamship, and therefore, in this instance, not a wild beast. She lies midway between the heel and toe of St. John's Harbor.

We are very curious about the "Panther," and are anxious to see her, for we purpose spending three months aboard of her. We visit her before we climb the hill, or see the cathedral, or call upon the governor, or eat, or drink, or sleep. The question was, would she do? She had been chartered without being seen; and now was she all the fancy and the bond had painted her? The transaction had been made between the artist whom I have mentioned, and a leading firm of St. John's, perhaps the most enterprising on the island, if we except one over at Harbor Grace, the head of which is, like the manager of the other, as hearty and as generous a gentleman as you will meet the world over; and both are patriotic citizens of Newfoundland, in the best sense of the word; that is to say, they have the interests of the province at heart as well as their own.

Down through the smell of codfish, which is as pervasive as the fog, in Newfoundland,—past whole acres of dried codfish, piled up in stacks like shingles from a mill, or spread to dry on the wharves, on the roofs of houses, on the decks of vessels, on stages temporarily rigged out over the water,—everywhere,—we made our way to the Panther, accompanied by her owner. On board we met her captain, and

"A roaring, tearing, jolly tar was he,
As ever boxed the compass on the sea."

He received us after the hearty fash-

ion of a thoroughbred sailor; and yet withal you could detect a twinkle of the eye which showed him not less curious about us than we were about him and his craft. No master of a ship cares to have on board with him the man who has chartered her. Nevertheless, the mutual inspection was in the end mutually satisfactory. The "Panther" would do, and the captain of the "Panther" was just what the captain of the "Panther" should be. That he did not then and there throw up his command is evidence enough that for him we too would do.

The "Panther" was built expressly for a sealer. In the stormy month of March she goes down to the ice to gather up a cargo of innocent little "baby" seals, which, in countless thousands, are brought into the world on the floating rafts at that season, seemingly for no other purpose than to have their brains speedily knocked out with a "gaff" for man's benefit. The region of this murderous work reaches from a little way above St. John's to "the Labrador."

For this service a ship must needs be strong; and the "Panther" was the best and strongest of her kind. Her sides were of solid timber, twenty-seven inches thick. She had eight feet of solid "dead wood" bolted in her "eyes." She had huge beams across her hold, that her sides might not be squeezed together in a "nip." She had extra knees and beams everywhere, that she might not shake herself to pieces when she "took the ice." Outside she was sheathed with the famous "iron-wood" of Australia, which is so hard that you can scarcely cut it with a knife. Her stem was flush and wide, and covered with enormous plates of iron, and had an immense "rake," so that she would rise upon the ice and crush it down. Wood and iron could do no more for her; and she was safe as safe could be. She was bark-rigged, heavily sparred, and carried a fine spread of canvas. She was too heavy and too-stiff to be fast; but she could sail eight and steam six miles the hour,

which was quite satisfactory. She was just small enough to be handy and large enough to be comfortable; that is to say, in the quaint language of the mercantile service of her *Britannic Majesty*, she was duly set down as a bark of three hundred and fifty tons' register, — a measurement which gave her a carrying-capacity of four hundred and fifty tons; and that quantity of soft bituminous coal from Cow Bay, Nova Scotia, was already below her hatches. Her hold was so full, from the keelson to the deck-timbers, that a live rat would hardly have found room to turn round in.

From the "Panther" to her owner. I have said that he dealt in codfish; but, better than that, he belongs to a small group of young men known as the "small merchantables," a name now gloried in as an honorable distinction. In the codfish trade, a "small merchantable" is the smallest possible bit of shingly hardness that will sell; so the name was not originally given in compliment.

At Harbor Grace flourish the "merchantables"; and the "small merchantables" of St. John's are to give the hand of fellowship to the "merchantables" of Harbor Grace. We are invited to go along, and, glad of such an excellent opportunity to see the island, we accept the invitation. We cross the country nine miles, past some pretty lakes, and then from Portugal Cove we cross Conception Bay in a tug. We see some fine scenery, especially on Belle Isle, whose perpendicular walls are full of gloomy caverns and wild gorges, and whose top is covered with forests, pretty farms, and little villages. The rock is sandstone, — the only stratified rock that I saw; and it appears to be what is left of a great deposit, the remainder having been washed away by the sea.

Socially the day was one perpetual lunch, and the night an endless dinner; and I came from Harbor Grace, sharing with others the opinion that the "small merchantables" deserve a better name. They closed the doors, and never a codfish got by any chance in-

side; and in the excellence of some native venison we buried the recollection of codfish breakfasts and codfish dinners and codfish suppers without end; and with a lively sense of gratitude therefor, and for once a pleasant impression on the palate, we went aboard the "Panther" on the following day, and steamed away into the chill waters which come, ice-freighted, from the regions of the Pole.

III. THE LAND OF DESOLATION.

ON a gloomy day in the month of July, 1585, Captain John Davis, in the ship "Sunshine," of fifty tons, fitted out by "divers opulent merchants of London, for the discovery of a north-west passage," came "in a thick and heavy mist to a place where there was a mighty roaring as of waves dashing on a rocky shore." Putting off in a boat to discover what it all meant, Davis found that he was embayed in fields and hills of ice, the crashing together of which made the fearful sounds that had been heard. And now through fog and ice, on every hand beset with peril, the "Sunshine" drifted through the night and when the morning came the people saw the tops of mountains, white with snow and of a sugar-loaf shape, standing above the clouds. "At their base the land was deformed and rocky, the shore was everywhere beset with ice, which made such irksome noise that the land was called the Land of Desolation."

On a gloomy night in the month of July, 1869, the ship "Panther," of three hundred and fifty tons, was in like manner lost in fog and beset with ice. But she had steam, which the "Sunshine" had not, and she made some "way" through the water at "dead slow." We passed very near to many icebergs. An iceberg here, — "Starboard the helm." An iceberg there, — "Port, port." An iceberg dead ahead, — "Stop her, back astern." And thus she drifted through the night; and when the morning came, she was not only lost in fog and beset with ice, but she was actually among the breakers, the sound

of which came to us, dulled by the mist. We had been swept by the current inside some unknown skerries, on which the waves broke behind us.

There was nothing for us to do now but wait for better weather; yet we were drifting on, we knew not where. We thought ourselves near the mouth of the harbor of Julianshaab, but in the uncertain current we were in great doubt.

It was for Julianshaab that we were bound, and we fired a gun for a Julianshaab pilot; but no pilot came. As well have tried to raise the dead as to signal for a pilot there.

A boat was sent away into the fog, but it returned having discovered nothing. The fog lifted a little by and by, disclosing the surf to which we had listened with so much alarm, to right, to left, in front, behind us. Then the shore came out gloomy and forbidding, and iceberg after iceberg appeared obscurely in the gloom. Then a break was discovered in the land; it appeared to be a wide inlet, and we made for it at "dead slow," with the lead-line going constantly.

We proved to be right in our conjecture. It was a deep inlet; but its mouth was full of islands and sunken rocks. We passed one island close aboard with forty fathoms and no bottom, and another on the other hand with thirty.

A little bay opened to the right, and we made for it, hoping to find a harbor. We carried thirty-five, forty, forty-five fathoms along with us, and were almost on the rocks at its farther end before we got eighteen fathoms and let an anchor go.

A light wind now sprung up, and with the rising sun the fog broke and fled away, and the land came out, "deformed and rocky"; great ragged mountains, "white with snow and of a sugar-loaf shape," pierced the clouds, and the breaking sea and grinding ice made an "irksome noise." We needed no pilot now to tell us where we had come. The "Panther" had drifted, as the "Sunshine" had done two hundred and eighty-four years before, to the

self-same spot, in the self-same way. It was Davis's "Land of Desolation."

And well does it deserve its name. Mountain-peaks more desolate never reared their ghastly shapes above a sea more wild or valleys more absolutely sterile; nor did ever bleaker cliffs frown down on fog-bound ship than those which rose around our anchorage.

I have never seen a land so utterly devoid of life. We saw no living thing. It was everywhere as naked as the ice-field that pounded on the shore. Great wide-mouthed caverns opened in the hills and cliffs. Vast heaps of stones that had crumbled from above lay piled up in the gorges. In one of these an enormous rock had wedged itself, and on it other rocks had fallen down, and formed a natural bridge, beneath which we passed, after landing from our boat below, and thence emerged into the mouth of a deep, unfathomed cave at the base of a cliff a thousand feet in height.

In a couple of hours after we had dropped our anchor, the light wind of the morning changed to a heavy blow, and the fog was followed by light rain. In the afternoon the rain was changed to hail. In the night the wind freshened, and by the next morning blew a gale.

There was something awfully grand in the aspect of the mountains now, as the storm-clouds swept along this Land of Desolation, alternately hiding and disclosing the line of angry surf, and the hills and cliffs, with the cold, harsh curtain of the hail and rain.

But what was that?

The heavy surge of a dragging anchor is not a pleasant sound.

The gale had brought in a high sea, too strong for the rocks and skerries to keep back from us, and the swell rolled into our little harbor through the white rampart of the spray, and the "Panther" pitched and tugged at her anchor fiercely.

Another surge. The ship fell back before the gale so quickly that it seemed as if the anchor had dropped

from a ledge to deeper water, and was "coming home" without anything to offer the least resistance.

The captain shouted, "Heave the lead."

"Ay, ay, sir"; and the lead was hove.

"What water?"

"Forty-two fathoms."

"Give her chain."

They gave her twenty fathoms, and still she dragged the anchor.

The lead was hove again.

"What water now?"

"Nineteen fathoms."

"Let go the other anchor."

But this anchor held no better than the first, and steadily we neared the rocks. The fires were "banked," not out. In fifteen minutes we could have steam up, not before. In steam now seemed to lie our only safety, yet the captain said the anchors would bring up on the rising ground. She would not drag them up hill. And, sure enough, one of them caught a rock.

"I told you so," said the captain; and he walked the deck, and faced the driving hail with the greatest unconcern.

But the anchor did not hold long, and again we neared the rocks. The anchor-stock only had caught, and this was broken short off with the violent heaving of the ship.

Four fathoms at last under her stern, and the surf hissing beneath the counters.

Then came a report that "steam is up."

"Ahead full speed," was the order of the captain's bell.

A slight jar and tremble of the ship told that the screw was working. We watched the rocks and saw the vessel move: we saw the distance widen between us and the shore, slowly but surely and steadily. And now how we blessed the luck that gave us coals to burn so freely! How soon, in the sense of danger which we had experienced, we forgot the previous discomfort of its smoke and soot! We had wished every day and hour before for harder coals;

but now we would never more abuse "Cow Bay."

We were not long in picking up our anchors, and in a more sheltered part of the harbor we sought a better holding-ground, and again let go the unbroken anchor. But the bottom was rocky as before, and again the anchor dragged. Once more we picked it up. But there was no use in dropping it again, nor could we stay where we were. The seas were coming in heavier every minute; so there was nothing left for us but to run the gauntlet of the rocks, and get farther up the inlet. The atmosphere was not too thick to enable us to see half a mile. Fortunately, any rock that we could touch, the waves would break upon.

The ship was wheeled about, and pointed for the dangerous entrance, where the sea was but a mass of foam and breakers. Guided by the lead-line, however, we got safely through, and then ran up the inlet, which proved to be several miles broad, with numerous islands. Behind a group of these we found the sea quite smooth, and in fifteen fathoms we again let go the anchor. Again we found only a smooth, rocky bottom, and, the force of the gale still increasing, the anchor dragged again, and we were driven wildly toward the shore. But we had steam up now, and this saved us from the rocks.

Again we picked the anchor up; again we dropped it; again we dragged it; and again we picked it up, to find this time that, like the other one, the stock of it was gone. And now, without an anchor down or to put down, the ship's head was put into the wind's eye, and then, sometimes at full speed, sometimes at half-speed, we held our own against the howling gale with steam. A sailing-vessel would have stood no chance at all.

III. JULIANSHAAB.

HAVING been spared the inconveniences and dangers of shipwreck on the Land of Desolation, we did not feel disposed to delay our departure for the port which we were so anxious to

reach; and, therefore, as soon as the wind subsided and the atmosphere cleared, so that we could see where we were going, the "Panther" was headed for the open sea, which we did not reach without several narrow shaves on the sunken rocks. Once outside, however, we shaped our course due east, skirting the islands which line the coast there, and form an extensive archipelago. In fact, the whole Greenland coast-line is much the same everywhere. It is one of the most remarkable coasts in the world. There are very few places where the mainland comes down to the sea. A vast congeries of islands studs the waters along its border, and among these islands the icebergs gather as they come down the fiords of the mainland from the great snow-formed glaciers.

These fiords are often of immense depth,—narrow, winding inlets with deep water and precipitous shores, sometimes as much as sixty or seventy miles in length. There is no such coast-line elsewhere.

Julianshaab stands at the very head of one of these deep inlets or fiords, on an island twenty miles from the open sea. Outside of it are many other islands, some of them inhabited by men, but for the most part given over to the birds, vast numbers of which flock there to breed in the arctic summer. Among these islands we have to make a tortuous course before we reach the town, and as we approach we are anxiously looking for a pilot.

Meanwhile we are dodging the icebergs and ice-fields. There is no harbor on the whole coast more difficult to make than Julianshaab. April and September are the best months. June and July are the worst; for then the moving ice from the Spitzbergen side of Greenland comes down with the great Polar current, a branch of which sweeps around Cape Farewell into Baffin's Bay, and up the coast beyond the Land of Desolation.

Hence it is that the islands of the coast are so barren from the coldness of the sea, which in July is often a mass

of solid ice for thirty miles away. But the inland region is very different. The fiords in the immediate vicinity of Julianshaab have not been reached by glaciers, and but little ice is seen inside the islands in the summer. There is, therefore, a pleasant climate and a surprisingly rich vegetation. For miles and miles the grass grows knee-high, and the juniper and birch reach a respectable size. If the Land of Desolation had given us a sorry view of Greenland, and the other islands that line the coast were but little better in appearance, we knew that within this rocky wall of barrenness there was a little paradise to greet us, and to repay us amply for all the buffetings of the past few days.

The southern coast of Greenland makes almost a right angle on its western side. One corner of the triangle is Cape Farewell, another is the Land of Desolation, and at the right angle stands Julianshaab. From Julianshaab to Cape Farewell is eighty miles, from Julianshaab to Desolation sixty; that is to say, the town which we were seeking lies in latitude $60^{\circ} 44'$ north, and in longitude $45^{\circ} 54'$ west.

Why "Julianshaab," any more than anybody else's *haab*, might puzzle any one to know, who should happen to be ignorant of the fact that a king once sat on the Danish throne who had a queen named Juliara, and that the Danes, when they founded a colony here, thought to pay a compliment to her Majesty; and so they called it her *haab*, which is to say in English, *hope*. Julia's-Hope it would be with us. In gratitude for this, Queen Juliana gave their little church a pretty little organ, which is preserved and used even to the present time; and I would not exchange the memory of its melodious notes, as I heard them in the peaceful dell where the church stands, for any other church-music in the world.

From all which it will be rightly inferred that, despite the Land of Desolation and the ice, we reached Julianshaab in the end. But we did not do

it without much perplexity. A pilot was not an easy thing to find, and when found he proved to be a sorry one to look upon, and the captain did not seem over-confident of his skill.

"Could he take the ship safely in to Julianshaab?"

"Ab, ab! me pilot Danskir skip."

Well, if the Danish captain would trust him, might not we? and so we steamed between the islands as he directed.

It was a lucky accident that gave him to us, else we should have stayed outside all night, dodging among the ice. He had been out in his frail canoe, hunting seals, and he saw us in the distance and pulled for us, no doubt with bright visions of rum, coffee, and tobacco in his mind to spur him on. And indeed, though long exposed, he never asked for food. Rum, coffee, and tobacco was the burden of his song, as it is among all those savages everywhere, whom it is our boast that we have civilized. The native Esquimaux has none of these things, — nothing whatever to smoke, and no intoxicating or stimulating drinks of any kind, but he is not slow to learn their use.

It was late in the night when we entered among the islands, and steamed through the tortuous passages. Night, I say, but it was hardly deserving the name, for even at the midnight hour it was twilight; and to this was added the soft lustre of the moon, which now silvered the snow-clad summits of the distant mountains, now mirrored itself in the still waters, now threw upon us the dark shadows of the cliffs, and everywhere around glistened on the crystal surface of the icebergs. It was a scene long to be remembered. The solemn night was broken only by the voice of the steamer, the ripple of the waters which she disturbed, and the hollow gurgle of the waves of her making as they broke within the caverns of the ice.

We passed through one narrow strait into which the light of the moon did not fall, and after a little time emerged suddenly from this gloomy place through

a cluster of fantastic icebergs out upon a broad sheet of silvery water. Many of the icebergs towered above our masts in spires and turrets and all manner of strange shapes. Impressive as such a group would be anywhere, it was there, in the stillness and moonlight, simply wonderful and grand.

We reached the little harbor of Julianshaab at two o'clock in the morning, and the blowing off of the steam, after the anchor was down, was answered by some voices on the shore, and then by a wild concert of astonishment from two hundred human throats; for that number of people dwell there, and they were all aroused, and proved to be half washed, and civilized in the same proportion.

In the morning we went ashore, and passed up to the Government House between two files of those odd-looking and oddly dressed people. I believe every man, woman, and child of the colony was there, staring at us with curious eyes.

I found that the governor spoke English, as do most educated Danes; and with him I called upon the pastor, in whom, to my great surprise, I discovered an old acquaintance, — the former pastor of Upernavik; and now, as in the little parsonage where I had seen him, farther north, the room bore evidence of a lady's taste and care, redolent now as then with fragrant flowers that nestled in the sunlight behind the snow-white curtains of the windows. With the same gentle voice, and the same soft white hand, the pastor gave me welcome; and the sister and the same good wife came in to complete the picture. A lovely girl and a bright-eyed boy, that had been added to the family since 1861, were all I saw to make it seem as if eight years had passed, and that this was not the same place where I had first seen and enjoyed the hospitality of this good family. There was again a choice bottle of wine, choice coffee, Danish fare, and Danish heartiness, to remind me of the past.

In the afternoon we strolled into the

valley behind the town, and came upon a charming little lake, bordered by extensive tracts of rich green pastures, on which were browsing a herd of cows and a flock of goats. About the houses there were neat little gardens; and from these, at the pastor's hospitable table, we had at supper some fine radishes and lettuce, and a bright bouquet of flowers. From the cows we had some Greenland butter and a bowl of milk. The stream that flows past the pastor's door from the lake supplied some luscious trout; some venison we had from the upland region near the glacier; and we had, too, a steak of Greenland beef: and now, when after a while, a glass of good old Santa Cruz punch had settled all these comfortably in their place, and an old Dutch pipe was brought to keep it company, and the governor and assistant-governor had come in to join us, we fell into a lively talk of Greenland and its legends; and I have rarely, indeed, passed a more pleasant evening, or one more profitable.

Although Julianshaab is a modern colony, it stands on classic ground. In its immediate vicinity there once flourished extensive settlements of the hardy Northmen, numbering seven thousand souls. Pagans and vikings they were, after the most approved Norse code,

but in the end they all became Christians, built churches and a cathedral, and comfortable houses; they cultivated the land, raised sheep and cattle in great numbers, even shipping large quantities of beef to the Norway market.

This colonization began in the year of our Lord 985, under the leadership of a famous Norseman named Eric Roude, or Eric the Red, and his two sons. They landed near where Julianshaab now stands, with the crews of fourteen ships, and at once proceeded to construct permanent residences. The ruins of these, together with those of their churches, are scattered everywhere along the banks of the fiords, and some of them are still in a tolerable state of preservation. One of the most perfect of these, at Krakartuk, I was particularly desirous of visiting, and indeed that was our chief purpose in putting into Julianshaab; and we did not quit our friends at the pastor's house until we had planned an expedition to the place where Red Eric dwelt, and the church wherein he worshipped, in those latter days of his life, when he had forgotten his war-god Odin for the Prince of Peace.

But a description of the journey, which came off on the following day, we must defer to another chapter.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Secret of Swedenborg. Being an Elucidation of his Doctrine of the Divine Natural Humanity. By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

To begin with, Mr. James rejects the idea of a Supreme Being, who, having created the heavens and the earth, and set life in operation according to certain universal laws, has ever since been resting and enjoying himself. Our author aims to show, from what he believes the inspired philosophy of Swedenborg, that God is now and ever was the striving, self-devoted Christ, loving his creatures supremely, and

living for them; and he teaches that the creature exists only and continually from the Lord, and that whatever conception of human freedom involves the notion of a completed and independent existence is false. Nature is the implication of man, and spirit is the fact; matter is illusory and insubstantial; a reflex, a shadow cast from the essence of another and real world. Nature is divine because God includes it; but, though full of God, it does not include him,—a point at which the Swedenborgian philosophy diverges finally and forever from Pantheism. The relation of humanity to God is that of an

identity of life and interests, a perfectly filial relation, an utterly non-political relation. Before the divine love, all its creatures are equal, like the children of a father: to be good is a condition of happiness in this world and the next, but there is no system of favoritism by which a moral man can commend himself above a sinner to God's love. Christ, or God incarnate, continually strove by violation of usage to teach the inferiority of mere law, or morality, and the superiority of love. The regeneration which is to take place will be a social, not a personal effect; not so far as a man obeys God, but as far as he loves his fellow, is he saved; and hell is not so much a state of punishments, or inevitable consequences, as of ignorance, of blindness to the divine natural humanity; it exists in the necessity of things as the negative of heaven.

Mr. James discards the church from his idea of religion, or rather lets it be for the present as the most harmless escape for the spiritual vanities and ambitions of men; only devoting to singular reprobation an ecclesiastical embodiment of Swedenborg's philosophy. At the same time he is the ardent opponent of deism; a thorough and devout believer in revealed religion, and that only.

He has here written a book of which the very title will repel most readers, and of which the tone and manner will dreadfully shock many. He secularizes his theme as much as he can; taking religion out of the hands of the church, he treats the chief concern of the world in the world's own fashion. Only here and there, we suppose, a reader will perceive and acknowledge the essential reverence and earnestness with which he always writes; but few can fail to see the excellence of his performance in that particular in which he probably values it least. He has so fresh and unconventional a sense of language, that his style is a continual surprise and pleasure, and is full of unpremeditated eloquence. He also treats his abstruse topic with great clearness; and he has done all that is possible to put his reader in possession of new and startling ideas, which the reader must reject with open eyes if he rejects them at all. Doubtless nearly all will reject them. We have been avowing for a good many centuries that we are God's creatures; but when a philosopher approaches us to say, "You are God's creatures; you originate nothing without him, you effectuate nothing without

him; of yourself you only seem to be; if he restrained for an instant his creative impulse towards you, you would fall into absolute non-existence," we find this philosopher so far from a flatterer, that we shall be very apt to snub him, and cut his acquaintance at once. His doctrine is peculiarly distasteful to the intellectualized spirit of this age, in which men seem to exist only in their self-consciousness. We must be humbled to the dust before we can consent to accept divine honors; we must be beggared before we can know that

"T is only God may be had for the asking."

Mr. James elaborates his ideas of the Swedenborgian philosophy in many chapters, with great fulness of example and illustration, a singular luxury of epithet, and an occasional concession to the impulses of a humor which is the thing we think likely to terrify some readers. He takes a new and peculiar view of Swedenborg's character,—beholds him as a man entirely uninteresting in himself, and of small value to mankind save in his quality of seer. He dismisses the scientific claims of Swedenborg as matters of comparative indifference, and is not afflicted by Mr. White's late assertions concerning his personal character; this also appearing an affair of small moment, in the consideration of his spiritual adaptability to the great end of his existence. We do not know that Mr. James concedes the truth of the charges against Swedenborg, but he concerns himself with the imputed errors as little as he would with the homicides of Moses, Samuel, and David, were their prophetic character in question; and he discourages with much sarcastic felicity the attempt to canonize Swedenborg.

We are sensible of having touched Mr. James's remarkable essay in vague and most inadequate terms, which can be satisfactory neither to those who accept nor to those who reject his philosophy or his interpretation of Swedenborg's secret. Those who cannot classify themselves with either party decidedly, must in their doubt content themselves as we do with admiring the metaphysical acuteness, the logical power, and the singular literary force of the book, which is also remarkable as carrying into theological writing something besides the hard words of secular dispute, and as presenting to the world the great questions of theology in something beside a Sabbath-day dress.

Her Majesty's Tower. By WILLIAM HEPPWORTH DIXON. Second Series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WHEN the First Series of these sketches came to our hand, we tried to give the reader some notion of their badness; but we had to lament secretly that the well-meant endeavor was more or less a failure. In the present case it would be worse than useless to renew the attempt, and we shall merely commend the book in general terms as a model of nearly everything that is to be shunned in literature. It might be constantly used as a book of reference, with undoubted profit; the young author, when he suspects himself of sinning against good taste, sincerity, and honest workmanship, turning to Mr. Dixon's writings as a glass in which to behold the ugliness of his fault, that he may instantly amend it. For example, if he writes out of the emptiness or turbidness of his brain some odious piece of swashbuckling description, let him read Mr. Dixon until he comes to such a passage as this: "Like his father, and like his comrade Raleigh, Grey vowed his sword to the Good Old Cause; and while he was yet in his teens he crossed into the Low Countries to finish his education in the trench and field. The Dutch received him with open arms, and in the front of every charge his countrymen saw with pride the trail of his crimson plume. Grey brought into the patriots' camp not only a soldier's sword, but a statesman's thought; not only a dauntless eye, but a clear and resolute mind. He knew not merely how to fight, but how to turn the tide of battle to a righteous end. He saw what should be done, and how it should be done. Nursed on the passions which breathe in the Faery Queen, the legend of his house, he loathed Grantorto with all his soul, and spurned the Idol as he would have spurned the nether fiend." Having applied himself to the study of such a passage, it is not credible that the literary apprentice will ever care to do anything like it; and it is as little probable that he will fail to be ashamed of any similar appetite in himself when he sees how long Mr. Dixon likes to keep a coarse or rank savor in his mouth: "Clara Isabel, on the day of her arrival, swore by her saints that she would enter Ostend before she changed her chemise; and that chemise had grown from white to yellow, and from yellow to black, yet Isabel had not entered the place

yet"; or when he notes how often this author contrives to allude to some guilty intrigue, how he plainly loves to be speaking of "slums" and "stews," how every honest woman's beauty seems to come soiled from his admiration, and how every light woman's lightness is dwelt upon. The tyro may also learn from this book that to paint a bloody scene with gore does not heighten its horror, though it makes the painter very unpleasant; that to speak of former times, and to lug in nicknames of historical people does not prove deep acquaintance with history, as the use of poor little bits of archaic quaintness fails to restore any idea of the past and its life; that a short sentence can be as empty and pointless as a long one, and that the equivalent of the steam-whistle employed in literary expression fails at last to excite deep emotion in the reader. He can discover from Mr. Dixon that a knack of doing things is not a desirable accomplishment; he may come even to suspect that literature is a high and noble vocation which chooses its followers and is not a trade—except in its merest externals—to be learnt; and he may be warned in time not to go on till he finds himself as the sum of his efforts producing something so vulgarly artificial and ineffectual as "Her Majesty's Tower."

The Innocents Abroad, or the New Pilgrim's Progress. Being some Account of the Steamship Quaker City's Pleasure-Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land, with Descriptions of Countries, Nations, Incidents, and Adventures as they appeared to the Author; with two hundred and thirty-four Illustrations. By MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL S. CLEMENTS). [Issued by Subscription only.] Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Company.

THE character of American humor, and its want of resemblance to the humor of Kamtschatka and Patagonia,—will the reader forgive us if we fail to set down here the thoughts suggested by these fresh and apposite topics? Will he credit us with a self-denial proportioned to the vastness of Mr. Clements's very amusing book, if we spare to state why he is so droll, or—which is as much to the purpose—why we do not know? This reticence will leave us very little to say by way of analysis; and, indeed, there is very little to say of "The

Innocents Abroad" which is not of the most obvious and easy description. The idea of a steamer-load of Americans going on a prolonged picnic to Europe and the Holy Land is itself almost sufficiently delightful, and it is perhaps praise enough for the author to add that it suffers nothing from his handling. If one considers the fun of making a volume of six hundred octavo pages upon this subject, in compliance with one of the main conditions of a subscription book's success, bigness namely, one has a tolerably fair piece of humor, without troubling Mr. Clements further. It is out of the bounty and abundance of his own nature that he is as amusing in the execution as in the conception of his work. And it is always good-humored humor, too, that he lavishes on his reader, and even in its impudence it is charming; we do not remember where it is indulged at the cost of the weak or helpless side, or where it is insolent, with all its sauciness and irreverence. The standard shams of travel which everybody sees through suffer possibly more than they ought, but not so much as they might; and one readily forgives the harsh treatment of them in consideration of the novel piece of justice done on such a traveller as suffers under the pseudonyme of Grimes. It is impossible also that the quality of humor should not sometimes be strained in the course of so long a narrative; but the wonder is rather in the fact that it is strained so seldom.

Mr. Clements gets a good deal of his fun out of his fellow-passengers, whom he makes us know pretty well, whether he presents them somewhat caricatured, as in the case of the "Oracle" of the ship, or carefully and exactly done, as in the case of such a shrewd, droll, business-like, sensible, kindly type of the American young man as "Dan." We must say also that the artist who has so copiously illustrated the volume has nearly always helped the author in the portraiture of his fellow-passengers, instead of hurting him, which is saying a good deal for an artist; in fact, we may go further and apply the commendation to all the illustrations; and this in spite of the variety of figures in which the same persons are represented, and the artist's tendency to show the characters on mules where the author says they rode horseback.

Of course the instructive portions of Mr. Clements's book are of a general rather than particular character, and the reader gets as travel very little besides series of personal

adventures and impressions; he is taught next to nothing about the population of the cities and the character of the rocks in the different localities. Yet the man who can be honest enough to let himself see the realities of human life everywhere, or who has only seen Americans as they are abroad, has not travelled in vain and is far from a useless guide. The very young American who told the English officers that a couple of our gunboats could come and knock Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea; the American who at a French restaurant "talked very loudly and coarsely, and laughed boisterously, where all others were so quiet and well behaved," and who ordered "wine, sir!" adding, to raise admiration in a country where wine is as much a matter of course as soup, "I never dine without wine, sir"; the American who had to be addressed several times as Gordon, being so accustomed to hear the name pronounced Gorrdong, and who had forgotten most English words during a three months' sojourn in Paris; the Americans who pitilessly made a three days' journey in Palestine within two days, cruelly overworking the poor beasts they rode, and overtaxing the strength of their comrades, in order not to break the Sabbath; the American Pilgrims who travelled half round the world to be able to take a sail on the Sea of Galilee, and then missed their sole opportunity because they required the boatman to take them for one napoleon when he wanted two;—these are all Americans who are painted to peculiar advantage by Mr. Clements, and who will be easily recognized by such as have had the good fortune to meet them abroad.

The didactic, however, is not Mr. Clements's prevailing mood, nor his best, by any means. The greater part of his book is in the vein of irony, which, with a delicious impudence, he attributes to Saint Luke, declaring that Luke, in speaking of the winding "street, called Straight" in Damascus, "is careful not to commit himself; he does not say it is the street which *is* straight, but the 'street which *is called* Straight.' It is a fine piece of irony; it is the only facetious remark in the Bible, I believe." At Tiberias our author saw the women who wear their dowry in their head-dresses of coins. "Most of these maidens were not wealthy, but some few have been kindly dealt with by fortune. I saw heiresses there, worth, in their own right,—worth, well, I suppose I might venture to say as much as nine

dollars and a half. But such cases are rare. When you come across one of these, she naturally puts on airs." He thinks the owner of the horse "Jericho," on which he travelled towards Jerusalem, "had a wrong opinion about him. He had an idea that he was one of those fiery, untamed steeds, but he is not of that character. I know the Arab had this idea, because when he brought the horse out for inspection in Beirut, he kept jerking at the bridle and shouting in Arabic, 'Ho! will you? Do you want to run away, you ferocious beast, and break your neck?' when all the time the horse was not doing anything in the world, and only looked like he wanted to lean up against something and think. Whenever he is not shying at things or reaching after a fly, he wants to do that yet. How it would surprise his owner to know this!" In this vein of ironical drollery is that now celebrated passage in which Mr. Clements states that he was affected to tears on coming, a stranger in a strange land, upon the grave of a blood-relation, — the tomb of Adam; but that passage is somewhat more studied in tone than most parts of the book, which are written with a very successful approach in style to colloquial drolling. As Mr. Clements writes of his experiences, we imagine he would talk of them; and very amusing talk it would be: often not at all fine in matter or manner, but full of touches of humor, — which if not delicate are nearly always easy, — and having a base of excellent sense and good feeling. There is an amount of pure human nature in the book, that rarely gets into literature; the depths of our poor unregeneracy — dubious even of the blissfulness of bliss — are sounded by such a simple confession as Mr. Clements makes in telling of his visit to the Emperor of Russia: "I would as soon have thought of being cheerful in Abraham's bosom as in the palace of an Emperor." Almost any topic, and any event of the author's past life, he finds pertinent to the story of European and Oriental travel, and if the reader finds it impertinent, he does not find it the less amusing. The effect is dependent in so great degree upon this continuous incoherence, that no chosen passage can illustrate the spirit of the whole, while the passage itself loses half in separation from the context. Nevertheless, here is part of the account given by Mr. Clements of the Pilgrims' excursion to the river Jordan, over roads supposed to be infested

by Bedouins; and the reader who does not think it droll as it stands can go to our author for the rest.

"I think we must all have determined upon the same line of tactics, for it did seem as if we never would get to Jericho. I had a notoriously slow horse; but somehow I could not keep him in the rear to save my neck. He was forever turning up in the lead. In such cases I trembled a little, and got down to fix my saddle. But it was not of any use. The others all got down to fix their saddles, too. I never saw such a time with saddles. It was the first time any of them had got out of order in three weeks, and now they had all broken down at once. I tried walking for exercise, — I had not had enough in Jerusalem, searching for holy places. But it was a failure. The whole mob were suffering for exercise, and it was not fifteen minutes till they were all on foot, and I had the lead again. . . . We were moping along down through this dreadful place, every man in the rear. Our guards, two gorgeous young Arab sheiks, with cargoes of swords, guns, pistols, and daggers on board, were loafing ahead. 'Bedouins!' Every man shrunk up and disappeared in his clothes like a mud-turtle. My first impulse was to dash forward and destroy the Bedouins. My second was to dash to the rear to see if there were any coming in that direction. I acted on the latter impulse. So did all the others. If any Bedouins had approached us then from that point of the compass, they would have paid dearly for their rashness."

Under his *nom de plume* of Mark Twain, Mr. Clements is well known to the very large world of newspaper-readers; and this book ought to secure him something better than the uncertain standing of a popular favorite. It is no business of ours to fix his rank among the humorists. California has given us, but we think he is, in an entirely different way from all the others, quite worthy of the company of the best.

Stories from my Attic. By the Author of "Dream-Children." With Illustrations. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: Riverside Press.

MR. SCUDDER, who has written this pretty book, has as pleasant a gift as any author we know for interesting children through their imaginative and generous side,

—most people being content to take their wonder and fancy. He writes suggestively for them, as here and there an agreeable essayist or poet does for their elders; and he has a style so charmingly simple and easy that we can no more give him up to the children than we can allow them Andersen altogether. In fact, Mr. Scudder now and then contrives to touch with that magician's glamour our cold Yankee life (no doubt wise critics in Copenhagen talk of their cold Danish life); though he has of course not Andersen's richness of invention. In this book he means to entertain the little ones with a light and intelligible talk about a picture of William Blake's, some reveries of his own, then some sketches of travel, history, and biography, then some musical sketches, then a few stories, and then a romance of greater length; and to everything he imparts a delicate gayety and kindness of spirit, with just a little quaintness in the conceit of all, and such unaffected religiousness of feeling that there seems to be no moral there. Take for a good illustration this, from "A story that I mean to write," about a Rocket: "I have not thought so much about the going up of the Rocket, however, as I have of the coming down; and here I mean once for all to do justice to the much-abused Rocket-stick, which is always being laughed at and treated contemptuously, as if it were its fault and not its virtue that it should come down quietly and in the dark. The Rocket-stick in my story is to be tied on patiently and to go up calmly, without having its head turned by the great fuss going on over it, and then, coming down, I mean to have it meet with a very delightful surprise. I have not yet determined what the end shall be, but rather think I shall make it come down feet foremost, and stick into the earth of some little garden, just where a sweet-pea is coming up, there to stand firmly, while the sweet-pea twines around it and covers it with its blossoms. There is to be some more ending to it, I believe; or at any rate something is to be done to prevent the sweet-pea from going to seed, and the Rocket-stick from being pulled up. I am not sure, too, but I shall have some little creature crawl up into the empty powder-horn and make a comfortable home there. At all events, our fierce, fiery Rocket, that blazes off into the sky, is to have a quiet peaceful life in the sunshine afterward. Very likely, while I am writing this story, I shall have other thoughts in my

mind, and perhaps think of that cannon in the picture, which has become a nest of birds; of the field of wheat that waves over the battle-field; of the men and women who are boys and girls now."

This is charming and suggestive writing, and it is characteristic of the book; but the sketch is better finished than most here. Many seem mere fragments which the author wilfully or reluctantly leaves to care for themselves in the reader's mind: others are ineffectively ended by his own hand, like "The Enchantment of old Daniel," which opens in a strain of singular beauty. "The Neighbors," however, is a capital story, though the idea is old; the cats are the best characters in it, and are very delightful cats, sitting on the edges of their respective masters' roofs, and talking across the space between, in a dialogue of great naturalness and incoherence.

The romance of "Rose and Rosella," with which Mr. Scudder closes his pleasant book, is a very lovely little romance indeed, drawn, perhaps, a little too much on air, — and thus contrasting in the widest degree with such a story as "The Neighbors," — but containing a pretty lesson, and certain to please and teach the children, whom we could wish few better gifts than "Stories from my Attic."

Ballads of New England. By JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE most charming illustrations in this beautiful book are the pictures of Mr. Fenn, who in studies of the very scenes described by the poet has reproduced all the moods and sentiments of the New England landscape: the pathos of the rainy and cloudy coasts, the tender serenity of the river-bordered fields, the life and brightness of the villages, the sadness of the lonely farm, the solemnity of the hill-side graveyard. There is none of the twenty-eight illustrations with which he has enriched the volume but gives a pensive and delicate pleasure of its own, and at once embodies the poet's ideal and the reality of nature. The ballads are those familiar and beloved poems, "Telling the Bees," "My Playmate," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," "Amy Wentworth," "The Countess," "Mary Garvin," "The Ranger," "The Wreck of Rivermouth," and "The Changeling," in which Mr. Whittier has expressed

the best feeling of country-life in New England, and has immortalized the local traditions. Some of Mr. Fenn's pictures are made on a hint of the poet, and some are the reflection, in a sister art, of the poet's descriptions; they are always faithful to his spirit, and one believes that the author must have conceived just that lovely vision of the way-side orchard with its brier-grown wall, which the artist's pencil evokes from the lines in "Skipper Ireson's Ride,"

"Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of lilac and orchard showed,"—

and that in "The Countess" he had in mind just that outlook from under the old bridge toward the hill-side graveyard; for they seem as much the image of his thought as that grand stretch of glad New England landscape,—farm, village, city, and sea,—in "Cobbler Keezar's Vision," or that equally careful response to his words in "Telling the Bees," where, taking the poem and the picture together, it is hard to know who is most poet and who most painter:—

"Here is the path; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.
"There is the house with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall."

There is not only fidelity to spirit and letter in Mr. Fenn's work, but there is in its great variety the clear impress of individuality, without the least mannerism.

Of course, many things escape the formalities of praise; the light of the blooming apple-trees, the grace of the starry lilies that rock so light upon the ponds, the gloom and sorrow of the stormy seas, the wildness of the hemlock-bordered, rock-fretted forest streams, or their elm-embowered peace and solitude, the strength of the gnarled and twisted cedars, the brave cheerfulness of the lamps kindled in the light-house after the splendid sunset following the ship-wrecking storm, the melancholy beauty of the harvest-fields,—all these elusive charms are here, though they refuse to reappear in our phrase. Yet they are to be felt by all: not less by the untechnical many who can never understand the skill that made them perceptible,—but who can nevertheless meet both poet and

artist in the common and finer air of sentiment and sympathy,—than by the critical few, who without enjoying them more will do a stricter justice to the artistic power in them.

The book which is so rich in these pictures by Mr. Fenn has also numerous illustrations by Messrs. Winslow Homer, Hennessey, Alfred Fredericks, Granville Perkins, Eytinge, Ehninger, Colman, and Darley. Among these, "Skipper Ireson's Ride" through Marblehead, as Mr. Fredericks sees it, seems to us singularly fine,—excellently conceived and vigorously drawn. It expresses all the incidents and passions of the moment when Ireson stands tarred and feathered in the cart, and hooted at by the fishermen's wives, whose movement and forcible faces and gestures are perfectly caught, while the local character of the scene, with the high-gabled, tumble-down houses of the little port, is as fortunately rendered. The picture of Ireson stealing away in the twilight is good in a different mood; and good, too, and strong are both of Mr. Fredericks's illustrations for the "Wreck of Rivermouth,"—the old witch-wife in her mad grief by the sea-shore after the wreck, and the young fellow who stands in the wheat-field longingly watching the pleasure-boat sail away. Mr. Hennessey's best thing is "Goody Cole" coming forth from Ipswich jail at dawn, and is admirable for the effect of morning quiet and peace in the landscape, of grim endurance in Goody Cole's face as she moves unrejoicingly away, and of grim reluctance in the figures of her Puritan jailers. We particularly like, among Mr. Ehninger's illustrations of "Mary Garvin," the sweet and tranquil faces in the last.

Mr. Anthony, who is in all cases here one of the two artists required to make a good illustration, has performed his part as engraver with a success evident from the pleasure which the pictures afford, and has been to the designers what they have been to the poet. For the printing, it is enough to say that it is so exquisitely done that none of the fineness and firmness of the engraver's work is lost. The book is, altogether, one which marks a most decided advance in illustrative art among us.

Messrs. ROBERTS BROTHERS'
LIST OF NEW BOOKS
 FOR THE
HOLIDAY SEASON, 1869-70.

Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

With twenty-four original designs in Silhouette, by P. KONEWKA, and a Superbly Engraved Vignette Title. In one elegant royal octavo volume, bound in cloth, bevelled boards and gilt. Price, \$5.00. Morocco antique, price, \$9.00.

Admirers of the beautiful in art who have seen these designs of Konewka's are enthusiastic in praise of them. The Boston correspondent of the *New York Times* writes of them: "To describe these Silhouettes is absolutely impossible, and even if words could express the force and beauty of the designs, the reader would accuse the writer of an enthusiasm that should be foreign to the impartial critic."

The art critic of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* says: "A treat as novel as it is pleasant is in store for the lovers of genuine art, in the shape of an illustrated edition of Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The Silhouettes are charming contributions to art in general, and to the illustration of Shakespeare's most unique comedy."

Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.

Translated from the German by ELLEN PROTHINGHAM. With Superb Woodcut Engravings from designs by KAULBACH and others. One volume. Crown 8vo. Cloth, bevelled and gilt. Price, \$2.50.

The Angels of Heaven.

With Twelve Photographs after Raffaele, Rembrandt, Guericco, etc., etc. One elegant small quarto. Cloth, bevelled and gilt. Price, \$7.00.

Jean Ingelow's Illustrated Poems.

One quarto volume. Cloth, elegant, \$12.00; morocco, \$18.00.

Illustrated Songs of Seven.

One volume. Cloth, elegant, \$5.00; morocco, \$8.00.

Rural Poems.

By WILLIAM BARNES. Twelve Superb Illustrations. Square 16mo. Cloth, gilt, \$2.50; morocco, \$5.00.

ROBERTS BROTHERS'
LATE AND POPULAR BOOKS.

The Writings of Madame Swetchine.

A companion volume to the "Life of Madame Swetchine." Price, \$1.50.

The Woman who Dared.

A Poem. By E. S. SARGENT. Price, \$1.50.

Auerbach's German Tales.

Hand.-Volume series. Price \$1.00.

Dr. Hedge's Primeval World of Hebrew

Tradition, Price, \$1.50.

NEW JUVENILES.

Letters Everywhere. 28 Pictures. \$3.00.
Little Lasses and Lads. Colored Plates. \$3.50.
Frolics Picture Book. 31 Plates. \$2.00.
Autobiography of a Small Boy. \$2.00.
Little Max. 12 Pictures. Price, \$2.50.
Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World. 48 Pictures. A gem of a book \$3.50.
The Little Gypsy. 12 Pictures. \$1.50.
Little Women. By Miss ALCOTT. The very best book published. 30,000 sold. Price, \$3.00.

These books may be had of any bookseller. Mailed, post-paid, by the publishers. Send for a catalogue.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT



Requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in an incurable Lung Disease.

Brown's Bronchial Troches will most invariably give instant relief. For BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTIVE and THROAT DISEASES, they have a soothing effect.

SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS use them to clear and strengthen the voice.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing. Be sure to OBTAIN the true

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

1869 CHILSON'S IMPROVED CONE FURNACE! 1869

Ten Sizes. Patented in the United States, England, and France.

Several Gold Medals, the Highest Premiums, have been awarded this Furnace. From the extensive use of this well-known furnace, and the high commendation it receives, it may truly be said to be the best plan known for warming Dwellings, Churches, and other buildings. They are fitted for Brick Settings or Portable Casings.

CHILSON'S Improved well-known and everywhere popular

COOKING RANGES! All Sizes.

CHILSON'S celebrated (Double-plated or Vaulted)

COOKING STOVE! This is the greatest improvement of the age in stove-making, and should be seen by all in want of stoves.

CHILSON'S NEW PARLOR STOVES!

On the best principle, the best made, and the handsomest Stove in the market; with Grates, Registers, Ventilators, &c. As usual, at my store, **99 & 101 Blackstone Street, Boston;** or at my Foundry at Mansfield, Mass.

GARDNER CHILSON.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

A new work by this popular Norwegian writer,

THE HAPPY BOY.

A Tale of Norwegian Peasant Life. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

By the same author, and uniform with the above,

ARNE.

A Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. 16mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

"This little work from beginning to end is perfect in its way."—*Athenæum*.

By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

12mo. Cloth. \$1.75.

A cheap and tasteful edition of this great work so important to every American citizen.

By MARY W. SHELLEY.

FRANKENSTEIN; or The Modern Prometheus.

"A most horribly fascinating story." 16mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF THE GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.

This beautiful series is now sold at \$1.25 per volume. It consists of

The Golden Treasury,	The Book of Golden Deeds,
The Children's Garland,	The Best Book,
The Book of Praise,	The Ballad Book,
Pilgrim's Progress,	The Sunday Book of Poetry,
Dream Children,	

HANDY EDITION of the above at 75 cents a volume.

Any of the above Books sent by mail on receipt of the price by the publishers,

SEVER, FRANCIS, & CO.,

21 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

IN THE WORLD IS THE



PRINCIPAL AMERICAN AGENCIES.

New York—505 Broadway;
Baltimore—140 Baltimore Street;
Boston—141 Washington Street;
Brooklyn—431 Fulton Street;
Charleston—382 King Street;
Chicago—43 Madison Street;
Cincinnati—28 West Fourth Street;
Cleveland—43 Public Square;
Detroit—158 Jefferson Avenue;
Galveston—234 Post-Office Street;
Hartford, Conn.—382 Main Street;
Indianapolis—27 North Pennsylvania Street;
Louisville—110 Fourth Street;
Milwaukee—410 Milwaukee Street;
Nashville—32 North Cherry Street;
New Orleans—6 Chartres Street;
Philadelphia—1123 Chestnut Street;
St. Louis—612 North Fourth Street;
San Francisco—111 Montgomery Street.

Report of the Judges at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, 1867.

The whole number of Sewing Machines on exhibition is thirteen; of these, twelve are entered for competition. The article bearing the number 730 (FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE) is decided to be the best on exhibition. It must also be stated incidentally that

This is better than any of its class known to the Judges.

Its merits are:—

- 1st.—Good material and thorough workmanship.
- 2d.—More absolute novelty than marks the usual improvements in Sewing Machines.
- 3d.—The ingenious arrangement by a positive motion for adjusting the thread during the passage of the shuttle, and the gathering up of it in the finish of the stitch.
- 4th.—The reversible feed.
- 5th.—The variety of work that can be done upon it.

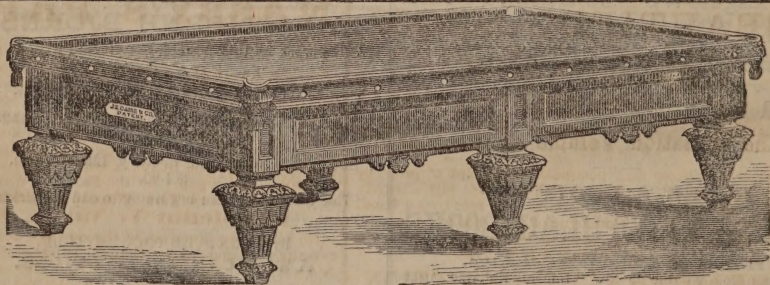
We therefore decide that it receive the award of first-class.

(Signed)

WM. PRATT,
 IRA S. CADY,
 L. J. KNOWLES.

This is to certify, that the foregoing is a true extract from the Report of the Judges of Sewing Machines, at the 37th Annual Fair, 1867.

JOHN W. CHAMBERS, Sec'y Board of Managers.
 NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1867.



J. E. CAME & CO. Manufacturers of BILLIARD TABLES, with Phelan's Standard American Cushions, 114 Sudbury Street, Boston.
 Proprietors and Manufacturers of the new Time and Price Registers for Billiard Rooms and mechanical purposes; Patented Nov. 17, 1868. New England Agents for the Hyatt Manuf. Co.'s Combination Billiard Balls.

\$2000 a Year and Expenses

To agents, to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. *Stitch alike on both sides.* First machine on trial. For further particulars address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED!

A Popular Young Folks' Magazine, worth \$1.25 a year, and A Magnificent Steel Engraving, worth \$2.50, will be sent FREE TO ANYBODY who will become an Agent. For full particulars, Specimen Numbers, and Premium Lists, send Ten Cents to DAUGHADAY & BECKER, Publishers of OUR SCHOOL-DAY VISITOR, 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LAW AND BANKING OFFICE,

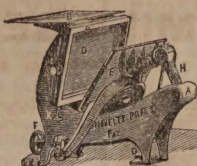
PITKIN C. WRIGHT,

DeWitt, Clinton Co., Iowa.

Money loaned for a term of years on unencumbered improved Farms, at 10 per cent interest, net, payable annually. Interest collected when due. *All charges paid by borrower.* Have been in business over seven years. Parties having money to invest, please notice.

DO YOUR OWN

With a Novelty



PRINTING

Job Printing Press.

Which, for simplicity, durability, ease of working, and general excellence, far surpasses any other Press ever invented. The very finest printing may be done with it by perfect novices by business men and others, of a press low in price, simple in construction, and durable, that would do GOOD PRINTING. That it most admirably answers the purpose is evidenced by its great popularity, and by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietor, a few of which are appended.

Many of the wealthiest business and manufacturing firms in the country, and several colleges and academies, are using them with profit, and no greater convenience can be added to any business than one of these presses and a few dollars' worth of type.

The following correspondence is self-explanatory : —

BENJ. O. WOODS, Esq. : Sir, — Please send by express, "Collect on delivery," one of your Novelty Printing Presses, price \$15. The press is for the son of the President. Please address it "The President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C."

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3, 1869.

Truly yours, O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

BENJ. O. WOODS, Esq. : Sir, — The President requests me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst., and also the receipt of the press and material by express. The President wishes me to thank you for the kindness in supplying so much material for his son. Master Jesse is much pleased with it all.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1869.

I am, Sir, your ob't serv't,
"The Novelty Press, wherever used, has given great satisfaction; doing excellent work and being a marvel of simplicity. Merchants, druggists, and business men generally, can make a great saving of time and expenses by its use."

O. E. BABCOCK, Secretary.

— Boston Journal, June 26.

JOHN O. BAUM, Grand Sec. I. O. O. F., Trenton, N. J., says : "The press will more than pay for itself the first year. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it just the thing I wanted, and believe it will save me very many dollars I have been paying printers for work."

S. O. DANIELS, Apothecary, Natick, Mass., says : "The press gives entire satisfaction."
Publishers Demarest's Magazine, New York City, say : "The press will be found most useful by dealers and tradesmen all over the country who have circulars, bill-heads, or any small job-work to print. It is very cheap, and very easy to use, and would make a capital gift to any enterprising boy who is ambitious to be a printer."

JAMES MUNROE, Dry Goods Merchant, Thorold, Ontario, says : "The press and type received from you have given great satisfaction. I can do as good work with them as is done at any of the common printing offices."

Price of Presses, \$15, \$30, \$32, \$50. Send to BENJ. O. WOODS, Proprietor, No. 351 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS., for descriptive circular containing testimonials from all parts of the country, with specimens of work done on the press, and specimen sheets of Types, Cuts, Borders, &c.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By J. W. WATSON.

The Sensation Volume of the Season.

Price, \$1.25, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price, by TURNER BROS. & CO., PUBLISHERS, 808 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. For sale by all Booksellers. Send for our Catalogue of New Books.

A DICTIONARY OF
THE NOTED NAMES OF FICTION.

By WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

1 vol. 12mo. \$2.50. Half calf, \$4.50.

"It is a work *sui generis*: all the flowers from the field of Romance mingled together." — H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"I regard it as one of the most valuable works of reference in our language." — S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, Author of "A Dictionary of Authors."

"As a book for miscellaneous reading, it is full of pleasant surprises; as a book of reference, it is difficult to conceive how any lover of literature can do without it." — Boston Transcript.

* * * For sale by the Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

"RENEW! RENEW!!"

The Atlantic Monthly, \$4, and the Pictorial Phenological Journal, \$3, sent a year — 1870 — for \$5. Address

S. R. WELLS,

389 Broadway, New York.

NASBY'S PAPER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE. — A large quarto sheet, containing fifty-six columns filled with News from all parts of the World. Choice original and selected Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit, and Humor. A Commercial Department, a Religious Department, a Young Folks Department, and an Agricultural Department, all prepared expressly for the BLADE. It is the constant aim of the Proprietors to make the BLADE a truly National Newspaper, — not a paper for the East, the West, the North, or the South, but for The Whole Country.

Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M.

No humorous literature of the age has been more universally read and enjoyed than the letters of "PARSON NASBY." Aiming always at the correction of some evil, combining a profound philosophy and unanswerable arguments with the keenest wit and richest humor, the "Confedrit X Roads" Preacher has become famous wherever the English Language is read. These letters are written expressly for the BLADE, and will be continued regularly in its columns.

A NEW STORY. — MR. LOCKE (PETROLEUM V. NASBY) is now engaged on a new story entitled "PAUL DENMAN, OR, LOST AND SAVED," a story of the Great Rebellion. This thrilling story will be published in the columns of the BLADE during the coming year, and of itself will be pronounced by every reader worth many times the subscription price of the paper.

TERMS. — Single Copies, \$2 per year; Clubs of five, \$1.75 each; Clubs of ten and over, \$1.50 each, and an extra copy to every person getting up a Club.

PAY! PAY! PAY! We pay liberally, in Cash, all who assist us in extending the circulation of the BLADE.

AGENTS WANTED. — We want an Agent at every Post-Office in the United States. Send for our Special Circular to Agents.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for a copy, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends, at as many different Post-Offices, to whom we will send copies free, and postage paid.

Address MILLER, LOCKE, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

HYMNS OF THE AGES.



SILENT

And the large increase in sales for the past eight years, has FULLY ESTABLISHED the REAL ADVANTAGE of a SIMPLE Family Sewing Machine, and PROVED the SUPERIOR MERIT of the

TWISTED LOOP STITCH.

The **WILCOX & GIBBS** is now one of the most popular Machines in the market. It is safe to say that a large proportion of the **WILCOX & GIBBS** give more **PERFECT SATISFACTION** than any other machine, **BECAUSE EVERY ONE CAN USE IT, it is always in order,** and is capable of doing a *greater variety of work*, than any other Family Sewing Machine.

 We keep first-class Second-hand machines in perfect order to rent by the month; also **SELL THEM CHEAP**, with privilege of returning, at same price, towards any new machine at any reasonable time.

 We take all kinds of Sewing Machines in exchange, as part pay for ours.

 We attend to the repairs of our Machines.
Cotton, Silk, Needles, and Sewing-Machine
Findings always on hand.

AGENTS WANTED in all unoccupied territory.

Sewing Machine Office, 323 Washington Street, Boston.

First, Second, and Third Series. Each in one volume, 12mo. Illustrated with Steel Vignettes, after TURNER. Cloth, \$2.50; \$1.50 each; Half Calf, \$15.00 a set; Turkey Morocco, \$18.00.

In these admirable volumes are gathered together hymns which have been consecrated by generations of Christians of all denominations. They constitute a collection the most devout in character, as well as the most varied and complete of any extant.

“In these volumes we find fit expression given to many great thoughts, gentle moods, deep desires, and soaring faiths, in many a hymn truly precious in the agreement of form with inspiration. They date all the way from the sixth century to to-day. But oldest and newest, they deal with that which is older than the ancients, and newer than the latest of them. And this is the ground of their excellence, and of the esteem in which they are held, that worthily and sincerely they deal with that Truth in souls, whose infinite variety age cannot wither and custom cannot stale, and with which every heart, as it is pure, finds itself at home, in a dear and sacred kinship.”—*Christian Examiner*.

1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, \$2.50; Half Calf, \$4.50;
Morocco, \$5.50.

"Of all the collections of prayers and meditations which we have seen, it is the most comprehensive and satisfactory; it is, indeed, a perfect anthology of prayer from the time of Plato to the present." — *Springfield Republican*.

"It is, in a noble sense, a catholic book, embracing in its scope not only the broad, but the universal Church, visible in all lands and ages to the eye of God alone." — *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

*** For sale by all booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO, 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.



(Eight Years with the American Watch Company, 84 Tremont St., (Opp. Tremont House,) Boston.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

Being made of the best materials and in the most perfect manner, they will run with greater precision, last longer, and bear rougher usage than any other kind of watches. We desire to give *every one* in want of a reliable time-keeper a *genuine Waltham Watch at the lowest possible price, and warranted in every respect*. By sending for our *new illustrated price list* (sent free) you can obtain as good a watch as if in person to select it. *Send in your orders early*, as the production of these watches is *limited*.

In Coin Silver, Hunting Cases . . . \$17.00

In Solid 18k Gold	"	"	.	.	80.00
In Solid 14k Gold	"	"	.	.	70.00

Ladies Size " " " " 70.00

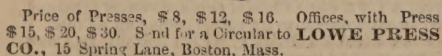
We send watches by express to any part of the country, with bill for collection, with the privilege of examination of the goods in presence of the express agent, and if not satisfactory may be returned.

H. O. FORD & CO., Retail Agents,

ay, **\$4 Tremont St.,** (Opp. Tremont House,) **Boston.**

CHEAPEST AND BEST PORTABLE PRESSES.

A USEFUL PRESENT FOR BOYS.



Hale's Sybaris. \$1.50.

Adams's Chapter of Erie. Paper, 50 cts. ; Cloth, \$1.00.

Emerson's Prose Works. 2 vols. \$5 00.

Whittier's Poems. Merrimac Edition. \$5.00.

Too Bright to Last. 35 cents

Higginson's Army Life. \$1.50.

Trowbridge's Poems. \$1.

Brooke's Sermons. \$2.00.

May's Antislavery Recollections. \$1.50.

Whipple's Elizabethan Literature.

Crabb Robinson's Diary. 2 vols.
 F. & J. Johnson, 1832. 2 vols. 8s. 5s.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

Medium 8vo, with 53 Plates of Illustrations, comprising very numerous Figures of Ancient Remains engraved on Wood, and a Photograph of the Hhagiar Kim Ruins. Price, 21s.

**TRANSACTIONS of the INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF PREHISTORIC ARCHÆ-
OLOGY**, held at Norwich and in London, August, 1868; containing the Papers read at the Congress with
Illustrations chiefly contributed by the Authors, and an Abstract of the Discussions

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and CO., Paternoster Row.

Choice New Juveniles.

THE UNCLE SAM SERIES FOR AMERICAN CHILDREN.

This Series has been prepared with a view to furnishing American children books of a higher order than most of the current juvenile literature. Believing that intelligent parents will regard with peculiar favor an attempt to secure for their children reading that shall at once be full of interest and marked by high literary merit, the Publishers have taken special pains to make this series worthy of universal acceptance. In its production they have been so fortunate as to enlist the pens of four very popular writers and the pencils of two of our most skilful artists. The Pictures are entirely new, having been designed expressly for the illustration of THE UNCLE SAM SERIES, and reproduced with great care.

The subjects are persons famous in American history or legend, and have a perpetual attraction for all American boys and girls. They are as follows:—

1. Rip Van Winkle's Nap.

By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, Author of "The Blameless Prince," etc. With Illustrations by S. EYTINGE, JR.

2. The Story of Columbus.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE (Father Brighthopes). With Illustrations by ALFRED FREDERICKS.

3. Putnam the Brave.

By R. H. STODDARD, Author of "Adventures in Fairy Land." With Illustrations by ALFRED FREDERICKS.

4. The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln.

By BAYARD TAYLOR. With Illustrations by S. EYTINGE, JR.

They are Illustrated with Colored Pictures and bound in Illuminated Paper Covers.
Price, 60 cents each.

"Boys and girls will find them attractive, interesting, and instructive,—a most desirable combination of good qualities for books of this class."—*Boston Journal*.

"Deserves to be a popular series."—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Profusely Illustrated by S. EYTINGE, JR. \$1.50.

Those who have followed with eager interest the course of Tom Bailey in OUR YOUNG FOLKS will be delighted to have the story in this new and attractive form. No story for young people has ever won so enthusiastic and universal popularity as Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." The various incidents and experiences of boy-life are related very graphically, and the entire story has a freshness, naturalness, and manly tone, that charm both young and old.

THE TROTTY BOOK.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. With numerous Illustrations by S. EYTINGE, JR., and LIZZIE B. HUMPHREY. \$1.50.

This charming book deserves to be as popular with children as the author's remarkable book, "The Gates Ajar," is with people of mature years. It consists of a collection of stories told in the fresh and attractive style for which Miss Phelps is distinguished.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

By MRS. A. M. DIAZ. With numerous and unique Illustrations. \$1.50.

The readers of OUR YOUNG FOLKS who have been delighted by the inimitable Letters of William Henry will be glad to have them collected, with additions, in a handsome volume. Every boy, and every man who remembers his boyhood, will vouch for the truthfulness of William Henry's hopes, griefs, appetites, mischiefs, and varied experience, as set forth in this delightful series of boy-letters. The exquisite grotesqueness of the numerous illustrations adds to the naturalness and charm of a book that cannot fail to be universally popular. (*Ready early in December.*)

THE FAIRY EGG, and What it Held.

A charming volume, beautifully illustrated. \$1.50. (*Ready early in December.*)

. For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers,

FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., Boston.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 713 Broadway, New York,
Special Agents for F., O., & Co.'s Publications.

THE MOST POPULAR JUVENILE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.

Free ! Free !! Free !!!

All new subscribers for THE LITTLE CORPORAL for the new year, sent to the Publishers before the close of December, will receive the November and December Numbers for 1869 FREE!

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

Terms, \$1.00 a Year. Single Copy, Twelve Cents.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL has a larger circulation than any other Juvenile Magazine in the world, and is better worth the price than any other magazine ever published.

Because of its immense circulation, we are enabled to furnish it at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR; six copies, one year, \$ 5; single number, 12 cents; or free to any one who will try to raise a club.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

Subscribe NOW. Back numbers can always be sent. Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers,
OFFICE OF THE LITTLE CORPORAL, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Little Corporal in Club with other Periodicals.

We also offer THE LITTLE CORPORAL in club with other magazines, etc., for one year, at the following prices for both.

Harper's Magazine . . .	\$4.25	Galaxy	\$4.00	The Advance	\$3.00
Harper's Weekly	4.25	Heath and Home	4.25	Nasby's Toledo Blade . . .	2.25
Harper's Bazar	4.25	Lippincott's Magazine . .	4.25	Children's Hour	2.00
Atlantic Monthly	4.25	Peterson's Magazine . . .	2.50	Nursery	2.20
Putnam's Magazine . . .	4.25	New York Weekly Tribune .	2.50	The Art Journal	4.00
Hours at Home	3.25	Western Rural	2.50	American Agriculturist . . .	1.50
Phrenological Journal . .	3.25	Prairie Farmer	2.50	National Sunday School Teacher	1.85
Riverside Magazine . . .	2.75	Rural New-Yorker	3.50	School Festival	1.25

To secure any of the above, orders and money must be sent to **ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers of The Little Corporal, Chicago, Ill.**

P. S.—WE ALSO PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING:—

“The School Festival,”

An Original Quarterly Magazine, devoted exclusively to SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS, EXHIBITIONS, TABLEAUX, etc. Price, 50 cents. Sample copies, 15 cents.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL'S NEW DRAWING BOOK,

“REED'S DRAWING LESSONS,”

The best thing of the kind ever issued. Price, \$1.50, for cloth binding; School Edition, 80 cents. Sold by booksellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

MRS. MILLER'S NEW BOOK,

“THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE,”

A delightful and instructive story for boys. Price, \$1.50. Sold by booksellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

ADDRESS, AS ABOVE,

ALFRED L. SEWELL & CO., Publishers, Chicago, Ill.

OCT 23 1933

